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CANADA WEST MONTHLY



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WINNIPEG

CANADA

ALL HALLOWS EVE

BY THOMAS A. DALY

A LOVER of true lovers all,
I tune my heart to yours,
All ye who hold, in cot or hall,
One passion that endures;
And though for love's lost morn ye pine
Or in its noon delight,
Your heart-song shall be merged with mine
Upon this holy night.

I sing with thee, O merry boy,
At young love's opening door;
I sigh with thee, lone man, whose joy
Has been, but is no more.
True love is deathless. Wherefore grieve?
What was, again shall be.
I sing, this sweet All Hallows Eve,
Love's immortality.





“**A**N’ when de
 tam’ for de
 meeracle come, dat
 Mike Joulin he jomp
 up on hees seat an’
 yail like he see two
 t’ree honder lous
 garou, an’ pull off
 dat wooden laig an’
 yail dat he was cure
 of de paralyze for
 sure. An’ all de
 peep’ cry out, ‘A
 meeracle! a meera-
 cle!’ an’ he t’ink he
 was de great man
 for sure ’nough.”

THE MIRACLE OF MICHAEL JOULIN

—See page 11

The Man Who Does a Day's Work

By Augustus Bridle

Illustrated With Photographs

ON A bright day in May of this year a million and a half dollars glided into a dock at Montreal in the shape of an ocean greyhound which five days before had drifted out of Bristol amid dipping of flags, cheers and Godspeed whistles; and about the day she swung out again down the St. Lawrence, her twin mate heaved out of Bristol—the other half of three millions of Canadian money. Montreal, being rather accustomed to ocean liners, made no fuss over the docking of the “Royal Edward.” The fact that this boat put another Canadian transcontinental railroad in touch with a big British port was treated by Montreal as a mere fact—nothing more.

When the last trunk was lugged ashore and the last passenger on the dock, a big broad-shouldered man as quiet as the ship got down from the freight-shed doorway where for half an hour he had been watching the tugs warp the “Royal Edward” in. He went to the smoking-room and to a bunch of newspaper men that came up on her from Quebec, he made a trim little speech, into which within two minutes he contrived to pack the story of a good fifty millions which the

Canadian Northern would probably spend during the next decade or so in making that road do for the Imperial globe-girdling tour on water precisely what the Canadian Pacific has done and very possibly more.

But the first Vice-President of the Canadian Northern made no blow about the new link of Empire. He simply and quietly stated the probable facts, took a quick run over the boat and went ashore again. On the dock he was braced by a reporter to whom he said quite as off-handedly and quietly that his partner, Mr. William Mackenzie, would land in Montreal on the “Royal George,” with enough documents in his possession to entitle him to forty million dollars more of British money to be spent in extending and improving the Canadian Northern in various parts of Canada. And the Canadian Northern has already gobbled up for sound investment a couple of hundred millions of such money on the strength of Government-guaranteed bonds—to put the production areas of Canada in line with the markets both at home and abroad, and to build up new communities in Canada by the hundred.

So, for the present Donald D. Mann

was satisfied to smile; to lift his mobile eyebrows just a little and reflect that another of his dreams had come to pass. Some say he is a dreamer—this big, quiet, bearded man with the thick chest and the broad shoulders and the look of iron. Some who think they know him close at hand say that when travelling he often sits for an hour at a time biting a cigar and dreaming; then suddenly yanks out a piece of paper and begins to diagram and figure at a furious rate; then he rolls his cigar again and dreams some more.

Others say again that Donald D. Mann has been as practical and matter-of-fact as a steam-shovel ever since he hewed his first tamarac tie. Which goes to show that when a man gets to the D. D. Mann grip of things he begins to need a corps of biographers to explain him to the public.

However, taking the man as a primal fact he is anything but a dream. Somewhere about two hundred and forty pounds in weight, Donald D. Mann is not the style of physique one would select for a dancing-master—though he is enough like a cat on his feet to give a dancing-master points. He is not a fat man. He is bone and muscle and brain. He has lungs that would make a stethoscope a toy. He was always that way; unlike Roosevelt, he never took physical culture; but the bush and the river and the sloop-road and the broad-axe—these and the breath of the spruce and the pine, and the rocks of the north, and the bite of the prairie wind helped to make "Dan" Mann a hard human fact. The out-of-doors was the way for him—and more particularly the part of Canada's millions of acres that needed railroads.

The United States and Germany have seen and heard much of the man on the horse. There has also been the man behind the gun and "the man behind". But the man with the broad-axe belongs to Canada, and to no other country in the world just at the present time. It was the broad-

axe that gave D. D. Mann his first instalment of railroad muscle and laid the foundation of his railroad brain. The battle-axe has always had a long lead over the broad-axe in point of history, and the old Normans knew how to cleave open the skulls of men like butcher artists. But if one of those skull-cleaving Normans had been set down in a neck of Canadian woods after a gang of blocking and scoring axes, and had been asked kindly to hew to the mark of a chalk-line on a stick of oak for a ship's spar or a barn timber or



**IT was the broad axe
that gave D. D. Mann
his first installment of
railroad muscle, and laid
the foundation of his
railroad brain.**



a long lean tamarac for railroad ties—well, he would have gashed his shins anyway; besides he would have got retired to carry the grub-basket and pick up the chips.

Two years ago at one of those civic banquets when town orators have a spiel over a new railroad, one of

the pathfinders of Sudbury gave out a secret. He had discovered why it was that Mann got the initials "D. D."

"Why—he's a Dominion Developer!" said the wise one. "Yes!"

But in the cold light of family research this proves to be a mere play upon words. As a matter of fact, Donald D. Mann was intended by his Presbyterian father for a preacher; and if Dan Mann had gone into theology as thoroughly as he has into railroading, he would have been Rev. D. D. Mann, D. D., by the time he was old enough to vote.

Canada will never know what the pulpit lost in D. D. Mann; but nearly six thousand miles of Canada knows what the country gained when Mann went into the business of counting ties. The only other man in America that knows as much about ties is the other capital M of the combination—William Mackenzie. Some allege that Jim Hill is a close second; but Hill was out of the tie business and into high finance before either Mann or Mackenzie owned a mile of railroad.

If, on the main line of the old Grand Trunk between Toronto and Stratford,



SOME SAY THAT HE IS A MAN WITH THE LOOK OF IRON.
WITH THE LOOK OF IRON.

you poke your head out of a car window and ask the name of a certain little town where they make kid gloves by the million, you will be told that it is Acton, which was the only town Dan Mann knew much about till he was grown up. Seven miles further along over the grey limestone that bulges up over the Grand River the train stops again; a town about half the size of Acton and pretty nearly as rocky as Sudbury.

"That? Oh—that's Rockwood. Place where Jim Hill was born. Yep. Acton and Rockwood are the two most celebrated railroad towns in Canada."

Well, the Lord only knows how many Actons and Rockwoods might be put in Mann's and Hill's Christmas stockings now without making either of them stay up all night to see it done. The truth of the thing in one case, however, is that Jim Hill never built a mile of road into Canada for the sake of Canada; and when he left his Rockwood home he had about as much faith in the part of Canada where his neighbor has done two-thirds of his line-building as the man in the moon has in Cooke's discovering the North Pole. A more significant fact from the standpoint of arithmetic is that in seven years the firm of Mackenzie and Mann has put on the map nearly two hundred towns about the size of Acton, all as lusty to grow as barefooted boys. The combined population of the new towns and villages dotted along the lines of the Canadian Northern would make a city as big as Winnipeg. These two trail-blazers are the heads of the biggest man-owned railway system in the world. Their average of building beats anything known to railroad builders—for fourteen years just about a mile a day, counting Sundays. They are the only two Ontario men who ever undertook to build a transcontinental line. They are the first born Canadians to become ownership heads of a great

system. In the scope and magnitude and diversity of their operations they have equalled the most daring builders in America or the whole world. They are two of the most famous Scotch-Canadians ever born. Neither of them had dreams that he would become a railway magnate. They never had their heads felt; neither so far as is known has either of them ever had his



WHEN Mann left home in 1871 and struck out to the lumber woods, his first job was river-driving. He was seventeen and as supple as a cat, and the pike-pole and the peavey were the joy of his life.



head enlarged. They are the first railroad builders in the world to build lines without selling stock. Government-guaranteed bonds have been the system of finance. Making the roads follow the country has been the method. In this there is more than in any system of finance. M. & M. roads begin to pay interest on investment sooner than any of the roads in Canada that have depended on through connections and short-cuts for a route. Mackenzie and Mann are the first railroad-builders in Canada to establish headquarters at an inland city. There was no real reason why these men should not have set up their check-signing and board-room department in Montreal—except that two other companies were headquartered there already and Mackenzie and Mann have always been pathfinders. The main reason they didn't set up at Winnipeg was probably because for a long while to come Winnipeg will be a long way from the financial centre of Canada. So far as traffic is concerned, Port Arthur is nearer the centre of the system than any of the others. But the brains of a transcontinental may be located almost anywhere so long as the system is right.

So habitually does the public mind associate these two builders that it becomes a study in psychology to consider them apart. A few wise ones have settled it that Mackenzie is the financial end of the system while Mann is the practical head. But while Mackenzie makes most of the trips to the land of the Bank of London, Mann

quietly camps on the trails of Canadian Parliaments and Legislatures, and beats up possibilities in places like Atikokan iron mines and Port Arthur blast furnaces, and Moose Mountain iron mines and Key Harbor ore docks, not to mention the probability of a smelter on Ashbridge's Bay in Toronto. And Mackenzie worked right alongside of Mann on the contracts of the Canadian Pacific Railway and other Western lines, and banged about in the woods getting out ties back of Lindsay, while Mann did river-driving and shingle-sawing and broad-axing tamarac and cedar ties in Michigan and Parry Sound and up in the woods about Peterboro. They happen to be a remarkable team that grew up like boys to the business of railroading; they bunked together on contracts and together they saw the possibilities of the Saskatchewan valley. Separated, neither of them would be half as strong as the combination. But if either Mann or Mackenzie were put down in the middle of a new continent, he would build a railroad and come out in a Pullman—or if necessary a handcar.

Mann's life story, however, is big enough to study by itself. He was born on a farm near Acton. But there was no pastoral charm for young Donald on the farm. He was big enough to pull stumps, but he had no appetite for grubbing. At school he was not passionately fond of books. It is not even recorded that he ever wrote an essay on the Saskatchewan valley. In fact, when Mann was a boy he knew no more about the prairies than he did about the moon. It was the woods he knew most about. Acton was not far from the woods—and it was on one of the slowest lines of road in the world. Those days they burned cordwood on the Grand Trunk; and Mann took a few contracts getting out cordwood for those elongated fire-boxes that had never smelled soft coal.

In Acton Mann had become handy with the broad-axe—which in the late sixties and early seventies when he was growing up was much used in getting out barn timbers. When he left home in 1871 and struck out to the lumber woods of Alpena, Michigan, his first job was river-driving. He was seventeen and as supple as a cat, and the pike-pole and the peavey were the joy of his life. He had been so long hankering to get away from the Acton farm that this plunge into the Michigan wilds made him forget the old schoolmaster at Acton that used to reason with his father that Donald would never amount to much, he was afraid. He learned timber as natively as the duck learns water. When he got tired driving logs down the rivers he went into a shingle mill. After that he quit Michigan and crossed over to Ontario. Back to the headwaters of the Trent he went and did anything he was set to do by the camp boss—learning all there was to know about the axe and the skid-road and the drive. At Parry Sound he had charge of camps and drives. Parry Sound has good reason to remember him. Nobody in those years when

INTENDED by his Presbyterian father for a preacher, if Dan Mann had gone into theology as thoroughly as he has into railroading he would have been the Rev. D. D. Mann, D. D., by the time he was old enough to vote.

Mann was a young river driver and camp boss and expert on pork and beans, reckoned that in thirty years' time his private car would bowl up into the town over the line built by Mackenzie and Mann from Toronto, to join up with the main part of a transcontinental threading the wheat belt of the prairie. But when it happened, there were a good many citizens of Parry Sound who remembered Mann.

Parry Sound happens to be the only town of the lumber-jack part of his career that could claim Mann first as a citizen and afterwards as a benefactor. Mann himself in those years had no intention of building a railroad into Parry Sound. In fact, he had not yet got out his first tie. Neither did he

know any more about the iron ore up at Moose Mountain beyond Parry Sound than any other man in the camp. He was just a big restless youth, eager to get away from the old farm out on to the unblazed trails where things were in the raw and in the making.

What more natural than that he should have gone railroading? This came in somewhere about the year that the National Policy got into Canadian politics, and when the Canadian Pacific Railroad was in the building. To Mann the Canadian Pacific Railway was more important than the National Policy. He had nothing to do with practical politics. His first contract getting out bridge and tie timber for the section of the Canadian Pacific Railway east of Winnipeg was his first acquaintance with the wheat belt. He

Grand Trunk, but away from the Ontario bush and the river drive. And till the first transcontinental in Canada was finished Mann took contracts for building sections of the road; learning the job in the easiest way possible over a level prairie, but getting the A B C's for a much bigger purpose than he knew. He also took contracts in the mountains that other men feared to take.

In all those years of pushing out over the prairie, Mann was following an impulse to do the biggest things that were being done. At the same time he was getting the railroad fever; and it is quite likely that the Canadian Northern was partly born in his imagination while he was building sections of the Canadian Pacific Railway along with his partner Mackenzie.

When the Canadian Pacific Railway main line was through; and Calgary, the cow-camp, became a town while Edmonton, two hundred miles north, bit her nails and had to worry along with the Red River carts and flat-bottomed steamboats running up from the head of Lake Winnipeg, Mann built eighty miles of the Manitoba and North-western Railway; also forty miles of the Hudson's Bay road from Winnipeg to Oak Point on Lake Winnipeg. Whatever talk there was of a Hudson's Bay route in those days was based on what the great Company that preceded the Canadian Pacific Railway knew about that route, which for two centuries had been their main artery of traffic. As is well known to-day, several railway companies are after the Bay route; and of these the Canadian Northern has the most likely show because of a short line already surveyed from the Pas beyond Prince Albert.

But Maine was the next scene of Mackenzie and Mann's activities. There they built the Canadian Pacific Railway short line; and after that was done, Mr. Mann took a long trip down to South America, where he visited Peru, Ecuador and Chili. Mann's activities in the south are not chronicled, but immediately following his return, Mr. H. S. Holt, of Montreal, along with Mr. James Ross, became associated with the two



A FEW WISE ONES HAVE SETTLED IT THAT MACKENZIE IS THE FINANCIAL HEAD OF THE SYSTEM

kept on getting out ties; went west of Winnipeg, following the grade on to the prairie; getting clear away not only from the cultivated farm on the old



FALLINGBROOK, MR. MANN'S RESIDENCE ON THE LAKE SHORE, NEAR TORONTO
The estate is a beautiful park of 100 acres, heavily timbered.

builders in a series of side lines north and south from the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway—two from Calgary and one from Regina. Macleod the cow town wanted a road, because up to that time—this was in 1889—all the freight for the ranchers in that district had to come in by way of freight wagons from Fort Benton; the lumbering old stager with the caboose behind—you may still see a relic of this old wagon route stacked up against a log shack in Macleod.

Prince Albert and Edmonton both wanted roads—because they depended on the Red River carts from Calgary and the flat-bottomed stern-wheel steamers that churned up the Saskatchewan from the head of Lake Winnipeg at about the same gait and style that the Battleford ferry does to-day.

This leads to a glance back at the way the trade routes of the West have developed since the days of Rupert's Land. Back first of all to the Hudson's Bay steamers and the York boats; back to the palmy days of old Fort Churchill, now a memory and a prospective terminus for a new railroad.

In those days the sixteen-oared big boats of the great Company rowed by their own half-breed and Indian voyageurs were the only way of getting goods up to the fur posts on the Saskatchewan—to Prince Albert and Fort a la Corne and Fort Carlton and Fort Pitt and Edmonton. Then the white settler and the Red River cart from Fort Garry—long before the first transcontinental was built. Next the Canadian Pacific Railway, and still the carts along with the river steamers plying up and down from Grand Rapids. Then the side lines from the railroad tying up the steamers and putting the carts off the trail.

So it was that the two north towns got railway connection: that was between 1889 and 1892.

It was at this point in a long career of successful linebuilding that Mr. Mann went to China and came back without having built a road; went into mining in British Columbia—and if you would find the natural beginning of the Atikokan iron mines between Port Arthur and Winnipeg, the blast furnace at Port Arthur, the Moose Mountain mine back of Sudbury, the ore docks

down at Key Harbor on Georgian Bay and the fourteen-million-dollar coal mines at Nanaimo, B. C.,—you will find it in the list of mines pioneered by Mr. Mann in British Columbia, before he began to build a mile of road for the Canadian Northern.

The genesis of this, the second transcontinental in Canada, took place in 1895, when Mr. Mann secured an option on the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Co. This Company had projected a line from Portage la Prairie to Lake Winnipegosis, via Dauphin, which was a settlement one hundred miles from the nearest station on the Canadian Pacific Railway. But Mann had no money to build a road even that distance; and it was only when Mr. Mackenzie offered to go in with him and build the short line to the wheat that the real idea of the Canadian Northern began to be.

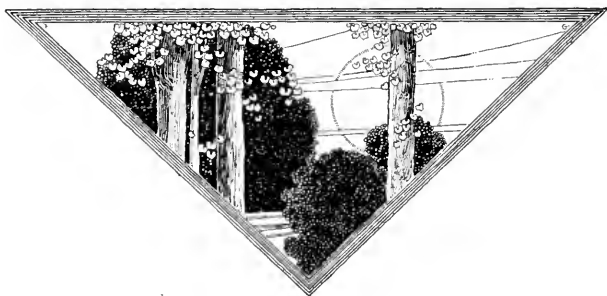
That line became the progenitor of the Canadian Northern with its more than twelve hundred miles of road running right into the wheat fields, its four hundred and twenty-seven miles of spout between Winnipeg and Port Arthur; its short line from Toronto to Sudbury and its projected line from Sudbury to Port Arthur—as well as the lines both built and acquired in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

Some men are born a hundred years too soon; others are the best part of a hundred years behind the times—no matter how bad the times may be—but it happened that Dan Mann was born in the nick of time and of opportunity. Not that Canada would not have worried along without either Mann or Mackenzie, and probably have got there just the same—given a little more

time; but it must be remembered that these two builders owe a great big debt to one fact; just as big a debt as the country owes them. They came along with the needful, hard-whacking experience as trail-blazers, just when Canada had begun to open her doors to the opportunity-knocker. It happened that the real swing in Canadian development came just about the time that the progenitors of the Canadian Northern built that first kindergarten line into the Dauphin country. Two years afterwards the real tide of immigration set in—the new National Policy. Quite apart from politics and largely independent of any one man, or party, or set of men, the West opened the imaginary frozen door of the wheat-belt and let in Mackenzie and Mann. There never in the world was a better time to build a developmental railroad than in the decade between 1895 and the year that the first through Saskatchewan train ran into Edmonton. What has been done since has grown out of that big backbone.

The story of that road is pretty well known, and the activity of its promoters has been talked about by everybody able to read a newspaper. It is the story of ore and of wheat, of smelters and elevators; of docks and ships and mines; of new towns in the making—towns built while you wait; nearly two hundred of them between Port Arthur and Edmonton, and hundreds more to come with the march of the wheat.

How much of this is Mann and what Mackenzie; and what of it is due to the great awakening that struck this country just about the time the Canadian Northern was born, nobody is able to say.



The Miracle of Michael Joulin

by Arthur Stringer

Drawings by
Frederic M. Grant

This story has an interest quite apart from its own narration. It was founded on a story which I heard told by word of mouth nearly twelve years ago, when along with the late Archibald Lampman, I sat up to the wee sma' hours of the night in the Montreal home of William Henry Drummond, listening to stories of Canada and Canadian life. This tale, one of the anecdotes recounted during the evening, so impressed itself on my memory, that I asked the narrator if I might make use of it, and a few months later wrote it out. Several of my New York friends, to whom I showed it, objected to it on the ground of the complexity of the dialect in which it was cast, and the manuscript was put away and forgotten. Then, oddly enough, some ten years ago, the old Wanamaker's "Everybody's Magazine" printed a story from Dr. Drummond's pen, of precisely the same setting and practically the same characters. On investigation, I found that the author of "The Habitant" had been equally impressed by that original narrative, and had worked it out after his own ideas. The little sketch is here presented, therefore, not as a rival to Dr. Drummond's effort and claim, but as a more or less interesting example of how two authors may approach the same anecdote from different view-points. —AUTHOR'S NOTE.



"I DON' know w'at you mean w'en you see dat craze Lavoie go down dat rapide an' call heem de meercacle for sure. De honly meercacle I wasever hear 'bout was dat one w'at hap-

pen Michael Joulin down hon Ste. Anne de Beupre. I nevaire tol' you 'bout



dat meeracle ? Dat's fonny t'ing, I t'ink ! Wail, I tail you now de bes' I can.

"She all happen jus' b'fore de las' 'lection, w'en de Committee down hon Kebeck don' know how dat 'lection will go for sure, wedder she be Tory or wedder she be Greet. So de Committee go to dat Michael Joulin an' tail heem : 'We geev you t'ree dollaire a day an' all de monee for de expense if you mak' de canvass from St. Alphonse up to T'ree Reeve on de St. Lawrence, an' fin' hout how de peep' t'ink dat 'lection will go, an' mak' de peep' vote de right way.'

"Wail, dat Joulin he near bust heemself when he hear dat. For he was de mos' lazies' man I never see. I t'ink he was ver' mooch lak de Injun, for he t'ink he die for sure if he do de leetle piece work. Wail, he say wit' heemself dat's de nice sof' job, so he tail dem ver' wail, on'y, he say, it was been ver' lonely to go t'rough all dat country widout no company. Den he tail de Committee dat he would lak to tak' hees frien' Bateese Bisson wit' heem, too. De Committee say a'right, dey geev Bisson two dollaire a day if he come too, for dey don' know dat Bateese Bisson was de more lazy man dan dat Joulin heemself, an' dat he die for sure if he do t'ree days' work in one year.

"So dat Michael Joulin an' dat Bateese Bisson buy all de fine clo'es, an' de red necktie, an' de plug-hat, an' start out for mak' dat canvass. Dey go down de reever, an' I t'ink dey mak' de canvass 'bout t'ree day, w'en dey get tire', an' say to ail wit' dose 'lection, I t'ink we mak' de good time on all dose monee. So dey smoke de long black cigar, an' dreenk t'ree four quart

w'iskee blanc, an' mak' de beeg time sure 'nough, an' bigosh, de firs' t'ing dey know, dat Committee get mad an' say dey t'ink dey was no good an' don' want no more canvass lak' dat, t'anks to you.

An',-by gar, dey don' send no more monee, an' dat Joulin he find heemself two t'ree honder mile from w'ere he leev, an' don' know how to get back on de house nohow.

"'I t'ink, Bateese,' he say, ver' *triste*, 'mebbe we have de long walk home dees time.'

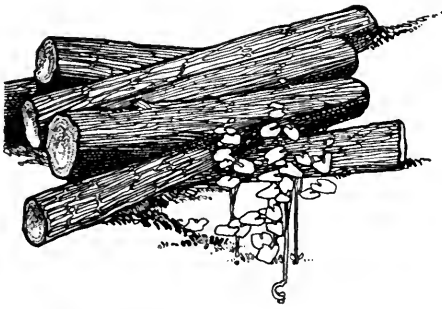
"An' Mike Joulin—hees modder call heem Mike, I t'ink, for he was one-half Frainch an' de odder half Irish—dat Mike Joulin he mak' de beeg groan an' say it was de hard worl' w'ere de honest man have to do de t'ing lak' dat. But dey have spen' all de monee, an' dey ver' soon fin' dey have nodding to eat w'en dey stay dere. So dey begin an' walk up de reever. An' dey get de water-blister on de foot, an' de pain in de laig, an' de dogs bite holes in all dose fine clo'es, an' dey don' mak' de bodder to wash de face, an', bigosh, dey look lak' de two ol' beggar for sure 'nough. An' I t'ink dey was mos' starve, for dey won' do no work on de farm, an' w'en dey go on de farm of de habitant an' hax for dose grub, de femme stan' in de door an' she say 'ow two beeg strong men lak' dat mus' be ver' lazy, bigosh, not to do de leetle work sometime. An' den de dog come out, mebbe, an' Mike get so mad inside he 'mos' go crazee on de head, an' say it was de sacredam gouvernement at Ottawa w'at do all dat to ruin de country so de hones' man can't leev nohow.

"But somet'ing happen w'at change all dat, for one day Mike see a beeg wooden laig w'at was hang up on de

blacksmith' shop at Ste. Helene. An' w'en he see dat, de tear come on hees eye, an' he say, 'Bateese, if we honly had jus' de leetle monee to buy dat laig, I t'ink maybe we save our life dees time.' Den he hax de blacksmith' w'at weel he take for dat laig, an' de blacksmith' say he weel geev heem dat laig if dey saw up de one cord wood for heem an' pile heem in de woodshed.

"Wail, Mike an' Bateese get de bucksaw, an' I t'ink dey almos' die w'en dey try to saw dat wood. Bateese, he geev up t'ree four times every day, an' say to ail wit' de ol' wooden laig. But Mike he don' say noddin', but wipe de sweat off from hees neck an' sit down an' count all de stick she have left on dat wood-pile.

"It tak' dem 'bout one whole wick, I t'ink, b'fore dey saw all dat wood, but w'en dey get de ol' wooden laig Bateese he see sure 'nough dat Mike has de long head after all. For Mike tak' dat wooden laig an' feexes heem wit' de straps on hees own laig, jus' onder de knee, an', by gar, you t'ink he was de lame man for sure 'nough.



"An', by cripes, after dat dey get de beeg dinner an' de pork an' bean, no matter w'ere dey hax for heem, for dat Mike he mak' de solemn face, an' he tail all de peep' how he have de paralyze on de laig, an' was de cripple for all hees life; an' he spik ver' *triste* 'bout how dat laig was die right on heem, an' she have no more feel in heem dan de fence-post. Bigosh, all dose habitants feel ver' bad 'bout dat laig, an' geev Mike an' Bateese de sof' bed an' de beeg dinner w'enever dey hax for heem.

"But Louis Charland, w'at mak' de

canvass for de Greets, he hear 'bout dat trick w'at Mike play, an' he mak' de hurry an' tail all de peep' w'at dat Michael Joulin do. An' de nex' time



"BUT MIKE, HE DON' SAY NODDING, BUT WIPE DE SWEAT FROM OFF HEES NECK, AN' COUNT ALL DE STICK SHE HAVE LEF' ON DAT WOODPILE."

w'en Mike mak' de solemn face an' tail 'bout hees laig w'at was paralyze so bad, de girls all stick de pin in de laig an' say dat it was too bad, an' den de ol' man come an' stick de pin in hees laig, too, an' say dat was fonny he don' feel dat, till Mike he pretty near die, an' yail out, 'Sacre Tonnerre!' an' ron out de house an' say he t'ink he die wit' de blood-poison.

"An' I t'ink mebbe he die sure 'nough on'y 'bout dat time he come on de village of Ste. Anne de Beaupre. Den he slap hees laig ver' sodden, an' say, 'Bateese, I t'ink mebbe we have to mek' de leetle meeracle here 'bout dat laig w'at have de paralyze.'

"Mebbe you don' know 'bout Ste. Anne de Beaupre, m'sieu? Wail, dat's de mos' wonderful place on all de worl', w'ere all de peep' come, an' w'ere dey have de shrine an' mak' all de meeracle. Dat Mike Joulin he see how nice an' kind all de peep' an' all de priest was to de ones dat got de cure, an' he do de

mos' wicked t'ing I never sec. *L'Enfant*, I don' t'ink I never heard 'bout no more worse t'ing dan he did. Bigosh, he go in de precession wit' all de sick pilgrim, an' march to de church lak' he was almos' not able to walk nohow, an' w'en de time for de meeracle come dat Mike Joulin he jomp up on hees seat an' yail like he see two t'ree honder *loups garou*, an' pull off dat wooden laig an' yail dat he was cure of de paralyze for sure. An' he t'row de wooden laig up wit' all de res' of de crutch an' de bandage, an' march up to de shrine an' say he was never so happy in all hees life. An' all de peep' cry out, 'A meeracle! A meeracle!' An' all de kind ol' priest tak' dat Mike Joulin an' hees frien' Bateese off to de Presbytére w're dey hax all 'bout hees wooden laig, an' geev heem de gran' beeg dinner. An' de Sisters from de Convent geev heem some more dinner, an' all de peep' hax heem 'bout de mecracle, an' he t'ink he was de great man for sure 'nough.

"Mike, he look at Bateese an' wink wit' de eye an' say, 'I t'ink, Bateese, dees was de nice sof' job w'at suit us de good long time, mebbe.' An' Bateese, he wink back wit' de eye an' rub heemself where hees dinner was put, an' say dat Mike was have de long head for sure.

"Wail, dey leev lak' dat t'ree four days, an' feel mos' happy an' satisfy, when de peep' on Ste. Anne fin' out

dey was de mos' lazies' men w'at dey never see, an' dey say, 'By gar, I t'ink we don' geev dose beeg loafers no more dinner.' An' w'en Mike an' Bateese find dat out, dey don' know what dey goin' do. So Mike he go to de pries' an' hax heem ver' bold for de ol' wooden laig. But de pries' he say no, dat laig belong on de church lak' all de odder wooden laigs. Den Mike cry wit' de eye an' rub hees laig wit' hees han', an' say he t'ink de paralyze was come back an' he can't walk no more widout dat laig nohow.

"Ver' wail, de pries' say, dey mak' heem nice new wooden laig on de village for two dollaire. Den dat Joulin he swear t'ree four hunder' sacredams, an' shak' hees fist at de pries' an' say ver' wail. An' dat night, bigosh, dey fin' heem w'en he was climb out de church window wit' hees ol' wooden laig, an' he say he was walkin' in hees sleep, but dey say a'right, he can go to jail in hees sleep, too. An' so dey sen' him to jail for seex mont's, for try steal from de church lak' dat. Mebbe dat laig was Mike Joulin's, an' seex mont's look lak' de long time. But Mike Joulin wasn't so sorry over dat, on'y w'en de judge he say he t'ink Mike better tak' hees seex mont's wit' hard labor. Dat mak' Mike almos' die, an' den he feel sorry 'bout dose meeracle, by gar! Dat meeracle was de mos' wicked t'ing dat I never see."

BITTERSWEET

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

ONE would not take the rose
 Because the thorn was there,
 For that alone he chose
 No blossom sweet and fair,
 Yet every rose that blooms
 Hides thorns that may bring pain;
 To lose its rare perfumes
 For that would be but vain.
 More happy they who, night or morn,
 See but the rose, o'erlook the thorn.



PEACE RIVER FARMERS LISTENING TO A LECTURE ON FARMING BY H. A. CRAIG, OF ALBERTA'S DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

A PETTICOATED PILGRIM IN THE NORTH

BY KATHARINE HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

SINCE the days when Franklin and Backfirst landed their canoes at old Fort Chipewyan, marvelously few outsiders have visited the Canadian North—and this, although for the past twenty-six years the Hudson's Bay Company has maintained a big flat-bottomed steamer on the Mackenzie River with accommodation for at least forty passengers.

Perhaps it is not to be expected that a company of fur-traders would advertise for tourists, or very widely proclaim the scenic beauties of the heart of its richest territory: tourists are not conducive to the best interests of the fur trade, and settlers ruin it. So, outside of the mad rush of Klondykers in 1898, the north has remained a land apart, enjoyed by Indians, fur-traders, and missionaries—with visits from a score or so of scientists and writers: men like Ogilvie, Tyrrell and Preble, Emerson Hough, Warburton Pike, Stefansson, Thompson-Seton and Radford—with an occasional sportsman like Lord Lonsdale or the Comtesse de St. Pierre; a traveller and hunter of some note who went in north three years

ago; and a few tourists, such as Miss Taylor, who went down to the Arctic twenty-six years ago.

In 1908, Dr. Howie, of New York, came out, having spent a year in there, and in the same year Agnes Deans Cameron, and her niece, made the summer trip down the Mackenzie. This summer trip down the Mackenzie to the Arctic is one of the most healthful pleasure-journeys in the world, and considered as a journey into a little-known country one of the most luxurious. It is by water all the way, after the one-hundred mile stage route from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing is passed. The first two hundred and fifty miles of the Athabasca River, covered in a few days, is made comfortably enough in yoke boats. Thereafter, with the Rapids passed, the mode of travel is somewhat commonplace in a well-equipped steamer, but the pristine freshness of the land, the quaintness of the old trading-posts met at intervals, and the individuality of the northern people, lends to the entire trip a fascination equal to anything one imagines before going in.

The voyage around the Athabasca and Peace Rivers—the other northern tour—entails more difficulty and variety than the Arctic trip, as frequently, to make steamer connections, it necessitates a voyage of some hundred miles by canoe or raft, alone with Indian guides. This, however, I found, only added to its picturesque quality and enjoyment, while here, as on the Mackenzie, no real hardships are met with.

But a new era is at hand ; the north waits on the edge of great things. The railway survey gangs are headed into the wilderness, and the speedy opening-up of the north is assured.

Before long, a tide of investors, sight-seers and settlers will flow in by Pullmans and colonist cars. Before their concerted assault the mysterious old north will surrender all its claims to mystery. But if it lose the charm that hangs about it in the stories of Parker and others, it will reveal new charms, and an admirable utility at which the fiction-makers do not even hint. When this tourist route, via the Athabasca and Mackenzie to the Arctic, is proclaimed in two continents, as it will be within a decade, it will be of interest to recall that the first woman tourist to the Canadian Arctic was an American girl—Miss Taylor, the daughter of the United States consul at Winnipeg, who made the trip down to Fort MacPherson twenty-six years ago.

Like those who have gone down since then, she found the wild roses blooming at those northern posts, and probably that year at MacPherson, as in 1909, the thermometers registered over 90 degrees on the steamer. Although the first tourist, Miss Taylor was by no means the pioneer white woman traveller there. She was preceded by Miss French, an Irish lady who went in to the Arctic in the Company's care on the first trip of their steamer to meet and marry there her fiancé, a young English clergyman. And even before this, many decades earlier, the Company's traders had brought their white wives in here by canoes, while the Grey Nuns of Montreal had come in yoke boats to establish their big schools at Fort Providence and Chipewyan.

In many ways these pioneer women had veritable hardships to contend with ; the travelling for two or three months by yoke boats or scows was wearisome, and their menu at the posts often consisted solely of dried meat or fish. Flour was so rare a luxury that a tiny round cake of it once or twice a day was the dole for each person. A Grey Nun at Chipewyan told me that on her first arrival at Fort Providence twenty-seven years ago she undertook to pick raspberries and make a tart out of the day's entire allowance of flour. The other nuns were in the class-room and in the wash-house doing the week's laundry : she was young, and unused to cooking at an open fire, and the tart, by some ill-chance, was burnt to a crisp !

She told me the story last summer with laughter, but on that first day she wept, and would not be consoled.

Mrs. Stringer, the wife of Bishop Stringer, spent some years, as did another missionary's wife, on Herschell Island, in the Arctic. Two of Mrs. Stringer's children were born there, and undoubtedly this capable woman knew her share of pioneering. On one occasion, too, some of the captains of the whaling-fleet brought their wives to Herschell Island, and during the winter there, these bright American women, with the undaunted energy of their nation, organized a fancy-dress ball, which was as hilariously enjoyable as it was unique.

However, white women are still so rare in the north that to be a white woman, and alone there, is in itself a royal passport. I experienced this at every turn in my northern tour, and very pleasantly the day before I reached the ruins of old Fort McLeod. That evening the steamboat put into shore and landed me at the head of the settlement on the Fort Dunvegan trail. The first settler I met was a Mr. Carson, who told me that two years before he had thrown up a position as travelling salesman for this Peace River homestead and brought his sister out from Ontario with him. I saw, too, that high on the uplands—where L. M. Macoun once reported that grain would not ripen—he had

twenty acres of wheat and oats, and I have since heard that this matured, yielding handsomely.

When I had looked over their farm, their little saw-mill and grist-mill, and the unkempt gardens of their Indian neighbors, they drove me on over the park-like trail to the home of the ex-member of Peace River district, a son of the first Church of England missionary on the Peace. I could not choose my hour for calling, because if you miss the Peace River steamer even by a few hours you must camp on the river-side a month to await its return—as the British Columbia Commissioner, F. C. Campbell, did last June at Peace River Crossing. By previous arrangement with the Hudson's Bay Company, or the Revillon Freres, Indian guides may be secured to take one on in a canoe, but this is not easily practicable on short notice, as I experienced at Vermilion later.

We found the legislator's family about to retire, but our knocking brought the genial man himself to the door—clad in up-to-date pajamas. He greeted us cordially, less surprised than I had expected at the unannounced arrival of the visitor from town. I was slowly learning that northerners are never surprised. Life on land and water trails, where telegrams are unknown and letters rare, has led them to expect the unexpected; so they say—

"You never know what you will meet around the corners."

Coming away in the darkness we had to dodge not only the inevitable dogs, but two young moose roaming in the inner yard, and outside there were the sleeping cattle and hogs of this prosperous homestead. We drove on to another log-house, the home of

the English missionary, whose wife, a refined young English-woman, was also roused by our knocking, and welcomed me to spend the night. We talked far into the night, for a white woman from outside with news only a few weeks old is something not met with every year on the Peace. As the talk ran on to a variety of things, and I saw for myself the privations and devotion of the everyday life of the northern missionary, my mind registered its admiration for this woman, as it had at Lesser Slave Lake for the genial, great-hearted old nun whom I had been privileged to accompany when she

was suddenly called at eight o'clock one evening to go to an Indian teepee a mile away to dress an Indian's wound.

The next day, with the aid of Alex MacKenzie, a picturesque, retired old trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, I traced in the ruins of old Fort McLeod the plan of its defensive palisade and bastions, the store and warehouses, the house of the Bourgeois and



COMMISSIONER CAMPBELL IN CAMP AT THE CROSSING—IF YOU MISS THE PEACE RIVER STEAMER, YOU MUST POSSESS YOUR SOUL IN PATIENCE AND CAMP FOR A MONTH TO AWAIT ITS RETURN



THE DUSKY DIMNESS OF A FUR STOREHOUSE AT EDMONTON
Here are piled thousands of dollars' worth of black and brown and
silvery skins

Indian Hall. The Fort was built by Alexander MacKenzie in 1793 on his overland voyage to the Pacific, but before many years it was abandoned and the post moved west to Fort Dunvegan.

This old stronghold of the Company—for many decades its headquarters on the Peace—has dwindled down to four or five log buildings about the grassy courtyard. Intermarriage has sapped the strength and numbers of the Beaver Indians who trade there, and a transcontinental railway took

away the need of a fur brigade going over the mountains to the Pacific posts from Dunvegan. The Fort to-day has only a couple of native retainers instead of fifty. A ferry has been built here by the Alberta Government, and now frequently in summer the quiet of the old fort is broken by the arrival of tired settlers in prairie-schooners and ox-wagons, heralds of the new regime, who have driven over five hundred miles from Edmonton, and are bound for the settlements at Spirit River or the Grand Prairie.

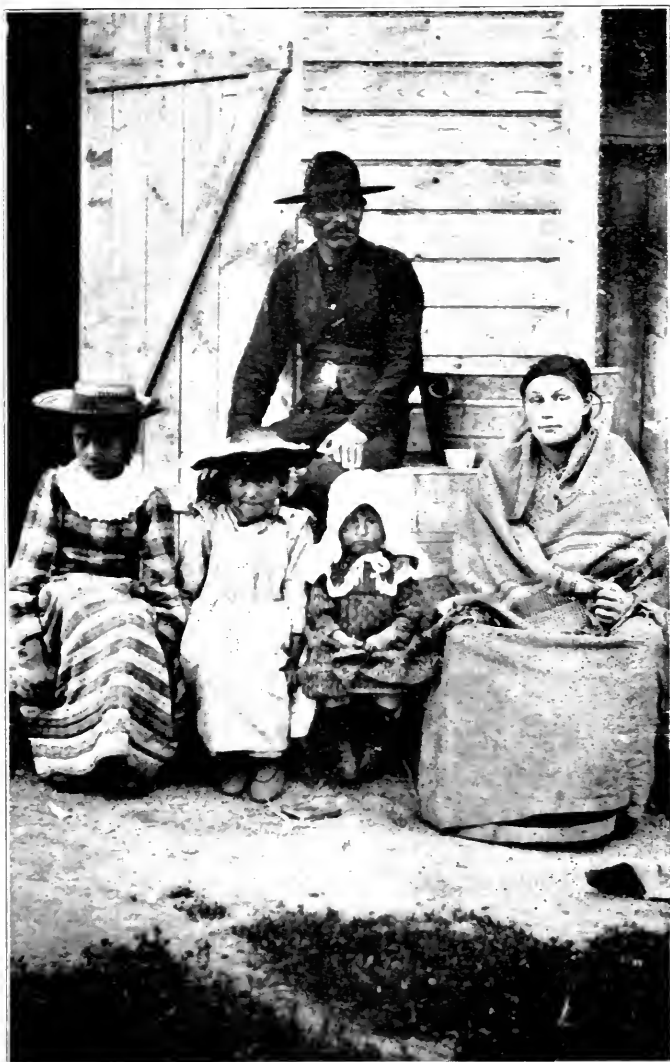
At Fort St. John this year, Commissioner Campbell set up his official Lares and Penates for the British Columbia Government. This post always has been a lonely place. To-day no echo of the new settlement reaches it, but prospectors on their way to the Finlay gold-fields make it a stopping-place. On my arrival, three young

men were in camp there waiting for our boat to bring their mail. As soon as they read it, they packed their ponies and pitched off along the Finlay trail. . . The next day I was the sole passenger on the steamer, as it made its one annual trip to Hudson's Hope, the last post on the Peace. In the afternoon we saw small moving specks on the great hillsides that border this beautiful river; it was the prospectors' pack-train. At Hudson's Hope, while the boat-crew was hoisting the Company's goods up to the top of the cliff,

I walked with one of the post's clerks and the boat's engineer six miles along an old overgrown hunter's trail to the Canyon, through which this great river emerges in tumult from the Rockies. The walking was so difficult that the tramp occupied six hours, but it brought us through some very fine timber growing in rich loamy soil, while the delicious strawberries on the clearing at the post offered ideal refreshment on our return.

I waited—to find the Crossing more beautiful even than I had imagined it. It is here in a broad, high-walled green valley that the Peace and Smoky meet. They are two majestic silver streams—the Peace alone being almost a mile wide. The Crossing's elusive charm—its great distances, its fairy greens and young trees in Runic design, its hills' "most wonderful dimplement"—have resisted translation by any camera that has yet gone into the Peace. . . . When I saw it first, I understood why it had lured an old miner back from Kansas to see the Peace again and end his days there, and why old Twelve-Foot Davis, when he reached the "end of the trail," had begged to be buried on one of the Peace River hills.

That old-timer at Fort Dunvegan told me that in his trips inland north of the Peace he had passed over vast areas of fertile land, partly wooded and in part prairie. Similarly, last



A HALF-BREED FAMILY OF THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY
The race of Metis has in its veins some of the hardest blood of Scotland, France and the Orkneys

autumn, the member for Peace River district J. K. Cornwall—stated his belief that there were over 20,000,000 acres of agricultural land along both sides of the river. It is a well-known fact that wheat has been successfully grown in the Mackenzie district at Fort Simpson and Fort Liard, the latter only twenty miles east of the Yukon territory. Years ago the French missionary priest at Fort Liard raised good wheat every year, and ground his mission's supply in his coffee-mill.

However, the Mackenzie district will

not likely be opened up for settlement for several years yet, as there are such vast tracts of excellent land available south of it. The points of farming settlement now existing in the north are all in the Peace River and Athabasca districts, notably at Lesser Slave Lake, where over 30,000 bushels of oats alone were raised last year; at Grande Prairie and Spirit River along Upper Peace, and at Fort Vermilion. All the way along the Peace River trail my half-breed driver pointed out to me the camping-places of the "Bull Outfit"—a group of four women and thirty-seven men from Ontario who went in ahead of me in prairie-schooners to settle in a colony west of the Grande Prairie. Most of the men held South African scrip, which entitles each holder to 320 acres. These wise pioneers brought money with them to buy necessary provisions for a couple of years until the railway construction begins there. At present, settlers in here can only sell a limited quantity of oats to survey parties and others.

One afternoon on the Peace River trail, in one of the rare rainstorms I met in the north, I saw a squalid tent—eight by ten or less—pitched on one of the prairies that dot this trail. A few horses and hogs were grazing near and as we drove up a man came out of the dingy tent, where a comrade lay asleep. I was very glad to see the cheery, dishevelled little man, for since we left Lesser Slave Lake the morning before, he was the first human being we had met. He wanted to trade some old magazines for new ones. I had not any, and could only offer him some provisions when I heard that his were running low. The cattle we saw about were thoroughbreds, he told us, that he had already driven over four hundred miles from Edmonton.

And as so often occurred on the old Oregon trail, one valuable calf had sprained its leg six days before and was unable to travel. The men pitched camp, waiting for the leg to mend. Their provisions began to run low, and they were sometimes tempted to butcher the calf. The light democrat I had hired was loaded to its utmost capacity, so I could not take the calf

on to the Crossing, but the poor fellow was delighted at our news that a half-day behind us there was a truck-wagon with four men only, and when we drove off he was seeing visions of his calf landed in some pleasant farm-yard, with weeks before him for recovery.

The buoyant spirit of this new country radiated from that man, who simply would not let himself be cast down. He had known farming in England and in the Western States, but he was confident that Grande Prairie despite its pioneer hardships, was the best of all. Moreover, he had chanced to meet a leading C. P. R. official at Edmonton, and he was going home rapturously certain that within a very few years a branch of that road would tap his district. . . .

At Fort Vermilion, I saw in Sheridan Lawrence's granaries over 6,000 bushels of grain, mostly wheat. It was there because the Hudson's Bay mill would not meet his demands for a cash payment; undoubtedly, his spirit of independence is fostered by his absolute belief that a railway will soon touch on the Peace. Meanwhile, he mills some of his own grain, cultivates five hundred acres of land, raises one hundred hogs yearly, and cures the pork, making most delicious ham and bacon which he sells to the other settlers, to the trading-posts of the Revillon Freres, and to prospectors and Indians.

While telling me that the summer before Vermilion farmers had raised 35,000 bushels of wheat, and 90,000 bushels of other grain, which was threshed by his own and the Company's steam-threshers, Mr. Lawrence recalled that when his father first settled near here in 1885 as a missionary worker, the family lived on barley flour, because they thought it useless to try to raise wheat so far north. Likewise, they would only sow crops down in the valley by the river. Now they raise good wheat on the uplands, and over thirty farms are worked by half-breeds and whites. Driving on the pleasant trails through the settlement north and south of the river, I found it difficult to realize I was seven hundred miles northwest of Edmonton and railways, and not in some colony of



JEAN REVILLON OF REVILLON FRERES ON THE LONG TRAIL TO THE NORTH



THE "NIGGER" IS THE HANDIEST THING ABOARD A RIVER STEAMER - EVERYTHING IS DONE WITH ITS AID FROM YANKING THE BOAT OFF A SAND BAR TO Tying UP A PACKAGE OF LUNCH

New Ontario. Only the delightful atmosphere and brilliant sunshine assured me I was still in Alberta.

Each year brings fresh proof of the agricultural possibilities of the Peace. Last summer at Little Red River I saw crops and vegetables growing which were better than those at Vermilion, and the two men squatted on homesteads at this point claim that when the outside knows more of the north, that a railway will be extended from Fort McMurray north-west to the Vermilion Falls, and a great city will spring up there. This is a most beautiful portion of the Peace, with fine agricultural land to the south, which Surveyor Ponton states extends far inland. Across the magnificent falls, which will some day furnish immense quantities of industrial energy—beyond green stretches of poplar woods and open prairie—lie the Cariboo Hills. North of these is the range of the last herd of wild buffalo.

"You need no other proof that there is good land north of the Cariboo," old-timers told me; "for the buffalo pick out for themselves the best portions of country with fine bunch-grass and plenty of water."

In addition to the agricultural wealth of the millions of acres of fertile land in the Peace River and Athabasca districts, there are immense coal deposits known to lie south of the Peace, while the Athabasca region is rich in coal, tar, salt, oil, gypsum and natural gas. The borings for oil have already resulted in a rich flow of crude oil, and much more is looked for when the operations are extended.

To one fresh from the outside, there must always be a pleasant shock of surprise to come upon the old-time settlements of the traders and missionaries. The sunny, green courtyards of the forts have echoed for over a hundred years the doings of the traders and Indians; some of them have heard stern shouts of primitive warfare, but now the log-buildings and gardens have a mellow atmosphere as of home. Tomatoes, celery and corn are ripened in these gardens along the Peace, and most of the flour eaten there is ground at the Company's mill at Vermilion, or at the

mill of the Catholic Mission at Peace River Crossing, smaller mills being operated by Sheridan Lawrence and "Bill" Carson.

The fine, large, balconied buildings erected at some points by the Catholic missionaries, their fine farms and luxuriant gardens, are not, as one might suppose at first, an evidence of their wealth, but the result of unceasing voluntary labor and self-denial that exists to the present. These French missionaries and their confreres, the lay-brothers, cut down trees in the woods, saw them now in their own little mills, as in the first days priests and bishops hewed the sticks of timber to make their log cabins; and they design and construct their churches, schools and residences themselves.

Then they paint and decorate the interiors as Father Pettitot, the noted scientist, did at Fort Good Hope during his trying stay in the Arctic; as Bishop Faraud and Bishop Grouard did in Chipewyan, or Bishop Clut at Lesser Slave Lake, when too old and weak for the more strenuous missionary work and travels, he cleared with his own hands all the brushwood and stones from what is now the grassy courtyard and rich gardens of Lesser Slave Lake mission.

No less active, although their numbers are much smaller, are the Church of England missionaries, these two bands of workers dividing the Christianizing work of the north. At Lake Wabiscaw, one of the English missionaries—Miss Hill, a young woman of ability and refinement—has devoted her life and income to work for the uplift of the Indian.

On my return trip from the Rockies, between Peace River Crossing and Vermilion, I was the only passenger on board the steamer, and so was alone in my astonishment to find, at this last post, wide fields of grain, a large mill and houses lit by electricity, a business-like village, and a marvelously up-to-date residence built there by Lawrence Wilson, the officer in charge of the post.

There were still three hundred miles of the Peace lying between me and old Fort Chipewyan, and I made this por-



THE PELTIES OF THE BEAR, READY FOR SHIPMENT TO THE
MARKETS OF THE OLD WORLD

tion of the trip by canoe. I needed that canoe voyage to satisfactorily bridge the difference as well as the distance between these posts, for Chipewyan is the picturesque old fort around which a century ago the war of the rival fur companies waged—and at Vermilion all my ideas of the north had been upset by finding a modern drawing-room, a library with many of the latest books and magazines, mission furniture made at Vermilion under Mrs. Wilson's supervision, a bath-room and a dinner-table that would satisfy the most critical of clubmen.

But once in the canoe with my two Indians, out in the sunshine and remarkable stillness of the Peace, my ideas of the north speedily readjusted themselves. This journey down the Lower Peace was the most quietly delightful portion of the whole tour. It meant eight days of sunlight and stillness, broken by a couple of summer rainfalls, by the portaging across the falls and chutes, and a call at Little Red River post. We camped where nightfall found us on a sandy beach, or in the poplar and spruce forest on the heights. Meals of bannock and bacon and canned goods were eaten about the fragrant camp-fire, and I was more than royally happy and free from care.

One evening, after a rainstorm, and after a glorious ride over the breaking whitecaps of the lake, my canoe glided up to the old Chipewyan landing-place, where decades ago Franklin and Richardson had been welcomed; where, with cheers and chanted cries, the voyageur crews of the fur brigades had landed. The master of the post was waiting on the shore to welcome me with the fine traditional hospitality of the old traders, and a group of men stood about him—the sight of a strange canoe drawing them from their leisurely game of draughts or the “swapping” of yarns up at the fort. They were

curious in their own quiet way, for they had only once before seen a stranger come in by canoe from Fort Vermilion.

Fort Chipewyan, more than any other post in the northwest, retains the old time atmosphere. The buildings, perched on a rocky cape, command a perfect lookout over the lake, and one readily understands why the North-West Company built their post here in the old days of warfare with the Gentlemen Adventurers, and why the latter took over this post and abandoned their own after the union. The old powder-magazine and sun-dial remain intact, but only the site of the blockhouse gaol remains now. A picturesque palisade still surrounds the courtyard and the solid log buildings; the gateways are imposing, but empty; no gates clang shut now at dusk, and no watchman marches on sentinel duty about the palisade.

Chipewyan, with its swarms of dogs and languid natives, seems less deserted in summer than other posts of the north, for though the able-bodied Indians and their families pitch off to the woods to hunt, a small village of native people remain. This is probably because Chipewyan was so long headquarters for the Athabasca district, and there is here a larger population of half-breed descendants of the old French-Canadian voyageurs and Orkneymen.

It was here I met the yearly exodus of the Mackenzie district—a motley and interesting group of fur-traders, Mounted Policemen, nuns, priests, prospectors and Church of England missionaries. From Chipewyan we made the trip homeward by steamer for two hundred and fifty miles, and an equal distance up the broken water and rapids of the Athabasca, on clumsy open scows, drawn by Indian rivermen in tracking-harness. . . . This last is undoubtedly the most picturesque mode of transport on the continent.

How Danny Was Bumped

By W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young



“EVERY woman thinks she’s the only one on the face o’ the yearth that all the men is after. Especially if she’s any better lookin’ than a bad dream, but I guess that don’t make much difference.”

The old showman considered a moment after this pronouncement.

“The reason is, every man is a good deal of a unnecessary liar when he talks with wimmin till after he’s married, an’ even that don’t cure soma them. Tries to make every woman he meets think he thinks she’s the picka the hull bar’l. An’ they git that so often they come to believe it. The homelier they are, the more they want to. No one of ‘em hears what the same men says to all the others. Sometimes it works out a sickenin’ calamity to a man. That’s how Danny Grogan got his.

“This here Danny Grogan was a peachy young fellow back home, in a little village north of Presq’ Isle. I knew that village well.

“His mother was dead, an’ his gran’-mother kep’ house fer him an’ his father an’ his little brother Mike. The’ was twenty-seven houses in the village, an’ twenty-five of ‘em sold whiskey. The two that didn’t was Danny’s father’s an’ the priest’s house. The priest couldn’t, an’ Danny’s father didn’t a-dast, because the priest was Danny’s mother’s brother. The reason the others sold whiskey was because the village was on the road between Lake Ontario an’ the big oak-woods. The

teamsters that hauled tan-bark to Presq’ Isle bay for schooners that took it to the tanneries at Toronto and Rochester useta git drunk there twice every trip—once goin’ an’ once comin’. It was quite a infunt industry. But it wasn’t on accounta the whiskey traffic that Danny got into the circus business. I’ll tell you.

“All the people of this village come from the same part of Ireland and useta know each other there. Every one of them had sumpn on all the rest, so’t nobody couldn’t start nawthin’ without gittin’ it from everybody, an’ it was quite a peaceable place—fer a mess of Irish. Mosta them was farmers, but one was a blacksmith an’ another was a shoemaker. The blacksmith had a big dawg an’ minded his own business more’n anyone else in the bunch, but the shoemaker was also the village dentist, an’ he was called the one-eyed thief. He only had one eye, so that part of it was easy enough, but the thief part got to him through something that happened in Ireland that I never found out about. Them Irish has lingerin’ memories fer things that can take the wind out of each others’ sails.

“When anyone had a sore tooth he would go to the cobbler to have it pulled. The cobbler would look up from his work an’ say—

" 'Which izzut ?'

"An' then when the patient would show him, he'd say—

" 'Wait till I wax a t'read.'

"An' then he'd wax a pieca thread an' tie one end around the tooth an' the other around a tailor's goose that he'd cabbaged somewhere, and he'd carry this goose around over the back-uva old bureau in a corner of the shop an' look acrost the topa the bureau an' say—

" 'Are ye ready ?'

"An' drop the goose. It would always fetch away the tooth an' sometimes a pieca the jaw, an' then the dentist an' the patient would wreck the studio with the biggest kinduva fight, an' when it was over—no matter which licked—the dentist would set up the drinks an' the patient would pay fer the work. The fee was twenty-five cents—no more, no less.

"Well, anyhow. It was this one-eyed thief that sprung it on Danny.

"You see, Danny's father had a long-bar'l'd short gun that fired with a cap. It looked like one o' them property guns the Bedooins Ayrabs throws up an' ketches in their act. It couldn't a-bin less than forty year old, but he was stuck on it—called it a fowlin'-piece, an' had it hangin' on two nails on his bedroom wall, along with a old-fashioned powder horn and a flaska shot. Useta shoot ducks with it in the season, by crawlin' up an' blowin' 'em outa the water whenever he could ketch 'em settin' still enough. When that gun went off, youda thought it was a ton o' dynamite, fer the noise it made. An' it always knocked the old man over. He'd have a lame shoulder fer a week every time he went 'foolin'.

"The blacksmith's dawg had a vendetta with Danny an' Mike. They was pardners in all the village crime, an' they had so much on with that dawg that they finally concluded to make war medicine fer him.

"One day the old man drove into Cobourg with a loada sumpn, an' these two kids sees their chance. Danny was to git the gun an' sneak out through his uncle's back yard next door, to a place where the' was a loose board in

the fence, an' Mike was to go up an' enfewriate the dawg so't he'd chase 'im past, an' when the dawg come opposite to Danny, he was to blow 'im inta ratbait with the gun.

"Danny poured all the powder the' was in the horn into that gun, an' then all the shot, an' filled up the resta the bar'l with tacks an' a wad, an' then he puts a cap on the lock, an' gits out while his granny was gone to a neighbor's to borry a drawin' o' tea. He gits inta position at the loose board, with the gun acrost the stringpiece of the fence, jest as Mike starts a-runnin' an' a-hollerin' with the dawg at 'is heels. Danny sticks his head through an' looks up that way, an'—. Say !

"Over the brow o' the hill he sees his father an' the team, comin' home.

"He makes the sneak of his life right then, an' Mike ain't got wind enough to outrun the dawg, an' the dawg catches up with 'im an' nearly kills 'im. Danny's settin' on the front step lookin' innocent when they bring Mike in, jest as his father drives up.

"The's a council at their house that night—everybody there but the blacksmith. It's in the kitchen, that was likewise the dinin'-room an' parlor, an' Mike is there, all done up in strips of stickin' plaster. It's the yewnanimous verdict that the dawg must be shot, an' Danny's father is to do it with that there fowlin'-piece o' his, while the resta then holds the blacksmith.

"Jest then the cobbler up an' says the gun ain't no good. That gits the old man's goat.

" 'No good—no good !' says he in Irish, 'I'll show ye ! That's the finest fowlin'-piece that ever come outa Ireland. It'll snap out a candle ten feet away,' says he, 'wid a cap,' he says. That was the way they tested a gun in them days.

"The cobbler capped the bet. Said if it would blow out a candle, even if it was stuck in the end of the bar'l, he'd pull all the teeth in the village fer nawthin'.

" 'I'll show ye !' says the old man, says he. An' he starts fer the bedroom.

" 'Cue fer exit Danny. He knows what's in that gun, if the old man



"AN' SAY—'ARE YE READY?'—AN' DROP THE GOOSE"

don't. He jest keeps half his face insida the door-jamb, with his knees sprung fer a lightnin' getaway.

"Re-enter the old man with the gun, an' they puts a lighted candlestick on topa the cookstove, an' the old man levels the gun acrost the backuva chair an' screws 'is face up in a careful aim, an'— Say!

"It blew the candle an' the candlestick an' the topa the stove through the kitchen wall, an' made a hole about four feet acrost, an' knocked the old man heels over appetite backwards, breakin' his shoulder-blade an' smashin' the kitchen table, an' fillin' the air with smoke so everybody was chokin'. An' the gun flew sideways an' bashed the cobbler in the face so't it nearly knocked 'is other eye out, an' he ups an' belts the next man to him, an' that starts a general mixup, but Danny's father he jest rolls over an' grabs a table-leg an' lets out a wheeze,

" 'Where's that divil Dan?'

"Danny never stopped runnin' fer two year, so far's they knew. He slept in the woods that night, an' the next mornin' he crawls aboard a boat at Presq' Isle an' lands in Toronto

where he hooks onta a cheap tent-show that was workin' the outskurts. A shurruf buys out this show the next year on the Pacific coast somewheres, an' when Danny drifts home he has samples o' nearly all the mud in North Amurricky on 'im. He snuck up to the backdoor, but—his granny gits 'im before he can light out again, an' of all the things I guess he'd like to ferget to remember the most, the lickin' she gives 'im is the worst. Then she tells 'im to put on some of his father's old clothes by turnin' up the pants an' the sleeves, an' go to work—fer the blacksmith. She has a good deala press-agent slush to sling at 'im, too. Skate morality, an' things that sounds good, but ain't so. Her chorus is,

" 'The rollin' stone gathers no moss.'

"Next season he catches me up at Toronto, when we're there fer a three days' stand, an' puts up some kinduva story that gits 'im a job with the animiles. His father don't find 'im, an' he goes on with us. First I takes 'im out ahead with the paper, but the's too much work in that to suit 'im, I guess, fer he falls back to the show, an' next I see of him he's a full-grown

candy-butcher, friskin' the jays like a old professional. He changes his name about this time to Daniel O'Connell, so's not to disgrace his fambly if he gits into trouble.

"Enda the season he's got a fat bale of money strapped around his right arm above the elbow with a rubber band, and he goes home with two handbags and a trunk, dressed up like a bartender, with a diamond in 'is tie fit to blind ye, an'— Say!

"Whaddya think the granny says when she ketches 'er breath?

"'My, my, Danny,' says she, 'it's the rovin' bee gathers the honey,' says she.

"Ain't that jest like a woman? Show up with the stuff, an' all will be forgiven, with a chance thrown in to go an' sin some more.

"Well, anyhow. I bin led into this by rememb'rin' how Danny got into the profession. I'm a old hand, musself, an' a long time married, so't sometimes I ferget how attractive professionals is to the wimmin outside. Now, mosta the people in the profession are moral enough, I grant ye. I mean, the performers. I got no use fer them in the business, fer only the sensation acts works up into printin', an' it's no buried secret in the business that the big acts they have now is fakes—cheap ones, too. Nawthin' like the feachers we useta have in the good old days, when a show was a show an' not a stringa performers an' skallyhoot press-agents drawin' better salaries than the fellers that earn the money fer them.

"Performers are moral enough—that's so. They got to be, because their work calls fer stiddy nurves. But the's a awful lot o' human nacher in men an' wimmin, wherever you find 'em, an' the show business ain't no exception. That was parta what was the matter with Danny.

"We had a legitimate attraction about that time—not so strong as Millie Christine, the two-headed lady that could sing a duet with herself—I never could git the Old Man to let me have her name spelled in full, but only 'Mlle.,' that sounded like a tongue-tied man tryin' to say it—but satisfactory for color work particularly

window pieces. They was called the Tasmanian Children. They was undersized, but awful thickset, an' I guess they musta belonged to the original pinhead tribe, fer they had the littlest heads in all this world, an' the broadest shoulders. Their heads wasn't no biggern your fist, but their feachers was good, an' arey one of 'em was as strong as a ox. It'd give ye the jumps first time you looked at 'em, but they was intelligent, an' a big draw fer Sabbath school classes, 'lustratin' the wonders of creation. Hoomioo useta drop on one knee an' hold up his hands wide an' throw that little konk o' his back very appealin' an' say, 'Am not I a man and a brother?' an' it useta ketch on every time. Their act was nawthin' but that, an' shakin' hands, an' lyin' about their native land an' the manners an' customs o' the Tasmanians. They didn't wear no more clothes than required by law, an' what they did wear was made outa grass mattin'. His was a skurt, an' hers was a mother hubbard.

"They was billed as brother an' sister, but they reelly was man an' wife. They was no exception to the rule of matrimony, neether. They'd scrap like two cats in a bag, sometimes, after the performance, fer Iola was as jealous as a sparrow-headed good looker, an' I don't know as I could blame 'er much, fer the way the outside wimmin useta make up to Hoomioo woulda turned even a sensible man into a fool, an' Hoomioo wasn't sensible. He had a arm like a athulletic Hurcyools, an' a grip like a wringin'-machine, an' a smile a mile wide. An' he was off-color. So was Iola. They useta have me guessin' whether their complexion was sorrel or light bay. On the bills they was said to come from Tasmania, so called because of a mania fer playin' the national game of Tasmania-ra. But I bin in Tasmania musself, an' I never seen no people there like them two, fer the natives has short kinky hair, and Hoomioo an' Iola's hair was long an' wavy. They was a paira what-is-its, I guess.

"But they spoke better English than the African Female Amazon, said to have bin captured after a powerful

struggle an' fearful expense by Henry M. Stanley, the celebrated African explorer, while penetratin' the deepest jungles of the dark continent. Her act was a war-dance in a dress made outa barbaric feathers. She useta do this runnin' around in curcles, emittin' strange cries. I guess all the niggers down in Alabama musta come from the same jungles she did, fer she spoke jest like they do. She was married to the nuttiest feller I ever seen in a show. He was a whirlin' Dervish, an' he wore petticoats, an' all he done was to stick his arms o'ut straight an' go round an' round like a eight-day peg-top, till you'd git dizzy lookin' at 'im. No livin' bein' could do that an' keep his brain on a stiddy centre. She useta bat 'im all over the lot sometimes, he was so dumb foolish. His only friend was the famous Persian Astrologer an' Seer, Mazdaznan.

"Old Maz. was a foxy guy, with one blind eye. Useta cast yer horrryscope an' read yer pa'm fer a dime, an'—say! He done more business than any other grafter in the hull organization. All wimmin. He could run the cards, too; but then, so could the snake lady. She useta run 'em fer the wimmin that belonged, jest to obligé, but he wouldn't.

"This is business with me,' he would say. 'I ain't got no use fer wimmin, anyhow.' An' I guess you coulda understood that if you coulda seen his wife, fer of all the fishpoles—

"Danny was a gay boy, an' a librul spender—one o' the best nacheded young Irishers I ever seen, an' soft. A easy mark fer any woman. Stick a iernin' board on topuva paira tongs

an' put a dress on it, an' Danny'd shin up to it.

"We had a trapeze performer that come awful near runnin' 'im up to the minister fer them fateful words, but she wasn't quite quick enough, fer Danny was a scatterer, an' about the time when she oughta threw the rope he was chasin' off with a bunch o' local skurts on a week stand back east, an' she lost out. Consolated 'erself before the season was over with the Human Cannon Ball, what useta git 'imself shot outuva siege-gun onto a high

platform up on the centre-pole while the band stopped playin'. Danny said afterwards that a woman that hung by her toes to a trapeze—he always called it a trapzee, bein' Irish—was liable to have too much brains run into 'er head. The Human Cannon Ball seemed to think so, too, fer she was always sayin' things to 'im that he could n't answer, an' so he'd have to beat 'er a few. That happened about three times a day.

"Well, anyhow. The way the wimmin useta crowd around Hoomioo to say 'oo' when he'd 'most squeeze their hands off an' smile

at 'em, had a double effect. It excited the curiosity of the lady snake charmer, and that led to a imbroglio that got Iola's hump up.

"This snake charmer was a nice fat young woman by the name of O'Ryan in private life, an' she'd handle snakes as free as a country boy handles angle worms. She had a py-thon that was about twenty feet long that she'd curl around herself like a combination boa an' girdle an' sash, while a halfa dozen rattlers an' other obsidians—as the



"IT'D GIVE YE THE JUMPS THE FIRST TIME
YE LOOKED AT 'IM"

professor says—crawled around her arms an' ankles. You'd think she was the bravest thing alive, but I seen her jump on a chair one evenin' an' catch up 'er skurts an' screech like a peacock callin' fer rain when a roach that was so big she thought it was a mouse come runnin' acrost the floor of a restaurant where some of us had gone out fer supper between performances. Mice has got it all over wimmin an' elephants. Say !

"She got projectin' around Hoomioo herself. Hadn't paid much attention to him at first, but the wimmin group-in' around 'im like flies around a spot o' molasses, every performance, kinda worked on her curiosity, as I jest said, an' it got into her head that there must be somethin' to it. So she begins to make up to Hoomioo, to find out what it is. First time he shook hands with 'er, she ups an' swats 'im flat in the jaw, an' when that springs 'is smile, an' he holds out his hand again, it ketches 'er, an' the next we know, they're off in corners, talkin' low.

"Danny had bin handing this snake lady bookays an' bong-bongs fer some little time when this begins, an' he lets on he don't care, but it peeks him on the inside, all the same. So when Iola tries to create a diversion by bein' sweet to him, he falls fer it.

"Iola gits him to herself where both Hoomioo and the snake lady can see them, but old Hoomioo, he don't care. He's a lady's man, anyway, an' he lets on to everybody that if Iola wants to make a fool of 'erself with a candy-butch-er, fergettin' her own professional standin', letter go ! He says so, in so many words.

"I shouldn't oughta got married so young, anyway," says he. I spiled my market," he says. "Look at 'er," says he. "If she was a artch-angel, he says, 'with seventeen different colors of feathers in 'er wings,' says he, 'she couldn't be any more stuck on 'erself,' or words to that effect, as the feller says. 'Insteada which,' says he, 'jest look at 'er yerself, if you want to be drove to drink.'

"An' the snake lady laffed. 'Ain't you the funny goop !' says she, gigglin'. 'Oh, Mr. O'Connell,' she says,

'did you hear what Hoomioo said about Iola ?' she says, an' she looks at Danny, real co-quettish.

"'Back to the kitchen fer you, Maggie,' says Iola, indignant. 'The dishes ain't washed yet,' she says.

"'Do you mean me, you Tasmanian tag-rag ?' says the snake lady, with superior ca'm. 'Because, if you do, I can tell you the's lotsa things worse'n washin' dishes, an' you know it.'

"'But I rung the bell on you jest the same, didn't I ?' says Iola, reel sweet.

"'Ladies, ladies !' says Danny—

"'Wait till I find one o' my rattlers!' says the snake lady, reachin' fer her boxa snakes. 'If I wasn't a lady I'd pull that pin head o' yours offn you, you fake !'

"'Here,' says the Persian Astrologer, 'you leave Iola alone, you big bluff !'

"'You keep outa this,' says Iola. 'Who's got Hoomioo's watch,' says she. 'Who's got that watch, you one-eyed thief ?'

"At that, the snake lady gives out a shriek. 'Who's bin tellin' on me ?' she says. An' the hull tent goes into confusion.

"Danny jumps over to where the snake lady is an' calls fer a pitcher o' water, fer she's off in high-strikes, drummin' the ground with 'er heels. Hoomioo lights after Iola, an' she runs behind Danny fer refuge, an' Hoomioo jolts Danny acrost the place tryin' to git at 'er, an' the Persian Astrologer grabs him back. The fuss brings the Old Man on, an' one word from 'im quiets things down. Sich is the power of salaries. He holds a inquiry right there, an' then a queer thing comes out.

"It seems this snake lady come from Danny's village. She wasn't as old as he was by three or four year, an' her father was the village cobbler that they called the one-eyed thief, an' she'd gone out fer a hired girl in Toronto when she was about fifteen year old, an' afterwards got a job in the Queen's Hotel washin' dishes, an' from that, through gittin' acquainted with a museum performer, she took to snakes, an' the road, an' finally made good enough to come along with us. She an' Danny didn't know each other, because he'd changed 'is name, an'



"DO YOU MEAN ME, YOU TASMANIAN TAG-RAG?" SAYS THE SNAKE-LADY WITH SUPERIOR CA'M"

he'd never bin in the village while she was since the time she was a toddler. It was what Iola said offhand about dish-washin' an' callin' the Persian Astrologer a one-eyed thief that tipped 'er off, on a rank mistake, an' made 'er give herself away.

"The funny part of it was that Danny got reelly stuck on 'er, an' wanted 'er. An'—. Say!

"Whaddya think? Danny had bin sendin' money home right along to help out his old folks an' git his brother Mike educated to be a priest. An' when he asks her to marry him, she says she can't, because she's engaged to Mike.

"He's got such a swell education, she says, 'an' he's so smart! He's jest run away from the college,' she says, 'an' got a job bein' drummer fer a big store, an' he's makin' himself so strong,' she says, 'that we're goin' to be married next winter, an' I'm quittin' the profession.' Then she says—

"Youghta be glad I'm marryin' yer brother,' says she. 'More'n a hundred men has wanted to marry me.'

"Huh!" says Danny. 'You're

the only one, a-course. Same's all the rest. What?'

"An' he *has* got such a swell education,' says she.

"An' my money paid fer it,' says Danny, mournful. 'Oh, *vurry* well,' he says, 'I'm bumped.'

"The bun he got on him after that was a peach—an' doorable. I thought it would never wear off. He neglected his business, an' useta crowd everybody he could git hold of up against a wall an' cry to 'em about the treachery o' wimmin an' the wrongs of Ireland. Seemed to feel that one was as hard on him as the other. He got so desprit when he finally sobered up that he quit the legitimate an' become a press-agent. See what bein' crossed in love will drive a man to.

"Well, Danny's 'magination had a good trainin' down in that village where he was born. The' ain't a liar in that line o' work to-day that don't look as if he was going backwards when Danny strikes his gait. He's got old Annie Nias in the immachoor amachoor class. If I wasn't ashamed of him fer what he's doin', he'd make me proud. He's a gorgeous liar."

The Flight of the Arrow

By W. Lacey Amy

Illustrated by C. A. Maclellan

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is the fourth of a series of five stories dealing with the business adventures of a feminine commercial traveller on the road for a jewellery house and in direct competition with her husband, the salesman for a rival firm.*

SIX months had passed since Mary D. had met Marly. The fact was that Marly had risen in the confidence of his firm until they had decided to make him their stone specialist, with only occasional road work to please a number of old customers who never thought of jewelry without connecting it with Marly. With many of these, Main & Co. were insignificant factors in the transaction whereby duplicates of Marly's samples found their way to the show cases of large stores. Main & Co. had been forced to recognize this when their new salesman, Cowley, a young fellow of more impudence than ability, sent in letters that "Dolman & Co. had already bought, and needed nothing more," "W. H. Frame couldn't be interested and wouldn't look at our samples." Old man Main said little, whatever happened, which relieved him of the necessity of adding more words to explain what he meant. He simply yanked Cowley off some of the cities and sent Marly out on two trips a year.

The six months that Mary D. and her husband were separated were not without communication. Marly, in

preparation for his high position in one of the oldest and most reliable jewelry houses in Canada, had been sent to Amsterdam, Austria and India on a six months' trip to study precious and semi-precious stones, how to buy, how to place values, and where to buy. A desultory correspondence between man and wife as friend and friend had been marked chiefly by the restraint each saw in the letters of the other. Marly had been slow to see it in Mary D's letters as, to him, his "late wife" had not made herself conspicuous as a blushing damsel. He had wooed her in his dependent days, and she had accepted him in recognition of his dependence. Since his failure to make his business smooth out the wrinkles of married life, he had thought of her for the most part as a clever rival.

But after three months in Amsterdam and Austria he became convinced that, for some reason, his former business rival was not writing him with that feeling only.

As he was preparing in an Austrian city for his trip to India, he received a letter from his wife that passed almost unnoticed in the bustle of his departure. But on shipboard he had abundance of time to read between the lines. "I think Main & Co. might be the gainers in this old Western Ontario district by a reversion to former methods and salesmen. You put up a stiffer competition than you knew,

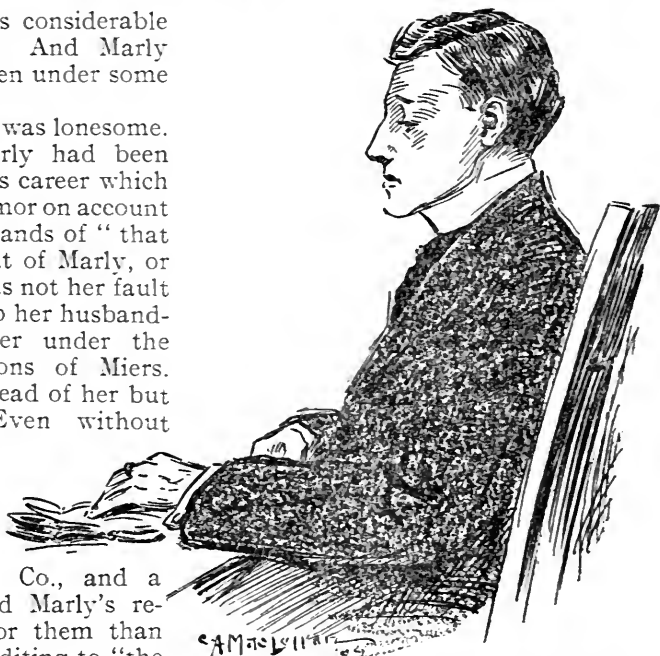
Marly. The new man is considerable of a joke," she wrote. And Marly knew that this was written under some powerful stimulus.

The fact was, Mary D. was lonesome. Her meetings with Marly had been bright spots in a business career which was losing some of its glamor on account of the unreasonable demands of "that Jew," Miers. The defeat of Marly, or even the belief that it was not her fault when the victory went to her husband-rival, had sustained her under the mean, covert insinuations of Miers. Now she had nothing ahead of her but to plug and plug. Even without Marly her sales did not increase, for she had less incentive to work. Cowley did not get the business for his firm, but Simmons, of Healey & Co., and a half dozen others, found Marly's removal a bigger thing for them than they even thought of crediting to "the plodder," as they all called Marly in the earlier days.

Mary D's first meeting with Cowley had taken the wind out of the latter, and, upon reflection, had aroused just as strong feelings in Mary D. It partially opened her eyes to something she had never thought existed.

It was in London. Cowley had been on the road just long enough to feel the importance of a thousand-dollar order and his connection with it. The usual group was at the travellers' table, Cowley sitting at the end facing the dining-room, and wearing a solid black tie with an enormous diamond sparkling in it. That was one of the evident necessities of selling jewels. On his finger was another diamond, and three weeks' study of the proper angle had enabled him to flash its rays into the eyes of any person he wanted to dazzle. He had had a pretty successful day, thanks to the carelessness of Mary D., and he was sparkling as brightly as his jewels.

"Are you going to St. Thomas to-night?" he almost shouted to the traveller sitting at the other end of the table. Upon receiving assurance that the other traveller was going down, and upon the natural query whether



COWLEY HAD BEEN ON THE ROAD JUST LONG ENOUGH TO FEEL THE IMPORTANCE OF A THOUSAND-DOLLAR ORDER

he was going, too, he proceeded to take advantage of the opportunity.

"Not me. No travelling at night for me! I think I can sell enough goods without losing my sleep," and he flashed his ring around the table, likewise his eyes.

"That dub, Norton, who used to have this route," continued the enraptured youth, "set a bad example, but I'm not in this business solely for Main & Co. And I guess I'm sending in the orders just as well as he did. Why, he sold Frame, here, only about \$800 worth on his last visit. To-day I took an order for \$2,000 or over. Guess that'll do me for to-day without making a muff of myself like Norton did. He must have been a chump from what I hear."

Mary D. was sitting at Cowley's right hand. She had been lonesome and cross all day, and had done her work in a half-hearted way, allowing Cowley to take more than his share of the business. At the words of the conceited young fellow, she felt her blood rush to her face. For a moment she felt like boxing his ears; then she became dangerously cool. Her look

of interest drew Cowley's eyes.

"Young man," she said, "if you wouldn't mind turning off that diamond on your finger and putting it back in your sample case, we might take more interest in your work. Yes, Marly Norton's sales to W. J. Frame amounted only to \$800 last time, but perhaps you never heard how Mr. Norton made it possible for you to sell a cent's worth in that store. Any young codger could sell his goods where those goods had been sold for years. Marly wasn't afraid to travel by night. Of course, he had no dignity to lower. He didn't sell diamonds in car-loads, he didn't sport around his firm's samples as soon as he got away from the boss. But, my boy," and she leaned towards him, "he could sell jewelry where you couldn't open your case. He could, and did, travel at night to sell where his firm had never sold before—and he was made stone-buyer for the firm for which you are cabbage salesman. I've worked against Marly, and I've played against you. In St. Thomas I'll work against you, and the excitement will be only a match-flare to a San Francisco fire compared with what Marly provided for me."

"Dashed if I don't believe she's soft on that Norton," said Cowley to Simmons some days after, in relating the story.

"You damn little idiot!" answered Simmons, who had always fought hard and squarely, "it isn't unusual for a woman to defend her husband from a punk imitation like you."

It was the night of her table talk with Cowley that had seen the letter start for Marly that reached him just as he left Austria.

Mary D. continued her work, waking up only now and again to keep Cowley from losing track of himself. The months had passed and she had had no word from Marly. She knew he was in India, but this did not relieve her desire that a better mail service to the far east existed. The only interest in things now was centered in her undying hatred of Cowley. In St. Thomas, as she had threatened, she had taken everything out of his hands, although he had hastened on to that city by the

night train which he had refused to take, and Mary D. did the same. Her dislike of him had been increased by reports of some of his remarks to his customers concerning Marly; and, of course, he had nothing good to say of her.

Gradually she found herself working more feverishly in opposition to Cowley than she had previously done to Marly. But the excitement was unhealthy. It made her cross, unhappy and vindictive. Her one determination was to so decrease Cowley's sales that Main & Co. would remove him. Feverishly she worked towards this end, covering the ground rapidly but thoroughly, and making Cowley's yellow order sheets a less frequent sight at headquarters, and the letters of remonstrance from Main increase in similar proportion.

Cowley had received a sterner letter than usual from "the old man," and had been told in short but unmistakable terms that his retention depended upon the improvement of his sales. In a moment of blueness he had confided the gist of the epistle to a fellow-traveller, who had, in turn, jollied him about it before Mary D. For several days the latter worked harder than usual, and in grim pleasure saw Cowley turned down in store after store.

A dual town was Wharton. Of late years a factory section had sprung up across the river as the result of cheaper land and the switching yards of the railway. A large woollen mill and a stove factory gave employment to about eight hundred hands, and thus the factory town had become a factor in the business of the city. Stores had followed the factories, and a jewelry store that had been opened tentatively by a hard-working young man who had clerked on the old side of the river had expanded from a single three-foot window to a matter of seven silent salesmen and three of the variety that have to describe the goods. The extension of the premises had been very recent, and Mary D. determined to get in with one of the first orders—anyway, she would forestall Cowley.

Arriving at Wharton from the west at dusk, she had not waited for the



"DON'T YOU THINK, MARLY, THAT WE COULD WALK A LITTLE LONGER? I HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU FOR—OH, SO LONG!"

next day, but, knowing the long hours of the jeweller in a factory-town, she had hastily washed and proceeded to take chances on immediate business across the river.

It was now dark, but, in spite of the dark bridge, and the poorly-lighted new town, she tramped unconcernedly

and rapidly towards her destination. As she stepped on the bridge—a new structure, built high above the river, and with an approach of fifty feet on the factory-town side—the lonesomeness of the district was impressed upon her by the far-off shunting of an engine and the brightness of the town behind

her. Increasing her pace, she had almost crossed the bridge when a movement against one of the iron girders sent her heart to her throat. Before she could more than utter a half scream the movement became visible in the form of a man; another form seized her from the side and a hand was clapped over her mouth.

Jerked from her feet, she struggled bravely, trying all the time with her free hand to uncover her mouth so that she could scream. With her other hand she instinctively clutched her precious sample case.

But with two men she was unable to scream or offer any effective resistance. One ruffian grabbed her case, but she used both hands, and with his one free hand he could not tear it away. Fearing that his companion, unaided, would not be able to keep Mary D. from screaming, he dropped his hold on the case, and Mary D. was carried down the embankment and under the approach of the bridge. There, forcing her down, one man held her, while the other concentrated his attention to securing the sample case.

The case was wrenched from her just as running steps on the bridge above and a fall in the gravel on the side of the embankment gave hasty flight to the robbers. Mary D's heart beat like a hammer as a quick figure, visible against the sky, dashed around the embankment, and a revolver shot rang out. A splash in the river showed the line of retreat of the fleeing robbers.

Mary D. stood still against an abutment. Instead of abating, her excitement increased until the beating of her heart was painful, depriving her of the power of speech.

"Mary! Mary!" shouted an excited, agonized voice. But she could not answer.

The scratching of a match brought her to herself, and revealed in the dim, sudden flare an outwardly cool, but inwardly hysterical woman, smiling and collected.

"As opportune as a story ending, Marly," she said, and reached down to brush her skirt. "But I hope those men

aren't trying to swim with my case."

Marly's eyes were aflame, and a red spot glowed on each cheek as he nervously lit another match and came towards her.

"Perhaps they dropped it when you fired." She stepped down towards the bank.

"If you'd put away that pretty little revolver of yours and occupy yourself with matches, Marly, it would give me more time to thank you, when I have recovered my case."

When the next match flared Marly was just as cool as Mary D. He said not a word, but carefully shaded as he directed the light close to the ground.

Only a few steps away the case lay, badly scratched by the stones upon which it had fallen, but still closed. Mary picked it up, but did not turn her face towards Marly. She stood looking towards the river for so long a time that Marly became embarrassed. The matches were out, and only the shunting of the far-off engine broke the silence.

Then she turned to him. "You might explain your presence here, Marly. It's rather confusing to be rescued from—anything, by a man you last heard from on his way to India."

But Marly only led the way to the street. His recovery was slower than the calmer Mary D's.

When they reached the street he threw back his head and laughed joyously. Then he explained how he had stayed in India a shorter time than he expected, had arrived home only two days before, and had hastened out to stop Cowley before he had an opportunity of spoiling Main & Co.'s chances with the jeweller in the factory-town of Wharton. He had arrived that afternoon, and after selling the factory-town jeweller, had reached the hotel after the arrival of the train from the west. He had seen Mary D's name on the register, and had gone out for a stroll until she should come down for supper. Upon his return to the hotel, the clerk had told him of her departure with her case, and it was not difficult to surmise her destination. He knew the foolishness of a strange woman

walking factory-town streets after dark and had started after her. The rest she knew.

The ring in Marly's voice touched a chord which had vibrated seldom in Mary D's experience. With his narrative there wound itself through her brain a wonder at what this new thing was. Business was all forgotten—even responsibility seemed to disappear. Marly was leading back to the hotel with a confident stride that was new

to him, but which Mary D. seemed to accept as quite natural.

At the hotel door she hesitated. It suddenly dawned upon her that the walk was over, that Marly and she now became rival salesmen. She turned towards Marly, and in a strangely shy voice that roused in him more manliness than he had ever felt before, she faltered: "Don't you think, Marly, we could walk a little further? I haven't seen you for—oh, so long!"

IN SEARCH OF A BREAKFAST

BY MAE HARRIS ANSON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"IF you don't mind a few bumps, you will find it a trip full of novelty," said Alexander.

And Alexander proved himself a true prophet. For not only were there something more than a few bumps, but the novelty, the charm of the wild picturesqueness of this northland of Quebec more than matched bump for bump.

To few is it given in these days of well-discovered country to feel the zest that comes to him who explores a virgin land. Yet, although I traveled by rail, in a cushioned car, nevertheless, with each mile clicked off by the wheels between Quebec and La Tuque Junction, stronger and stronger grew the feeling of advent into a land unknown; the ever-changing line of the Laurentians, with their exquisite purple shadows and their crown of pointed firs, the swirl and dash, the shallows and the deeps of the picturesque Batiscan, a hundred unnamed and almost unknown creeks and mountain-tops, and over all the deep blue sky of summer Canada.

In order to reach La Tuque, the head of the navigation on the St.

Maurice River, we had to change cars at La Tuque Junction—and right there things began to happen. Just the width of the platform, the half dozen steps necessary to change from the Lake St. John train to that running from the Junction to La Tuque, was like the magic transformation that followed that first step of Alice into the Wonderland that lay behind the Looking Glass.

Not only was the way wilder, the mountains more imposing, the rivers and valleys more exquisitely beautiful in their absolute freedom from the despoiling touch of civilization, but the people themselves were different. They were the people that Drummond drew to the life in his "Habitant" verses, the people that Sir Gilbert Parker suggests, the people who for three hundred years have lived peculiarly to themselves, descendants of French seigneurs, wide-ranging *courseurs des bois*, Indians and English adventurers who ranged the woods and fastnesses of the north, a people who combine the child-like faith of the French peasant and the cunning and picturesque superstition of the Indian,

with a strain peculiar to the north itself, and which, in time, inevitably tinges the thoughts and feelings of even the most prosaic Anglo-Saxon brought within its influence.

For six long, and yet all too short, hours, we rode, with never a town, never a settlement, never so much as a homesteader's shack in sight, up to the summit of the Laurentian divide and down the slope, leaving the Batis-can only to enter the equally as picturesque but wilder valley of the Bostonnais. And then, just as the edge of twilight began to spread over the land, we came upon a scene incomparable and inspiring—the valley of the Bostonnais, enclosed in a three-quarter circle sweep of hills, a silver lake set deep in its heart, like a jewel, and more amazing than all the beauties of nature, railroad engineering on a gigantic scale that was nothing less than startling in that wilderness of the far north.

The La Tuque branch of the Canadian Northern Quebec swooped down from the heights, crossing the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific as it went, and with a shriek of defiance shot under its high trestles on the other side of a valley, the double crossings, once above and once below, the combinations of trestles and tunnels, stone and iron being intensified and made doubly interesting because of the untouched wilderness that surrounds them on all sides.

Then followed a procession of more wildly picturesque watercourses, more lakes, more mountains, more fir-trees, looking, with their pointed tops, like an army of Titans leading away to the north, and at last a pulling in at La Tuque, which simply shrieked that it was the Jumping-Off Place and joyed in the thought.

Grass grew knee-high on the plateau that swept royally west to the deep purple fringe of pointed firs that marked the sinuous course of the St. Maurice. Houses, stores, a hotel, and plain, uncompromising little shacks were dotted about in the grass, their unpainted sides and shingles making them look like dots of butter in a giant's dish of greens. Had it been the Day of Judgment and Salvation for

La Tuque dependent upon house-paint, the whole place would of necessity have gone down in the great cataclysm, for there was not a spoonful of paint of any description in the place, and none nearer than Quebec, two hundred miles away.

Now, Alexander has all a city man's aversion to early rising. When he found the bad habit the boat had of leaving Ritchie's Landing, two miles or more away, at six o'clock in the morning, he suggested that our party drive to a hotel on the river near the boat landing, and avoid the early morning call and drive.

"Besides," said Alexander, "that shack that says 'Hotel' does not look a bit promising. The hotel near the boat landing is older, and is sure to be better."

But that was one of the times when Alexander proved himself a false prophet, as will presently be seen. In the course of time, a two-seated democrat wagon appeared, drawn by two animals, one half-tamed and the other given to walking on his hind legs. Now, I have ridden a horse that bucked for ten minutes straight every time I mounted him; I have ridden a mile on a Dakota prairie road with a cyclone literally clutching the wagon-box by its fingernails; I have scampered across country in the foothills of the Canadian Rockies in a sixty horsepower automobile that shook me around as if I were a solitary die in the dice-box, and I have also looked sudden death in the face motor-racing—it matters not where, for it was against the law—but nothing ever quite equalled the thrill of that ride from La Tuque to the banks of the St. Maurice.

Just as we started out, I looked north, and there, rising in a white cloud above the trees, was the tell-tale spray of a great waterfall. At the sight, Alexander insisted that we must see the falls that night, as there would be no time in the morning. The half hour that followed was something hilariously amusing and yet utterly indescribable, because there is no language that can adequately express it. The road was as wild as the animals that danced and pranced along

with us. Except that the trail was well marked underfoot, it might have been a road in an enchanted land, for trees and bushes had grown almost together across it, and as the ponies plunged and bucked and made their way along with jerks and jolts, we dodged the soft branches of the trees and the unpleasant stiffness of their limbs, and then when just in the attitude least to withstand it, we stopped with a jolt that mixed us all up.

Looking ahead, there across the road lay four huge boulders. Even to an ordinarily experienced driver, they seemed an insurmountable obstacle to the big wagon. Nevertheless, the cowboy driver sent the animals ahead, one apparently trying to walk on his front legs and the other very successfully making progress on his hind legs. Slam! bang! bump! And then a sudden stop, with three wheels resting on various hummocks of rock, while the fourth spun madly around as it hung some nine inches free of everything.

Alexander said he guessed he did not care about seeing the falls, if that was the only way to get to them. The grinning cowboy driver said that was nothing, and he would have us right on the shore in just a minute. Then he chirruped to the ponies, while we all poised ready for a flying leap, and with another slam! bang! bump! we found ourselves safely over the rocks—but Alexander and I walked the rest of the way to the river.

Oh, that walk! Sand a foot deep. And "flies" more than a million. But every step of the way was electric with anticipation, for through the veil of trees and undergrowth sounded the rush and roar of tumbling water—no pretty patter of charming little waterfall, but the mighty music of an untamed cataract, savagely joyous in its untrammelled freedom. And yet, when at length we burst through the greenery into full view of the river, it was a disappointment, for in spite of the wild uproar of the waters, the spray dashing high in air at its impact with the huge rocks strewn in mid-stream, the cloud of spray which had first beckoned to us from La Tuque was still over the hills

and far away. For the great cascade which marks the head of navigation on the St. Maurice is a whirlwind jumble of waters rivaling that of Niagara for more than half a mile below the waterfall, whose pillar of snow-white spray marks the first drop of sixty feet.

What I thought when at length the wagon drew up in front of the barn-like hotel on the river bank, added to what Alexander's face showed he thought, make a sum total to which no language on earth could do justice. To me, in search of the unknown, and thoroughly interested in the wildness of the land, it was comedy, but to Alexander, comfortable, well-fed, dependent upon the fleshpots—and hungry—it was nothing short of tragedy.

The train had left Quebec at eleven in the morning. Luncheon had not been hearty, and there we were, ravenously hungry city people, accustomed to a heavy dinner at six, confronted by a menu that consisted only of fried eggs, bread and butter and tea. Worst of all, except for the eggs, it turned out to be near-food at that. The butter was thin and viscid, such as I have always imagined the goats' milk butter to be like which the women of Persia churn by shaking in a sheepskin. And taste! Oh, it tasted infinitely worse than it looked. As for the tea!—shades of Ceylon and Japan!—it could not have been anything better than a dooryard weed, dried and cured. The limited sleeping accommodation was not a whit more attractive than the supper, and Alexander said, when safely out of earshot:—

"Captain Ritchie lives about a mile down the river. He has some sort of a hotel there where his boats land. Let's walk down there and see if he won't do the right thing by us."

That mile walk through the late twilight of the north is a most exquisite memory. A hundred feet below, the mighty flood of the St. Maurice rolled majestically to the south. The unturned sod of thousands of centuries was springy under our feet, as we turned into it for relief from the deep sand of the trail. Save for the barn of a hotel behind us, the white sides of the Ritchie house gleaming faintly ahead, and a

single little shack between, there were no evidences of civilized life on either shore.

None, that is, save a tiny God's Acre, scarcely more than twelve feet square, fenced in by a rude picket fence, and set thick, oh, so pitifully thick, with crosses. Crosses so large that they could be seen a mile away, and crosses so small that only the eyes of yearning mother-love could see them over the pickets. Crosses made by hands skilled in the use of saw and adze and plane, and crosses fashioned rudely from limbs of trees that still wore the bark; and yet, in all their rudeness speaking as surely from the heart of bereaved humanity as the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful tomb in all the world.

Hospitality awaited us with wide-open arms at Ritchie's, and after only a short delay, word came that our rooms were ready. Oh, that room of mine! Exquisitely clean, the cleanliness known only to the good housewives of old Holland and French Canada, but hot! The stoke-hole of a great ocean liner racing to break a record would seem cool in comparison. It had been hot during the day, well up in the nineties, but though the setting of the sun had brought the sharp coolness that always comes of summer nights in Canada, the room under the roof still retained the sizzling heat of midday.

"You'd better keep your window shut, or the flies'll get you," the pretty French-Canadian girl said as she was about to close the door. Keep the window shut! And I a pronounced convert of the open-windows-at-night creed, with perspiration starting at every pore. And yet, with my face and hands lumpy where the "flies" had already "got me," and a long night ahead—after only a moment's thought, I walked across the room and shut the window—tight!

The climax of the whole day came when I turned down the covers of the bed. Untouched, it looked like hundreds of other iron beds, painted white and touched with gold to take the curse off. It had a beautiful, old-fashioned, hand-quilted comforter for a spread. A gay silkoline quilt hung over the

footrail. The pillows were encased in spotless slips. But when I turned the covers down, there was but one sheet! And the next covering was a thick, black plush carriage robe! And the temperature at that moment in that room was eighty-five, if not more! Yet the hour was late, taking the boat meant an early rise, and so I let it go without protest. But sleep in that heat was impossible, and at length, utterly desperate, I opened the window, determined to have the comfort of the cool outdoors, in spite of the pestiferous flies.

The face that met my gaze the next morning when I looked in the tiny mirror, would, at the first glance in a police court, have sent me to the "works" for ten days without a single charge being made. For if ever a face shrieked "the morning after," mine did. Not only was it blotched and swollen almost out of ordinary lines, but a gnat peculiar to the country had nipped one eyelid, and the blood had settled all around the orb in the best imitation of a badly blacked eye that could be imagined.

But if I looked battered, Alexander looked superlatively worse. In fact, he looked so utterly down and out and done for that I did not dare to joke him about it, as breakfastless, chilled to the marrow, and stiff in every joint, we slipped and slid one hundred feet down the steep, sandy bank in the heavy morning fog, and walked aboard the Sampson.

A drearier outlook certainly never came before the eyes of any of us, lone wanderers that we were beyond the bounds of civilization. There was no dining-room on the boat. There was no kitchen. There were no evidences of food being even thought of. The few passengers who dashed up in a wagonette from the despised hotel at La Tuque looked well-fed, contented and warm. The pilot, the captain, the swarthy French-Canadian deckhands—all looked as if they had not only had a satisfactory breakfast, but a dinner the night before, and a luncheon before that—a memory and a satisfaction that neither of us could claim.



THE ST. MAURICE BOILS AROUND GRAND MERE ROCK IN SHEETS OF CREAMY FOAM

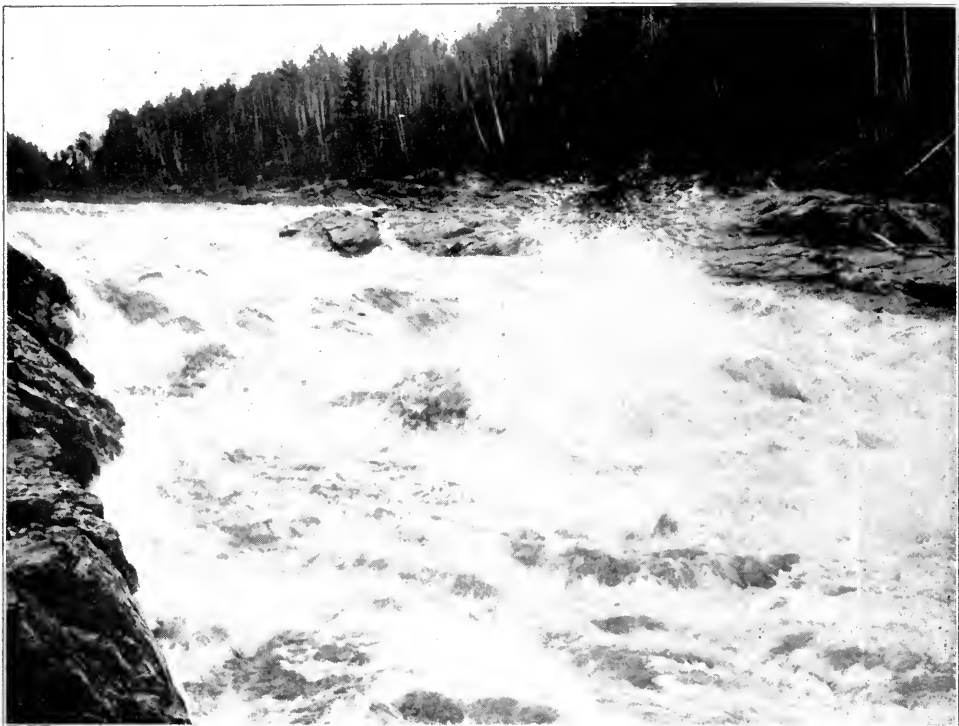
By and by, with a long shriek of the siren, the Sampson pulled her nose out of the river bank and, with a wide sweep, turned about and headed down the St. Maurice. Cold and miserably hungry, subdued and—almost—cross though we were, the scene nevertheless stirred us to enthusiasm. Already the mists showed signs of lifting. Strange disturbances here and there behind the curtain of fog were followed by the rolling away, as if it were a transformation curtain, in incomparably soft billows, showing here the beautiful fall of the Bostonnais ; there a vista of hills that were almost mountains, sometimes deeply, magnificently purple, and again bathed in the yellow glory of purest sunrise ; and yet again, a bank of snow-white mist lying across the bosom of the mountain-like hills that rise out of the broad, winding, swift, and yet placid waters of the St. Maurice.

But creature comfort grew insist-

ent. A starving man, even though intensely artistic, can not long content himself with the knowledge of satisfied sight alone. As the boat progressed, the four state-rooms yielded up three well-fed, practical-looking women, palpably of an age that takes a sane attitude toward the necessity of eating three square meals a day. And when, in response to Alexander's inquiry as to the prospects for breakfast, the captain said, gruffly :—

"Oh, some good friends of mine are aboard, and they'll be getting breakfast by and by, and 'll probably ask you to have some." Alexander, with Machiavellian acuteness, began to hang around.

Fifteen minutes later, he appeared in the stern of the boat where I was trying to imagine myself perfectly warm and unenvious of the smug traveling man, who had had a good beef-steak and fried potatoes and coffee at the pine-board hotel at La Tuque,



THERE IS NO GENTLE PATTERN AND SPLASH ABOUT THE LONG CASCADE OF LA TUQUE—IT IS A MIGHTY STRETCH OF ROARING WATER TORTURED AMONG STONES

and drawing me off to one side, said:—

"Guess they're going to have breakfast before long, for I heard one of 'em say, 'Well, isn't it time for breakfast?' and the other one said, 'Yes, is there a fire in the stove?' and the first one said, 'Oh, no. The stove isn't up yet.' Now, just imagine—the stove not up, and we literally starving for the breakfast that is to be made on it!"

"You go right back to those women, Alexander," I said decidedly, "and make their acquaintance, and work for our breakfasts as you never worked before. You're a man, Alexander," I said firmly, as a glimmer of revolt flickered in his eyes, and his lips trembled with the words of refusal. "You're a man, and they're women, and you'll count for a whole lot more in this game than any of the rest of us would."

Alexander went, without even making a sotto voce sound of dissent, and before it seemed possible that a stove could have been set up, let alone a fire built and burning to the point of cooking anything, the aroma of boiling tea

filtered back to us, and then the delicious odor of cold meat, and, as a clincher, Alexander appeared and sat down beside me with an air of finality that bespoke success. So that when one of the rosy-cheeked "good friends" of the captain appeared and smilingly invited us to join them at breakfast, we were properly surprised and delighted.

Never was feast of Lucullus more delectable; never did the vagaries of a million-dollar dinner by a modern Croesus pique curiosity more than did the savory contents of divers boxes and glass jars and paper bags set picnic-fashion on the table. It was not semi-starvation alone which gave zest to the meal. It was the perfect cookery itself, for the Canadian woman is not yet progressed to the point where the homely, practical arts of the housewife are forced into the background in favor of the purely ornamental, artificial and capricious.

It was a world wide awake which met our eyes when next we stepped



THE SHAWINIGAN FALLS OF THE ST. MAURICE ARE A WHIRLWIND JUMBLE OF SPRAY

upon deck. A world of gorgeous wilderness, full of the bignesses of nature, constantly changing in vistas, and suggesting at every turn volumes of unwritten, almost unknown, romances. Tapping, as it does, a wilder country than the St. Lawrence, hundreds of miles farther north, its shores still the familiar haunts of bear and deer and cariboo and moose, its high earthen ramparts cut and scarred by timber slides, and its drop between cataracts so great that the steamer seemed to be sliding down hill, the St. Maurice is a worthy tributary to the great outlet of the Laurentian Lakes. And, coming as it did directly after the Saguenay, with its depressing, sinister aspects, it was, by contrast, like day unto night.

Instead of rocky precipices coming sheer to the water, there were natural terraces, alternating with the high earthen ramparts; instead of twenty-four hours with scarcely a sign of life anywhere alongshore, there was scarcely a mile which did not bring its hail

from a crew of lumberjacks, or a stray, hardy settler, and even, occasionally, a woman with children would meet the steamer in midstream and scramble aboard from a bobbing little boat, with hardly a perceptible stop in the throb of the sturdy engine. Here and there, small cabins sat upon the bank, while cattle and horses were pastured not far away.

Between La Tuque and Grandes Piles, the banks of the St. Maurice are set thickly with crosses. Scarcely a bold headland juts out into the stream or keeps high watch above it anywhere, but bears a cross of some description upon its crest. Sometimes it is a shrine; more often it is a memorial. And the stories which those crosses point are all tragic, some of them bloodstained as the result of furious clashes between men of primitive passions, roused and maddened by the atrocious combination, called in the patois, "w'iskey blanc." Others, however, there are which stand as memor-

ials of acts of heroism that would make a wonderful "Book of Golden Deeds."

The voyage down the St. Maurice ended at Grandes Piles, but scarcely less in interest was the journey by rail along its shores to historic Three Rivers, even though it was a river tamed and harnessed. Any one of the three magnificent cataracts of the St. Maurice would be enough to glorify a river; and many a stream has won a reputation with a cascade no greater than that at Grandes Piles, but there is probably no other river in the world which can boast of three such waterfalls as the St. Maurice possesses in those of La

Tuque, Grand Mere and Shawinigan.

A few hours later, as we were about to separate at Montreal, each to go his own separate and very diverse way, I said to Alexander,

"I wish that you would tell me something. How many sheets did you have on your bed at La Tuque?"

"Not one!" Alexander fairly shouted.

"Not one?" I gasped. "Then how——"

"I slept, habitant fashion, between two black plush carriage robes," he went on, "and with the thermometer at ninety in the room, and a billion of those blamed flies—well!"

THE FOLK THAT LAUGH

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE folk that laugh—God bless them!—

They lighten all the day.
They bring the cheer of sunshine clear

Though skies be brooding gray.
They lift the load of trouble,

They ease the grip of toil—
They leave less room for grumbling gloom
Our precious hours to spoil.

What though they have their sorrow,
What though they have their woes—

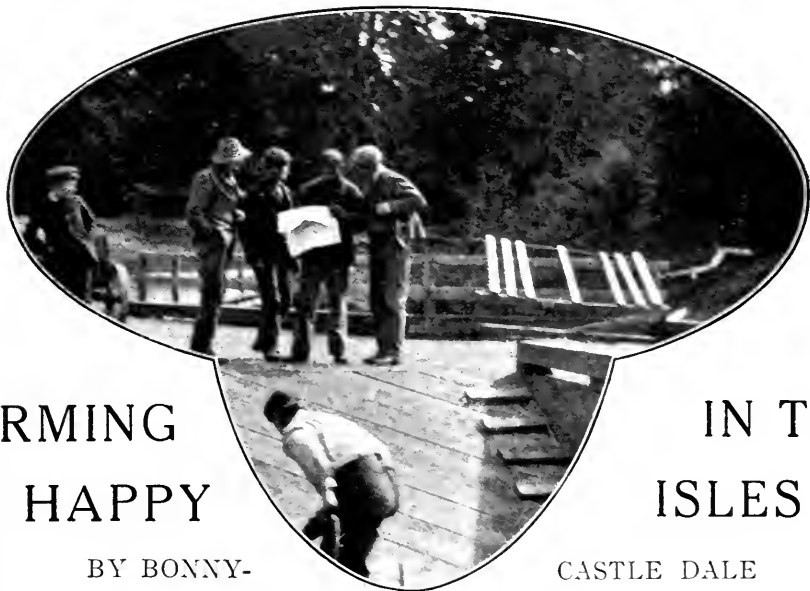
They aim to get the laughter debt
The joyous old world owes,

And so they make a stranger
Of foolish fret and fear,
And make each day a happy way
Of rich content and cheer.

The folk that laugh—God bless them!

What ills do they not mend!
From them the rose in beauty glows.

And every man is friend;
For them the skies grow bluer,
For them the stars are bright,
Gloom flees away across the day
And comfort bides at night.



FARMING HAPPY

BY BONNY-

IN THE ISLES

CASTLE DALE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

DO you remember those far-away days when you were fully decided to be a motorman so you could bang the gong in the front end of the car with your heel and lordlily scatter chickens and nursemaids before your resonant swoop? You were very small then; indeed, you still were set upon the dictionary at meal-times. And later—this was before the captain of the home football team was your secret rapture and emulation—when you read Robinson Crusoe and gave up the motorman's job in order to own a private island, do you remember how you started a collection of truck out in the barn that might be useful to you and Friday when you began to fix up the cave?

Of course! Every knickerbockered lad some time or another figures out the island notion, and thrills to discover Friday's footprint on the sand; it's as standard a phase of boyish development as shedding milk-teeth or carrying toads in your pockets. With the passing years, the motorman becomes an ordinary and not-much-to-be-envied human, the football captain, shedding his glory, some morning tries to sell you insurance and gets turned down with a grunt, but somehow you never meet Robinson Crusoe, and the

island still retains something of the glamor of the ideal.

Up along the coast north of Vancouver there are a string of islands that beat old Robinson's all hollow, and it is no uncommon thing for a man to own a private farm that needs no fences, requires no road-tax, and never is troubled by trespassers. Does he want to call on his next-door neighbor? He has a sailboat and a dinghy or so at the wharf, and it is only a short run to his fellow-Robinson's place. Does he prefer his own hearthstone and the company of his family? He has but to stay in his sanctuary, untroubled by the world. As for climate, he has an ideal one, neither too hot nor too cold: a climate where zero is rarely touched, and where sunstroke is unknown; where, no matter how pleasantly warm the day may be, blankets are always comfortable at night; where snow almost never falls, and where vegetation flourishes most luxuriantly. Never was sky so turquoise, never grass so deep and green, never sea so lapis lazuli laced with silver as among these quiet islands; never were trees so stately and tall as the giant firs that stretch their straight boles up into the cloudless blue; never people so content. With Auckland



WHEN THE ISLAND FARMER WISHES TO CALL ON HIS NEIGHBOR HE SIMPLY SETS SHEETS AND SAILS—THE YAWL AND THE SCHOONER ARE THE CRUSOE'S STREET-CAR.

they might well share the words Kipling has written for the South Seas:—

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart,

On us, on us the unswerving season smiles,
Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart
To seek the Happy Isles.

The price of these Pacific Coast farms runs from five to twenty-five dollars per acre for uncleared lands, lands heavily timbered with cedar, red fir, white fir, and other valuable woods. The average cost of clearing is well up to one hundred dollars per acre, provided you hire the help; of course a man can clear his own acre at much less expenditure of money, and immeasurably more of muscle. Many valleys and lowlands are covered with alder, which is a sign of rich soil. Some farms offered for sale at thirty dollars per acre have five to fifteen acres cleared, and when it comes to buying a cleared place with good buildings, the price will run from one hundred to three hundred dollars per acre.

What can be raised on these island farms? Almost anything. Grass and clover is heavy; fruit grows luxuriantly; root crops do well, and can be dug any time the owner wants fresh vegetables. I have seen ranchers digging potatoes the day before Christmas. Eggs run in price from twenty-five to seventy-five cents, and butter is about the same. Potatoes bring a dollar to a dollar and a quarter per sack of one hundred pounds; apples from a dollar to two dollars a box of forty pounds. On Vancouver Island, many farmers are raising all sorts of garden truck for coast consumption, and getting excellent prices for all they can grow. Year after year the surveys are running farther north, opening up valleys and table lands and benches for the incoming settlers. These lands can be taken up for the nominal price of one dollar per acre. Many of the valleys are still far from rail or steamer, but in a few years every acre cleared will be



HAY FROM THE VALLEY OF THE FRASER, DUFFLE-BAGS FROM SURVEYORS' OUTFITS, PACKING-CASES FROM "HOME"—IT IS A MOTLEY CARGO THAT THE LITTLE COASTWISE STEAMER UNLOADS AT THESE ISLAND WHARVES

worth from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars. One thing you will find everywhere : a good British sentiment, a stable government under a party of men who have brought the country in five years' time from almost bankruptcy to a gilt-edged credit, and soil in which anything and everything grows like a weed. The policy adopted towards new towns opening on the railroads and in taxing other industries will, after the initial expense of opening trails and roads all over Vancouver Island and the other islands of the Gulf and Straits of Georgia, give the settler a very low rate of taxation on his land.

There is another item well worth considering by the prospective settler : the natural resources of wood and water in providing food. For example, I have built close to the sea in the harbor of Sooke. From my desk, as I write, I can see and hear salmon and trout leaping. Within a few yards of

my ink-stand I can paddle out and get all the ducks I want. The second-growth timber is full of quail and pheasants ; there are grouse by the dozen ; deer are extremely plentiful, although we never kill them ; the bottom of the shallows teem with oysters, crabs, clams and cockles ; halibut and cod abound further out ; and if you are anything of a sportsman, your butcher's bill is a negligible item.

On one of our coast trips, while our boat was snubbed up to a little pile-driven wharf, we were deeply interested in the nondescript cargo being unloaded by a coastwise steamer—hay from the valley of the Fraser, duffle-bags from surveyors' outfits, packing-cases from "home," and all the varied necessities of an island farm, where the well-kept fields and handsome homes were backed by the tall, ragged line of stately firs. Again, at Kuper Island, where good Father Donckele came down from the Indian School to the

wharf to exchange news, we saw the same work being carried on, the same comfortable farming community, the same sunshine and content.

This is not a poor man's country ; not a place for the "assisted emigrant." It is rather a place for the hardy rancher, the man who can afford to buy his own farm, for the man without a family

who can work in the forest, the mines and the fisheries. It is not a place for clerical workers to go to, or for the man with the big family and the small purse. But there is room, and always more room, for the man with muscle and nerve, and it is a country where such a man can build him a home to shame the best of his boyish dreams.

THE TRIUMPH OF KOOMINAKOOS

BY W. B. CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY S. H. RIESENBERG

KOOMINAKOOS was a Cree warrior of repute. He had one eye, nine fingers, a bald spot and a shirt. Casually, there might appear to be nothing remarkable about such a catalogue of superficialities, yet from these strands of circumstance depends a tale.

The Crees had lost heavily, both in scalps and in horses, during the past summer, to their enemies of the south.

"Never," said Hitting Twice, the head chief, in Cree, which is a fluent tongue, "never before has this thing happened. Never have we been so whipped and ravished by the Dog-Soldiers of the Blackfoot. The oldest of our old women does not remember the like. When Hitting Twice was young, the villages of the Blackfoot were burrowed like the villages of the prairie-dogs. We pushed our wars to their very lodge-flaps, and when they saw us coming they dived into their holes like scared rabbits. And so we called them the Prairie-Dogs. But now no Cree must walk upon the ground beyond the River of the Red Deer, because there the Blackfoot dwell, and the name of their war-chief, Iyakasin, is one to hush the children to sleep. Uh ! there are no men left among the Crees."

And Hitting Twice grunted in disgust.

Then up sprang Koominakoos in the middle of the Council-Lodge, and his heart was hot with wrath.

"I am a man !" he shouted. "I will lead a war-party against the Blackfoot. We will smoke with the Stonies, and in the Moon of the Prairie-Chicken Dance we will move together against Iyakasin and his Dog-Soldiers. I,"—here he beat upon his chest with his fist—"I am a Warrior !"

When The Horned Thunder received the present of tobacco from Koominakoos, he said to the Cree messengers :

"Tell your chief I will meet him with all my young men at the Crossing of the Nootendo-Seepee when the leaves come out on the poplars. We will go with the Crees, and I will show Koominakoos how to fight the Blackfoot."

The Horned Thunder was war-chief of the Stonies, and because he led the young men in battle he was haughty and very vain. Also he was jealous of Koominakoos because Koominakoos had slain more Blackfoot than himself and the fame of the chief warrior of the Crees was big in the land.

"Tell Koominakoos I will come," he said ; and the young Cree runners returned with the message.

It was a great gathering, that, on the banks of the Nootendo-Seepee, the Battle River. The young Stonies, in vermilion, yellow ochre and feathers, danced in the war-dance with their allies, pretending not to notice the admiring glances of the Cree maidens, while the older warriors counted their coups and boasted of past valor, and the war-drums boomed far into the night. Koominakoos told the tale of the Blackfoot scalps that dangled from his medicine-pole, according as it was written in pictures upon his smooth tanned buffalo-skin, which was an honorable thing to do; and The Horned Thunder arose after him and said that the record was one to make the bosom of the proudest young warrior heave with envy.

"But," said he in conclusion, "though Koominakoos has taken more scalps and stolen more horses than The Horned Thunder, I have said that I would show him how to fight. We shall meet the Blackfoot, and though Koominakoos be in the fore-front of the battle, I shall be before him. *Toka!* of a truth Koominakoos is a great warrior, but The Horned Thunder will show himself to be a greater!"

Whereat the braves of the Stony smote the war-drum till it quivered on its willow supports, and shouted "How! while the Crees grinned indulgently. Only Koominakoos sat gravely smoking and answered nothing.

When Iyakasin and his braves came suddenly across a broad trail at the base of the Sand Hills near Willow Creek, they halted in surprise. Willow Creek runs into the Red Deer River from the south. Had the trail been a light one, Iyakasin would have read in the trampled grass the story of the passage of a war-party of their hereditary enemies, the Crees. The Blackfoot had embarked on an incursion into the Cree country; they had not looked to find, as it were, in their front yard a great company of strangers from they knew not whence.

"These," said Iyakasin, "I think be half-breed folk, who will sell us whisky. We shall pay with the favor of our forbearance, which, though it cost us little is robes and back-fat to

the traffickers in the fire-drink. Or else they be our cousins the Sarcees. No offal of Saskatchewan, seeking scalps and horses of the Blackfoot, brings with him carts and women with lodges."

The Blackfoot followed the trail until the sun-setting. They numbered sixteen, and were afoot. From afar the barking of dogs and the subdued murmur of a great camp busy over its evening meal came to them.

"Stop here," said Iyakasin to his followers. "I will go on and learn the truth about this people."

A low tongue of land ran out from where they stood. Willow Creek swept in a bow round it. The opposite banks were high and precipitous. The Blackfoot entered an island of green poplars which lay on the bare prairie of the spit near the point, and spoke together guardedly while they awaited Iyakasin's return.

Iyakasin moved warily, creeping from tuft to tuft of the brown mahaganatik—the little wolf-willows with the white berries—his keen dark eyes searching the ground ahead, his heavy buffalo-knife loose in the thick rawhide scabbard. At length he rounded a bend of the creek and saw the camp.

He crouched in a clump of bushes below the bank and counted the lodges. There were eighty. Men sprawled in the grass beside the leaping fires, but they were too distant to enable Iyakasin to distinguish their dress, which would at once have betrayed their nation to the Blackfoot. He heard laughter and the shouts of little children.

"This is no war-party," said Iyakasin, half aloud. "Surely they be our friends, the Sarcees."

A woman came toward him in the dusk, swinging a kettle and crooning a love-song. She was going to the creek for water.

"Now," observed Iyakasin, inwardly, "the egg is cracked. I shall find whether the bird hatches out a dove or a hawk."

She stepped down the bank and stooped above the stream. Iyakasin might have seen . . . but he glanced at her face. It was darkly red, like

rich wine, and smooth and rounded, and—well, Iyakasin did not think much about her dress after that.

He sprang out and caught her wrist. That was unworthy of Iyakasin, the crafty ; the most callow young buck in his following might have done better. She looked up, affrighted. He spoke a few words of Blackfoot in her ear, and she knew him at once for the hated foe of her people ; for she was a Cree, and the camp was the camp of Koominakoos and The Horned Thunder.

But she disarmed him with two words in the Sarcee speech.

His foot slipped in the soft clay of the creek bottom and threw him off his balance. With a sudden jerk, she bounded free, and before he could recover himself was mounting the bank with strong, swift feet, shrieking :

“The Blackfoot ! The Blackfoot !”

Iyakasin ran madly for the bluff where he had left his followers—ran for his life, for, before he reached it, the beat of hostile hoofs on the hollow ground beneath him was as thunder in his ears.

The Blackfoot fired furiously, and the Crees drew off, for the red man seldom attacks in the darkness. That is because, should he be killed, his soul would dwell in perpetual gloom.

All the long night through Cree and Stony stretched a deadly band round the covert of their doomed foe. The Blackfoot dug entrenchments in the edges of the bluff with their knives. They sang the war-song of the Conquering People, which is a weird thing to listen to, and shouted war-cries of defiance.

Toward midnight, Iyakasin stood up and made a speech in his own tongue to the darkness. He said :

“Dogs of Saskatchewan ! Offal and dogs ! It is I, Iyakasin, who speaks. You all know Iyakasin. He has slain many of your slut’s litter. If he were alone he would spit in your faces—he would break your ring of guts as he would snap a rotten shoe-string, and eat your little bullets like berries. But Iyakasin is a brave, and he will die like a brave with his men. Yes, to-morrow we die ; but before Iyakasin looks his last upon the sun-rising he

will send¹ yet another ahead to mark the trail.”

He stopped and began to chant his Going-Home Song, which is a Hymn of Passing, in a minor key. It ran something like this :

“Farewell, The Buffalo, brother and friend
to the Blackfoot ;
Farewell, my cousins, The Elk, The Bear and
The Gray Wolf ;
Farewell, Little Wolf-Willows, pleasant in
the hour of danger ;
Farewell, Grass and Flowers, sweet and beautiful
in the Plainland—
I go, I go, and my heart is bowed at the
parting !

“Farewell, O Great Sun, my father, Manito
of The Morning ;
Farewell, O Mother The Earth, who hast
nourished me on thy bosom ;
Farewell, Fair Moon, mistress of Night and
Love, with thy pathway upon the
Waters ;
Farewell, Little Stars, souls of the Dead,
sparkling afar in the Heavens—
Yes, my heart—my heart, is bowed and
upon the ground !”

He paused for a moment ; then a note of triumph came into the Song :

“Farewell, O Great Sun, Master of Light—
but greet us again in the Morning ;
Farewell, O Mother The Earth, I return to
rest in thy bosom ;
Flood, Silver Moon, Mistress of Night and
Love, my pathway upon the Waters !
Burn ! Little Stars, camp-fires to light my
feet, lest I stumble and fall in the darkness—
For Iyakasin, Iyakasin is going, going
Home !”

And his followers took up the refrain and chanted :

“Iyakasin, Iyakasin is going—Home !”

The Song ceased. For an instant, the witchery of that mystic music held the listening cordon of the allies breathless and almost awed. It was the Miserere of the savage—a wild pæan and prayer in a temple domed by stars and paved with the green sward of the plains. Then a chorus of mocking yells and derisive laughter shattered the spell.

“Hear the boaster !” cried the Crees. “He talks and croons like a girl because his heart is sick with fear.”

They thought Iyakasin boasted because he was a great warrior.

Before morning The Horned Thun-



"NOW," OBSERVED IYAKASIN, "THE EGG IS CRACKED. I SHALL FIND OUT WHETHER THE BIRD HATCHES OUT A DOVE OR A HAWK"

der also spoke—and he cried the words aloud so that all might hear :

"To-day I will show myself the bravest among brave men. I will take the scalp of Iyakasin !"

And again his followers, with a single throat, shouted "How!"

The first streak of dawn found the Crees and their allies moving to the attack. They slid through the grass like snakes, drawing tighter round the sombre bluff the loop of implacable hatred which would overwhelm and strangle their enemies.

Nearer and nearer they wore. A tense stillness had settled over all the land. It was the pregnant hush before the sullen shock of battle.

The noise of a galloping horse clove the stillness like an axe, and a young Cree, naked and befeathered, his lean brown limbs glistening with wet paint, tore down the face of the bluff, discharging his rifle into the trees as he passed. Immediately an answering crash came from the Blackfoot trenches and the fight was on.

For more than an hour the spiteful

crack of rifles and the hiss of speeding lead kept up. On his left, Koominakoos saw a Stony clutch the grass in his outstretched fingers, turn grimly over, shiver and lie still. The voice of the Blackfoot war-chief rose hard, metallic, like the ring of smitten steel, above the sounds of fateful strife. He was haranguing his followers, encouraging them to die as befitted warriors and men. They did not greatly need encouragement.

Koominakoos heard that voice. He bent his dusky brows upon the spot, and his eyes glittered as do the eyes of the serpent amid the tall, swaying grass, as he slid towards it.

He heard a rustling behind him and looked round. It was The Horned Thunder.

"Wherever you go I will be before you, Koominakoos," he said, and passed him. The two chiefs were some way in advance of their lines, and the rifle-pits of the enemy were not more than one hundred steps in front. The Blackfoot bullets whizzed over their heads.

They lay very still for a time. Then Koominakoos writhed forward and passed his rival.

"Wherever you go I shall lead you, Koominakoos," said the Stony, passing him again. They were drawing very near to the rifle-pits; the fire of the enemy was more searching.

"Now," thought Koominakoos, "I shall lead him once more. Then, if

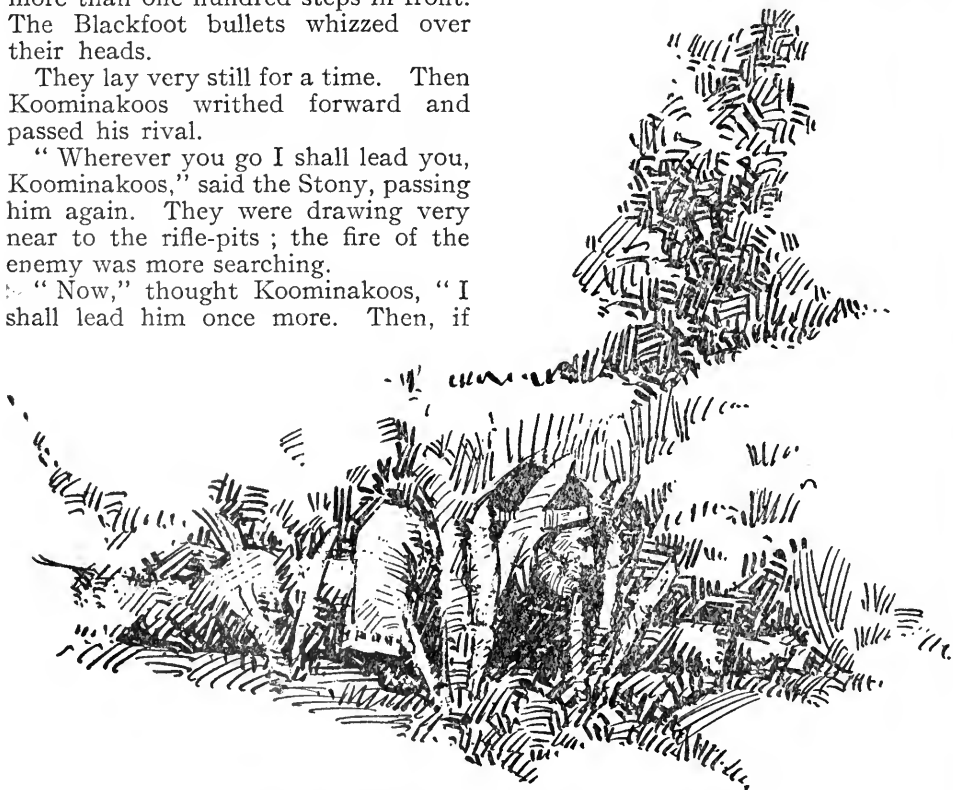
he passes me, no man shall know, for he will be killed. The honor will be all the honor of Koominakoos." And he passed The Horned Thunder.

"I shall be first, Koominakoos; even to the brink of the Blackfoot pits!" said the Stony, and again he wriggled forward and stretched his supple length in front of the Cree.

Koominakoos proved that he was wise as well as brave, for ambition was the undoing of The Horned Thunder as it had been of great men before him. The bullets of the Blackfoot were singing all about, and one found his brain below the roached foretop and left him very dead.

The Cree writhed forward. The glitter in his black eyes had grown more bright. He seized the limp log of flesh that had been his rival and drew it crosswise between him and the fire of the Blackfoot.

"Lead on, Keebotis, oh, fool and simple, who would outdo in bravery



THE CREE WRITHED FORWARD, THE GLITTER IN HIS BLACK EYES GROWING BRIGHTER

Koominakoos of the Crees !” he cried softly. “ You shall be first—even to the brink of the Dog-Soldiers’ pits !” And he pushed the body forward.

Slowly he forged ahead, rolling his ghastly breastwork before him. He was comparatively safe behind such cover.

Several of the Blackfoot had been put out of action, and their fire was slackening. His followers were closing in behind him.

Up to the very edge of the pit they came, the rival war-chiefs, the living behind the dead. Then Koominakoos arose suddenly, the war-cry of the Crees upon his lips, and sprang over the form of The Horned Thunder. A knife flashed in his hand. It was Iyakasin’s scalp, now, or his own.

He looked into the dark muzzle of a rifle. He thrust out a hand to grasp it ; a deafening report rang in his ears, and, blinded and senseless, he pitched headlong into the pit.

It was a fortunate thing for Koominakoos that his men were close. When he came again into the world, he lay in his own lodge. He felt stiff and old. His head was sore. His hand was sore. He was short an eye—that was the powder—and the ball had carried away one thumb.

His head was very, very sore. He had lost his scalp-lock. They were not, of course, to blame, his young men, for he had been in the hole with the Blackfoot, and their hearts were very hot.

When they discovered their mistake, they were sorry. Yes, and amused ; some certainly were amused. For, when you come to think of it, it was rather funny, his being scalped by his own followers.

Koominakoos was near the Sand Hills then, but the soft hands of Otaymina, with their medicine touch, led him back. And when a woman shows wisdom like a man, and passes the antelope for prettiness, does a chief look upon her with closed eyes ? Otaymina came to the lodge of Koominakoos ; and she had a seat beside him in the Council, for the girl’s warning brought the Crees Blackfoot scalps.

Iyakasin’s boast that he might, if he chose, pass the Cree lines unscathed was not so empty as they had believed. When they came to strip him, the shirt of mail, webbed, flexible, woven of steel, afterward worn by Koominakoos, was found upon him.

Marion, half Cree, half Frenchman, the friend of Koominakoos, told me all this. And as he ceased speaking and turned to stir the fire, I lay back and dreamed ; and presently, framed by the spent centuries in the dull glow on the whispering wall of poplars opposite me, I saw a picture—a field red with the rain of slaughter, and a Spanish soldier in deadly combat, his breast shielded by the steel corslet of the Cree from the shafts of the legions of Montezuma.

MY SHADOW GOES AND

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

A ROARING blaze of driftwood ;
 The sea-mews overhead ;
 A heap of sand our pillow ;
 A length of sand our bed ;
 The Mother Moon to kiss us
 And wrap us with the sky ;
 And to the place of merry thoughts
 My shadow goes and I.



José, a Spanish gipsy lad, is sold to Mother Fedora as a sheep-herder. He hears that the King has promised a great reward to any one who will bring him a new pleasure, and while he is dreaming about securing it, he falls asleep and loses the flock. Not daring to return home, he wanders through the woods, and meets an old man who has kept the Harp of the Sun in a secluded cave for a thousand years, and has drawn José to his retreat in order to give him custody of the Harp, on condition that he shall have no earthly love, or any thought but for the Harp while he lives. José, enthralled by the music, consents, and the old man tells him that he is destined to bring the new pleasure to the King. He goes away carrying the magic Harp, and meets a wolf crouched in the forest path, ready to spring. The magic Harp saves José from harm, makes Mother Fedora young again, and guides José to the capital. It wins Lara, a brawny guardsman, to swear himself to José's service, and makes the entire population of the city fall at José's feet as he stands on the sacred King's stone, and plays. José goes to the Governor's house, under his protection, and his music arouses the envy of the Governor's eldest son, who determines to steal the Harp while José sleeps and play it before the King. In the meantime, enemies of the Governor have ridden posthaste to the King with news of the Governor's treason in permitting José to stand on the sacred stone. The King instantly summons the Governor and José to appear before him and immediately they depart for the royal castle, and are ushered into his presence. The harp vindicates the Governor and wins the royal household. The King makes José his heir apparent, at the desire of the people. José studies to fit himself for his high position, and becomes a prince indeed, loved by all. One day the Queen tells him of her only daughter who in childhood suffered sunstroke, and has ever since been violently insane.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED

“66



O SHE has lived on. The King seems to have forgotten her existence. I only and her attendants appear to know that she lives. We have kept

her in a remote corner in this very castle where her cries cannot be heard, and woe be to anyone who would visit her quarters.”

José now understood what the forbidden wing meant, and a quick plan formed itself in his brain.

“Each morning,” continued the Queen, “she is clothed as a princess should be robed, and each evening she has rent her garments into tatters. Her wild beauty remains, but she knows me not; I often wish that she might die, that the evil spirits that possess her might leave her fair young body.”

“Wish her not death,” cried José. “Her reason shall be restored. Lead me to her!”

“Her reason shall be restored?” cried the Queen, embracing his knees.

“Yes! if the Sun can destroy, the Harp of the Sun can restore. Lead me to her,” he said, imperiously, and the Queen rose, dazed, and bade him follow.

Could it be possible, she thought, that her child would be brought back to her! Could it be possible that all

these years there had been within her grasp the great remedy she had prayed for during all her waking hours, and she had never had the wisdom to reach forth her hand and seize it? The miracles of the harp she had seen, but in her weakness of soul she had never dreamt that it could perform such a miracle as José was now about to attempt.

Through the long corridor she led José, and as she approached the room where her daughter lay with her garments rent and her flesh bruised, she almost ceased breathing. But her child had seen her and José, and leaping from the floor of the room, seized the grated door and shook it, madly screaming: "Old witch, old cat, why do you bring that devil to torture me?"

What a strange sight it was, that beautiful, mad, young maniac, and how horrible to hear her cries! She was as fair as a woodland blossom, and but for the fierce light in her eyes, the mad screams, and the tattered garments she wore, no one would have known that she was not as sane as José. For a moment José was stunned by this new experience and forgot his music, till he felt the Queen's arm leaning heavily upon his as if for support.

Then he uncovered his harp, and gazing full in the face of the maniac, appealed to the Sun to aid him, to undo the work it had done, to make whole again the flower it had blighted. As he prayed silently, he touched the vibrant strings and a soothing strain breathed gently along the corridors. It startled the Princess; but only seemed to enrage her the more, and she seized the gratings of her cell door and tugged fiercely at them as though she would break out and rend her tormentors. But the music ceased not, it grew stronger and yet more soothing; at last it reached her long smothered intelligence. Her hands ceased straining at the gratings and fell limp and lifeless at her side. José was conquering; he saw it, and put all his soul and will into his playing. The light of love came back to those wild eyes; but as he played her face grew pale as one smitten unto death, and at last with a cry that penetrated to the farthest

corner of the lofty palace, she fell headlong on the floor of her cell.

The Queen, as she saw the old look return to her child's face, saw her grow human once more, rejoiced in her soul. José's music was working its crowning miracle; but at that cry she grew blind with despair. She had had her child restored but to lose her; that cry surely meant death.

The leech and the attendants of the Princess had rushed to the cell on hearing the weird, wild shriek. The door was flung back; and the wise physician bent over the prostrate girl. At length he rose, his face radiant with joy.

"She is not dead," he said, "she is but in a trance."

Scarcely had he spoken when a faint whisper left the motionless lips.

"How hot it is!" she sighed.

"Patience," said the leech. "She thinks she is a child again, lying on the sward in the sun."

"How hot it is! Carry me into the palace!"

Then her eyes opened and they saw that she would indeed live.

"Mother, have I been long here?"

But there was no reply; the Queen could only kiss her hands and her face and her wild hair.

Then the Princess noticed her torn garments, her naked feet and arms, and cried out: "Where am I? What am I?"

"Sweet one, you will know all soon," said the Queen, "you have long been ill; but the Prince, your brother, has charmed you back to life and to us."

Then the Princess turned to José, and the memory of the music that had just wrought such a change in her came back, and she flung her arms about his neck and kissed his warm young lips.

Strange feelings stirred José. His heart was moved with a love he had never felt for Zora or the harp, but as his fingers happened to touch the uncovered instrument beside which he stood, a strangely harsh sound grated from its strings. It awoke José from the quick dream that had possessed him, and he crushed back the rising feeling of love. He hastily drew the covering over his harp, and with an

imperious mien seized it, and without a word hastened away from the astonished group that were filled with joy at the act of the Princess. It was well, they thought; his harp had made him a Prince, his harp had restored their Princess, and in that moment of triumph they saw him with the Princess as his queen seated on the throne.

For the first time since José had received his harp in its woodland home, it was a burden to him. He was tired with the weight of it when he reached his own chamber, for will as he would, that kiss was still burning in his heart.

But he must conquer, and bolting his door and uncovering his treasure, he sat before it and prayed it to keep him faithful to his vow. He had been sorely tempted; but after a tempestuous struggle his old strength returned. The vision of the beautiful, mad girl, the touch of the kiss vanished from his heart, and he was once more strong in his determination to know but one master. His power over the strings was restored, and the music welled forth as of old with balm and strength in its notes. No king, no princess, could again make him unfaithful, even in thought.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER the recovery of the Princess, who had long been deemed dead by everyone in the kingdom save her immediate attendants at the mountain palace, Prince José was held in still greater reverence than before. He had been thought a man possessed of miraculous gifts, but this last miracle made many bend their knees to him as to a god; and when he went abroad in the kingdom, people prostrated themselves in the dust before him in humble worship. Such homage had never been done the King save on great occasions; but the King was not jealous. He loved José as a son, and longed for the time when he could announce to his subjects that he was about to bestow the hand of his daughter on their future king. In this thought, although his hair was now white with age, he grew ever happier.

It was otherwise with José. He

was loved, and he knew it. The soft, dark eyes of the Princess, whose reason he had restored, glowed with happiness when he was in her sight, and a tender word from him would set her heart singing. She had known no girlhood; from a child she had become a woman, but much of a child's confidence and outspoken manner remained with her, and she could not keep from José her feelings for him.

At times the Prince still felt that first warm kiss on his lips, but the woodland musician's warning words were constantly in his mind, and he crushed back thoughts of love. As a result he remained much alone. Stealing to his room and bolting his door, he would converse for hours at a time with his harp. It soled him, it strengthened him; but, with all the comfort and strength it brought, his heart ached within him. The battle he was fighting had its effect on the outward man, and his face lost much of its sunny freshness. The smile was not so often on his lips, but in its place was an expression of decision of character given by experience—a wisdom bred of struggle and thoughtfulness.

He spent less of his time now in amusing the King and Queen with his music, and more of it in studying the laws of the country he was to govern, and the constitutions of the other kingdoms with which he was, as the heir-apparent to the throne, brought into contact. If the King had formerly learned to love and admire him, he now began to lean upon him. He soon found that José knew his laws better than he himself who had made them, and in times of difficulty he could depend on his heir having the solutions of the most knotty problems. As the years rolled by, José was never absent from the King's council, and it was a common saying in the kingdom that the Prince, and not the King, ruled. But no one complained; they had never been so well ruled. Peace was within their borders; great public works had been undertaken and carried through. There was less crime, less poverty, less wretchedness than had been known in the memory of man. Yet, although fine roads were made through forests and



"IF THE SUN DESTROY, THE HARP OF THE SUN CAN RESTORE."
SAID JOSE, IMPERIOUSLY

over mountains, magnificent buildings constructed at the public expense in every town, and broad and deep canals, their taxes were not heavy. The curse

of war had been removed, and so wisely had José levied the taxes, that the burden on each individual was lighter than in the olden days, when they

poured out their treasure to purchase swords and battle-axes.

At times, however, the old King, whose arm was still strong, longed for the good ancient days when he charged at the head of his choice troops into the hosts of the enemy. The sound of the trumpet, the clash of the swords, the sight of blood he still longed for. He was a warrior born and bred, and this time of peace did not altogether satisfy his kingly nature. He would often look at José and say to himself, if he would only put some of the energy into the study of battle he does into the making of laws we might extend our kingdom to the ends of the earth. But no suggestion would ever make José think of taking sword in hand. He was building up a great and prosperous kingdom without the shedding of blood, and that satisfied him.

In the meantime, however, the soldiers, through not occasionally whetting their swords on the helmets and weapons of their enemies, were losing some of their old prowess. Playing at war was not like the real thing, and the King, with sorrow, saw his men degenerating ; and, despite José's influence, he began to look about him for an occasion to give his troops an opportunity of learning what war meant with the arrows falling thickly about them and the well-tempered steel ringing on their armor.

Scarcely had he determined to put his desire into act when from over the seas and mountains came strange stories of gigantic war-like preparations. Ships were being built, great siege-engines were in process of construction, the forges of the armorers were busy day and night, and a vast host of men were assembling from the North and the South and the East.

Ever since it had been noised abroad that he had in his kingdom a wonder-working musician, the other powers had turned on him a jealous eye. They had seen with hatred the growing prosperity of their rival monarch. His ships were ploughing every sea ; his commerce had increased a hundred-fold ; peace, prosperity, happiness were in his borders. At the same time, they noticed that, while he was growing in

prosperity, in a sense he was weaker than were they. His men no longer delighted in arms. Formerly the strong men of his country enlisted in the army or the navy ; now they were to be found at the plow, in the workshops, or in the great merchant-ships that skimmed the inland sea and the ocean, laden with rich cargoes. He had become like a lion among curs ; but they had the power to bite, and by uniting their forces they might be able to utterly destroy the kingdom that threatened to dominate them all. The hatred and desire for war was universal. The people desired it because they found their trade fast being monopolized by their enemy ; the soldiers because they remembered how often, in the olden days, they had suffered defeat from his army ; the priests because they believed José, the miracle-working one, to be of the devil.

The great King was certainly going to have an opportunity to test his men ; and when he saw to what proportions the crusade had grown, he trembled for the safety of his kingdom. However, he grew young again under the prospect of a fight which he knew would be the struggle of his life. He felt he would win even against the hordes that were getting ready to invade his territory. Then, too, there was the Prince ; he knew that somehow José would play an important part in quelling the invaders. If, he thought, he were by my side in battle, with a smoking sword in his hand, he would be a king indeed.

He had little time for reflection, however. Up and down his kingdom he went, stationing troops, strengthening his cities' walls, selecting places where it would be well to give battle to the enemy. He had no time to lose. The seas were black with the crowded barges bearing the armies to his shores ; over the mountains came nations like a swarm of locusts. It was useless to endeavor to keep them back ; his only hope was to meet them in one great fight and by daring and strategy, to vanquish their hosts. If he could not do this, then the end of his rule would be near at hand. However, he had

determined to die in the thick of the fray before that day arrived.

Soon news of reverses began to pour in ; the outlying towns had surrendered without resistance, and the fields were being laid waste as the invading army drew near the heart of his kingdom. But he did not despair. He was strong in cavalry, he knew the country, and in one great fight he would vanquish his foes ; the very territory they were laying waste would battle in his behalf, as, in their retreat, their army would perish for lack of food. Besides, his great chief city had impregnable walls, was amply stocked with food for years, and the defences were manned by an army capable of keeping a host ten times its strength at bay.

Meanwhile, José seemed to take but little interest in the impending struggle. He was more melancholy than ever at the thought of so much bloodshed, and spent much of his time alone with his harp, or with the Queen and Princess. It never entered his head that any force could vanquish the armies of the kingdom led by their great warrior King. However, the Queen at length aroused him from his uninterested state.

She received word one evening that on the morrow a great battle would be fought in the valley a few miles from the mountain palace, and close to the great white city of the plains. The King had so planned it that in case of defeat he could retreat to either place. Her eyes knew no sleep that night ; but all through the dark hours she lay awake, listening to the distant sound of the gathering armies, or going to the castle towers to watch the moving lights of the host. At length day broke, and with its coming the shrill, fierce sounds of battle began to be heard among the hills. Louder and louder they grew, and even José's veins felt a fierce heat beating through them. All day the struggle went on, and from their point of vantage, they could now catch glimpses of the battle as the sun flashed back from the armor and weapons of the struggling warriors, and again see the clouds of dust rolling in unbroken masses as the cavalry of the King dashed fiercely against the

vast host, which, at the particular point where the charge was made, invariably broke and was scattered. But it was an endless host, and the front was broken only to form again with fresh troops. So the afternoon was passing, and the hopelessness of the King's struggle was beginning to make itself felt to the watchers. As José realized this, his heart began to burn fiercely within him.

Suddenly the Queen cried out in anguish. Far down the valley road she instinctively recognized, galloping riderless, the charger of the King, and simultaneously in the valley the army of her husband seemed to waver, to halt, to retreat in wild confusion. All was lost. As they approached the city they were seen suddenly to turn in their tracks. The enemy's cavalry were there before them, and now their only safety lay in the hill fortress, to which they were fleeing with death at their heels.

José grasped the situation in an instant, and made up his mind to once more try the powers of his instrument. This army was coming to seize him and bear him afar, so rumor had said. He remembered the shields, and battle-axes, and spears in the woodland cave ; he would test it in the thick of the fight. He rushed to his chamber, snatched his harp from its resting-place, and flew to the castle's entrance. The Queen had ordered her chariot to be prepared that she might go forth and meet her lord as he came back victorious from battle. The white horses in the golden car stood restlessly pawing the ground and champing at their bits. Into the car José leaped and bade the driver speed. No one ever disobeyed the Prince, and even though the Queen alone drove behind these horses, the driver knew that he would be forgiven if he disobeyed her instructions, to obey the word of his future King.

Down the high road the chariot rolled. Riderless horses, that had broken from the flying mass that could be seen struggling up from the valley, flew by him. The King's steed, the mighty black charger the Queen had recognized so far off, was among them. His reins were cut, his neck and thighs

were bleeding from great, gaping wounds, and the saddle was slashed with a mighty sword cut. The King had evidently sold his life dearly. Soon they came upon strong men with the terror of pursuing death on their countenances ; on men staggering along with painful wounds ; on men risking their lives to help their stricken comrades to safety ; on bodies lying by the roadside and in the road where they had fallen exhausted. But the wheels of war could not stop ; over them they ruthlessly pressed.

José's heart had frozen within him. The King must be saved, or, if dead, must be avenged. The driver was not having an easy time of it ; the crowd of flying warriors was blocking the way, and the long road into the valley was now densely packed. José suddenly remembered what he had come to do. He must check this flight ; he must make courage crowd fear from the soldiers' hearts. The harp had long taught men peace and love ; it must now inspire them to strike bloody blows.

He almost dreaded to make the appeal for strength in fight to the instrument which so long had brought peace only to the kingdom ; but he must, and uncovering the harp while the blazing sun still shone on the earth, he smote the strings, and a fierce, inspiring music fell upon the ears of the terrified soldiers. It rose above the sounds of the fleeing army. The crowd parted before the galloping steeds and the rolling chariot ; it paused, turned, and followed in the wake of the on-rushing wheels. At length, the advance of the pursuing host was reached ; the enemy were ruthlessly striking down from behind men who had become unnerved and were as sheep under the butcher's knife ; but, as they caught the sound of José's music, the fleeing soldiers stood firm and smote at their destroyers.

Instantly the tables were turned. The mounted men of the army were far in advance of the main host, and were exhausted with their hot pursuit and work of slaughter ; and fell an easy prey to the soldiers whose hearts were

renewed within them under the magic of the music. Only a few escaped, and these rushed to the protection of the foot-soldiers with tidings that filled their fellows-in-arms with a superstitious dread that created a panic. The armies of heaven had come to the rescue of the soldiers they had just beaten. The one chariot became a thousand, the one harper an army of white-robed angels—not with harps in their hands, but with flaming swords.

While the ill news was being spread, the chariot, surrounded by the cavalry in which the great King took such pride, swept into sight.

José was now clear of the hills, and the broad valley where the battle had raged since sunrise was spread before him ; and what a magnificent and horrible spectacle met his gaze. From end to end it was filled with the armies of many nations—fierce fanatical warriors from the East and South, with glittering armor and shining swords and shields ; giants from the North, great, sunny-haired fellows, with clubs and battle-axes such as the Titans might have wielded when they fought with the gods ; slingers from the islands of the Great Sea, who from their cliffs could, with unerring aim, bring down the swift-winged gulls. But the host no longer presented the bold, unbroken front it had shown when José and the Queen viewed it from the fortress heights. It was jagged and broken, some parts of it had far outstripped the others, and the plains, heaped with dead and dying men, and with the bodies of horses that had fallen in the fight, prevented them from advancing with the wall-like formation that could alone resist the cavalry which was now rushing like an irresistible mountain stream upon them.

Into the vanguard José rode, and, as his followers charged to left and right, the enemy's horsemen once more broke and fled, falling back upon a compact company of bowmen from the far East, throwing them into utter confusion. But the gleaming chariot was upon them ; they hurled one swift flight of arrows at José ; but, as with



THE MONARCHS PLEADED WITH JOSE TO BRING HIS
HARP INTO THE HALL AT NIGHT, THE
PLEASURE-TIME OF KINGS

Lara, their bow-strings snapped, and they, too, panic-stricken, fell back upon the main army which, at the strange conduct of the troops leading the pursuit, had been drawn up once more in battle array. José, fiercely riding over dead and dying, friend and foe, clanged forth an unceasing strain from his harp, a music that was borne to his followers even above the uproar

of battle and filled them with dauntless courage. Their only thoughts were to press close to that gleaming car, to keep within sound of that inspiring strain, and to slay. Through the compact mass in front, along the line to left and right, swept the chariot; and where it went, terror, confusion and death were left behind it. At last, the great army cast away its useless weap-

ons and fled for their lives—all save one force that had taken its stand on a rocky hill that jutted from the plain.

They have determined to fight till death, thought José ; but no, he saw the reason of their conduct. The Commander-in-Chief of this vast host had taken up his stand on this hill to watch the slaughter of his enemies ; and now, in the sudden overthrow of his plans and his hopes, he was not prepared for flight. He had determined to save himself, however, and as the onrushing horsemen, headed by José, came into full view, he came forth on a cliff's edge and stood in all his majesty with another warrior taller and more majestic by his side.

José and his men recognized the second figure. It was the King. After all, he was not dead ; he would yet be restored to his kingdom. Up the steep slope they clambered, slaying or driving back the companies that were sent out to check the advance. Before they could reach the main body, however, their leader, in a loud voice, roared out as he drew his sword : "Advance farther and your monarch shall die."

For a moment there was a panic among the victorious troops as they saw the sword raised over the King's head ; and even José's hands fell from his harp. Then he wished that the good King were free, and as he wished he again smote the strings ; and, lo, the bonds on the hands and feet of the monarch were burst, and, unheeding of the sword in the hands of his enemy, he seized him in his powerful arms and hurled him headlong over the high cliff.

A wild, exulting cheer rent the air, and the advance recommenced ; but the poor, cowering wretches surrendered themselves and the treasure of the army to the King whom a moment before they had been threatening and deriding.

For several days the slaughter went on, and soon from the mountains in the North to the great rock in the South no foe was to be found, save those who were in the crowded prisons of the King.

To the people José became more of a god than ever ; and to the Princess,

now that he had saved the kingdom and the King, he grew yet dearer. After the victory he once more tried to lead the quiet life he had led before the invasion, but the King was old, and had been severely wounded in the fight, and José had to spend much of his time in doing the King's work in the nation. Power was his, and soon he began to delight in the power his own mind gave him over his own people and over the countries far and near on which he levied tribute.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE great war had left a serious mark on the victorious nation. Many of the best men in the kingdom had been killed, many of the good works constructed in the public interests had been destroyed, and vast regions, which before had been rich in vineyards and cornfields, were now waste wildernesses. The King had been severely wounded, and for many months after the enemy had been driven from the shores, he was unable to attend to the affairs of the nation, and José had to take his place in making laws, in enforcing them, in presiding over the councils of the different cities within the kingdom, and in selecting men for important offices. He had long since learned that the kingdom was weak or strong according to the strength of the Governors, and so he was ever on the watch for faithful men to do the King's will.

The chief loss, however, that had befallen the kingdom in the war was the death of José's old friend, the Governor of the great White City. He had made a last mighty effort to rally the men of his city just before José had appeared on the field, but had been slain at the head of a chosen few, who died to a man before the host of the enemy was able to enter the gates they had sworn to defend.

José had, with the consent of the King, given the city into the hands of the Governor's son, who, when a lad, had endeavored to steal his harp ; but he proved to be a weak ruler. The people did not trust him, and rumor of his misrule caused the King to demand an investigation, and he was

found to have abused his power. The King, from his bed of sickness, demanded that he be slain ; but José pleaded for softer measures, and had his way. The Governor's son was deposed, and sent across the seas ; and José was to learn what ingratitude meant, for the man he had befriended began to plot his ruin ; but, much as they wished it, none of the surrounding monarchs who had experienced José's marvelous powers would risk taking up the exile's cause.

The city, however, was without a Governor ; and as the King was thought to be growing strong enough to look after the affairs of his kingdom in general for himself, the citizens began to clamor for the Prince to come and rule over them. Their desire was not unwelcome to José. He wished to get away from the royal household. Much as he loved the Queen, much as he honored the great King, who, despite his gruffness, had many admirable qualities, he was not happy. The sorrowful face of the young Princess was ever before him. He knew what was in her heart, and, but for his vow, he would have returned her love ; and the effort to crush back his feelings had stamped his face with a sadness that was but a faint expression of the conflict that had gone on in his heart. He begged the King to give the citizens their desire. He would rule them as they had been ruled of old ; he would try to guide them with the same gentle sternness that had made the former governor such a successful ruler. His wish was granted, and to the great White City, a kingdom in itself, he went ; and there was mourning in the King's high palace.

The light of day vanished from the life of the Princess, and she was never happy save when business of state called the Prince to the side of the King. Though José was installed in the late governor's position, he was far more than a governor. The King's wound at times still unfitted him for his high office, and much of the burden of the whole kingdom fell on José. And well did he do his work. If the kingdom had flourished before when he was but a prince, able only to sug-

gest great works to the King, it prospered tenfold when he had the rule in his own hands. The public works that the cruel war had destroyed were restored ; the country which had been laid waste by fire and sword was once more a blossoming garden, fair to the eye ; and in the fields and factories the sound of the happy people singing at their work could be heard.

However, José was not happy. Late and early he toiled at his duties ; and the people wondered how one so young could take so little pleasure out of life. Their idea of pleasure was feasting and dancing and such amusements, and in these José had no delight. Despite his efforts to get away from his own thoughts, the beautiful, sad face of the Princess would break in upon his duties and his dreams, and his heart ached within him, and not even his harp could bring comfort to his soul.

At length the King, from age and his wounds, felt that he was no longer capable of ruling his kingdom. He must rest ; and he sent for the Prince, and to the delight of his people, made him regent in his stead. There was, however one condition fixed in his offer. José must marry the Princess. But José could not ; he did not love the King's daughter, so he said. But the bluff King replied : " Love ! whoever heard of love among Kings and Queens ? The state and the people are everything. If it is well for the state, the sovereign should marry her whom he hates. A King is wedded to his kingdom ; and if you are to sit secure on my throne, the only child of my blood must be your Queen."

José, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, yielded to the King's wish. He could still keep his vow, he said to himself ; the Princess would be but a part of his life, as were the buildings, the canals, the harbors, and the people of the kingdom. But deep, deep in his heart he loved her with a great love ; and that day at sunset, when he looked upon his harp, it seemed to shrink from him, and he could not touch its strings ; and the people who were accustomed to listen eagerly for its music wondered why the master's hand re-

frained from touching its sacred chords on that day. On the morrow, when they heard that he was to marry the Princess, the wise among them thought they understood : love had left him silent—all his thoughts were for the fair Princess. They rejoiced greatly at the news, but they rejoiced still more when they learned that he had decided to build a great palace in their city, a palace worthy of the harp and the Princess. The seclusion of the mountain castle had no temptation for José ; he felt that he must dwell continually in the busy haunts of men.

Soon in the city an army of men were preparing the foundations of what was to be the greatest palace the world had ever known. Then the walls began to rise slowly, but with a perfection of beauty that far outshone anything that had ever been seen in the kingdom. José watched its growth from day to day, and in his occupation he seemed to forget about the Princess, who, in the King's palace, was anxiously awaiting word that the building was finished, for then the desire of her heart was to be granted, and she was to be wedded to José. But the Prince had not forgotten, and kept putting off the day of his marriage by causing delay in the completion of his palace ; but at length he could delay no longer, and the vast structure stood complete in every detail.

From far and near in the kingdom people flocked to see the wonderful edifice ; and from over the seas they came. Each one wished to hear the music that had wrought all the marvels they had heard about. But José rarely touched the harp now : he was depending on his own strength. He was keeping the vow in the letter while breaking it in the spirit, and he no longer seemed to have his old mastery over its strings. It would answer his touch regretfully, as it were, and only when he was alone would he dare trust himself to uncover it.

At last the day for his marriage was appointed, and it was decreed that for several weeks before that day the nation should be given over to rejoicing. Kings from far lands were bidden to the marriage feast, and from every part

of the world they came. Never had there been so much wealth and beauty seen in the city, and yet the richest among them saw how much José's palace eclipsed their most magnificent buildings, and they bowed before it and its owner in reverent awe. The Prince accepted their homage like a king, and at the same time his old power over his instrument seemed to return to him. During the weeks of the feasting he brought his harp into the banquet hall, and it swayed the wills of the monarchs as it had done Lara at the gate of the city, the populace in the great square, the King and Queen in the judgment hall, the mad Princess in her cell and the terrified mob of fleeing soldiers. Each evening at sunset he shrouded it in its mantle, and the sound of its music being stilled, he went to his chamber with a heavy heart. Still the feast went on, and during the night the brilliantly lighted hall resounded with the notes of many instruments, but all seemed harsh and discordant after the divine music of the day.

The monarchs pleaded with the player to bring his harp into the hall during the pleasure-time of kings, night, when the polished walls and floors, the richly laden tables and the gorgeous dresses sparkled under the golden lamps that eclipsed the brightness of the sun. But José would not. At length, but one night remained for feasting ; on the morrow José would have wedded the daughter of the King, and, as regret, he would be installed in place of the King. The guests became more urgent than ever in their requests, and the Prince began to wish within himself that he could grant their desires.

As he played during that day the very harp seemed prompting him to uncover it after nightfall ; and when the sun was setting it kept pleading with him, he thought, to follow the dictates of his heart. He had yielded to the tempter, and the instrument was longing to return to the master who had been faithful to it for a thousand years, and who was, no doubt, restlessly waiting in the forest cavern for its return to him. It seemed to say

to José, the sun has not set ; you, by your genius, have scattered night ; the light of your hall is more brilliant than the light of day ; play me to-night ; gratify the Kings and the Queens who have gathered from afar to honor you, your Princess, and me.

The harp was in reality merely responding to the wishes of his heart. He had broken his other vows, there was only this one to break, and the end of his greatness would come. He was but the instrument through which the power of the harp was given to the world, and now that he had failed under temptation he was to lose his power. Of this he had no thought. He listened to the voice that was luring him on, with the thought that he had created a sun greater than that of day a sun that made the banqueting-hall of the day a commonplace thing, he consented to give one supreme evidence of his skill as a musician prince.

Into the palace, bright with its myriad lamps, lively with laughter, and gleaming like a rainbow with the colors of the gorgeous robes of the lords and ladies, queens and kings, the Prince brought the harp in its black mantle, the only dark object in the vast room. As he entered, some, even above the mirth and the laughter and the music, heard a sudden peal of thunder rend the sky. But they heeded it not. What was storm to them ; light and warmth and safety were theirs in this lofty banquet hall. When José seated himself on his high throne at the end of the hall, a strange, unearthly silence fell upon the crowd ; and the low mutterings of thunder that rolled over the broad dome were heard distinctly by all, and a fear fell upon them.

The Prince, too, was chilled with dread ; but there was no turning back now. He would be the laughing-stock of the world if he refused to play after

consenting to bring his harp into the festive hall—a soul-less, will-less prince he would ever seem. So he tore from his instrument the black mantle, and the blaze of the jewels in its golden frame smote upon the eyes of the guests till they were almost blinded with the light. José, too, felt the fierce glare, and reeled like a man going to his own death. But the madness of selfish desire was upon him. He struck fiercely at the strings of his instrument ; but they did not respond to his touch.

A mighty cry as from a broken heart rang through the hall, and the guests in terror rose from their seats ; but they stood dumb with fear. The palace lights grew dim, a blackness spread over the hall, the night was made ghastly with vivid lightning that flashed in at the windows ; then great thundering was heard, and a storm beat against the palace ; and in thunder, lightning, wind and rain it crumbled to the ground. Not one stone was left upon another, and in the midst of the ruins of the magnificent building the terrified guests stood drenched and bedraggled—marvelous to relate, none were missing. Only the harper and his instrument could not be found. When the storm abated, the people searched diligently among the ruins. Every stone was removed, every beam was carried away ; but no trace of the man who had been so much to the city and the kingdom could be found ; the beloved Prince had mysteriously vanished with his wonderful harp. There was mourning in the kingdom, and much searching, but only the memory of the man who had done so much for them, and his deeds, lived in the land. Doubtless the harp had gone back to its woodland home, to gladden the birds and the beasts, and to freshen the flowers until some worthy hand could be found to carry it once more to the world of men.

To be concluded



THE ELECTED FOR SERVICE

BY MARTHA J. KELLY

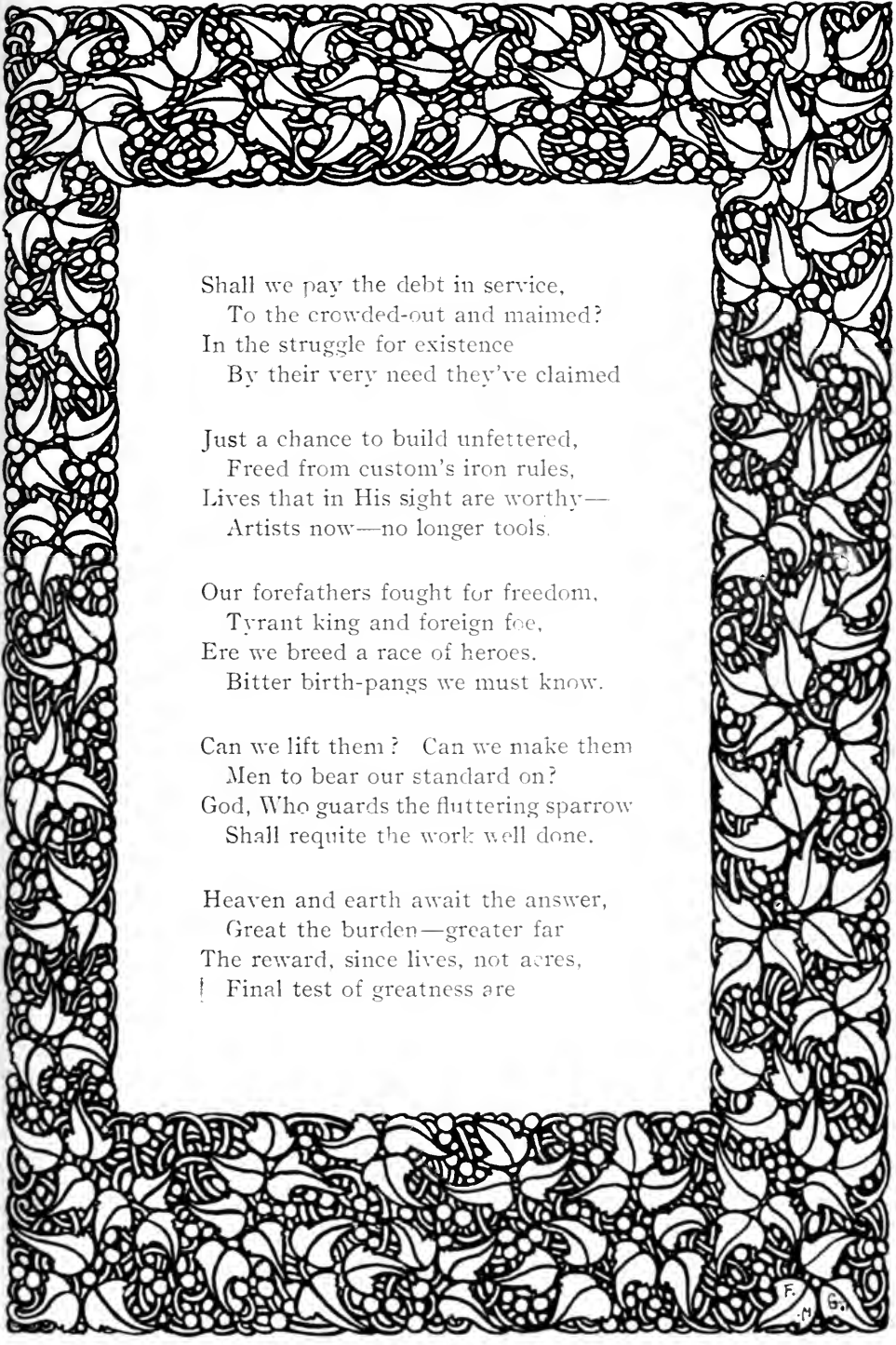
CLEAR and still, aflood! with sun-
shine,

God's blue sky broods o'er us all;
Ours are mine and lake and forest,
Heritage nor mean nor small.

How then shall we use our birthright?
Shall we close our eyes to need,
And, to keep our shield unsullied,
Scorn to shelter "alien breed"?

"He that saves his life shall lose it."
We but hold the land in fee;
If we spurn the weak, remember —
"Ye have done it unto Me."

We are debtors to all nations,
To each color, race and creed,
Their successes, failures, efforts,
Of our goodness were the seed.



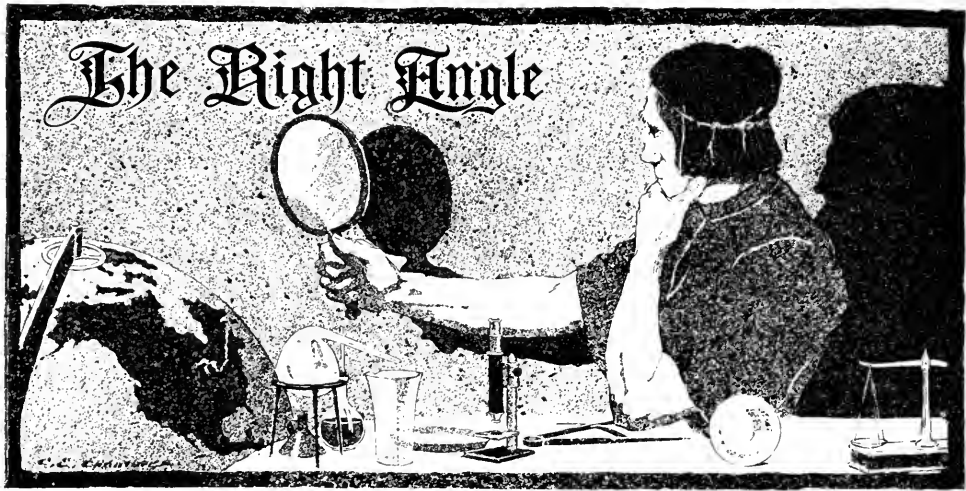
Shall we pay the debt in service,
To the crowded-out and maimed?
In the struggle for existence
By their very need they've claimed

Just a chance to build unfettered,
Freed from custom's iron rules,
Lives that in His sight are worthy—
Artists now—no longer tools.

Our forefathers fought for freedom,
Tyrant king and foreign foe,
Ere we breed a race of heroes,
Bitter birth-pangs we must know.

Can we lift them? Can we make them
Men to bear our standard on?
God, Who guards the fluttering sparrow
Shall requite the work well done.

Heaven and earth await the answer,
Great the burden—greater far
The reward, since lives, not acres,
! Final test of greatness are



AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

OF all the men who know something of D. D. Mann's character and life, there is none better fitted to write of him than Augustus Bridle, the author of "The Man Who Does a Day's Work," in this issue of CANADA MONTHLY. Mr. Bridle has worked with broad-axe gangs, scoring square timber for Canadian barns—many a day; a man with the shoulders of a piano-mover, and the look of the out-of-doors about him. He is the sort to understand a human pile-driver like Mann, and to run that understanding out at the point of a pen, for, not content with handling the axe, he has the knack of the goose-quill, too. Augustus Bridle, you remember, was the man whose story Jack London appropriated, excusing himself afterwards with the remark that he "made literature out of it." Which excuse didn't alter the fact that the story, as written by Mr. Bridle, was good enough and valuable enough and "literature" enough to have been published in one of the best American magazines before London ever touched pen to it.

More than this, Augustus Bridle is fitted to understand Mann because both of them have a faith in Canada that amounts almost to a passion. Mann's faith is shown by his works, as is proved by steel and furnace and dock, where not so long since lay field and "wood" and breeze-rippled river—

and as for Bridle, things he has now and then written amid the routine of weekly journalism prove that to him Canada means more than a place in which to make a living. Speaking to a gathering of Englishmen a few weeks ago he came very near to an explanation of what it really means to be a Canadian—in feeling. Augustus Bridle's belief and faith in Canada are as some unknown and homely poet said of love, "a thing to walk with, hand in hand, through the every-dayness of this workaday world."

The story of his life has more than a touch of romance. He has a natural ear for music and a natural gift of words, but in spite of these he might very easily have remained in the "bread-and-dripping" class all his days if it were not for his determined pluck. Born in England, he has grown up with the woods and fields of Canada; he has built himself up from a ragged and penniless urchin, through obstacles and hindrances that would have kept many a lad between the plough-handles all his life, in spite of hard knocks and poverty and disappointments, and winning out by sheer courage and bull-dog grip.

This is the first time that Mr. Bridle's work has appeared in our columns; it is not by any means the last. We want our readers to know the man and his writings, for he is a virile and significant figure in the Canadian literary world to-day.

UNEXPLORED

THE maps are all getting civilized. nowadays. Fifty years — even twenty-five years ago, what magnificent pinkish blank spaces there were in the old geographies, crossed lightly by the one word, "Unexplored," for Young Adventure to pore over, what deserts, what fuzzy little whirls that meant mountains, what vaguely indicated rivers that bore no names! Where have they gone? Manchuria is spotted with "skis" and "offs" innumerable; Alaska is getting out newspapers and electing mayors with all the aplomb of Toronto; the Great American Desert is cut into town-lots. As far as the North American youngster is concerned, the Barren Lands, so-called, are about the only dream-stuff left him.

He will have to grow up swiftly, small Young Adventure, if he would go exploring even there. For even to-day Harry V. Radford is outfitting at Edmonton for a journey that will begin with the first signs of spring, and by the time these words are printed will be comfortably in winter quarters at Fort Smith, waiting for the break-up that will set him on the unmarked trail. The information he will bring back with him will probably settle the hash of the "Barren Land" title completely. Already J. B. Tyrrell knows that region fairly well, and other men have done more or less exploring there, and have brought back word of oil and minerals and half a dozen products that might make a nation rich. You will notice that they don't call it the "Barren Lands." To the knowledge gathered by these men, Radford will add the

result of several years' exploration and study under the Aurora, if his plans work out.

Briefly, he expects to go from Fort Smith, on the Slave River, across the Barren Lands east of Great Slave Lake to Baker Lake, at the head of Chesterfield Inlet, that long arm of Hudson's Bay that stretches so many miles inland from the upper end of the great inland sea. This point he expects to reach next September, and where he goes thence will depend on the action of the Dominion Government.

To Cape Fullerton every summer the Dominion steamer goes with a year's supply of provisions and necessities for the Mounted Police stationed there. Radford has asked the Government to permit this steamer to carry two tons of supplies to be delivered to him at the head of Chesterfield Inlet, a voyage of a few hundred miles additional, all cost of supplies and transportation being defrayed by the explorer.

It is to be hoped that the Government will accede to this request, for Radford's exploration work has already proved most valuable, and his maps and data of the country south and east of Great Slave Lake have been approved and officially accepted. Such information as he will collect

in a three years' trip west from Chesterfield Inlet to Alaska will be of great importance in determining the value of Canada's great northern territory, and nothing should be allowed to stand in the way of giving him all possible assistance on his lonely and hazardous expedition.



MR. TWIGGS AND AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Although he is Chairman of the Bristol Dock's Committee, and no small man either physically or in affairs, H. W. Twiggs isn't big enough to hide those piano-mover shoulders of Mr. Bridle.

ANONYMOUS

IT is a pity that newspapers and periodicals should ever have set the fashion of reprinting bits of verse without credit to the author. Here in Canada the custom is gradually going out of favor, and it is seldom that a man's work is run without his name. It still seems, however, to prevail in England, and on account of it, we cannot give the name of the author of "Prince Tatters," the charming scrap of child-character which we give below :

Little Prince Tatters has lost his cap,
Over the hedge he threw it ;
Into the river it fell "kerslap !"
Stupid old thing to do it !
Now mother may sigh and nurse may fume
For the little grey cap with its eagle plume.
"One cannot be thinking all day of such matters !
Trifles are trifles !" says little Prince Tatters.

Little Prince Tatters has lost his coat,
Playing he did not need it ;
Left it right there by the nanny-goat,
"And nobody never seed it !"
Now mother and nurse may search 'till night
For the little new coat with its buttons bright ;
But "Coat-sleeves or shirt-sleeves, how little it matters !
Trifles are trifles !" says little Prince Tatters.

Little Prince Tatters has lost his ball,—
Rolled away down the street.
Somebody'll have to find it, that's all,
Before he can sleep or eat.
Now raise the neighborhood quickly, do !
And send for the crier and constable, too.
"Trifles are trifles ; but serious matters,
They must be seen to," says little Prince Tatters.

Isn't it delightfully small-boyish ? There's not a father or mother of a sturdy six-year-old that will not recognize his own tousle-head in these three roguish verses. Whoever the author may be, his voice is true and his heart warm.

THE COMPARATIVE PRESENT;

THESE are the days of the comparative in Western Canada. The positive of pioneer bacon-and-flour days is gone; the country is proved good. The superlative is still an ideal. The comparative is everywhere. Better This and Greater That, More Acreage, Heavier Yields, Bigger Population, Healthier Climate—you can't get away

from it. Not a city but boasts that it is more something-or-other than its neighbor; not a man but will measure his strength in friendly rivalry against another man; not a single good Canadian but is working to make Canada better, digging away at to-day's comparative for the sake of the future superlative of his ideal. The newest little siding-and-water-tank town is full of this energetic optimism, and cocks a prophetic eye forward to the time when it shall be a flourishing ten, twenty or thirty thousander, with its name on the map in black-face capitals; the biggest and oldest city is perfectly willing to continue to grow.

Ever since Regina was a camp-fire and a coffee-pot and a grazing pony; ever since the Mounted Police first toted their portable barracks across the prairies in the late seventies, Regina has had a determination to grow. It has been on the map in black-face capitals for some time, but it isn't content with that, as the attractive brochure recently issued by the Greater Regina Club—notice the comparative?—emphatically states. It has climbed from the original population of two—the cow-puncher and his pony—to seventeen thousand; from a fur depot to a well-appointed city; from a patch of grass in the Northwest Territory to the Capital of a big Province. And, as the Greater Regina Club proclaims, it is going to keep it up till it gets to the top of the tree.

It is a splendid thing to see the comparatives steadily coming to stand for more quantity and better quality. Every "Greater," "Bigger" and "Better" is a step forward, and cannot be too strongly encouraged. In the words of the baseball fan, "Come on, you Regina!"

THE GRENADIER'S FAREWELL

FAR out on Belle Isle, as solitary a human habitation as fronts the grey North Atlantic seas, storm-racked, wave-beaten, lies the Belle Isle Light. There dwell the light-keepers, a little handful of men with the narrowed, farsighted eyes of those accustomed to peer through fog and smother across

the sullen swells where the steamers come and go—a handful of lonely, solitary men, cut off from the world for weeks at a time, except for the invisible thread of the wireless that keeps them in tenuous touch with the distant city and the journeying ships of the sea. Theirs is a monotonous, narrow life; the task of keeping the great eye of the light burning between dusk and dawn, of keeping the flame of life burning in themselves, of relaying the wireless messages from outgoing and incoming liners from station to station back to the steamship offices in Quebec and Montreal, where the tall aeriols reach clutching, sensitive fingers to the sky. Unromantic enough, this, when done day after long day; monotonous enough; and when the hour of danger comes, the hour for which they must always be ready to the last least oarlock in the boat, what the world may hail as heroism looks to the hero pretty much like plain hard work flavored with a neat chance of inflammatory rheumatism for his pains.

To these men not long since was given a curious and significant tribute, when the "Royal Edward" took His Majesty's Grenadier Guards Band home from Canada. Captain Roberts, who knows, as all deep-sea sailors do, the unostentatious, every-day heroism of the light-keepers, and the narrow routine of their lives, suggested to Band Master Williams that, as they steamed

past Belle Isle, the Grenadiers should bid farewell to Canada's last far-reaching rock and the keepers of the light set on its wind-bitten granite. The Grenadiers assembled on the navigating deck, and as the "Royal Edward" heaved abreast of the station, the conductor's baton, rising sharply, brought the opening bars of "Rule Britannia" crashing out on the still sunny air, and carrying with the southerly wind to the lonely watchers on the cliff.

It is doubtful if a band ever played to a more appreciative audience than those few who could be plainly discerned against the lime-washed buildings which mark the lighthouses and Marconi station perched eyrie-wise on a terrace of the cliffs. "Rule Britannia," "Highland Laddie," "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King" followed each other in quick succession, and on the rock the little audience listened with all their ears.

Before the "Royal Edward" was out of sight of Belle Isle, the wireless instrument recorded the thanks and appreciation of the light-keepers, and a "bon voyage" to the returning Grenadiers. The little drama was over in a few minutes, but there is no man who was aboard the "Royal Edward" who will ever forget that sunny afternoon, that little group of figures against the white walls, and the splendid, triumphant chords of Britain's national air sweeping across her seas.

THE WINGS

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

Scarce can a man breast back the pavement's tide,
Yet look you where the ggar, bent and frail,
Flings charity in turn, the burnished doves
Peck boldly; n the sun-bathed, thrusting press
A gap breaks. Curious how amid the crush
They insolently know that they have wings!



CLEAN MUSICAL COMEDY.

"THE day of the vulgar musical comedy is past," said W. D. Nesbit, recently, leaning back in his office chair and smiling like a friendly full moon. And certainly Mr. Nesbit ought to speak with authority, for he whom CANADA MONTHLY's readers know as a poet and humorist is also author of "The Girl of My Dreams," which has made so wholesome a success this season in the musical comedy world.

"People don't go to smutty shows any more," he went on. "Perhaps that is partly why the Girl has done so well. There isn't a line of smut in it, though with the complications of the plot there was every chance to make it risqué to a finish. People don't want it; never did want it, for that matter; and besides, Leila MacIntyre wouldn't touch any part that wasn't absolutely—

"Yes, she used to be in vaudeville. That's where she met John Hyams—at the Illinois Theatre, in Chicago. They married, and kept on with their vaudeville work—used to have a sketch together called "The Quakeress," that made a hit every time. "The Girl of My Dreams" was written to fit them, and—well, you've seen Leila MacIntyre as the little thee-and-thou lady. Isn't she quaint and dainty? Of course she is, and as for little Leila—well!

"But to come back to the point. People like a clean show, to which they can take the children—sometimes there

are as many children in the house as there are grown-ups, and they all go crazy over little Leila. Leila is just about half-past five, and as frolicsome a midget as ever wore ankle-ties. She hasn't a speaking part, of course, but her mother says she intends to make her an actress, for the child takes to it as a chicken takes to corn."

Mr. Nesbit broke off, and chuckled reminiscently. "Did you hear how little Leila broke the rules last week? No? Well, you know how close to the stage the lower tier of boxes are—it's just like being in the wings. There was a family box-party including a little girl about Leila's age in one of them, and that little girl was most interested in everything Leila did. All through the play she watched her, and at last at the end of one scene she couldn't contain herself any longer, but jumping up on her tiptoes she waved her hands and beckoned and squealed with joy—you know how children do. For a minute Leila hesitated, and then in spite of rules and regulations, she scampered across the stage straight into the little girl's arms and got a big bear hug while the audience, between amusement and tears, laughed and hunted for its handkerchiefs.

"Leila's mother gets to people's hearts just the same way. I look to see her go high. She is a born comedienne; it isn't necessary for her to use tricks and weird make-up to win her audience; all she needs to be is just her



LEILA MACINTYRE, THE LITTLE THEATRE AND THOU SAID IN *The Girl of the Year*

own attractive self. There's another thing about the whole family, too; they're all of them wholesome and sweet. They don't waste themselves

in champagne suppers and joy-rides and all the time-dishonored business of the stage couple who start on Broadway and end in Reno. After the first they

have a quiet little supper with perhaps a friend or so, and then home to bed at a reasonable hour."

"B-r-r-r!" interrupted the telephone, and Mr. Nesbit paused with his hand on the receiver, smiling. "Say it's a wholesome show," he finished, "and tell 'em to bring the kiddies. Good-bye!"

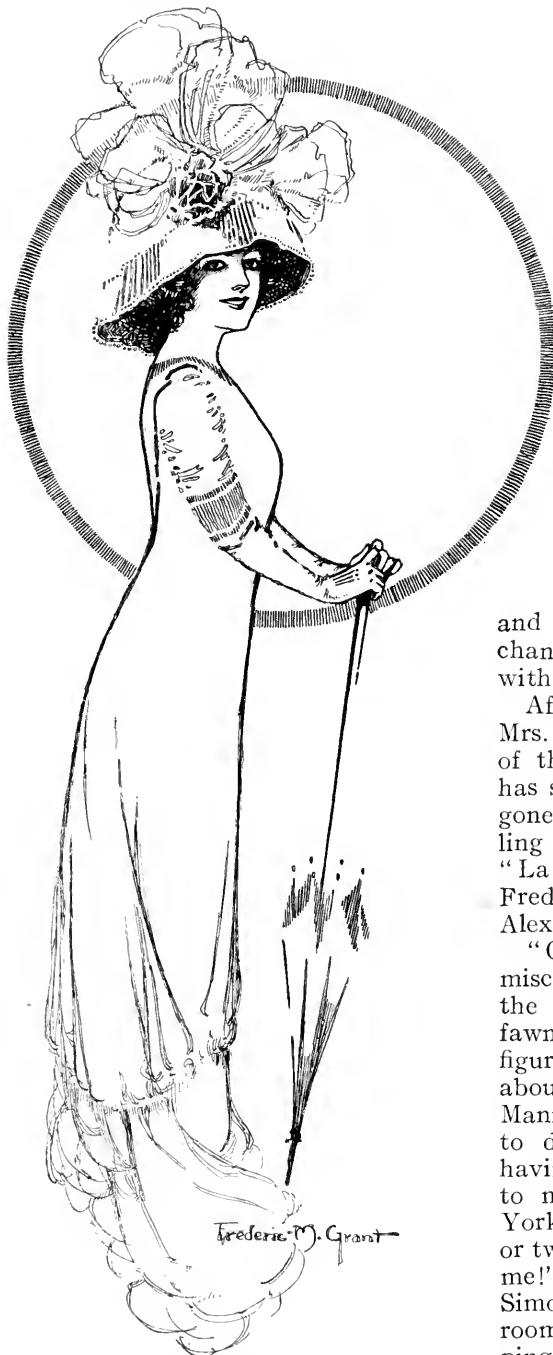
THE MARRIAGE OF A STAR

"I WISH I were like Clara Lipman," complained a girl in the front row between acts. "When I get mad, everybody reaches for the hatchet, but when she gets mad, everybody just laughs."

Even when Miss Lipman, as Simone la Fee is most unreasonable and bullying and spank-worthy, she is adorable, too. Perhaps the trick lies in being saucy and rounded and five-foot nothing of impudence and charm; and perhaps in real life things might be slightly different. But anyhow, she heals all her naughtinesses with a kiss and a coaxing word,—and presto, change! everybody is as much in love with her as ever.

After several years of domesticity as Mrs. Louis Mann—the inimitable Louie of the German accent—Miss Lipman has slipped her halter for a little, and gone vacationing as the spoilt, sparkling heroine of the French comedy, "La Mariage d'une Etoile," adapted by Frederick Donaghey from the text of Alexandre Bisson and George Thurner.

"Oh, it is very nice!" she laughed, mischievously, as her maid unhooked the intricacies of a perfectly-fitting fawn-colored gown from her trim little figure. "Everybody is so excited about it. It has so long been what Mr. Mann was playing and doing and going to do. Now it is me!—me! I am having a delightful time. He is going to make a "long jump" from New York soon, just to see me for an hour or two,—and oh, he is so anxious about me!" She looked the part of merry Simone still, in spite of the dressing-room and the beaten egg she was sipping as she changed—was still the elusive, gay, laughter-loving, innocent-wise elf, with a deep hidden under-



CLARA LIPMAN WAITING FOR HER CUE
As Simone La Fee, she is unreasonable and spank-worthy, but adorable just the same



RED-HEADED, UPPITY, KITTENISH BILLIE BURKE, WHOSE SPIRITED PLAYING OF "Mrs. Dot" IS ONE OF THE SEASON'S SUCCESSSES

current of tender sweetness beneath her sparkling surface. The charming French accent of her part still persisted,

the quick French gestures, the coaxing turn of the eyes and the little chin.

"Was it not I who wrote 'June

Bonbon'? Ah, yes, I must plead guilty. You don't know anyone who has a good play—a real play, do you? It is so hard to get them. I have been reading, reading—and" with a quick outward fling of the hands, "I have found nothing—absolutely nothing. But that's 'shop,' isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, I have fads, of course. But not very badly—suppose we say pets instead? Indeed I love animals—you should see my tiny dogs!"

There was going to be some more about those dogs, but just then two stalwart young men signalled Miss Lipman—we were in the wings now—and with a quick little gesture of promise and regret she ran over to where they knelt, settled herself on their shoulders, patted her skirts into place, and a second later was borne triumphantly on stage to meet a delighted ripple of laughter and applause.

"Isn't she sweet?" said the pretty little girl who played Simone's daughter, coming off after the scene. Everybody in the company loves her. She's so gracious and thoughtful."

More than just being sweet herself, she is a charming actress. As acted by Miss Lipman, the play is innocent and true and sweet, while retaining its Gallic sparkle and verve. Her interpretation of the part of Simone, the capricious, mirth-loving French star, who has given up her husband and baby for her art, and now when her daughter is eighteen comes over to America to see how she is behaving, is refined and subtle. The situation is somewhat difficult, for Simone wants to be young—young! to have everybody adore her just as they have always done, to go through life a happy, spoilt child. But ah, here is her great grown-up daughter Marjory, about to be married, and wreck the illusion. Simone is desolated. Yet when Marjory needs her, the mother in Simone triumphs, and she proves that she can be as tender and wise and self-forgetful as mothers ought to be. In the last act she is reconciled to her husband, whom, under her frivolity, she has never ceased to love, and Simone the fairy becomes Simone the mother and wife.

MRS. DOT

"A CUP-AND-SAUCER version of Shaw's 'Man and Superman'," is what a clever critic calls W. Somerset Maugham's comedy in which curly-headed Billie Burke romps so delightfully this season, and the phrase hits the nail on the head. Light, fluffy, sparkling, full of clever talk and situations, gaily cynical without Shaw's edged paradoxing, "Mrs. Dot," to change the metaphor, is a jewelled stiletto for a lady's hair where "Man and Superman" is a two-edged sword.

In the character of Mrs. Dot, Billie Burke has the role of an amusing little kitten of a widow, left outrageously rich by her conveniently-dead brewer husband, and somewhat unreasonably in love with Gerald Halstane, who is the common type of the impecunious younger son, and who has, "all on account of a perfectly absurd moon," engaged himself to Nellie, daughter of Lady Sellenger, although he loves Mrs. Dot in an uncertain, wool-gathering fashion of his own. There's nothing uncertain or wool-gathering about Mrs. Dot, though; when she loves him, she does it determinedly, and no amount of fiancées are going to prevent her from marrying Gerald Halstane, in spite of her frank admission that he is stone-broke, rather dull and not overwhelmingly good-looking.

"But Law!" she says, viciously punching a sofa with the point of her pink parasol, "what does anybody ever want to marry anybody else for?" And with that she sets her clever little red head to work. Before the rest of the cast can wink, she has engineered a love-affair between her cousin Freddie and Nellie Sellenger, waked up her own lukewarm adorer by making him jealous of another man, and dances about her garden in an ecstasy of joyous abandon, chanting, "I'll marry him yet! I'll marry him yet!" to the frank amusement of the other man and her humorous old aunt.

Oh yes, of course it all comes out happy-ever-after—with that red hair and that determination it couldn't be otherwise—but Miss Burke's spirited self is the most interesting thing in the



No amount of so-burns and so-burns can make her more lovely than she is. (The woman in the picture is the actress who plays the part of the heroine in the play.)

story. It is difficult to see how any man, even a fatuous creature like Gerald Halstane, could resist laying himself down for her pretty little slippers to dance on. She is the incarnation of health and gayety and light-heartedness, and in everything but the love-scenes she is true and charming. There, she is disappointing—but she

makes up for it so generously elsewhere that you can't take her unloverliness to your much-loved heart.

Coming an hourly loaded and clever character's Billie Burke—and with those three C's, she certainly needn't worry about her ability to keep the waltz from the floor and her place in the hearts of her admirers.



MRS. FISKE

In "*Ducky Sharp*" Mrs. Fiske has come again to her own, with a keener, more finished and subtle delineation of Thackeray's famous heroine than has ever before been achieved

THE SLIM PRINCESS

A JOYOUS, rollicking, long-legged tomboy is Elsie Janis, American to the core, and no amount of Turkish head-dresses and silken draperies and seed-pearls can make anything else of her, though the scene of George Ade's new musical comedy is laid in the Land of the Crescent, and gives all sorts of chances for heavyweight Turkish beauty and obdurate Turkish papas.

But in spite of her surroundings, Elsie Janis is the same old—or rather young—Elsie still, just as frolicky, just as boyish, just as full of abandon as ever—and a dreadful disappointment to the Pasha-Bey-Hajji, or whatever his official title is, who longs to see his daughters fat and married and off his hands.

"The Slim Princess" is a dramatization of George Ade's book of the same

name, which came out some time since and delighted the marshmallow school of readers with its sweet sugar-dustiness. It hasn't suffered much change behind the footlights, although it is very cleverly embellished with gay songs, attractive ballets and dances which give the lithe and slender Elsie full opportunity to fling her graceful self in reckless boyish abandon about the stage, and win over her autocratic parent with a quaintness all her own. The slangy, businesslike young American lover from Pittsburg is well-played, though sometimes a bit over-breezy and entusisatic: the grand vizier recalls the inimitable Nish in "The Merry Widow," although without Nish's salt of wisdom and humorous cock of the eye. The half-dozen bouncing beauties of the chorus who portray the Ottoman idea of feminine loveliness weigh all that could be desired, and the petulant and plump younger sister of the Slim Princess, who is known as "The Full-Blown Rose," is all that could be expected by the most exacting Mussulman.

In short, "The Slim Princess" isn't instructive or philosophical, but it is tuneful, gay, amusing—and what more does a reasonable person want after the office is closed or the supper-dishes out of the way?

MRS. FISKE AS "BECKY"

AFTER Mrs. Fiske's season in the bedraggled petticoat-tails of "Salvation Nell," it is pleasant to discover her again as Becky Sharp, that "unscrupulous, daring, smooth-spoken, attractive little witch-devil," who has repelled and lured and dragged men to destruction with her winning pretenses for so long.

Becky, as played by Mrs. Fiske, is a marvel of artistry, a piece of truth without an atom of affectation or flashiness. Cold, cruel, adorable, she is a type portrayed for all time by Thackeray, and interpreted with keen insight and restraint by the star. There is never a minute when she loses the attention of her audience, whether she is in the obviously unobtrusive mouse-colored bonnet and gown of Miss

Crawley's humble companion, in the brilliant costume of the Duchess of Richmond's ball, or the final untidy and ragged plaid dress of the last act. Her Becky is the only one it is possible to conceive, the unquestionably true Becky, and one wishes that "Old Thack" himself might have seen Mrs. Fiske in the character of his cruel and fascinating heroine.

The other members of the company are worthy of Mrs. Fiske. Holbrook Blinn as the Marquis of Steyne, Henry Stephenson as Rawdon Crawley, Florine Arnold as Miss Crawley, and most of the other characters all are doing good work and making the cast unusually well-balanced and pleasing.

MRS. DOT'S PHILOSOPHY

THE chief aim of any woman who takes pains with her clothes is to make herself look as near an abandoned hussy as she can.

A man never thinks a woman sees anything unless she looks at him with both her eyes wide open.

You know I'm a good sort, really; I talk a lot of nonsense, but I don't mean it—why, I don't listen to it half the time myself.

You're a cynic, a rich man, and bachelor; no man has a right to be all three.

If you marry her, it won't be love in a cottage; it will be matrimony in the suburbs.

Men are all sentimentalists; what a lovely mess the world would get into if it weren't for the practical common-sense of the average woman!

If people waited to know each other before they got married, the world wouldn't be so grossly over-populated as it is now.

No man is ever quite safe from the toils of woman until he is in his coffin, and even then probably some feminine worm will make a dead set at him.



SHE KEEPS ME GUESSING

By J. W. K.

HERE'S to the girl I call mine—all mine,
She drinks wine and she bets,
And she smokes cigarettes,
And at times she forgets
That she's mine—it's distressing !
But what can you do with these pretty
coquettes ?

I guess that she's mine—and she just
keeps me guessing.

OLD MAN GIDDLES OBSERVES

MOST men cannot give any better
reason why a woman should not
vote than most women can give why
she should.

When some men aren't making excuses
for their own mistakes they are
commenting on the mistakes of others.

If you commend a man's work he
sets you down as an expert; if you find
fault with it he pities you for your lack
of knowledge.

You can tell about your troubles so
often that you'll begin to believe that
you really have them.

Any "old-fashioned" cure for any-
thing is worse than the disease.

You may become so great that after
you are gone your statue will be set up
in the parks and people will ask who it
is.

Ezra Plunkett says that he has
thought it over for five years and hasn't
been able to decide what a tattooed
man might have been if he hadn't
adopted that profession.

Mrs. Mose Jordan wants her club to
discuss the question: Why Does It
Make a Man Angry to Have His Old
Love Letters Read to Him?

When some people get a new bit of
gossip they start down street mentally
shouting "Extra!"

SONG

By A. R. MUNDAY

THY beauty and thy beauty's worth,
The fittest meed and love to claim,
Have given my desires birth
And made a music of thy name;
And absence cannot wring the tear
Thy presence starts and cannot stay;
Thy very graces bear a fear,
Which drives their pleasantness
away.

Thy wayward hair and lightsome eyes,
Thy wild fair joyousness of mien,
Quickened my soul to sweet surprise,
Completion of desire seen;
And every pleasant gesture seems
To startle and renew my brain
With bliss beyond the joy of dreams,
And gentle thoughts I seek again.

CONFIDENCE

"SO you wish to marry my daugh-
ter?" asks the conventional father.
"Do you think you can support her in
the style to which she has been ac-
customed?"

"No, sir," frankly replies the con-
fident young man. "But I think I
can accustom her to the style in which
I will be able to support her."



CANADA WEST MONTHLY



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PUBLISHERS'

D ID you ever hear of the man-wolf hidden away in the gloomy pine-woods north of Lake Superior? It was an unnamed creature, an evil Something that killed by night, and got away unseen, a mystery that terrorized a whole country-side, and remained unsolved until a party of trained newspaper men and a courageous newspaper woman ferreted the secret out—that's the story of **PERE LOUP-GAROU**, our new serial which will run through the year. How one man went mad and another was nearly killed, and how out of the horror flowered a romance as sweet and unexpected as a rose in a barnyard is a story that will hold you right from the start—grip you with both hands and refuse to let you go. **E. B. WATERWORTH** is the author, and he will keep you guessing from month to month until you can hardly wait for the next number of the magazine. It grows more and more tense, more and more vivid, right up to the last chapter. And remember, you must have every number of the magazine to get the story—it will not be finished for nearly a year, and you don't want to miss a single link in the chain.

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A WARNING

BY W. D. NESBIT

OLD Santa Claus stopped all the noise
Within his shop. Said he:
"I hear there are some little boys
Who don't believe in me.

"They shan't have any Christmas toys,
They shan't have any tree—
I don't believe in little boys
Who don't believe in me."





"WE'RE GOIN', WE'RE TELLIN' YOU, JUST AS SOON AS WE CAN GET A FEW
BLAME' CLOTHES ON . . . DANG IT, WE AIN'T DONE ANYTHING!"

McGahan's Christmas
See page 101

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME IX.

LONDON, DECEMBER, 1910

NUMBER 2

The Firebrand

ARTHUR STRINGER

AUTHOR OF "THE WIRE-TAPPERS,"
"THE GUN-RUNNER", ETC.



PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON—

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

- OTTO SCHNAUBELT—The firebrand, a white-faced young An-
archist of twenty-seven, with the gift of oratory and a touch
of the deliriant. Being half Polish and half Bavarian by birth, he speaks
with a slight accent, and has the fluency of the bi-linguist as well as the
fire of the prophet. His body is slight, his hair is dark and long, and
his entire figure, when not in action, is pathetic.
- PHILIP DRYSTER—A Wall Street capitalist of forty-eight. Large and heavy of
figure, he suggests both power and pomposity. His clean-shaven face,
though puffy, is a fighter's face. He is quite grey at the temples, but his
well-groomed figure discounts the impression of old age.
- LOUISE DRYSTER—His young wife, of twenty-four or twenty-five. She is a beautiful
woman, used to luxury, and a typical product of her environment, yet
with a strong streak of innate practicality, and not above using her personal
charm for the attainment of personal ends. Blonde.
- OLGA NIKITA—A Russian "Red" refugee, about the same age as Louise, but dark,
passionate and self-reliant. She is in love with Otto. Her intellectuality
places her above her "Terrorist" companions, but she, like Otto, has a
touch of the deliriant. Thin-faced.

ROCHETTE }
 SCHMIDT } *Anarchists and members of the Inner Circle, all hungry-eyed, unkempt,*
 TODARO } *over-garrulous, and not especially savory-looking aggregation of*
 WATCHEL } *conglomerate nationalities.*

NIKOFF—Called "Peg-Leg," having lost a limb in a Continental bomb-outrage. He is the oldest of the band, is an opium-eater, and his ostensible vocation is that of street-musician, playing the concertina.

DOYLE—Philip Dryster's confidential agent, a calm-eyed, alert-moving, secretarial man of about thirty, retaining his business-like aspect even in moments of excitement.

ENGLISH BUTLER and FOOTMAN—In the employ of the Dryster's at their Long Island country home.

ACT FIRST

The scene is an East Side Anarchists' cellar, a bald and squalid room with font of type and printing-press against back wall. In front of this font stands Otto, setting type, oblivious of his surroundings. Around a plain deal table in the centre of the room sit Watchel, Rochette, Todaro and Schmidt. Beside them stands the girl Olga. The nervous tension of this white-faced group is obvious, both Olga and the men invariably speaking with slow and solemn deliberation. Across one of three tables along the side of the room sprawls what is plainly a drunken man, fast asleep. During all the talk this man, who is Doyle, the Dryster secret agent, never moves nor looks up. Nikoff, a drug-fiend, and the oldest of the Anarchists, sits doped and happy, with his back to the audience and his feet up on one end of the type-font, and takes no part in the action. But from time to time, he plays "The Marseillaise" on a wheezy concertina which he holds between his knees, until shouted at and stopped by the others.

ROCHETTE: Why isn't Nikoff in on this deal?

OLGA: He's under the eye. They took him to police headquarters Tuesday. Otto says he must keep quiet and not be seen for a week or two.

ROCHETTE: I guess we're all under the eye!

OLGA (*Ignoring his complaint*): There are twenty cards here, ace, king, queen, jack and ten. That makes four for each.

WATCHEL: And the same card as last month?

OLGA (*Quietly, showing it*): Yes, the ace of spades.

SCHMIDT: He drows der bomb? Dat ace off spades?

OLGA (*Absently*): Yes. He throws the bomb. (*Turning to look for Otto.*) Otto, you must come. (*He does not answer.*) Otto, it's time for the lots!

ROCHETTE (*Seeing figure asleep across table-top, and pointing in alarm*): Wait! Who's that? What's he doing here?

WATCHEL: Oh, that's only Snelling, the Ferrer delegate.

ROCHETTE: From where?

WATCHEL: Patterson.

TODARO: Whata right has he here?

WATCHEL: He brought over the United Brotherhood funds—the money you're going to live on for the next month.

SCHMIDT: Vell, drow him oud! Dis vas der Inner Circle meeding.

WATCHEL (*Eying cards in Olga's hand*): Oh, can't you see he's helpless?

OLGA: He's been there, drunk, for five hours.

ROCHETTE (*Crossing and shaking the sodden figure, which only falls back inert and helpless*): Bah! He's as drunk as a lord! (*Looking at Nikoff as the concertina sounds*) And there's Peg-Leg doped again!

TODARO: Did he giva da pass-word?

OLGA: Of course, or he wouldn't be here.

SCHMIDT: I dink we ought to drow him oud.

WATCHEL: Well, throw him out and shut up.

SCHMIDT (*Nerves raw*): Drow him oud yourself.

ROCHETTE (*To Nikoff still playing the Marseillaise*): Stop that! Shut up!

OLGA (*Dragging tattered old screen between sleeper and the four conspirators*): That shuts us off. (*Looking to*

back of room) Otto, we are drawing the lots.

(*Otto looks up, crosses to table, dreamily, with type-stick still in his hand, and places chair at table.*)

OTTO (*With dreamy indifference*): My cards go here. Tell me when they're dealt. (*He goes back to his type-font, preoccupied, and reading with occasional earnest gestures from his manuscript, goes on setting type. Olga deals out the cards, slowly, one at a time, face down on the table, in five piles. The men are trembling. They watch each other, every moment.*)

OLGA (*Calling*): Otto!

OTTO (*Absently*): In a moment—just a moment.

(*Olga steps to table where Otto's cards lie. All wait one moment, take a deep breath, and with one movement, take up their hands. Each hand is turned over slowly, in utter silence, with every sign of a sort of terrified suspense. Olga starts, shows fear. Otto's hand is seen to hold the ace of spades. This card she quickly places at bottom of hand, flings the four together on the table centre, and laughs hysterically.*)

OLGA: Not here!

SCHMIDT (*He blinks and beams*): Vell! (*He joyfully flings his cards to the centre of the table.*)

WATCHEL (*As he laughs triumphantly and flings his four cards out on the pile*): And me too!

TODARO (*Standing up in his exultant excitement and flipping four cards, one by one face up on the table centre*): And I no gotta da ace!

OLGA (*Shrilly*): Wait! (*She catches up cards in a body*) This is wrong. Somebody has cheated! (*She runs through cards in her lap with feverish fingers. Then she cries with challenging derision as she holds up the ace of spades*) What's that? Who is the coward here?

The four men, by this time, are on their feet, all calling and gesticulating and shouting together. "Yes, who's the coward?" "Who's the welcher?" "You people make me sick!" "Somebody's a liar at this table!" "Don't look at me when you say that!" "By God, the card was there!" "Was it,

then who got rid of it so quick?" "Some coward of a hound!" "You calla me a 'ound? You tief of de Cross!" "You saw my cards! You saw there was no ace in my four!" "I didn't see your cards! But I saw my own. And I had no ace to sneak away!" "I don't believe it!" "I'll make you eat that or—" "I'll killa da man who calla me da coward!"

(*Otto comes in their midst and pushes them apart. His movements are no longer languid. There is fire in his eye, and he speaks and moves with the authority of a man conscious of his hortatory abilities.*)

OTTO: Shut up, you fools; shut up! Sit down—sit down, all of you. What are we here, the Inner Circle, or a gang of bar-room loafers? Are we Sons of Freedom, or are we a lot of swine at a trough? You, Rochette, and you, Schmidt, and you, and you, do you call yourself Anarchists? You're sitting here face to face with the chance of a lifetime. You know your hour has come; you know it's the time to act. And here you haggle and squabble about it as though you were afraid—yes, afraid, of what is going to be one of the greatest days in the annals of all Anarchy!

SCHMIDT: Dot's vat you dink! We don't!

WATCHEL: You've got the side-job of being a spell-binder. All that comes our way is the dirty work.

OTTO: Dirty work. Who dares to call it dirty work? Dirty? It's the most beautiful work that human hands were ever turned to. It's the work of cleansing, of purifying. Good God, what made you all Anarchists? You, Watchel, what made you an Anarchist?

WATCHEL: Thirteen children and no job. Ain't that enough?

OTTO (*To Rochette*): And you, what made you an Anarchist?

ROCHETTE (*He speaks slowly, but every word carries*): I saw my wife shot by the police, in the Car Shops strike. I saw her when she went down. She was shot in the breast—in the left breast. I tried to get to her. I had heard her scream. And I saw the little one fall out of her arms. I tried to tell

them. They only clubbed me back. Then I fought to get to her. They gave me twelve months for disorderly conduct and inciting to riot. When I came out she was dead. The baby was dead. Everything was gone. Everything.

OTTO (*Breaking the silence*): And you, Schmidt?"

SCHMIDT: I haf read much. I haf thought many years. I haf seen many countries. But I haf never seen Liberty. It vas wrong, der whole world! From der stard it vas wrong. So, we muss stard *ofer*. And to stard *ofer*, we muss end where we vas before. We must exblode vat iss. So! Der Anarchist is der only—

OTTO: All right, all right! And you, Todaro?

TODARO (*Vehemently*): Dachestnutta! Otto: The what?

TODARO (*With increasing fierceness as he proceeds*): Da chestnutta! Da policamans! Da kidda! Leesten! I sella da chestnutta. Da kidda steala da nutta. I chasa da kid. Anodder kidda keeck over da stand, spilla da nutta, losa da oil, grabba da mon, grabba da nutta. Da policamans he pincha me. Taka me to da Nighta Cour'. Da Judge he say: "Five dollar! Getta da license!" So! I getta da license. Da policamans he taka da nutta, mucha, den he say: "Getta to 'ell offa da street." I tella him I hava da license. He say to 'ell wit' alla da ginneys and shuta up and move on. So I move on to da odder street. Da kidda upsetta da stand, two, t'ree time. I chasa da kidda. I catch heem and tella heem to come back and pick up alla da nut. Da odder kidda t'row da stone at me. Da mans all say, "Keel da Dago!" Dey chasa me. Da horse knocka me down. Da policamans taka me to da Judge, and da Judge he say: "One mont' on da Island! I tella you ginneys to get da license!" Den I say, "I gotta da license!" "Order in da Cour'!" he say, "and t'ree mont's on da Island!" So, I say, w'en I laugh, so: "Ha, da Landa of da Free!" Den da Judge he say: "Six mont' on da Island!" Ha! So! I no maka da mon' no more! No! I

maka da bomb! I waita my time! I say to 'ell wit' da Law! To 'ell wit da flaga! Da Judge! Da countree! To 'ell wit' every'ting!

(*Otto, who is pacing back and forth, no longer seems to hear him. Then he stops and turns on them suddenly.*)

OTTO: You call yourself an Anarchist, and you, and you, and you! Because you suffered a little personal wrong, because you felt the heel of the law. And here's this man Dryster sucking the blood of life out of a whole nation. You saw the bread riots yesterday. You saw your own red flags torn down on Third Avenue. You were clubbed like a lot of curs. This morning you saw hungry women shot down in Union Square. You saw children trampled over by mounted men. And in one week you've seen bread go up from five cents a loaf to six, and then to seven, and then to eight and nine. You have seen hungry homes and heard babies crying for food. And why? Just because a fat hog in the shape of a human being wants a few more million dollars. Just because he and his parasites have been tricky enough to corner a hundred and twenty million bushels of wheat, of the world's wheat, of *our* wheat! And now he's got his corner and now they're calling him the new Wheat King. He has laid his wires, and now he is drawing them tight, tight about eighty million people. That one man can loosen or tighten those wires as he chooses, and when he tightens them, it's the whole world that suffers. His voice says how hungry we shall be, how small a loaf we shall eat, whether we shall live or die. He's the new king of wheat—but it only takes four ounces of nitro-glycerine to smash that whole bubble of inflated and insolent greed! One toss of the hand, and the core is torn out of the whole weltering, corrupting mass. It's got to be done, and it's going to be done. So, here, bring those cards. And as surely as I believe in Terrorism, I believe it's an honor to be handed that ace of spades. And I only hope that I'm the man who gets the privilege of blowing this Philip Dryster to the Hell where he belongs!

(*He is plainly a little drunk with his own wordy oratory as he takes his place at the table. Olga watches him, all the time. Her face is very white, but she speaks quietly.*)

OLGA: Shall I deal again?

OTTO: Why not? (*He turns to the four silent men as she slowly and impressively deals out the cards, one at a time, as before.*) But why are you sitting here like a gang of convicts under a scaffold? What are you Anarchists for? Why do you belong to the Inner Circle? Why has the International Board been paying you the money and keeping you month by month, if it didn't mean something to be on the Executive Committee, if it didn't mean something more than getting drunk on red ink and cheap music and rhetoric and going around mouthing about your Rights? Rights! I tell you we've got no Rights until we take them. And this is one of the times we have to take them. (*They all take up their cards.*) And here we find out who that happy man is to be.

(*The silence is unbroken. Each man looks at his cards. Olga watches Otto. Not a word is spoken. Then Watchel moves. His hands begin to shake. His eyes stare, stupidly. He is the picture of helpless terror. The ace of spades falls from his fingers to the table. The others throw down their cards, staring at him, as he stumbles and lurches to his feet in convulsive terror.*)

WATCHEL: (*Screaming*): No! I can't do it! My God, I can't!

OTTO: Sit down!

WATCHEL (*Frenziedly*): I can't! I—I have a woman and thirteen children!

OTTO (*Suddenly jumping to his feet, his firebrand of a face ablaze*): No! You can't do it! You won't do it! I won't give you the chance, you white-livered time-server. I will do it myself! Do you hear? You don't need to corner me into it. I want to do it. And I'm going to. I'd give ten years of my life to be the man who wipes out this blot, the biggest blot in the life of this Republic. I'd be ready to rot behind the thickest prison bars ever forged, if I could be known as the man who flung

this wheat king out of the world he's trying to starve, if I could show his kind that their day is over, if I could teach them that when they take Justice by the throat, the Terrorist is there to take them by the throat! You understand? It's settled. That's all you're here for. You can all go down to Cooper Union and argue with Emma Goldman about your Rights and write poems for Mother-Earth and rub elbows with the Pastor-Stokes when the angel-cake basket is passed around. But I—in-side of twenty-four hours I'm going to hurl a human life up into the face of God and show Him there's one man not wanted on this world of His!

(*They are all on their feet by this time, and they slowly draw back as the fierceness of Otto's declamation increases.*)

WATCHEL: Then you'll do it?

ROCHETTE: You say you throw the bomb?

SCHMIDT: You vass der man?

OTTO: Yes, I am the man. It's settled. You can breathe easier, all of you. And that being settled, I take it your meeting is over.

SCHMIDT: (*After him as he crosses to press*): Der picric acid, mit der Schmid-lapp fulminate iss der best bomb! It iss—

OTTO: The bomb will not fail.

OLGA (*Who has followed him*): But you can't! You can't!

OTTO: Why not?

OLGA: Not so soon, not to-morrow. To-morrow you have promised to speak at the Tompkins Square meeting. And at Haddow Hall in Brooklyn at night. They're counting on you. You can hold them together.

OTTO: No, it's love for one another, it's hatred for Wrong, that's got to hold them together.

OLGA: But there's the strikers. They need you. You can keep them buoyant and hopeful.

OTTO: Then I'll give them something more than words to keep them buoyant and hopeful. (*To the four men, who are making ready to go*) And save your faces, gentlemen, and possibly your feelings, by informing the Central Committee it was I who drew the card. It is settled; I blame nobody. In two

days you will envy me. You will give your right hand to be in my shoes. Tomorrow at ten I shall confer with the Committee. But wait, don't go together. Rochette first. Then Todaro. Then Watchel. And Schmidt last. *(They each murmur "Fraternitas" as they go out. Otto stands watching them. Olga sorrowfully puts on her coat and hat. She is pinning on a heavy veil, when she suddenly stops, turns to Otto, and cries out.)*

OLGA: What will I do, if anything should happen?

OTTO (*Not yet down to earth*): You will do what other women have done. You'll feel sorry at first, and then you'll get over it.

OLGA (*Passionately*): Never! I'll never get over it!

OTTO (*Staring at her in astonishment*): That sounds like one of the rabble, like an ordinary woman.

OLGA: Oh, I believe I *am* an ordinary woman.

OTTO (*Once more the firebrand*): And the Cossacks cut your back open? You saw your father stood up against a wall in Warsaw and shot down? You took the Oath at Berna—and you say that?

OLGA: It all seems so useless. Sometimes it seems worse than useless. And I'm afraid now, afraid to face—*(almost in a scream)* Oh, Otto, don't let me be a coward!

OTTO (*As she forlornly clings to him*): There! There! What's the matter? *(He calls her the Russian word for little pigeon.)*

OLGA (*Gazing into his eyes*): I'm afraid.

OTTO: For what?

OLGA: For you! I'm afraid for you! *(They stand there, close together, looking into each others' eyes. Otto turns dazedly about the room which reminds him of his work.)*

OTTO: It's no use. We've got to face it!

OLGA (*Following him step by step, hungrily, as he moves gently away*): I know. But it's so hard!

OTTO (*The firebrand once more lashing himself with his own rhetoric*): Hard! Hard! How can you say that? Is it hard to cut away the gangrene? Is it

hard to take out a rotting tooth, to uproot a cancer, to end a disease? No! It's glorious. It's purification. It means Hope. On it hinges the hope of men and women still unborn. No, no,—it's glorious. It's something that stands above love of home, and love of women, and love of life. I can feel my blood sing with the rapture of it. I can feel it thrill me into something that seems almost god-like. I can shake my fist in the face of Destiny. Anarchy! It's the only torch that can cleanse the world. It's the only true faith in an earth that's overcrowded with dead things. It only destroys that it may deliver, that it may redeem. And if Christ were alive to-day, if instead of being the son of a shepherd-folk who wandered beside a peaceful little lake, he were the hungry child of flat-dwellers in this over-crowded city of steel and stone, facing what you and I have to face, He would be an Anarchist. He would be a child of Anarchy as surely as He was once nailed to a cross!

OLGA (*Catching at him, unheeding and unhappy, as he slowly leads her to the door, which he as slowly opens*): Oh, help me, Otto! I'm afraid! *(They stand together, for a moment, arm in arm, without speaking. Then, with a sob, Olga turns and goes out through the door. As she goes, and without turning back, she murmurs, as did the others, "Fraternitas!")* She speaks the word with a sob. Otto, as before, answers, "Fraternitas!" He stands for a moment or two looking after her, in a daze. Still in a daze he crosses to his printing-press, locks the form, lifts it to the press; and having struck a copy and examined it, begins running the small and noisy hand-press. He does it at a furious rate, as though he found relief in action. The sound of the press disturbs the lolling and dreamy-eyed Nikoff, with his concertina still between his knees, for on the wheezy instrument he again begins to play "The Marseillaise". Otto, busy with his printing, does not stop him. But as this goes on, the third figure, the apparently drunken man sprawled across the table, slowly lifts his head, looks covertly about, quietly rises to his feet, takes in the details



"IF CHRIST WERE ALIVE TO-DAY, IF INSTEAD OF BEING THE SON OF A SHEPHERD-FOLK WHO WANDERED BESIDE A PEACEFUL LITTLE LAKE, HE WERE THE HUNGRY CHILD OF FLAT-DWELLERS IN THIS OVER-CROWDED CITY OF STEEL AND STONE, FACING WHAT YOU AND I HAVE TO FACE, HE WOULD BE A CHILD OF ANARCHY AS SURELY AS HE WAS ONCE NAILED TO THE CROSS."

of the room, and without a spoken word crosses noiselessly to the door and opens it. He looks back, for a moment, then steps out and as quietly closes the door.

The curtain comes down with Otto bent over his press, wrapped up in his work, unconscious of what is around him.)

CURTAIN.



Act II of "The Firebrand" will appear in Canada Monthly for January.

THE JOURNEY'S END

BY THOMAS A. DALY

GOOD-BYE, dear heart. Be thou, as I am, glad.
 Glad for the grace of loneliness and yearning
 My heart, far faring from thee, shall have had
 Ere its returning.

Pluck future joy from out this present pain;
 Rejoice to know that these small seeds of sorrow
 Shall be Love's harvest when we meet again,
 Some bright to-morrow.

A Nook of the Cote de Neiges

By Ellen P. Huling

Illustrated with Photographs

DAISIES and clover run riot over the low mounds. In the hollows between, wild-roses and tangles of purple vetch sway lazily in the breeze. The air is heavy with perfume of sweet-grass and yellow clover, aflash with innumerable scarlet butterflies glittering brilliant as living flame. Behind us in the distance lie the low green ascents of Mt. Trafalgar: before us, the quiet cemetery slopes quiver upward through the heat. The little valley, shut in its warm odors and sunlight, walled in by fine impalpable haze, is the very embodiment of peace.

Through the trees in the distance gleam the marble monuments of the rich, rising tier above tier on the high hillside. But at our feet, low among the grass and daisies, lie the simple graves of French peasants, humble, yet not unmarked by love and care. Of the many visitors to Montreal, few come to this spot. Its simple graves, saved from the oblivion of time by images, relics, and crosses, belong rather to the past than to our restless present. And yet, in its quaintness, above all in its cheerful peace, this nook of the Cote de Neiges Cemetery is well worth a visit. Here, if ever, one might say of the dead "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

It is just this air of cheerfulness which most impresses the visitor. What though the owners cannot afford the perpetual tendance, the paid official care given to mortuaries of the rich? Here the very headstones, plain boards on which some habitant mourner has traced the name with illiterate but

painstaking hand, show loving thought. No grave is without its tribute. Tiny dishes of holy water, rude crucifixes tied to the head-stones, papers of Latin prayers, even the little saints' images—broken, worn, but still vigilant—all show that the dead are not forgotten. Over the resting-places of little children cluster the tiny blossoms called "pensées"—"thoughts." And, beside the wild flowers that cover them like a mantle, few graves are without their blaze of scarlet geraniums, their tangle of fragrant clove-pinks, or their border of forget-me-nots. Everywhere is the brightness which the French love even in death. The sun shines warm, the scarlet geraniums gleam gay among the grasses. Who would dream this a place of mourning?

Perhaps the first thing that catches the eye is the odd form and ornamentation of the headstones, if one may so call the wooden monuments that mark the graves. Most of them are cross-shaped: most of them, too, manage to give not only the name but the likeness of their owner. This is done by means of a curious little niche hollowed out of the front of the headstone, which,



for the purpose, is made four or five inches thick. The niche is faced with glass or else has a swinging door. Inside of the glass stands a tiny picture of the deceased, usually surrounded by artificial flowers or plump little wax cherubs. The pictures are very realistic; even scarlet-tinted cheeks and stiff, unnatural poses cannot hide their likeness to the originals. One tin-type shows a middle-aged woman in a kitchen apron with her sleeves rolled up; another, an old habitant in his black cap, smoking a pipe. Plain, heavy, good faces they are for the most part; shrewd and not without a certain tinge of humor. In the same niche, close to the picture, are placed china figures of the Virgin and saints. St. Anne and the Magdalene seem to be the chief favorites, but St. Joseph and

St. Anthony are also very popular. Beside the pictures and images, the headstones have much ornamentation in the form of gilt balls, scroll work, and rather grotesque carving. But differ otherwise as they may, somewhere upon every headstone there must be a cross. Without that, the dead would not rest well.

The lettering on the graves, being for the most part done at home, is very rude. In some cases the spelling is so bad that one cannot tell whether man or woman sleeps below. Each grave bears the name, age, and date of death; most of them have, also, a Latin prayer or a little sentiment of some kind. The latter is always cheerful. Copied literally, spelling and all, the following inscription is a typical one :

Ici Repose le Corps
De

Philiasse Labelle
Decede le 15 Nov. 1894
A L'age De 34 Ans.
Consollez-vous, Vous
Tous Mets Cher
J' Abandonne
Une Valle de Larme
Pour le Royaume
Des Cieux.

The names themselves legible when all else is obliterated, have a quaint sound. "Rose-Delima," "Zoe," "Scholastique," "Domethilde"—one repeats the names wonderingly. But, perhaps the oddest name is one that reminds of the old pioneer days when black-eyed, red-haired, little Jean Batiste MacAlpine spoke with equal facility the Gaelic of his father or the soft French of his mother. On a plain, wooden headstone, noticeable only for red posts at the corners, one reads the following:

ici
Repose le Corps
De
William, Alias
Guillaume Scott.

"Guillaume Scott"! There is the history of Canada in a nutshell.

Although the cemetery is a



PERHAPS THE FIRST THING THAT CATCHES THE EYE IS THE ODD FORM AND ORNAMENTATION OF THE HEADSTONES. MOST OF THEM ARE CROSS-SHAPED, AND GIVE NOT ONLY THE NAME, BUT THE LIKENESS OF THE SLEEPER BELOW



A VISTA IN THE COTE DE NEIGES. ALTHOUGH THE CEMETERY IS A VERY OLD ONE, FEW LEGIBLE INSCRIPTIONS BEAR THE DATES OF LONG AGO. FOR THE BLACK LETTERING WEARS OFF QUICKLY AND THE BOARDS SPLIT AND CRACK IN THE FROSTS

very old one, few legible inscriptions bear dates of long ago. The black lettering wears off quickly; the boards split and fall in the frosts of the long bleak winters. Most of the inscriptions of 1885—"cette année" when, bearing victims of the small-pox, the black hearses crawled many and often up the steep Cote de Neiges road—are even now, like their owners, blotted out from the memory of man. One very old grave dated "1802 Lachine" still remains. The corners of the headstone are rounded by time, the name is gone, but the stolid old peasant face with its high cheek-bones still looks out through its glass window soberly, hardly, as of old. There is no merriment in that face: in those days life was hard at Lachine.

But if there are not many very old graves, there are hosts of odd ones. One grave without a headstone is distinguished by a cross outlined in seventy-six oval disks of white porcelain. Another has each of the white stones in its border protected by a small glass dish. Still a third is ornamented with oyster shells, while a fourth is covered with pieces of glittering tin cut into crosses and into the form of the letter "G" for "Gesú." Here is a monument made of slender iron piping.

Across it is fastened a heart-shaped piece of tin on which the name has been scratched with some sharp-pointed instrument. Yonder is a headstone over which, to protect the writing, a glass-bottomed metal dish, yellow within, white without, has been suspended. To our left is a peculiar grave ornamented, at regular distances, by electric light insulators. Near it is a cross made of empty spools fastened together with wire. Everywhere one sees wreaths of beads and immortelles, everywhere multitudes of artificial flowers and little saints' figures.

One of the oddest things in the cemetery is found on a grave so poor that it has not even a headstone. It is an elaborate funeral wreath of gray and white beads strung on wires over an oval piece of tin. Around the very edge of the tin runs an intricate flower pattern. In the centre are two large bead flowers surrounded by an inner border of innumerable leaves and flowers with tiny petals. Small as are the petals, each is made of gray beads doubled around a single white bead. All of the foliage is made by hand in the same patient, laborious manner. And yet, gazing at the little wreath, its oddity is forgotten. More than the most costly monument on the



EVERYWHERE IS THE BRIGHTNESS WHICH THE FRENCH LOVE. FEW GRAVES ARE WITHOUT THEIR BLAZE OF SCARLET GERANIUMS, THEIR TANGLE OF FRAGRANT CLOVE-PINKS, THEIR BORDER OF FORGET-ME-NOTS

hillside, it testifies to loving memory of the dead.

Another very interesting grave is that of two old habitants. The headstone itself is painted white, with round balls on the sides and a cross at the top. On the front of it is a broad, shallow niche, in which stands a china statue of the Virgin and Child. On either side of this is a curious little china angel with wings of some glistening material. Glued to their foreheads are carefully curled wisps of white hair. About them on every side is an elaborate border of white artificial flowers and black leaves. At the very top of the niche looks out a tin-type of the couple. The old man has on his heavy winter coat with his cap pulled well down over his ears and forehead. His wife is elaborately dressed, and wears, perched up on top of her high

cap, an old-fashioned bonnet with strings. Though the cheeks of the tin-type are tinted a preternatural red, the expressions are very natural. The old woman is anxiously conscious that she is having her picture taken, and even looks a bit afraid of the photographer. But her husband, who holds her hands in his own work-hardened fists, is looking down on her with a lordly, protecting air, as if saying "I'll take care of you!"

Over in this same corner of the cemetery are the graves of the very poorest. They are all numbered—French method holds even in death—but not all of them have headstones. To the left is a grave unmarked save for a bottle containing a paper of Latin prayers; beyond it is one distinguishable only by a cross outlined in yellow tiles. Yet all bear signs of someone's care. Yonder is a nameless grave with a Canadian flag that tells its own story. Close by is a bare board to which is bound by wire a crucifix. Looking more closely, you see the places where two former images have rotted away; this is the third. Nailed to a board at your feet is another crucifix. Beneath it, looking upward to the figure on the cross, stands a statue of St. Anthony. Over the grave glitter bits of tin foil; about it is a border of white stones. In a pot sunken on the grave two pink geraniums are in full bloom. Flowers grow above the grave, and through the low palings around it straggle the long-stemmed daisies and clover. In the bright afternoon sunlight it is a cheerful little place. Though the dead are nameless, they are not forgotten.

In this same part of the cemetery are many odd and pathetic graves. One, guarded by a tiny angel figure, is that of a little girl of twelve whose picture shows her in the white robe and veil of her first communion. Another is that of a brother and sister dead within eight months of each other. On a plain white cross, ornamented only by a black crucifix, is a niche containing daguerrotypes of the young man and woman. A little funeral card glued below bears this inscription:

Albert Rochon
décédé le 23 juillet 1902
à l'âge de 17 ans et 19 jours
et de sa soeur

Justine Rochon
décédée le 14 mars 1903
à l'âge de 19 ans et 9 mois

Nous les avons aimés pendant leur vie, ne
les oublions pas après leur mort.

Daignez, Seigneur Jésus, ne point séparer
dans le Ciel ceux qui furent si
étroitement unis ici-bas.

Doux cœur de Jésus, soyez mon amour
(300 jours d'indulgence)

Doux cœur de Marie, soyez mon salut
(300 jours d'indulgence)

O Bon Jésus, miséricorde
(100 jours d'indulgence)

Une communion ! Une prière, s'il vous
plaît !

Somehow the multitude of little
pictures in the headstones make you
feel as if in the presence of many
curious, gravely watchful eyes. Here
a lad of twenty-two gazes out at you
from his little glass window. He is
very polite, this poor Joseph, for on his
headstone we read :

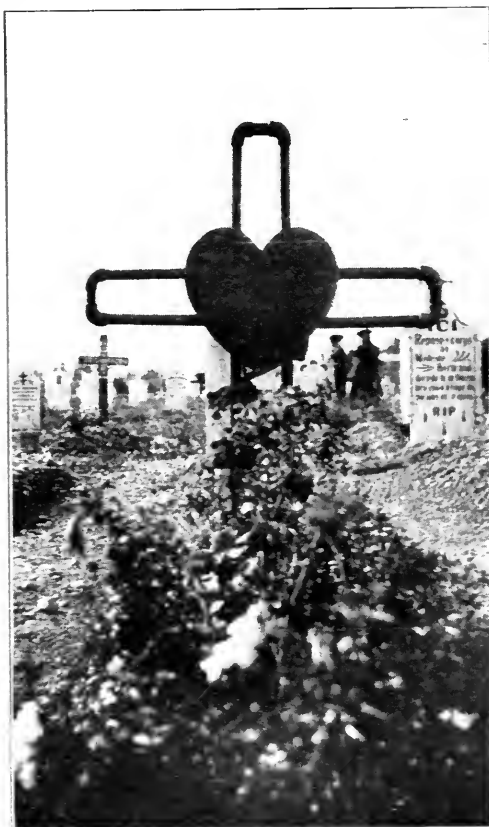
S. V. P.

Priez pour moi

R. I. P.

The persons are mixed, but the fine
French courtesy is all there.

But now the shadows are growing
longer ; the sunset light floods the
dried grasses till they glow dimly
luminous, a pale glory in the dusk.
With the chiller breeze, a scent of
yellow clover rises, sweetly penetrat-
ing. Somewhere in the distance the
Angelus bell is ringing. Over yonder
on the grassy bank a party come to
decorate the family graves are eating
their supper, picnic-fashion : the sound
of their voices comes distinctly through
the still evening air. Somehow the
happy chatter, even the laughter of
the children, does not seem out of
keeping with the simple cheerfulness
of the place. Three old habitant
women come in together. Two are
carrying bunches of clove-pinks, one
has a fresh wreath of immortelles.
At the sound of the Angelus all slip
to their knees and murmur a prayer.
Then, crossing themselves, they rise
and walk up and down among the
mounds, chatting, pointing to this or
that grave, evidently gossiping of
their friends below. There is not the



UNDER THEIR MANTLE OF FLOWERS, THE VANISHED
HABITANTS SLEEP WELL

least awe of the dead ; why should
there be ? They are very near to-
gether in French Canada—the two
worlds. No wonder that the villages
are rich in lore of spirits and haunters
of waste places ; about them contend
the hosts of darkness and light ; the
other world is so near that in a moment
one may step beyond.

The sun drops low. Up from the
valley rises the distant bleating of
lambs, the tinkle of cow-bells, the
sweet shrill voices of children. Below,
men sit smoking in the doorways with
their families around them : at our
feet the dead lie sleeping. Higher
yet on the hillside the great black cross
lifts its time-worn arms, gaunt, silent,
inscrutable in the quiet evening light.
The peasant below looks up fearlessly
and murmurs a prayer ; above, the
dead rest well. And the black cross
watches over all.



UNFORGOTTEN

BY LESLIE ADAMS

I'VE not forgotten you; wherefore I try
To fill life somehow; to dwell peace-
fully;

With friends, with work, with some poor
charity

To stifle my sore heart and still the cry
Within my soul, to soften to a sigh
The keen dear pain that racks and tor-
tures me.

. Ah yes, my days go by!

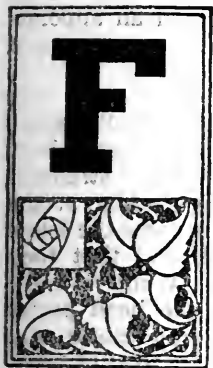
I've not forgotten—no, I only pray
For strength to keep my daytimes fairly
bright,

Endurable at least. With all my might
I thrust your image back all day—all day.
See, I can laugh the thought of you away
In sunlight . . . but, oh God, the night!

The Heart of a Man

By Cy Warman

Author of "The Last Spike," "The White Mail," etc.



FROM the moment when I found upon my desk a wire saying Billie was coming—Billie, the brilliant young uplift author—I was interested. We had belonged to the same Press Club. He was now with somebody's magazine, published in a big town famous

for the length and splendour of its main trail. I said I would help him. That was all I had been asked to do—help him. I was to help him to meet the big railway contractors, help him to see the great army of builders on the firing line, the steam shovel and the tracklaying machine in action.

By the time the slight bundle of brain and bone arrived in Montreal, I had the trail blazed. I had wired away to a friend in Ottawa and he had answered saying I ought to see a certain M.P., a Government contractor at Quebec.

We shipped on an R. & O. one twilight, and anchored under the walls of Quebec in the following dawn.

"The M.P.," I explained to Billie, "lives in the Fronto, the big house on the hill."

We breakfasted at the Fronto, after which I began to make advances. I asked the young man on the keys, showing him the name on my telegram, if this particular M.P. was tenting in his hogan, and he answered that he was, adding that he was d——d particular, too.

Just here the hunt began to be inter-

esting. I asked if the Big Builder had been seen that morning. He had not.

We strolled over to the 'phone room. I asked the young lady to ring up the M. P.

"We never ring his room," she said.

"Never?" I asked.

"Never."

I knew Billie was looking at me.

Returning to the lobby we met the manager. I introduced the famous magazine writer, and asked the manager of the Fronto to ring up the M. P. Instantly the manager's face took on a troubled look. He went about asking the clerks and porter if anyone had seen the great man.

When he came to us he said: "As near as I can find out, he dined in his apartments last night, and, as he has not been seen, I fancy he breakfasted in his apartments this morning. He should be down before this."

"Will you send my card to his room?" I asked.

"Well, we — we — never do."

I heard Billie snicker. Unfortunately for me, the news had leaked out and had reached the big cities to the south that I was next the Buttons in Canada. All I had to do was to tell the boy to announce me, and the door would fall in. Billie had heard this story.

As we walked over to a quiet corner where I could swear without shocking the help, Billie remarked that I did not seem to saw as much freeze as he had supposed.

"Don't worry," I answered chestily, "I'll have this imperious pie-winner eating off my hand by night."

"I should say, if we may judge by appearances, he might eat off your arms and legs," Billie commented.

At this moment the prettiest little man I had ever seen came to us and asked, in a soft voice, if we wished to see Mr. ———, and he breathed the name.

I assured him that we were very anxious to meet the mighty Empire builder, and waited. I introduced myself, in a few well-chosen words, and then presented my friend, the greatest living writer of the American language. I confessed my inability to recall this nice man's name (I had never met him before), and he told me it was Archambault.

"Ah, yes; of Montreal?" I hazarded.

"The same," said he. "Archambault & Bosware, Architects."

"How stupid of me not to remember," I lied. Then I asked how we were to approach the king of contractors.

The little man let a pale cloud of cigarette smoke filter through his beautiful brown mustache and looked like a man thinking. We enjoyed looking at the little architect, for he was about the niftiest, nattiest he-person in captivity. Presently he spoke.

"I have an appointment at his office at ten," he said. "He'll probably pass this way." Then he closed his watch and left us.

Ten minutes later he returned and said: "At a quarter to ten I'll pass through the lobby with a man in a gray suit, wearing a soft white hat."

"Yes," I said, brightening.

"Well, that'll be his brother," and before I could recover he was off again. I heard Billie hassle like a hound, and turned to find him hammering his knee with his hat.

In a little while I saw the pretty little man come to the far end of the lobby and point us out. The man in the gray suit came forward, alone. He merely glanced our way, and was about to pass, when I stepped forward and flagged him.

"Are you Mr. ———?" I asked.

"That's my name," he said stiffly.

"Well," I began, "I am here with a friend, a great journalist, author and magazine writer. He is writing on the building of the Transcontinental.

Will you help me to show him how it's done?"

"Have you seen my brother?" he asked.

"No," said I. "I've seen Roosevelt and Rockefeller, Lauder and Laurier, Bourassa and Billy McLean but I never expect to see your brother. He seems to be the faraway Moses for me."

Then the king's brother looked at his watch, saying he had an appointment with his architect at ten, and hurried on.

Billie and I went over to talk with the head porter about a smell wagon. By this time every man in and about the office knew that the two strangers wanted to see the Big Builder, at the mere mention of whose name the knees of the force knocked, and that they were reasonably sore. While we waited for the machine, the head porter tiptoed up, touched my elbow and jerked his thumb toward the door. A big man in laced boots and a broad hat was passing out.

"Well?" I growled.

The porter waited until the big man had closed the door behind him, then whispered: "That's 'im—that's the M. P."

As we drove out from the Fronto we saw the Terror coming back down the street. I yelled "Hey!" throwing up a hand. The big man, seeing we were motoring, was off his guard. As I sprang to the ground and started across the street, he waited. I was delighted, but surprised that he did not remember me.

"Do you remember Charlie Young?" I asked, searching for a telegram which I could not find, because Charlie had not sent any. However, I related the story of a little seance which Charlie had related to me, and did it so brazenly that he believed I had really stood behind his chair when he was taking a little conceit and loose change out of the Commission.

As we talked I led him over to the car and introduced the great magazine man. "Charlie would be very much pleased," I ran on, "if you could show us how you build a railroad," which was true, though Charlie had not said

so. I asked the M. P. for a note to his superintendent.

While the Big Builder hesitated, I congratulated myself upon the real fact that I did know Charlie. I knew, too, that Charlie had had no small part in assigning to this M. P. somewhere between ten and twenty million dollars' worth of work, for Charlie is one of the commissioners of the Transcontinental. Moreover, he's an Indian, and can be depended upon to build up to and make good any bluff a fellow brave might make.

The M. P. consulted his watch and said :

"If you'll wait till I get a heavy coat, I'll run out with you."

We drove back to the hotel. When we started out to the work, the hired machinery developed an impediment, and the M. P. ordered the driver—*our* driver, mind you—to "go back and get my machine."

When we hit the trail again we were seated in the M. P.'s five thousand dollar car. He drove us through thorough cuts where the jagged rocks were hidden under six inches of water, along the new grade, over tie roads and across country where there were no roads. He showed us the army in action. He let us smell the blast and listen to the rain of rocks that rattled on the roof of the blacksmith shop. He let us listen to him swear at the superintendent, the latter at the walking boss, the boss at the mule-whackers, the men at the mules.

At 1 p.m. he ordered the driver to take us to a famous road house where a river plunges from the rocky uplands over a high bluff into the St. Lawrence. It was November—spitting snow. We arrived chilled to the bone. The big man ordered Scotch and cigars. The servant returned with a bottle in one hand and three cigars in the other. "Bring a box of cigars, and let us take them out. No, leave that bottle here—we may want more."

To my surprise he neither drank nor smoked.

He ordered dinner for three in a private room, "and a good hot dinner for my chauffeur—whatever he wants."

Billie and I glanced at each other.

A hot dinner for his chauffeur? Hm! That did not sound like the man who wasn't supposed to care whose toes he marched over, of whom all the hotel servants were scared.

By this time we were more interested in this big gruff builder than we were in his work. Did you ever know a man who swore at his gangs and drove them to the last inch, and then turned around and saw that they got what they needed and looked after their welfare and blew the commissary sky-high if the beans weren't the best in the market, and then if anybody taxed him with thoughtfulness turned brick-red and swore again? Did you? Yes? Well, you swore by him when you had to sign contracts, didn't you? So it was with this man. It doesn't much matter what a man says to his employees—sulphur-blue adjectives may be for the good of their dispositions and the advancement of the work—it's what he does for them, and what he says of them, rather than to them, that show the genuine temper of the man. Gruff the Big Builder might be, impatient of small hindrances, eager to get a free track for his own big work, but the way he spoke of his men, the things he did for them, his courtesy to us, his thought for his chauffeur, revealed to us the real and really big man. He had about him an air of suppressed gentleness. Later we learned, what we did not guess then, that this bear-man had just passed through the deepest sorrow that can come to a man. Perhaps his great grief had made him gruff, perhaps he swore at times to hide his tears.

When our dinner was ready, he thought again of the man who had sat at the steering wheel of the big car all morning.

"Take this bottle and these cigars up to our table," he said to the servant, "and remember, you're to see that man of mine has a good hot dinner—whatever he wants. He'll be hungry after our drive in this sharp air."

Again Billie and I glanced at each other. Somehow it made us feel warm.

The mileage under contract ran into

big figures, the price into many millions of dollars. He spoke of his age. This would probably be his last big job.

"Age," I mocked. "You are not ten years my senior, and I have been told that I am not old enough to be a grandchild."

"Bet you ten I am ten years ahead of you," he said.

As he spoke he slid a ten out on the table.

"I never bet," I laughed.

"Then you're no friend of Charlie Young's," he responded, flicking the ten toward me. Reluctantly I covered his bet, naming the year of my birth.

"Take the money," was all he said.

"Then will you dine with us to-night?"

"With pleasure," he answered.

When we had said good night, after a delightful and interesting dinner at the Fronto, we sat and smoked, Billie and I, and voted the M. P. among the big men we had met. We were to breakfast with him at six next morning and motor with him out to another job—sixty miles away.

The next day dawned, a wet Astoria day, and our drive was off.

During the afternoon the clouds lifted and Billie stole away, crossed the St. Lawrence and followed the new guide out to where a foreman for a sub-contractor was clearing stumps from the right-of-way.

"Weren't you down the river with the Big Chief yesterday?"

"Yes," said Billie, brightening at the mention of his friend. "A fine, kindly, big-hearted gentleman he is, too."

The foreman's jaw dropped.

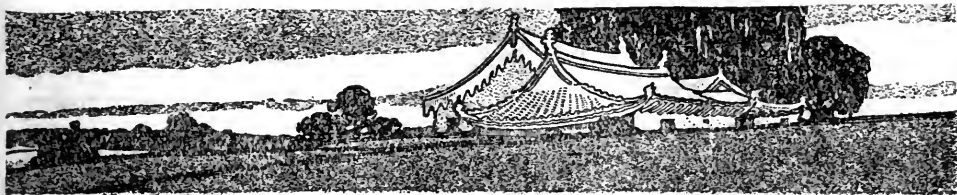
"Kindly!" he croaked. "*Kindly!* Ever hear him swear? Ever — why, say! He eats a man every morning for breakfast. Yes, sir! Eats 'em alive! *Kindly!* That's a good one!"

Now Billie was up there to get a story, and not to argue with sub-contractors' foremen, so he merely smiled quietly and faded elsewhere. But nobody can ever make Billie or me believe in the awfulness of that Big Builder again. The incident of the chaffeur's dinner was a small thing, but, interpreted aright, it was more than a five-foot shelf of biographies. That Big Builder is a good Indian.

A GLOWING FIRE

BY KATHERINE TRENT

WHO has not sat before a glowing fire,
 And watched the pictures on the embers change,
 Strange faces, with contortions most grotesque,
 Usurped by battlements of castles strange,
 A coal misplaced, and into tiny flames
 Faces, castles, battlements dissolve;
 And then, perchance, a dancing fairy leaps
 From out a cavern, which quick revolves
 Upon its axis, to disastrous fall,
 And suddenly, upon a blood-red wall,
 Strange writing, like Egypt's hieroglyphics,
 Glides sinuously across with message dire—
 For ruthlessly a heavy hand
 Throws fresh coals on and destroys my fire.



McGAHAN'S CHRISTMAS

BY ARTHUR McFARLANE

AUTHOR OF "SALVING THE BELOOCHISTAN"
"FOLLOWING THE CIRCUS" ETC.



DRAWINGS BY
FREDERIC McGRANT

IT IS now some four years since two men of Chicago and New York, who had thitherto been very coarse in their methods, managed in some way to obtain from the Son of Heaven at Pekin, the Imperial sanction for the building and operation of a railroad through three Provinces of Southern China.

The said railroad was to run from one inland Celestial metropolis of four hundred thousand people to another of half a million, as it might be—leaving out the celestial—from Buffalo to Pittsburg. In coal and iron alone those three southern provinces must prove for China about what West Virginia and Pennsylvania and Upper Michigan are for the United States. Finally the franchise obtained was exclusive and perpetual. It was subject only to "the continued favor of the assembled deities"—a phrase in Chinese contracts manifestly of the same order as the "act of God" reservation in an old-line fire policy, something rendered entirely negligible, of course, by the small-print paragraphs below. In brief, those two financiers could sit back and looking Eastward see so much money that at times it was difficult for them to believe in it themselves.

"And now," said the elder, McGahan,

who had begun as a contractor and still kept his coarseness, "what we got to do, right from the start-off, is to make Shane an' Pierson an' the rest of them hold things down."

To "hold things down" meant, in words of greater dignity, to exercise a policy of studied and far-reaching economy. The preliminary and vital survey for that railroad had been made. Its point nearest to the coast lay four hundred miles up river, with the passage out,—save for those who could talk Chinese—limited to the Company's supply boats. "Canton an' Hong Kong an' all them ports," continued McGahan, "are full of stranded rummies from here an' England. They're good enough stuff to break in for rod an' chain men. An' once we get them up there, I guess they're going to stay. Yes, an' more;" he added, with defiance, as if somebody had offered a remark, "Show 'em an offer of free passage home when the first section's done, an' they'll *want* to stay."

This story is about three half-fed, foot-weary and inexpressibly homesick rod-men who had been taken on as above, who had been attached to Party A, and were now known in the sour humor of the camps as "the three



back-county Canucks who were lookin' for a swim."

By name they were George Long, Truman Bush and Bill McHenry. They were all of farming stock. They had all come from the same school section in central Ontario, and they were none of them profoundly educated. They had arrived in China via a Northwest harvest excursion, and then a freighter carrying blooded stock from Seattle. They had gone to China because they had heard that China was opening up and in a year, or at most two, a man could make a fortune there. After eleven months of making fortunes, which had reduced them in weight by about thirty pounds apiece, they had signed for railroad surveying up river to get their transportation home. In the two months since, they had had every chance to familiarize themselves with the inner secrets of "holding things down".

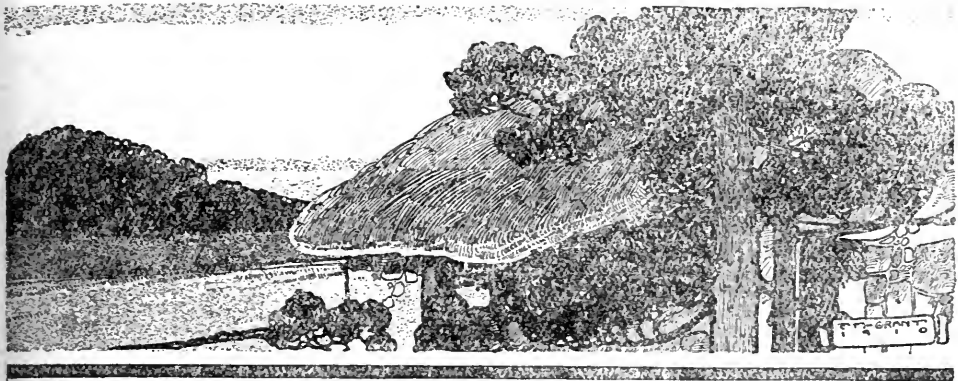
As a first enlightenment they had learned that the cost of all "sundries" must, of course, be deducted from their wages; and "sundries" included boots, candles, rubber blankets, and the distilled water which the Company was wise enough to insist upon their drinking. Two days' acquaintance with the cook tent made it plain that if they were to eat at all, half their monthly "go" must be checked back into the Company's treasury for "special supplies." Ditto for soap, tobacco, medicines,—all these things, too, being listed at ten times their cost price.

"They've got us," said Long, "and we might as well make out, somehow, to stand for it." By eating food

not meant for any man to eat, by denying themselves tobacco and quinine, and by sleeping for the most part in their clothes, they had so far managed at least to keep out of the Company's debt.

But, as that Chinese winter-summer of November grew steadily more and more sweltering, their general misery—with the weight of their homesickness—had ended, crazily, by translating itself into a craving that was almost monomania. As McHenry finally burst out and put it to the Chief Engineer himself, "come hot weather like this back where we come from, us boys'd be gettin' together once a week anyhow an' strikin' down to the creek, an' havin' a swim. An' what we want, by cracks, is the chance, now an' again, to tramp it in the right direction an' git that swim in *now*."

The Chief was much tickled. Almost every week there came an "off" afternoon. The three were not the sort who played tricks on the natives. And he told them by all means to go ahead. What he might also have told them, and what they might well have begun to suspect for themselves, was that the odds were a hundred to one against their finding any place they would care to swim in between Canton and Pekin. For, just as every big river in China is the drainage canal for all the cities along its banks, so is every lesser stream the drainage canal for the towns and villages. For five successive afternoons-off did Bush, Long and McHenry add half a day's gruelling tramp through the sun to the regular slog with the instruments. Sometimes they fol-



lowed the sticky "loess" of the ditch-like roads. Sometimes they took to the muck of the rice meadows. But there was never any difference in the result.

"Boys," said Bush, heavily, after the fifth leg-dragging homeward trek—they were now within a week of Christmas, which was mockery enough in itself—it looks like we might about as well content ourselves an' give it up."



And they would have given it up. But when Christmas itself brought them their next day off, there was a visitor in camp.

About the time the three began that quest for a swim, McGahan started for China. He had only been able to glimpse the possibilities of that railroad

when he had gone through the country two years before. Now, he told himself, his health demanded that he take a two-months' holiday and see it from terminal to terminal.

Acting on good consular advice, at Canton he rented a little Clyde-built tug launch for motive power, and a big roomy house-boat to live in; for house-boats have been made things of luxury in China. Then, towed up and down from camp to camp, he gave his rail-roader's eye the banquet of endless miles of maize and rice and oil-beans, of a ceaselessly flowing volume of land and water traffic, of solid, seven-foot seams of the black-bituminous cropping out even on the river bluffs, and, up a brown-hued tributary where they were to run a branch line, twenty miles of hematite ore to out-sample anything in the Gogebic! Night after night he tied up at one of the little pigeon-English telegraph offices along shore, and sent home hundred-word cablegrams about it, "only to get the steam pressure off his chest!"

"Lord," he murmured, "and coolie labor to be had for its feed in skilly! This is one of the places where you can't see anything *but* money!" There are certain hours when we feel that we are enjoying "the favor of the assembled deities," indeed!

And on Christmas he moored at the camp containing Bush, Long and McHenry.

Since morning it had been more overpoweringly hot than any day of an Ontario August. McHenry, too, looked like a case of fever, which added

to their misery. There was every reason why they should have taken their rest for once. But, "jinks," said McHenry himself, "I can't stand to look at him. Unless you boys want me to get you into a mix-up that'll fix us worse than ever, we'd better shake a leg. If we don't find any swim, anyways we'll get *somewheres*."

Off to the south lay a grey-blue line of distant woods. They seemed at least to promise coolness. And getting dully into their stride they "lined out" for them overland.

Of the first half hour of that hike only the regular story could be told. . . . After the first half hour, they began to realize that they were getting into a sort of Chinese landscape that was entirely new.

No longer were they skirting crooked, vile-smelling irrigation trenches. They had come out upon something that was really a road, wide, and mossy, and over-drooped with huge, hollow-bowled trees like thousand-year-old sycamores. On both sides a kind of great, lawn-like meadow terraced itself down to the woods. Here and there among the trees stood lichen-covered statues of fantastic animals like dragons and lion-dogs.

Twice they passed a tiny stone hut. From both a hoary old Chinaman gaped once, then fled for his life. But that was what they had been seeing daily for the last three months. What suddenly seized and drew and held their eyes was this:

Dropping circuitously down to the line of the road from nowhere—flowing under it, indeed, by a little, hump-backed bridge—was a stream as clear as the creek back home itself! Here it was pebble-bottomed. Further on it was green, streaked with water grasses. But always it was *dewy* clear! And, for as far as they could see, their road ran beside it.

They started on again, almost on the run. Another ten minutes and that stream widened and deepened above a moss-fledged dyke. It was not *quite* wide and deep enough. But it was a promise.

"Say!" said George Long.

"Say!" said Truman Bush.

And, "Say!" said Bill McHenry. "Say, I guess this is goin' to be our Christmas present!"

Now the road began to measure itself at regular intervals by queer worn marble uprights and lintels like closed doorways. And upon some of them weather-faded gilt papers, with inscriptions, had been gummed.

At that George Long was ready to worry himself. "Gosh, I don't like the look o' them notices. Supposin' after all, it's some kind of a park, or a picnic grove?"

"Then if it is, it's one they've given up using. You can see that sole leather ain't broke this road in a year. Only look at the moss."

And even as they spoke their eyes began to get vision of something ahead in the dark-green twilight of the still-thickening woods. The road lost itself where the trees, some of them huge, deep-bowed willows now, encircled a broad shadow-checked disk that seemed once to have been paved. Other roads came out upon it, too,—but the three saw them not. All they saw,—all they *knew* was that at the foot of that paved space, their stream came to its perfect fruition in such a swimming-hole as does not exist even in central Ontario.

It was so perfect that George Long again held back: "Do—do we chance her?"

"Do we chance *her*!"

McHenry was sloughing off his garments as he ran.

But Bush was the first to get in.

"An' say," he said, ineffably, "she's just righty right!"

They had been swimming for an hour. The sun was falling low. But again they frogged it in, and did "dead-man's-dives" and "part-the-hair's," and caught each other by the ankles, and passed around ecstatic smacks. Then, sitting down waist deep in the cool willow shade, they watched their legs rise mysterious and snake-like to the surface.

"Jinks, an' water-skaters, too!"

McHenry tried to catch one. "It's all right, now, little feller. No need to

get a-scared at all. You want to know we're all of us old friends o' yours."

"Gosh, but don't the sight o' them make you feel—don't they just seem to——?"

"If you ask *me*," said Long, "I feel as if I could cut right through yonder to Thompson's bush, an' be in our back twenty!"

Far off in the woods a bird began to sing. They could have sworn that it was a Canada sparrow. "O-o-o, sweet Can-ada, Can-ada, Can-ada!" it fluted.

"Jinks," said McHenry, "that's pretty near too much for me. I guess we better be climbin' out an' gettin' back."

But they continued to sit where they were. And once more with faces wanly hungry and athirst they gave their souls full vent in talk of Home.

"But, say, what's *that*?"

"It's somebody comin'."

"It's a whole *bunch* comin'!"

They ran for their clothes. But, once out of the hollow basin of that "swimming-hole," they realized they had been in a kind of sound-proof. And still more had the thickness of the woods been a be-muting screen for whatever company was now fast nearing them. From one of those masked and moss-covered roads that they had refused to see before, there came a multitude of little creakings and clinkings, and then the rhythmic shuffle of many sandaled feet that moved together.

"Gosh, boys, it's some kind of a *procession*! We better put for it the way we are!"

"We *can't*! No man's got the nerve even to *run*—like *this*." They tried feverishly to get their wet limbs into arm and leg-holes which had been left inside out. And, a minute later, they found themselves standing off what seemed to be all the yelling red-umbrella men, all the jibbering "jossers", all the screeching, gold-placarded chair-bearers in China!

"Lord, what's the *matter* with you?"

From two gilded chairs in the middle of the "procession," there fell a pair of weazened, white-goatee'd old gentle-

men in lemon-colored wrappers. They squawked once like shot parrots, went down on their faces, and rose only to go into hysterical, falsettoing paroxysms!

"What's the *matter* with you? Dang it, we ain't *done* anything!"

With every moment the "jossers" and chair-bearers and red-umbrella men were working themselves into a more infuriate frenzy.

"We're goin', we're tellin' you, just as soon as we can get a few blame' clothes on!"

"If you don't want us here, you only just got to ——"

But again those two yellow-clothed ancients had prostrated themselves. This time it was in a veritable epilepsy. They flailed their heads upon the ground!

"My Gawd," cried Bush, all but going to their rescue himself, "You old geezers are goin' to do yourselves a hurt!"

And there the chair-bearers flung themselves upon them all together. It was well that the three had had some previous experience in rough-and-tumble. A weak place showed itself in the ranks of the red-umbrella men. They battered their way through. Their unlaced shoes hung on them like clogs, and they kicked them off. By good fortune they had come out in sight of the road by which they had gone in. And then, with shouts of raging innocence, they ran and ran and ran.

The camp first heard, then saw them coming. And it required no genius to guess the intentions of the mob that followed. The Chief rushed the three down to the landing stage, on to the house-boat, and the house-boat out into midstream. Then, with the help of a chattering camp interpreter, he made out what their offence had been. All they had done was to take their swim in perhaps the most sacred of all sacred pools in the Middle Kingdom. As for the two old gentlemen in yellow, one was the Governor, and the other was a second-cousin of the Son of Heaven himself! As a method of celebrating Christmas —!

Another half hour showed the wisdom of getting the whole camp aboard. The Chief wired a "Shove for the coast!" down to Parties B, C, D and E—luckily his own gang was furthest in—and took to the boat himself.

It was then, too, that he made another attempt to make the situation clear to the still staring McGahan.

"Oh, we're in bad, mighty bad!—You remember something, don't you in the papers they gave you, about the *fung shui*—the assembled deities?"

Yes, McGahan remembered that.

"Well, a sacred pool is a place where the assembled deities hang out!"

He pointed to the shore they had left. It was black, or rather dark blue with yapping thousands. And they were obviously making ready to come out on rafts and sampans.

"First of all we've got to pitchfork Bush and Long and McHenry out of the country, and make capital of it. Show their passage paid to America on the first boat. Let the authorities at Hong Kong put them aboard under guard. We can maybe make the bluff, too, that in America they'll be given *ling chih*.* When we meet the next supply boat, we can shove them ahead on it."

"An' how long is the work goin' to be interrupted?"

"Oh, *that!*"—the Chief made a gesture; "A year! two—five!—you'll have to begin all over again at Pekin. And it's going to cost you, too, from A to Z!"

But, with the arrival of the supply boat, all that Long and Bush and Mc-

Henry knew was that they were going home! At least they were going to San Fran, or Seattle, or Vancouver, and the rest they could take care of for themselves. They were going home, and that by the next liner, and all expenses paid. They stood at the stern of that supply boat, ragged and bruised of limb and unshaven. But their faces were the faces of men translated!

"We're goin' home, boys! I reckon you might say it's Christmas after all."

"An' I don't know as we're wantin' any other!"

They had that in their souls which made it possible for them even to feel kindly towards McGahan.

He was standing by a stanchion of the house-boat. He had once more choked up till he was veiny-jowled. He could not speak for rage.

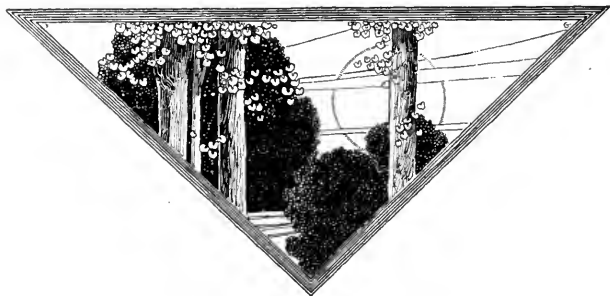
As the supply tug began to get under way, McHenry started to put things right to him again. "We want you to know that the only chaps we hit back yonder were chaps that hit us first. And them old geezers we never hit at all."

"There's a good eighteen dollars due us, takin' all three," said Long, "but we're not saying anything about that. We're willing to let it go."

"D—— you!" screamed McGahan, "D—— you! I'd like to see the whole bunch of you fed into the fire box!"

Truman Bush passed his hand over his head with the expression of a man who gives it up. "All *right*, all *right*! But we're tellin' you it just this once more: All we went out there for, an' all we had was a swim!"

*Death by "ten thousand slices."



Digging Apples Out of the Ditch

By E. A. Orchard

Illustrated With Photographs

TO the average traveller, the Okanagan is only a name on the time-tables, presumably spotted down somewhere on British Columbia's map, presumably a scramble of mountain and lake and valley, like most of the coast province. Perhaps, if he has a retentive memory, he may wrinkle his eyebrows and recall,

"Okanagan? Okanagan? Why, that's where they raise the apples, isn't it? Seems to me I read of their taking a prize or something over in London—Royal Agricultural Society, or something like that."

But most of the general public are unaware as yet of the charm and the possibilities of the Okanagan. Situated in the Dry Belt of British Columbia, this long narrow valley, one hundred and fifty miles in length by from one to four or five miles in width, embracing about 250,000 acres, is one of the greatest fruit-growing spots on the North American continent.

At the present time there are considerably over one million fruit trees planted in the Okanagan, and when one considers that the fruit industry of the valley is only in its infancy, it augurs well for those whose interests lie therein. In three years, say, all of these trees will be bearing fruit. What does that mean? It means at least 10,000,000 boxes of apples, plums, pears and peaches, ready to market. At 600 boxes to the car, this would show, roughly, some 16,000 carloads. Allowing a profit of at least fifty cents per box, the annual profit would be at least \$5,000,000. And this does

not take into account the steadily increasing planting of trees and increase of orchard acreage.

Irrigation—scientific, systematic irrigation—has made the Okanagan. Old settlers will tell you of early days when the valley was looked upon as being only fit for cattle-grazing. Fruit-growing on the dry benches was considered—or would have been considered if anyone had the audacity to suggest it—as sheer nonsense. It was a cattle country, and nothing else, and the ranchman who petted an apple tree or so with an occasional bucket of water in the hope of its reaching maturity was looked on as a sort of mild lunatic.

Now, though there is an occasional ranch scattered through the valley, the main industry of the Okanagan is fruit-growing, and the district has become known as the place where the prizes go. The irrigation scheme in use in various parts of the valley may be typified by the largest one, "Grey Canal," named in honor of Earl Grey. The water is taken from a lake in the mountains on the south side of the valley, and is brought at a high level to a point where it crosses the valley in large wood-stave pipes, syphon-wise, to the north side, where through massive masonry gates it empties into the fourteen foot wide bed of the canal. Thence it winds in and out, flowing westward along the face of the range, sometimes in open ditch, and sometimes in trestled flumes, until at Vernon it overlooks the town at an elevation of about 800 feet. It now flows

northward up the main valley of the Okanagan, having once more to be syphoned across a large gulch en route, thence west again, across the valley, after which it turns southward along the western ramparts of Vernon, and, after thus almost encircling the town, it winds up at Okanagan Lake. The total distance covered by the stream is close on thirty miles, and the system, when complete, with the laterals, will have entailed an expenditure of about half a million dollars.

This great undertaking is the work of Mr. W. C. Ricardo, the manager of

the Coldstream Ranch, who, with the assistance of his engineer, Mr. A. E. Ashcroft, has made possible the cultivation of an area of at least thirty thousand acres. What such a system will mean to those who own lands within its scope, which hitherto have been almost useless owing to the lack of water, is easy to guess.

And so it is with all the large irrigation companies—whether operating at Kelowna, at Peachland, at Summerland, at Penticton, at Okanagan Centre, at Wood's Lake or other parts of the valley—the introduction of water has

meant a tenfold increase in the initial value of the land, and will mean a much greater increase in property values as time goes on.

The soil throughout the valley is a black loam, with clay subsoil on the bottom lands and light clay loam and decomposed rock or clayish silt on the benches, upon which is grown most of the fruit to-day, although one may find also, in spots, the lightest sand and the heaviest clay. The climate is fairly uniform. Compared with other parts of the northern continent the Okanagan does not as a rule experience any very great extremes of temperature. This is owing largely to the presence of the many bodies of water. The hottest days in summer may reach as high as 100 degrees—and it is this which accounts for the beautiful colouring of the fruit—but, no matter how warm the days may be, the nights are always delightfully cool. And, again, although the coldest winter days may bring the mercury down to ten or fifteen degrees below zero, yet, as the air is always calm at such times, and the cold snap a matter of a few days



ONE OF THE BIG WOOD-STAVE PIPES UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Through this runs the clear stream that has made fruit-growing possible in the Okanagan



THE KIND OF APPLES THAT WIN PRIZES FOR THE PROVINCE

only, one does not experience any discomfort.

With such soil, climate and irrigation, served by Canadian Pacific railway and steamer, and with a constantly increasing market, the conditions under which the Okanagan fruit-grower works are almost ideal. Nor is there any fear that the market will be glutted, for besides the prairie provinces which are becoming more thickly settled year by year, and which are British Columbia's natural market, there are the British Isles, Australia and Japan, as well as the coast cities, so it is evident that the optimism of the fruit-grower is well founded. Hay, grain, small fruits, poultry and dairy produce

will, of course, always find a market nearer home.

From recent observation it will be seen that British Columbia has, for the last half-dozen years, carried off the highest award at the Royal Agricultural Society's show in London, besides other valuable trophies, and, while the exhibits have been taken from the whole province generally, yet, as in previous times, the Okanagan contribution has formed a very important part of the whole. This is only natural, for that district has come to be regarded as the principal fruit district of the province. Furthermore, statistics will show that the Okanagan, with its tributary valleys, has the

largest extent of uniformly good fruit land of any part of British Columbia, or in other words, of Western Canada. Again, the highest and the greatest number of awards won in open competition at the large exhibitions of fruit, apart from the British Isles, may be traced to the "Sunny Okanagan," whose extent of orchard acreage far exceeds that of any other valley in the west.

But the Okanagan is not for every chance traveller to settle in. It is a fast growing district, and, while unskilled labour can and does make a living, yet the inducements are rather to the skilled mechanic, the farmer or fruit-grower, the capitalist, and such as may have capital enough to permit them to take an active part in the general upbuilding.

In common with other parts of Canada, the great outcry seems to be for domestic help, the average wages of this class being about \$20 per month.

The same rule applies as in other districts, viz., that the skilled mechanic will find that his worst trial will be his first six months, until he is known; after which he will have no difficulty in securing work, in spite of the slack season—which, for outdoor work, is from December first to the middle of March. His wages will run somewhat as follows: Bricklayers, plasterers and masons, between \$4 and \$5 per diem; carpenters, \$3 to \$4; plumbers, 40 cents to 75 cents per hour; farm labourers, \$2 to \$2.50 per day (without board); painters, 35 cents per hour, and so on.

Perhaps the majority of the settlers in the Okanagan are interested either in farming or fruit-growing, so that the following figures from reliable sources may be interesting. Good general farming land may be bought for from \$25 to \$100 per acre and up-

ward, according to quality. Mixed farming land, suited to growing fruit in parts, commands a slightly higher figure as a rule, although not necessarily so. The best fruit land, unplanted, runs from \$150 in parts to \$250 per acre and up, the high-class picked land with irrigation facilities generally exceeds this figure. Some times there are buildings on the properties at these prices. But planted orchards run to \$300 per acre and up to \$1,000, according to conditions.

The cost of a ten-acre fruit farm would run to about the following figures: Ten acres of cleared land at \$200 an acre, \$2,000; fencing, \$100; cost of planting, cultivating, spraying, etc., for first year, \$350; cost of cultivation, etc., afterwards, at \$200 per year for four years, \$800; which makes a total cost for the first five years of \$3,250. The cost of building a "frame" house would be from \$500—in which case the owner would do almost all the work himself—to \$1,500 and up, by contract. There is no lack of hotel accommodation in the towns, and it rests with the guest to decide whether he will choose a \$1 per day house or up to \$2.50. Boarding-house rates run from \$28 to \$40 per month.

All in all, "Sunny Okanagan" is a sort of private valley of content, sheltered by the encircling mountains from droughts, blizzards, and extremes of heat and cold; dotted with schools and churches; affording good fishing, hunting and camping to the lover of out-of-doors, and good living to the farmer and agriculturist. Clubs, societies, a squadron of mounted rifles, a company of infantry, musical and dramatic organizations form part of the social life of the valley. The people are real Saxons, fond of their homes and their sports, and while holding fast to laurels won, are determined to win yet more.

One Foot Up and One Foot Down

By J. H. Reed

Illustrated by Donald McGregor

THERE have been many rainy days during the past fortnight, and the dry and thirsty earth eagerly drank the life-giving showers.

It was quite interesting to watch the effect upon the parched meadows. From our doorstep, morning by morning, the aspect of the field under the old camp, buried in the oak-crested hill, varied. Before the rain came, the dried grasses made it nearly as rich in colour as the golden stubble on the right of the wood. Gradually the brown faded away and the green deepened, until an emerald carpet gladdened the eye.

Between the storms cloudland has revealed its beauty. The pictures have been delightful. Far away the woods are bearing their sombre autumn green, and as the dense rain clouds hung over them the dark shade grew darker still. Over the round-backed field, where the mushrooms grow, hung a circular belt of blue, as beautiful as the fringe of the petals of the forget-me-nots that shyly haunt the banks of the stream, laughing merrily as it gaily passes them by, and over the blue were little white clouds that lay like a flock of sheep at rest. From the summit of a tumulus on one of the highest of the Quantock crests a beautiful effect was seen. It was encircled by a charming mass of white clouds, a miniature range of mountains, their bases resting on the blue, and rising in all kinds of delightful forms into the



blue above. This is the opening morning of the stag hunting. A fine stag has been roused from his couch of bracken—the harboursman located him in the early morn—and now a hundred excited horsemen are seen a mile or two away galloping amid the purple heather. As water-spiders skim over the face of the pond, so they appeared like so many land spiders dashing over the heather to be foremost in the chase.

Perhaps the prettiest pictures in all cloudland were the many rainbows. One found a resting-place on the summit of an old camp at one end and at the other on the pale red cliff behind the hamlet. Within the bow flocks of sheep rested in green fields, herds of red cattle browsed contentedly on the new and succulent grasses, sheaves of corn ran across some fields from hedge to hedge, scattered here and there were the ricks which had been safely garnered in the brilliant sunshine before the rain had come. Perhaps the most striking object within the bow was the grand Lombardy poplar which guards the little hamlet of thatched cottages, with their lovely creepers and wonderful roses. Spire-like, it rises to an immense height, and is the tallest tree in all the vale.

This rainbow recalled another seen in our wanderings many years ago.

It was in a Cornish village. After a long day's tramp, we went for a stroll as the sun was dropping in the western sky. There was a headland ablaze with golden gorse, and beyond the great blue sea. Enclosing the headland was a rainbow, and the perfect arch rested on the bosom of the waters. Within the beautiful circle two ships

bined trunks made quite a respectable bole, five or six feet in girth, and then sent out arms more like a sturdy young oak than a modest hawthorn. Now it is very rugged aloft, but still bears fruit, and may weather many a winter yet. The old tree is protected by the hardy silver lichen which tenderly covers the bark, and tries to



appeared, perhaps Indiamen hastening up Channel with their rich cargoes of silks and spices, with their white wings all fully spread to catch the favouring breeze. The lovely combination of blue and gold and the delightful picture of the ships within the bow formed a picture of beauty ever living in memory's storehouse.

Our walk was through the pretty village of Bicknoller and then up its coombe. The rain had made a path of emerald green, and as we passed one or two of its springs, with the soft, spongy places made by their bubbling waters, the little bog pimpernel lifted its rosy funnel-shaped corolla and asked for a passing glance, and in another little dell were the sweet-scented yellow flowers of the esphodel.

Emerging on the crest, just at the head of Bircham Wood, where there was a charming view of Butterfly Coombe with its winding slopes covered with oaks, stood an ancient hawthorn. Two stems about a foot apart started life to make trees, but on this wind-swept spot they found it hard to live through winter gales, and, to save themselves from destruction, about five feet from the ground rubbed shoulders together, and united their forces to fight the storms. The com-

temper the cold and wintry blasts.

Following the Stowey Road across the hills an upward path is found which leads to Danesborough camp. Along this camp are anthills, or nests of pismires, the Old English name in use in Lincolnshire. They were quite four feet high, and rudely constructed outside of leaves, twigs, and minute stones. Tubular roads lead to the interior, where are numerous apartments of varying sizes, in separate storeys, and connected by galleries. The vast community consists of males, females and neuters. The two former are winged, and are few in number. The neuters are wingless, and are either workers or soldiers. The latter are the larger, and have more powerful heads, and hence stronger fighting jaws. It was curious to watch the workers, they all seemed to be in such deadly earnest. One carried a leaf aloft, like a big, brown umbrella. Another brought a grain of corn, and dropped it down one of the circular roads—perhaps the granary was below. Two proud young things had found a twig of heather with two or three bells on it. By tremendous effort they had dragged it safely to an entrance, and had just got it inside—perhaps they thought it

might adorn a State apartment—but alas! they were doomed to disappointment, for a crowd, outward bound by this road, without ceremony pushed the heather bloom outside. The delight of the pair was quenched, and they retired in high dudgeon.

And now the camp is reached. Danesborough by name, or, as old

tonbury tower crowns the solitary tor. To the left the Welsh shores show gray in hazy light. White sails flit on the waters between the Steep and Flat Holms. Villages are scattered over the plain, and old Stogursey—Stoke Courcy—lies open like a book, the village tower gleaming white. This is a quiet, sleepy little town running along



deeds call it, Dawesborough—that is, a beacon or dawn. On lofty beacons in ancient days watch fires were lighted to tell of the enemy's approach, and beacons were called dauntrees. This may be the derivation of our Dundry. Alas! The pretty legendary derivations are no more. "Now I have done dree," as the builder said who had lost by Bitton (bitten) or gained by Keynsham (gained some), and done three when noble Dundry Tower was finished. Or that other story when the teetotal builder refused liquor to his masons, and so the tower was "dun dree" or Dundry.

There is a double fortification, and the area within is ten or eleven acres. The view is glorious. Behind the great mound the brown tower of Nether Stowey loomed large, a mile or two away. The camp was a favourite resting-place of Coleridge, and it may be here he wrote :

And now, beloved Stowey, I behold
Thy church tower, and methinks the four
 huge elms
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my
 friend,
And close beside them, hidden from my
 view,
Is my own lonely cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace.

Beyond lies Mendip range, and Glas-

the back of a slight eminence on the rich, fat plain which stretches away from the fringe of the hills. It received its name of Stoke from the Saxons and, as the name indicates, was defended by stockades. Then the Norman Conquest came, and it passed into the possession of William de Falaise, and subsequently to the family of De Courcy. Its double name has been corrupted to Stogursey. Its glory is the grand old Norman church of St. Andrew. It is cruciform, and is of considerable dimensions and great beauty. The font is of great antiquity; perhaps it was even of an earlier date and stood in a Saxon church. Round the middle runs a twisted cable, and above are four rudely-carved heads. There are splendid double Norman arches supporting the massive tower. The mouldings are perfect, very beautiful and rare. The carvings on the capitals are rich. There is a wonderful animal, double-headed; a horse with a remarkable tail, and a head with large eyes and protruding tongue. In the chancel is a deeply set lancet window. On the south of the chancel is the Verney aisle, with two altar tombs; the most elaborate is that of Sir John Verney (1422-1461). His head rests on a helmet and crest, and his feet on

a dog. The tomb is decorated with figures of the saints in excellent preservation. On the edge of the moulding are the Verney arms, three ferns, showing that the old knights spoke in good Zummerset—"verns" for "ferns." At the base of a pillar is a ring, perhaps formerly attached to a bell in the tower and rung as the Sanctus bell.

William de Falaise gave the church for the sake of his soul and that of Geva, his wife, to the Benedictines of Lourlay, in Normandy, who built the Priory on rising ground outside the church. There is nothing left now but a round tower of great strength. The interior reveals that the lower portion was the columbary—the monks loved a dovecote. The upper storey is reached by a stone stairway, and the ancient oak bins show that it was used as a storehouse. On the suppression of alien monasteries, the lands were given by Henry VI. to Eton College, and for nearly two centuries the Society of Merchant Venturers have leased them from the College, and so it happens in these September days that Bristol sportsmen bring a little life into the old-world village when they come for sport among the partridges.

When a De Courcy inherited after Falaise he built the Castle a short distance away. There is not much left, traces of bridges, crumbling ivy-clad walls, and a cottage built between two towers, and within the walls a potato garden.

These old Somersetshire knights were a fighting race, and around the name of one Sir John de Courcy, living

and fighting in four successive reigns, there linger memories of daring deeds. He fought for Queen Maud in Stephen's reign, and for Henry II. suppressed Ulster and governed Ireland. There he remained through the reign of Richard I., and when King John succeeded, proclaimed Arthur King of England and Lord of Ireland. Sir John was a good Churchman, and while clad in white robes of penitence in the graveyard of the Cathedral of Donne was treacherously attacked by servants of the King and taken prisoner, but not before he had slain thirteen of his antagonists with "nought in his hand but the pole of a cross which he bore." The Tower received the prisoner. Soon after this Philip of France declared that John had forfeited Normandy by the murder of Prince Arthur, but a dispute arose about certain castles which John said were no part of the Duchy of Normandy. It was agreed to settle the quarrel by single combat, each King to choose a champion. Not a knight of the Court of John would undertake his cause. It was then that Queen Isabella bethought her of a mighty champion—the prisoner in the Tower. Sir John sent this reply when asked to fight for England: "Not in the King's quarrel, not for his sake, but for the kingdom's sake, will I fight to the death." Wasted by scanty prison fare, he at once set about reviving his "impayred limbs" with a generous diet. The French champion, who had been amazed at his giant-like limbs, thews and sinews, was yet more amazed with his prodigious feeding, he was a cannibal, and would finish by eating him. He slunk off to Spain to avoid the combat, and John retained his castles. John was delighted, and asked De Courcy to name his reward. The champion said he was rich enough, and only asked that his successors should remain covered in the presence of all future kings; and so it comes to pass that this right still belongs to his descendants, the Barons of Kinsale, the oldest barony in Ireland.

From the camp a delightful narrow path runs down the hill. It is bor-



dered by green walls; the oak coppice is about eight feet high, with a belt of purple heather at its base. It frames a narrow landscape of "rich and elmy fields." Then the path goes by a dark pond through the beautiful pine wood, the rich, rugged bark gleaming in the sunlight, and the dying bracken below all golden with its departing glory. Finally it emerges through a large cluster of Spanish chestnuts near the comfortable "Castle of Comfort."

On the homeward walk across the moor there was vivid light and wonderful colour. Where the moor was fired last year the whortleberry is upspringing, and a more delightful moorland carpet it is hardly possible to imagine. Running up the stems are the young leaves, some green tinged with gold,

others of a brilliant red. Get a slope of the moor with the sun behind you, and the rays so intensify the colour that the masses in places are as brilliant as poppies, and with a background of purple heather and golden gorse scattered in patches, the picture is fascinating indeed.

Across the home meadow the evening sun filled the western sky with beautiful colour. Crimson cloudlets were dotted over the pale blue sky, bringing sweet peace to many farmers in this district, who have barley lying on the uplands and fields not yet harvested in the vale. There will be fewer anxious hearts in the pews of our Parish Church on Sunday by reason of the delightful promise of this sweet evening light.

A Humble Santa Claus

By Helen Clark Balmer,

IT WAS only a stubby branch from one of a group of Christmas trees, which stood outside a butcher's shop, but to little Jim it might have been as stately a pine as any of them that were destined to bear such wonderful fruit! It rather added to the charm of possession that he had secretly torn it from the parent-bough, for Jim was a gamin who habitually broke the tenth and the eighth Commandments together. But this time there was an unselfish reason for risking detection and probable punishment, because his baby sister would have no Christmas-tree unless he provided one. Their mother could barely give them bread and potatoes.

Jim's resources for making money were limited, but he always had his wits and his hands. Besides, when he did earn a few cents, he was sure to lose them, for pockets full of holes are not safe depositories, and a cap-lining is

equally uncertain, since a cap can be easily jerked into the mud, and have all its wealth of pennies pass into other hands. Therefore, Jim's way was to spend quickly all that he earned; and on this late December afternoon he had not an available copper.

At the Mission Sunday School, on last Christmas, he had seen a great tree trimmed with strings of pop-corn and cranberries, gilded balls and dozens of colored candles. But little Mollie would never learn to walk, and he now determined to bring Christmas home to her. The spicy odor of the fresh evergreens was becoming to his sense of holiday necessities as the smell of a well-cooked dinner to his longing appetite, and it was merely a matter of ways and means how to procure a real tree and something to put on it. No one saw the theft, for the pine trembled and seemingly drooped its branches as if to conceal the unsightly gash in its side.

When Jim had hidden the bit of green under an empty barrel, he looked about for suitable trimmings. Through the frosted window he caught glimpses of tempting fruits and vegetables. Jim did not know the names or the flavors of many of them, but they all looked "tasty" to the hungry boy; and his mouth began to water at sight of familiar oranges and bananas, so that his fingers groped absently about his baggy pockets, which seemed somehow strangely accustomed to those succulent dainties.

As I have intimated, Jim's wits were in partnership with two nimble hands, and the next time the shop door opened he walked in to get a better view of the Christmas market. For some time he stood watching the stream of holiday purchasers ordering fowl, vegetables, fruit and groceries in such quantities as almost to cause the old cap to rise from his astonished brow. As no one noticed the small intruder, he cautiously moved nearer to the boxes and barrels which contained the special objects of his covetous search. His face now became quite expressionless, while his thin hands began a curious outward motion, as if they were attached to the arms by rubber bands that could be quickly lengthened or shortened in the region of his trousers' pockets. He remembered that only the largest oranges and apples could be safely secreted thus (on account of the propensity of smaller objects to slip through the holes) and it required care to manipulate the fruit successfully. Some peppermint canes were hanging among the holly wreaths across the big window, and chance favored Jim, for a hurrying clerk carelessly knocked several upon the floor, breaking the brittle candy into many pieces. No one cared that he picked them out of

the sawdust, nor were a few handfuls of cranberries or nuts missed from their respective boxes. By this time, the bosom of Jim's dirty cotton shirt began to look alarmingly inflated.

In the street again to snatch his pine branch from its hiding-place; but what a different boy it was, scudding over the snowy pavement down an alley, up a back street, around another turn into a teeming thoroughfare, dodging cars, carts and horses, along a dark ill-lighted by-street of the slums!

Jim cautiously opened a door and peered into the darkened spaces of a room. "It's me, Mollie. Sure, Oi's got somethin' fur ye." A soft, sibilant breathing came from the direction of the bed. He felt his way towards the stove, whose friendly eyes gleamed cheerily in the gloom.

"Mollie!" he whispered. No answer.

"Sure, Oi'll trim me Christmas-tree and shurprise her." Then his quick fingers began their labor of love. Propping the branch between sticks of wood, he arranged the apples and oranges at its base. It took but a moment to tie some of the largest bits of candy to the tiny tree, but the cranberries puzzled him. Mother was not due for an hour, and Mollie might awaken before her return. Across the hall lived Mrs. Flinn, and Jim's necessity might appeal to her motherly heart. He was gone scarcely ten minutes, bringing back a gorgeous necklace of the ruddy berries to crown the green bough right royally.

A slow, tired step sounded on the stairs, and their mother came in upon a scene to lighten a heavier heart than hers. Mollie sat with tightly clasped hands gazing at the poor little pretense of Christmas joy, and Jim—Jim had forgotten that he was a thief.



OLD CÆSAR'S CHRISTMAS

by W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

THERE'S only three real ropes in a circus."

The words drifted along in his wake as the boss canvasman passed us in scornful conversation with a press agent. The old circus man looked after them a moment.

"An' you're one of 'em," said he, "an' I guess that literary flam thinks he's a second, an' the Old Man's number three. Mph! The business has gone to the dawgs."

"I never hear them words," said he, but what it brings back the Christmas party where Cæsar changed his tastes.

"It was in the halicon days, as the poet says, when a show was a show, an' the only artist that had anything to do with it was the poster artist—not these haughty-cool equestrians an' equestrianesses an' other baby acts like that, but big poster work an' rare animiles an' a clown that could sing an' had a quick come-back—an' genyooine freaks-a-nacher. Where's the work now like Matt Morgan useta get up, or the printn that Sears useta git out, or John Jeffrey? An' how many o' these union teamsters an' strong-arm men I got under me in the paste brigade could make good on a kittle o' starch paste if I ast 'em to? The hoops fell off the business when Mr. Barnum died, an' the staves is scattered all over the face o' the yearthin'. The's nawthin'

left but the smell of the animile cages an' the sawdust, an' *that's* gittin' spoiled with tan-bark an' other voila-tions o' the pure food law. If I was to tap on a guy-rope near the canvas-eye this minit, how many of the hands do you think would come a-runnin'? I betcha more'n halfa them never even heard the 'hey reub.'

"But I was speakin' of the Christmas time when Cæsar broke out. I'll tell you, son.

"When the show goes into winter quarters, most of the people goes to their own homes, an' it would bung yer eyes to see how many of 'em thinks they're farmers, an' has little places in the country where the neighbors don't know they're in the profession at all. But some goes into the vo-devil circuits to make a dollar an' keep in practice. an' some lives in the town where the show stays. That's nearly always some town that 's pure jay from April till November, but good s'iety the resta the time—an' the vil-lagers an' peasants mixes up with us, jest as though they was jest as good as we are. Say!

"If you was to drift into one o' these places in the summer time, you'd be likely to throw a fit of willies unless you'd bin on the sprinklin' cart a while. A emu in one front yard peckin' across the fence at a young camel in the next might upset any



"THE MONKEY GRABBED A MUG O' HARD CIDER AN' INSIDA FIVE MINUTES HE WAS TRYIN' TO DO A EQUESTRIAN ACT ON OLD CAESAR'S MANE"

outsider if he didn't know the kinduva town he was in. The's always some sickly cub or other young creacher born in captivity during the winter, an' if it don't git well enough to be sold to a dealer or ain't wanted on the road, someone in the village gits a chance to buy it, or maybe adopt it.

"It was a real nice villager 'at got Cæsar. Cæsar was a baby lion, no good from the minit he was born. The old Nubian that was his father was in the next cage, an' got to roarin' to eat him alive then an' there, an' his mother was so disgusted she nearly smothered him before the keeper got him out. This villager's wife heard the rumpus an' begged fer him. Poor little Cæsar was blind, of course, and her symphies was all het up about him. She said, she was a sumpn-or-other practitioner, an' she could give him mental treatment an' fetch him acrost to perfect health an' sight, an' to make a long story short, as the feller says, she got him. A little more'n a week afterwards she came a-cacklin'. Said she'd give him this think dope fer his eyes, until he could see jest as well as any of us. Say !

"She had a nice house painted white, with green blinds, an' a big yard, an' they had rep carpets an' plush fur-

nicher an' a crayon picture in the settin' room of her husband, wearin' a Oriental costume with a cross hung round his neck an' a smile on his map that looked so foolish I got stuck on it. He was the grand panjandrum in some kinduva secret lodge they had in the town. Daytimes he was a carpenter.

"But they was awful friendly with all us professionals, an' never did seem to realize that they didn't belong nor never couldn't. Had two little girls, with ringlets like a head-dress of weeny-wursts, an' one of 'em useta play on the square piano while the other one sung so bad that if their mother couldn't bake such good pies youda throwed a plush chair at 'em an' broke fer liberty. It was one o' these houses where they say 'let me take your hat' when you come in. What ?

"Along one Christmas time four or five years afterwards, the' was quite a few of the people stayed with the show, an' this lady vet. that had thunk Cæsar's eyes into commission invited all of us that could come to a party an' a tree on Christmas Eve. They had to piece out the extension table by bringin' in one from the kitchen, an' the husband knocked a stand together fer

the other end, and of all the eats yever heard of, we had the biggest an' the most satisfyin'.

"The' was roast goose, an' stuffed turkey, an' sassiges, an' a little pig smothered in onions, an' mince pies, an' doughnuts, an' cider, an' cawfee, an' frost cake, an' baked apples, an' hickory nuts, an' walnuts, an' home-made currant wine, an' hawt biscuits with fresh butter, an' thick steak with its own gravy, an' raisins, an' oranges, an' lemonade, an' lady-fingers, an' salted almonds, an' celery, an' ice-cream, an' floatn Ireland, an' jell, an' preserves, an' sweet pickles, an' candy, an' popcorn, an' baked p'tatas, sweet an' Irish, an' artichokes, an' cold slaw, an' peaches done in sweet lickor with cloves stuck in 'em, an' rolypoly pudn, an' cheese, an' a plum pudn, an' soup so thick a spoon would stand up in it, an'—Say!

"I et so much I thought I'd bust, an' the lady filled my plate up till I thought I'd never be able to eat again. I could feel the mince pie oozin' outa my ears, an' when she wanted me to hand my plate back for some more of everything, an' I *had* to beg off, she looked kinda hurt, and she says, says she.

"'Bill, the's one of two things. Eether you et jest before you come in,

or else you don't like our vittles.'

"And I had to say, 'O, no, mam,' an' take another helpin'. What I'd have done if Danny Grogan hadn't begun to sing jest then, I'm sure I don't know. He'd et some o' the goose, an' some o' the turkey, an' all o' the pig, an' a good deal of all the rest the' was, an' topped off with some baked apples, an' I guess he musta lapped up a gallon o' hard cider. Danny was a candy-butter, an' wintered with the show because he didn't have no other place to go to.

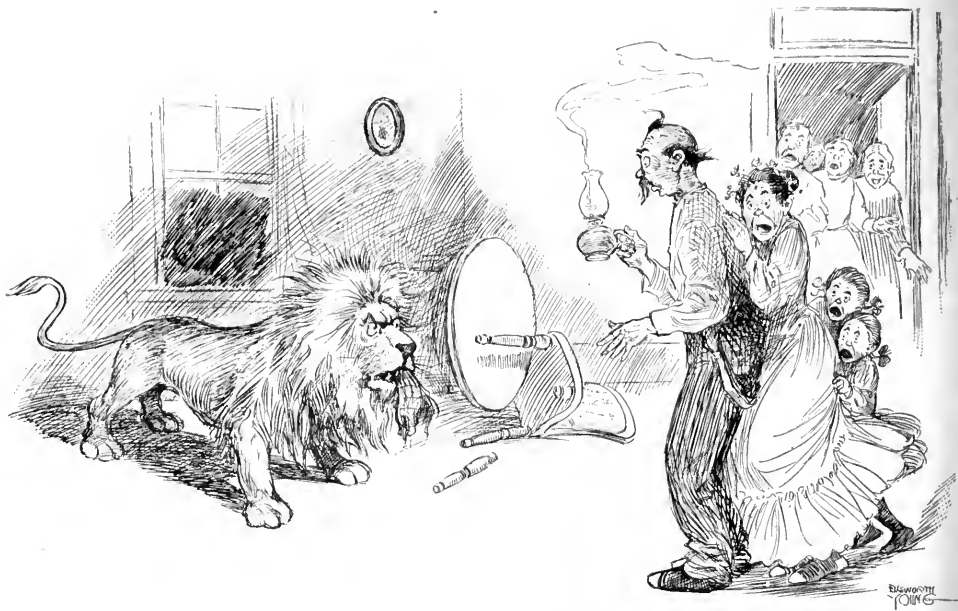
"The two little girls and their maw was waitin' on table, an' runnin' back an' forth to the kitchen, an' bringin' things in, an' takin' the dishes out an' sousin' them, an' bringin' 'em back, an' eatin' all the while, an' everybody was talkin' till we all got so full of eats an' good feelin' that our faces got shiny an' we was laffin' at nawthin' an' enjoyin' ourselves acrost the limit.

"The' was a lot of neighbors in, an' some of 'em had brought their pets along, that they'd got from the animile quarters like I've told you.

"One o' these was a armadillo, an' jest when Danny Grogan sung 'Rollin' down to Rio,' this here armor plated thing done a waltz. We thought he was tryin' to show off until we found he'd tried to flirt with a little tame



"'SO PERISH TEMP'RANCE!' SAYS HE. 'GIMME A JUGGA RUM!'"



"I GUESS," SAYS HE, MOURNFUL LIKE, "I GUESS CAESAR HAS QUIT BEIN' A VEGETARIAN"

porkypine that belonged to a boy from next door that was there with his paw an' maw, an' the porkypine had took his pen in hand an' addressed a few lines to mister armadillo's mouth. A monkey that another neighbor had brung took advantage of the diversion to grab a mug o' hard cider an' insida five minits he was climbin' the window curtains an' fallin' off again till finally he fell into old Cæsar's mane an' tried to do a equestrian act, runnin' him round the room. I got 'em separated an' give the monkey a good slappin', an' then I wanted to comfort old Cæsar with slippin' him sumpn offn my plate, but the lady o' the house wouldn't have it.

"Don't give him no meat!" she says, quick. 'He's bin brought up on vegetables an' milk exclusive,' says she, 'an' he ain't never so much as tasted meat of any kind. 'Tain't good fer him,' she says. 'It would spile his temper.'

"An' Cæsar he jest blinked, an' went over in a corner an' lapped a bowla milk, never mindin' when the armadillo an' the monkey an' the porkypine an' a young eagle an' a bear cub an' the house cat dipped in on it. He did swipe the bear cub once, an' the eagle an' the cat had a squawkin' scrap fer a few seconds, but nobody minded.

It was Christmas Eve, an' we didn't begrudge the dumb creachers their share of enjoyment.

"After Cæsar had passed the cawm-pliments of the season to the bear cub, he went over in a corner an' set down with his paws in fronta him an' looked at the big kerosene lamp that was hangin' from the middla the celin', till he got sleepy, like lions always does. Hypnotize themselves, I guess, same as you would if you looked long enough at anything bright. Ever notice 'em lookin' at an arc light in the animile tent when the show is on, an' never mindin' the people?"

"Danny Grogan has gone after more of the cider while we're busy with the pets, an' now he lets out in a loud voice:

"The's only three ropes in a circus," says he.

"That starts somethin' new. The neighbors all piles into us to tell our circus experiences, an' the's a general gab-fest fer five minits, till the lady of the house speaks up an' says:

"Wait till we light the tree," she says, 'an' after the presents we'll all have sumpn to eat, an' then we'll tell stories or have games.'

"The tree was the regular kind, all strung over with tinsel twine, an' popcorn ropes, an' gilded balls, an' things, an' they made me be Santa

Claus. I done it with a Salvation Army rig an' a deep voice, speakin' like a Dutchman to make it reel fer the children that was brought in from the other houses, an' some from the quarters that belonged to the organization an' was pritty fly—smart enough to put it all over the jay kids in swappin' after the presents was distributed an' before they was took home. Mosta them went home squawlin' an' kickin', too, an' I don't blame 'em. Kids don't git no fair show. Nor grown-up folks don't, neether, come to think of it. This is a hard world. My present was a hymn book.

"Well, anyhow. After the table had bin red up an' we'd settled down to cawfee, an' cider, an' nuts, an' cake, an' things, they come after some of us professionals again to tell about our old-time Exmusses in foreign parts. I led off by an accounta the Ban-yan tree of Noo Zealand. I was reminded of it because that thing happened at a Exmuss, the time I was over there collectin' curiosities for the Old Man, an' the Ban-yan tree is the only kinduv Christmas tree they has in that strange an' barbarous land.

"You know, Noo Zealand being on the other sida the yearth, the seasons is the opposite of what they is on this side, an' instead a nice, comfortable snow an' sleigh-bells, it's hawt—hawt—er'n Noorleens an' twice as sunshiny as Calgary. The rajah of the town where I happened to be was a dissolute old rake, fonda playin' poker and a fierce booze-fighter. Spent most of his time lyin' in bed an' roarin' fer rum. He was as shy on religion as a guinea-pig, but he had plenty o' morals, only they was all bad. Fer all that, he played up to the local clergy, an' made his subjects go to church regular—it was politics with him, fer the native clergy had the pull with the voters, and he knew which side his bread was buttered on. They make more fuss about Christmas than we do, an' every village has its one big Christmas tree fer all.

"This here Ban-yan tree is the only flesh-eater in the vegetable kingdom. It has enormous flowers shaped like a lily, but with spikes inside, an' a

tube fer a stem, that has a suction action an' performs the duty of a throat. The insida the trunk is hollow, an' digests an' assimilates the food supplied to it by the flowers. These flowers will watch out fer a unwary native, or even a cow or a wart-hawg, an' when approached too close they will swing down on the unfortunate bein' an' soak him in.

"The rajah had it in fer a temprunce advocate that was havin' a good deal to say around there about rulers that didn't know in the mornin' what they'd done the night before, an' about the time the natives was dodgin' in under the swingin', bloodthirsty flowers to grab off their Christmas presents that the high shurruff had hung there after gluttin' the tree to sleep with raw beef, out comes the rajah, soused to the gills, an' goes up against this temprunce man.

" 'I'm goin' to show you what I'm goin' to do to you,' says he, 'fer what you said about me,' he says. 'I'm goin' to take you apart like a boy does with a watch,' he says, 'but I ain't goin' to put you together again,' says he. 'You're goin' to be a set o' Christmas tree decorations,' says he.

"An' with that he gives the high sign to soma his murmy-dons, an' they're makin' fer this temprunce guy, when I butts in, strong, an' tells him he can't do that while I'm there.

" 'Can that line o' talk, Bill,' says he to me. 'I'm the hull house o' lords here,' he says. 'You're all right, Bill,' says he, 'an' I'm your friend, but you can't come insida my gate an' play 'at you're my boss.'

"An' when I makes a pass at him, a dozen of his men lassoes me from behind, an' throws me. An' he jest picks up that cold-water bloke an' throws him into the blood-red foliage of that awful tree, an' I seen him slowly disappear, shriekin', all tangled in a writhin' mass o' flowers.

"The rajah cocks his coronet over his right eye, an' says he, laughin' fiendish, 'So perish temprunce! Gimme a jugga rum! Merry Exmuss to all. Good night, Bill,' says he, an' exits.

"I got a deadly cobra in my col-

lection, with a sting in his tail that's sure death to whatever it sticks into. An' when they loosens me I goes to the crate it's in an' catchin' that pizen serpent backa the head I gives it a swing an' slings it straight at the trunk of that tree. The stinger strikes it, bing ! An' in a minit that tree begins to swell an' turn a sickly green, an' then it busts wide open with a explosion that sounds like 'splush !' an' out rolls the temprunce crank, sickern a dawg, but still alive, though he's lost half his vital fluid, an' was drawd out thin as a rope.

"When I gits this far, Danny comes to from his cider swoon, jest in time to hear the word 'rope.'

" 'The's only three ropes in a circus,' says he. 'Oh, my, but I'm sick !'

"I told him no wonder he was, seein' what he'd et an' drunk. An' when he said he hadn't et much nor drunk nawthin', I reescited his billa fare to him, from roast pig through goose an' mince pie an' the hull of it, down to cider an' baked apples.

" 'Did I eat a baked apple ?' says he, surprised.

" 'Six of 'em,' says I.

" 'I'm a fool,' says he. 'I mighta known. Baked apple is pizen to me.'

"But he quiets down, an' then one of our people tells about a experience he had wunst in India. He was a dwarf, with the chest and beard of a full grown man, but no legs—only feet. An' a smart man, too, always lightin' on them feet o' his, no matter when or where he might be throwed up in the air. This time he tells about is wunst when he was stranded in India. This country of India is identical with the land of Gopher mentioned in Holy Writ as aboundin' in gold and ivory an' precious stones while the Queen of Sheba lived, but all these valuables has bin absorbed by the princes, same as our graspin' corporations, so't the inhabitants is stony broke an' lives on roopees an' rice. He has to git home somehow, an' it bein' the Mahummedin Christmas an' all them starvin' millions out fer a good time, he grabs onto a movin' picture outfit that was countin' ties

between stands an' not able to put up fer hall rent, an' he talks a carload o' bamboo poles outuva contractor, an' makes a enclosure in a vacant lot on the outskurts, an' hangs up the county paper fer a thousand hand-bills announcin' a open-air theatre, admission one rupee or lac of rice, ladies half price. An' at night the place is jam full. But the minit the film begins to run, them ignorant, sooperstitious natives thinks it's some kinda spook work, an' up they starts from their hams, like one indivijul, an' lets out one screech all together, an' breaks outa that quicker'n a rabbit shakes its tail, takin' the bamboo theatre with 'em. The show's over, but he cashes in the gate-truck, an' gits home.

"The dwarf ain't more'n got on shipboard in his exaggerated story, when Danny says, kinda weak:

" 'What day is this ? Where am I ?'

"That terminates the festivities. It takes three or four of us to get Danny over to the quarters, him a-groanin' all the way, an' tellin' what he thinks of himself fer eatin' a baked apple, but finally we land him in bed, an' gets the veterinary to fix him up a dose o' hawt water an' mustard. All he knows about it is, it's a drink, an' he goes to it, wishin' the doc a merry Christmas, an' we makes quick exit, leavin' them alone, as he tips that stuff into himself.

"We ain't had time to git to bed when the's a sounda seven troubles over where we come from, an' we all tumbles out again an' beats it over there.

"The's the biggest kind of excitement in the house. A window is gone outa one side o' the dinin' room, the Christmas tree is scattered every which way, an' the table an' furniture is all mixed up. An' there in the middla the floor is old Cæsar, lashin' his tail, with a big patch o' cloth hangin' out of his mouth. The grand panjandrum is holdin' up a lamp, with his fambly hangin' onto him, an' the neighbors standin' against the wall an' crowdin' in the doorway.

" 'What is it ?' I asks.

" 'A tramp, I guess,' says the pan-

jandrum. 'Or maybe a burglar. Anyway,' says he, 'somebody broke into the house when the lights was put out here, an' we hadn't gone to bed yet, but the' was the most hair-raisin' noise all at wunst, a man yowlin' an' Cæsar roarin' like Niagara Falls, an' then the window crashed, an' we come tumblin' down an' found Cæsar like you see him now, all alone.'

"An' he goes over an' takes the cloth outa Cæsar's mouth an' looks at it.

"'It's a piece of a suita clothes,' he says, 'but not outa the coat. An', says he, 'the's red spots on it—fresh,' he says.

"'I guess,' says he, mournful like, 'I guess Cæsar has quit bein' a vegetarian. Christmas Eve, too. I'm sorry. Guess I'll rope him,' he says.

"So we goes back to quarters, an' as we're goin' past Danny's door, we hears excited voices. Danny, he's tellin' someone to git away from there. 'How dast you come into a sick man's room with your clothes all tore, without knockin'?' he says.

"An' then comes a voice we know. It was a new roustabout that hadn't bin invited to the party an' had let on he'd show 'em he was jest as good as any other man—an' I guess he thought he was a little better, because he was worse.

"'I tell you, doc,' he was sayin',

'it's a outrage. They got some new kinduva watch-dawg over there,' he says, 'an' when I'm jest goin' past an' doin' no harm, he comes out at me like a runaway grizzly, an' tears me clothes off. He wowned me, I tell ye!' says he. 'I'm all wounded behind,' says he. 'I gotta have treatment,' he says.

"'Go on to your bunk,' says the doc. 'Don't be comin' here makin' a roar like that, when Danny's sick.'

"'What was that roarin'?' says Danny. 'I know it was a lion.'

"'You're havin' a bad dream, Danny,' says the doc.

"'I am,' says Danny. 'I am. The's only three ropes in a circus,' he says, 'an' I'm no better'n a hank of oakum. I know I heard a lion,' says he. 'An' it's Christmas at that.'

"It took most of us a week to get over that Christmas celebration, an' it cost the wounded man his job, but that wa'n't nawthin' to what it cost Cæsar. He had tasted blood, an' you couldn't git him within three feet of a milk-pan from that on. Wanted the reel stuff—man, beast or bird—an' when he stalked a tame ostrich one day an' come home with plumes sproutn out of his whiskers, I was sent fer, an' we took him back into the show. Got him there now. Come on an' I'll show him to ye."





José, a Spanish gipsy lad, is sold to Mother Fedora as a sheep-herder. He hears that the King has promised a great reward to any one who will bring him a new pleasure, and while he is dreaming about securing it, he falls asleep and loses the flock. Not daring to return home, he wanders through the woods, and meets an old man who has kept the Harp of the Sun in a secluded cave for a thousand years, and has drawn José to his retreat in order to give him custody of the Harp, on condition that he shall have no earthly love, or any thought but for the Harp while he lives. José, enthralled by the music, consents, and the old man tells him that he is destined to bring the new pleasure to the King. He goes away carrying the magic Harp, and meets a wolf crouched in the forest path, ready to spring. The magic Harp saves José from harm, makes Mother Fedora young again, and guides José to the capital. It wins Lara, a brawny guardsman, to swear himself to José's service, and makes the entire population of the city fall at José's feet as he stands on the sacred King's stone, and plays. José goes to the Governor's house, under his protection, and his music arouses the envy of the Governor's eldest son, who determines to steal the Harp while José sleeps and play it before the King. In the meantime, enemies of the Governor have ridden posthaste to the King with news of the Governor's treason in permitting José to stand on the sacred stone. The King instantly summons the Governor and José to appear before him and immediately they depart for the royal castle, and are ushered into his presence. The harp vindicates the Governor and wins the royal household. The King makes José his heir apparent, at the desire of the people. José studies to fit himself for his high position, and becomes a prince indeed, loved by all. One day the Queen tells him of her only daughter who in childhood suffered sunstroke, and has ever since been violently insane. José cures her by virtue of the Harp, and at the King's command is betrothed to her. At the wedding feast he is persuaded to play the Harp of the Sun after nightfall, thus breaking his trust. The walls of the palace fall in, and José and the Harp vanish.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUDED.

SOME weeks after the mysterious destruction of the Prince's palace, a young woman, bare-headed and bare-footed, but with a healthy

country beauty, was doing a sad duty in the little plot of ground back of Fedora's cottage. On the day when the awful storm which had burst upon the palace swept up from the

sea and over the hills, Mother Fedora, who had outlived her neighbor Juanita by many years, was suddenly smitten down. Alone in her hut she awaited death ; but she was not to be left alone, for into her rude home limped a footsore woman, worn out and starving. This poor woman had come over the far hills and was a homeless wanderer. Though one of the hated gypsies, she was welcome to Fedora at such a time, and gladly did she obey the old shepherdess's feeble commands.

Her name was Zora ; she had been Ismael's playmate on the hills, but the last of her people had been slain, and she was going down to the great White City, where it was said her race was ever welcome. The Prince who now



ruled was of her tribe, so she had heard, and he ever helped those of his own blood who came to him for protection. She was glad, however, of the warmth and comfort of the hut, and stayed with Fedora to wait upon her and to tend her flock.

The hut was now a very lonely one ; the other dwellers on the mountain side had moved away, or had been taken by death, and for miles about there was no human habitation. It was, therefore, some days before a passer-by brought them word of the strange calamity that had befallen the great Prince. Fedora mourned because there was now no hope for her recovery ; the harp that had given her strength was gone, and she must soon die ; and Zora wept because she had dreamt that in the vast city she might be able to find little Ismael ; if not, she could at least see the wonderful Prince, and, perhaps, hear his miracle-working music ; but the news the traveller brought shattered her hopes, and she determined to stay with Fedora even after her recovery. She tried to find out from the old woman something about the little musician who had restored strength to her withered body, but Fedora's memory had failed her, and she did not even remember his name or the name she had given him. All she knew was that he had gone to the city, become a prince and forgotten her. Even this much information she gave with so many wild and wandering words that Zora thought her mad and paid no heed to her tale.

Fedora had not long to live, and one blustery day when Zora, through the driving rain, brought back the flock to the fold, she found that the old woman, who seemed stronger than usual when she went out, was cold in death. Zora was a strong young woman, and had seen much of death, and had helped in many a rude burial, so with her own hands she wrapped the body in a rough shroud, scooped out a shallow grave beside the one in which little Roderigo was buried, and laid the good, gruff old Fedora to rest. When she returned to the hut after her sad task she was somewhat terrified

at finding lying across the threshold a ragged, unkempt tramp, one of the wrecks of her own people. But she was a brave woman, and bending over the fallen man, she saw he was flushed and feverish ; she saw, too, how thin he was, and knew that he must be starving. She picked him up in her strong arms and carried him to the rude bed on which the old woman had so lately lain. As she placed him gently upon it, she was startled by hearing the name "Zora" breathed as from one in a dream. She looked anxiously into the hot, thin but finely cut face of the sick man, and then with a strange impulse she cried, "Ismael."

"Zora," was breathed back to her. No other word did he speak. For days, for weeks, he lay as one in a trance ; and during these weeks the sheep were sadly neglected. At length his eyes opened, opened with wonder at the gentle eyes that were looking into his own.

"Where am I?" he said.

"In Fedora's cottage, and I am Zora."

"Zora?" he said, as though trying to recall the name.

"Zora," he repeated, "with whom I played before they sold me yesterday?"

"Yesterday, Ismael! It was years ago."

"Years ago? Where have I been? Where have I been? I was sold yesterday, it seems to me, for two sheep. Where have I been since yesterday?"

"Years and years ago, I heard, Ismael, that you had been sold, but more I know not. We were little children then, but some weeks ago I found you, a grown man, in rags, and sick, I thought unto death, at the hut door. You lived, that is enough ; let us not try to call up the past."

But Ismael did try, but try as he would, he could not account for the years between his childhood and manhood. The last thing he remembered was the good supper the gruff old woman who had just bought him had spread before him ; and then the comfort he felt in falling quietly to sleep in the warm hut. Nothing more could he

recall. However, he rapidly grew strong, and soon he was able to go into the mountain pastures and watch the sheep, while Zora worked with busy hands in the garden and the hut.

One day word came to them that, in the city to which their eyes were ever turned, a holiday had been decreed in honor of the completion of a great statue of the musician prince, who had so mysteriously disappeared ; and so they determined to leave their bleating flock in the fold and go with the crowd of people that were hurrying along all the roads leading to the city. They had another object in view in taking this journey. The liking they had for each other as children had now become love ; and they thought this a good time to visit one of the many holy fathers in the White City and be made man and wife.

So Ismael swung the fattest lamb of his flock across his strong back, and Zora hung from her shoulder several skins of Fedora's rich old wine ; and with these presents for the priest set off down the dusty road that led to the green valley. As they approached the strong walls and towers, and saw the soldiers lining the ramparts, and heard bugle answer bugle, and the clanking of the great drawbridge that on this day was continually rising and falling to admit a crowd of sight-seers, they were not a little alarmed. As Ismael gazed upon these things and heard the sounds of the city, a dim recollection awoke within him. Somewhere he had seen such things before ; perhaps it was only in a dream, he thought, or perhaps it was only the recollection of the stories he had heard while sitting round the camp-fires of his tribe in the long, long years before he crossed the mountains. They felt much safer when within the city ; the crowd seemed to shelter them, and they moved about anxiously looking for a priest, but too timid to ask where one might be found.

They were not long in discovering one. A jolly, fat-faced little man, clad in a long white robe, with rough sandals on his feet, and his uncovered head, bald as an apple, shining in the

sunlight, seemed to read their wishes and merrily spoke to them.

"Well, my children," he said, "if you are to be married to-day we will have to make haste about it, as there will be no time for such things when the Queen and Princess reach the city ; and, hark ! there is the trumpet telling of their approach."

How did he know what they wanted, they both wondered, but they were not long in letting him know their wish, and showing him their humble gifts. He led them to his little church, and, in a few simple words, made them one, and with more kindly words gladdened their hearts. Then he took them to his cell, as he called it, but in reality it was a cosy comfortable chamber, and spread before them a feast, worth, they thought, far more than their lamb and their wine. While they ate, he told them of the Prince and his wonderful gifts, of the miracles he had wrought, and of the sad fate of the Princess, who with the Queen now ruled, and ruled well, the kingdom.

While he spoke, Ismael's eyes became dreamy with thought. His mind was wandering far back into the past, and the tale that he heard did not seem new to him. Somewhere he had heard of the Prince and the Princess, of the harp and its miracles. But where ? Think as he would, he could not tell where. It must surely have been in his boyhood dreams when he played with Zora at King and Queen. He was wakened from his thoughts by the ringing peal of a mighty trumpet.

"The Queen and Princess have entered the city," cried the father. "Let us hasten, or we will not be able to get near them for the crowd."

So out into the street they went, Zora leaning lovingly on Ismael's arm, and wearing on her breast the pure white flowers the father had given her according to the custom at marriages in those days.

The city was now alive with people in holiday dress, each one making every effort to get a good position from which to see the royal pageant pass. At length the guards sent ahead to clear the road for the royal car came in sight.



WITH THESE PRESENTS FOR THE PRIEST, ISMAEL AND ZORA SET OFF DOWN THE DUSTY ROAD

Leading them was the giant Lara, straight and tall, and splendid in complete armor.

"Look, look!" cried the father, "there is the finest soldier in the kingdom. It was he who guarded the Prince when he first came to the city. What legs he has! and what a chest!"

Zora was clinging tremblingly to her husband's arm. She feared the great soldier and his gleaming sword, tall as an ordinary man. She feared him still more when he roared out a greeting to the priest.

"Ho, Father Pedro, at your old tricks! tying knots even on a holiday! Well, well, the wench is a fair one. Ho, ho, afraid of me; a kiss for that!"

He threw back his visor; and

Zora, dumb with fright, felt his great, rough, kindly face pressed to hers.

"Here, lass," he said, taking from his pouch a golden chain, "here is a marriage gift for you. By Our Lady, if this lout had not been before me, and I am ever late, I would have wedded thee myself."

He pressed the chain into her trembling hand, laughed a great gruff laugh, clinked his visor shut, and advanced towards the square where the statue had been erected.

Ismael was as one in a trance; somewhere surely in the past he had heard that voice; and he tried to recall the life he must have lived during the long years since the day he was sold for two sheep and the day on

which Zora found him lying at the hut door, but it was all a blank. Still the towering form of Lara and his thundering voice remained in his mind as familiar things.

At last the royal car with the Queen and Princess rolled by, and in its wake was an army of soldiers. The citizens pressed eagerly after it, and in this crowd Father Pedro and Zora and Ismael found themselves borne along. When the square where the statue was had been reached, the father managed to get a good position near the Queen and Princess, where he could not only see the statue to advantage, but could even hear the words of the Queen as she addressed the multitude which assembled before her.

To Ismael the crowd seemed familiar. That splendid figure, too, with the golden harp in its hands, he seemed to have known ; and both he and Pedro were startled by hearing Zora say, " How like the statue is to thee, my Prince " ; and she laughed as she said it and pressed his hand affectionately, thinking how much happier she was than the beautiful Princess, who had naught but a marble image to love.

Another one present had noticed a resemblance between Ismael and the artist's reproduction of the Prince. The Princess, who had been sweeping her eye over the crowd and thinking of José, had seen it, and beckoning to Pedro, bade him bring the newly-wedded couple to her. She gazed long into Ismael's face, and he returned her gaze, wondering where he had seen her before. Then she sighed deeply, and pressing a purse into Zora's hand, bade them be happy.

It was a long, weary day for Ismael and Zora, but at last it was over ; and in the cool of the evening, footsore and happy and rich, they toiled up the hill-slopes to their little hut—their home. When they went with a torch to the sheep-fold to see to their flock, they saw that the door was broken and that the ground about it was sprinkled with blood and wool.

" The wolf, the wolf ! " cried Zora, in alarm, " he has been here in our

absence—the wolf that Fedora ever talked about, ever dreaded."

Into the sheep-fold Ismael rushed, but the wolf was not there, and in the farthest corner the sheep were huddled together in a trembling mass. Only one had been taken ; the fattest one, it was true ; but Lara's chain and the Princess's purse made them forget their loss.

After this, however, when Ismael went to the hill pasture with his sheep, he kept a careful eye for the wolf ; and always set out armed with the great knife that he found hanging on the wall of the hut. But the wolf did not return for many days, and Ismael became less watchful ; and he would lie in the sunlight and make rude whistles, on which he tried to play to his flock after the manner of shepherds, but could only produce a harsh and discordant noise that greatly amused Zora. Poor Ismael, he longed to sing and to play ; and he had dreams that once he could play and sing ; but when and where ? It must have been in the lost years of his life. But no : he had then been a poor, homeless tramp, he thought, whose mind had been unhinged by the sufferings his people had undergone on their long march over the mountains. He began to dream very much as little José had dreamt so many years before, and two of his flock wandered from his sight. One he recovered, but by the edge of the dark forest he came upon the wool, blood and bones of the other.

He drove his sheep home, shut them in the fold, whetted his knife, and taking a strong bow and arrow, went out boldly in search of the robber. Into the black forest he courageously marched, tracking the wolf by the blood-stained pieces of wool that were left as the beast had dragged to its lair bits of the carcase. He at length came upon it, snarling and fierce. Then he fitted an arrow to his bow, took steady aim, and drove the weapon to its shaft in the great side of the savage beast. But the wolf was only wounded, and sprang in fury upon Ismael. He seized it by the throat

with a firm grip, swung his knife fiercely with his strong right hand, and split the head of the brute in twain, and it fell dead at his feet.

He stood a moment looking in triumph on the beast he had slain, then went to work with his sharp knife and tore the thick black skin from the body and carried it down the mountain and cast it at Zora's feet. "My Prince," she cried, "my hero!"—and he trembled as he heard her words; somewhere in the past such words had been addressed to him by other lips, but he knew not where, nor by whom. It mattered not. He was as happy as a king, without a king's care; and to him Zora was more beautiful than even the Queen or the Princess.

How happily they lived together in their humble home, and how prosperous they became! Their flock increased so much that a new fold had to be built, and either Ismael or Zora had to make frequent visits to the White City to sell what their industrious

hands produced. Once a year they went together, not to sell or to buy, but to worship.

The Prince was now deemed a saint, and it grew to be the custom for people to prostrate themselves before his statue and ask his protection; and Ismael and Zora never failed to make their annual visit, and with the other pilgrims uncovered their heads and bowed in the dust before the image of the man who had made the kingdom so strong that, though he was no more in the land, it was safe from foreign invasion and from internal strife.

As the years flew by a little curly-headed lad, with a face very like the one carved in the marble, went with them. He was named José, after the good saint, and as his parents prayed for happiness and prosperity, he offered up his childish prayer for protection from wolves and bears and bad men; and he was protected by the very José of the statue, though he knew it not.

THE END.

A Woman Always

By W. Lacey Amy

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is the fifth of a series of five stories dealing with the business adventures of a feminine commercial traveller on the road for a jewellery house and in direct competition with her husband, the salesman for a rival firm.*

IN common with the other wholesale jewelry houses, Flank & Miers had felt the "financial stringency" of the latter part of 1907. Jewelers were affected by the shortened reins of finance more than any other merchants. Some good old businesses had refused to be persuaded to invest in a dollar's worth of goods for the spring and summer business; all were buying sparingly, and it was with some repudiation that the outcome of the

campaign for Christmas trade was viewed by the supply houses.

Some firms were cutting down expenses by employing cheaper salesmen. But the better houses had figured it out that the profit lay in the best salesmen to be had, and in the special efforts that could be made to attract business. Flank & Miers had hit upon the latter course. It was not so much their superior business acumen, but their customary reliance upon the spectacular. Following up this idea of tempting business, a letter from Miers had brought Mary D. down to Montreal to confer with her employers concerning the Christmas campaign.

Their woman traveller had kept

away from the house as much as possible of late. An uncontrollable antipathy to Miers warned her that an outbreak would take place on little additional provocation, and she was not prepared as yet to forfeit her profitable position for the satisfaction of telling him some reliable facts. Mary D. had come to appreciate fully her place in the jewelry world and in the good graces of her firm. She knew now that it was not her ability as a salesman, but the advertisement it gave her firm, that made her most valuable. To be used in this way was displeasing enough, but to feel that her abuse of her sex was for the profit of a man like Miers was disgusting her more every day.

However, the call for a conference had come at a most opportune time for her. Since Marly's return from abroad, and his rescue of her in the bridge adventure, she had felt more than ever her separation from her husband. With him on the road in the same territory, she had been sustained by the rivalry, and had always had an impetus that interested her. Since he had been promoted his trips occupied only a few weeks of the year, and his elevation itself seemed to project an obstacle. A year before, or even eight months before, Marly had been no more to her than a rival of special interest. Gradually his increasing independence and success had forced upon her the conviction that Marly was expanding and assuming a position which brought from her respect and even admiration. It was most natural that she should then feel their relationship; and his six months' absence had given her time to think with all the freedom that presented no warning of whither her thoughts were leading her. The exciting occasion of Marly's first appearance after his return had taken almost all restraint from her altered feeling for him, and she was glad in the belief that Marly knew it.

Mary D. had thought over the changed situation during her wearisome journeys, and had devised a scheme which made Miers' orders to visit Montreal most acceptable. Part of Miers' instructions had been to arrive

on Thursday night's train and report immediately at his house. She knew that this meant that plans were to be laid without Flank's knowledge, or that everything was to be decided beforehand so that the consultation with Flank would be merely a form. These orders Mary D. ignored, going immediately to a hotel, and appearing at the office at 9.30 the next morning, at which time she knew Flank would be in his office. She had important business to perform, and she wanted it attended to from the first by the full authority of the firm.

But Miers was not to be disappointed if he could help it. Through his open office door he saw Mary D. enter the outer office, and in a moment he was bowing in front of her, his lean hands rubbing over each other in an insinuating way that made her long to pull his hair. She answered his health enquiries as cordially as she could, and disregarding his attempts to turn her towards his office, walked straight up to Flank's office on the other side, and knocked. Miers, seeing the futility of trying to secure a private interview, ambled after her, and without stopping opened the door and ushered her into the presence of the nominal head. Flank, a big, red-faced, phlegmatic creature, with a cigar almost as much a part of his face as his nose, merely pushed a bunch of letters aside and grunted a greeting, leaving Miers to bustle up a chair for their visitor. The latter immediately took charge of affairs and proceeded to business.

He explained that they had called Mary D. in to confer with them on the fall's prospects and to devise ways and means to overcome the paucity of orders which was fully expected in the jewelry business. While the little Jew dilated upon their trust in Mary D., and incidentally infused into the conversation a feeling that they expected her to make good or she would have to account to him personally, the senior member slowly puffed at his huge cigar, and Mary D. looked over Miers' head into the street, surprised at her own indifference and in her unaccountable interest in the efforts of a big dray horse to back a

cart against a warehouse entrance across the street. Miers' voice came to her only at intervals. She knew what he was saying without being conscious that the words were being spoken. An assumed playfulness in his tone warned her that he noticed her pre-occupation, and she came back to the consciousness of events to hear him ask, "Are you going to see that Flank & Miers get their share of the business?"

"I think I have seldom lost sight of that," she answered seriously, with a note of rebuke that made Miers twist in his chair and opened one of Flank's eyes.

"Yes, Mrs. Norton," Miers responded, his hands commencing their nervous rubbing. "But this year things will be different. Mr. Flank and myself feel that we will have to make some special effort this year, and we expect our employees to do the same. We are paying you well, and do not wish to reduce your salary to meet existing conditions."

Mary D. flushed but remained silent.

"We know we've got the goods, and any failure to return the orders can only rest upon our travellers," he added, with a disagreeable smile. Mary D. always felt her anger rise when she was treated to that smile, and it was only by a supreme effort that she restrained herself.

"Western Ontario will do as well as can be expected," was all she said, but Flank's other eye opened and he missed a puff.

Miers' eyes were twinkling angrily. "Well, we expect much. We're going to help you all we can. We're going to spend a lot of money on you, and we will look for its return. You're going to have what no other jewelry traveller has, and we look to you to make good on it."

Flank opened his mouth as if to say something, but concluded to take another puff only. Mary D. said nothing, and Miers continued:

"Now, we've thought a lot of this matter, and some of our plans I can give you. It appears to us that the novelty of a female traveller may be wearing out, and we will add other

features that will retain the interest for this season, anyway."

"And what after this season?" Mary D. could not help asking, a dangerous gleam in her eyes.

"We're only disturbed about this season at present. In short, our plan is to fit you out in such a way that the Christmas trade of Flank & Miers for 1907 should eclipse any other year. What do you think of this? We have ordered an automobile for you—a big yellow speeder with the firm name on the sides. A negro will be your chauffeur, and in addition to the excitement you create, you'll be able to make time and get around ahead of your competitors. We want you to sit to-day for your photo, and picture postcards of you will be sent ahead of you to all the jewellers. Make your dress as striking as you can for this. A set of paste jewelry is being made for you—we're a little afraid to risk good stones after your Wharton affair. Perhaps you can suggest something else."

Mary D. had been biting her lips as the full significance of Miers' plans were unfolded. When he ceased she turned suddenly to Flank, who started nervously at being brought into the conversation.

"I can tell you," she said earnestly, leaning towards the big smoker, "I can tell you what would be the biggest thing now and for all time for Flank & Miers. I know a man—a stone buyer, a man whose knowledge of values is worth thousands, one of the best salesmen on the road. I don't know whether he'll come or not, but if Flank & Miers can secure the services of Marly Norton, of Main & Co., our business would be the best and my sales the biggest. Can you find a place for Marly Norton?" And Mary D. rose from her chair and leaned over the big form of her employer.

"Why—er—I!" Flank had dropped his cigar ash over his vest in his embarrassment, and now looked helplessly at the quicker-thinking Miers, who was moving restlessly in his chair and looking for an opportunity of breaking in upon an important business suggestion in which he was ignored.

"My dear Mrs. Norton," piped the little Jew, "there's nothing we'd like better than to please you. But you see, we haven't a place for him. I do the stone buying, and we don't need a traveller. Now, let's get down to business and plan this auto scheme."

Mary D. looked at him a moment in a way that made him really fearful of personal violence, and he twitched his chair further towards the window. Then she smiled scornfully and threw at him: "Your auto scheme you can develop with some other woman freak. From now on I refuse to direct my sex to an accumulation of dollars for you, you little Jew, and to receiving for myself a salary and an undesirable notoriety. I'm sorry I brought Mr. Norton's name into any connection with such a firm. I had plans—but this miserable refugee has fortunately balked me. You heard the only condition that would keep me in your employ, and I'm glad you have refused. You have my resignation. You owe me a month's salary. Keep it!" Without waiting for the partners to collect themselves she walked out.

* * * * *

Within a month the firm of the Eastern Jewelry Co. was launched, with Mary D. Norton as sole proprietor and head traveller. She had decided not to call it by her name as it would be the same initials as her husband's, and the firm name would be almost the same as that of the unfortunate original Norton firm. Starting just in time for the Christmas trade, Mary D., by her personal exertions on the road, kept the office staff so busy that thoughts of Marly were entertainable only at detached moments of the day. The new jewelry firm was a big factor in the holiday business. Cowley lost ground rapidly, and the new female traveller put on by Flank & Miers experienced all the inconvenience of automobiling, all the unenviable notoriety of negro chauffeurs and picture postcards, without the accompaniment of full order sheets. Mary D. was at her best with an excitement that made her most attractive. She had discarded the velvet waist, the checked shirt, the long, manly stride, so studi-

ously cultivated previously as part of her advertisement. She worked harder than ever, planned more thoughtfully than ever, studied her rivals more carefully than ever—and had better results than ever. Merchants looked for her coming not as a curiosity affording the excitement of her eccentricities, her manliness, her opposition to every other jewelry salesman, but as a traveller with the goods, with the best methods of selling them, with all the womanliness of a woman, whose business was never allowed entirely to drown her sex. Some of the jewelers even attempted a flirtation, which they hastily concealed when she looked absently at them, and held her pencil ready to write.

Some of the oldest merchants soon noticed how willingly she was led into conversation about her husband; and many a one smiled to himself as he grasped the meaning of it. Mary D. often forgot her business in her talks of Marly, only to return nervously to the practical side of life—and later in the day, after her work was done, to wander around to the store again and turn the conversation to Marly and their old-time rivalry.

Marly never came out now. Cowley was being given a free hand to prove his value, and the stone business of the house of Main & Co. had grown to such proportions as to demand the constant attention of the head of the department. Mary D. never saw him, but she heard of him often through the patrons of the firm, and when the Eastern Jewelry Co. was out of any supplies, which happened quite frequently on account of the newness of the firm, Mary D. always wrote personally to Marly, invariably adding a funny little semi-personal note on another sheet—notes which Marly read, and answered in kind after he had collected himself, addressing his letters personally to her.

The spring of 1908 saw no relief in the financial condition of the country, and Mary D. found herself facing the payment of the large short-timed bills on which no extension would be allowed to a new firm. Jewelers throughout the country were unable to pay

their accounts, and to push them meant loss of their trade without much hope of collection. To add to her troubles her staff, selected in the haste of opening up for the Christmas trade, began to take advantage of her absence from the house. Upon returning to the house one day unexpectedly she found two of the office hands attending a baseball match, and she was forced to remain a day to prepare a new lot of samples desired. Another time the manager sent her new samples with prices she knew were wrong, and a hasty trip had to be made to the house to make corrections. Then, finally, her manager fled the country with \$10,000 worth of her most valuable stones, of which only a half were recovered when he was caught a week afterwards in Chicago.

The past six months had been a terrible strain, a struggle between indomitable courage and the natural results of the lack of capital and hasty company-launching. She had worked honestly and hard, but difficulties were increasing. Ahead of her lay a year of limited business prospects, and she had only her own energy to rely upon to keep above water a firm inaugurated largely upon faith. The lonely fight she was putting up against heavy odds was wearing her spirit down; and she was tired—oh, so tired! Her nights were sleepless, her days a terrible succession of hours of planning and working, working and planning, herself the brains and hands of the business. She was even glad of the rest the cars afforded her, and she leaned her head wearily back on the cushions as she thought and thought.

Alone she seemed in her fight. Marly was succeeding now in a masterful way, and his success seemed to force a barrier between them. The hopelessness of her struggle only predicted the widening of the gulf—the successful Marly whom she had almost discarded and herself without a bright spot to look forward to. A tear rolled down her thin cheeks, and she turned towards the window to hide an emotion whose expression was new to her. Her weakness of resistance only brought her helplessness home, and



SHE FELL ASLEEP, AND HER DREAMS WERE
OF A HOME AND HAPPINESS

the tears flowed faster. And then she fell asleep, and her dreams were pleasant—of Marly, of a new home, of happiness.

With an odd feeling of great repose and lack of responsibility she awoke to look into the face of Marly opposite her, a pitying, protecting expression in his eyes that almost brought the tears afresh. She tried to speak lightly but the words would not come, and she had to turn it off with a wan smile.

Marly bit his lips, and leaning forward with an evident restraint, he asked: "What is it, Mary?"

No answer, but a feeble attempt to brush away the traces of tears she knew must be on her cheeks.

"It's too much for you, Mary," and he moved to the seat beside her, leaning over to see her face, regardless of the other passengers.

"Give it up. It's not a woman's life. You've done as much as woman can do. You've done more for me than you can do for yourself. Four years ago I had to give it up myself." After a pause: "Mary, do you know that I left Toronto yesterday a partner in the firm of Main & Co., the oldest and steadiest jew-

elry wholesale house in Canada ? ”

At the words, Mary D.'s whole face changed, and with a radiant look she put out her hand in an impulsive little movement that was all feminine and very appealing. The business woman was gone; in her stead the wife glad in her husband's success looked out of her brightened eyes.

“It's you that did it all,” he continued, thrilling at the knowledge that she was glad even in her trouble. “And, Mary, my only unhappiness now comes through you. I want you, dear. Won't you give it up and let me try to make you happy again ? ”

And Mary just leaned her head on his shoulder and sighed restfully.

HOW GREEN ARE THY LEAVES

BY C. E. PICKARD

THE snow lay white upon the streets,
The wind gave icy warning,
The sky was dark and overcast,
And it was Christmas morning;
And, as I briskly walked along
The sidewalk's icy coating,
There came an old familiar tune
Around the corner floating.

It was the music of a band,
Around the city straying—
One of those little German Bands.
A block away a-playing.
They played that old, old Christmas
song,
(I've heard it played much better)
“O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,
Wie grun sind deine Blatter!”

I knew how hard it was to play
There in the freezing weather—
Their lips were blue, their fingers stiff,
Their shoulders drawn together.
Small wonder that the music might
Give critics ground for carping;
Some tones were flat, some sadly queer—
The clarinet was sharpening.

The players numbered six or seven,
The instruments were battered,
Of every age and make and shape—
And yet it little mattered;
For many a time in lighted hall,
Each tone perfection proving,
I've heard great music, greatly played,
That was not half so moving.

I knew that in the “Fatherland”
Each player's heart was centered,
That to the old and humble home
Each soul had somehow entered,
Where, round the Tree, that selfsame
song
That day was gladly ringing,
Parents and children, young and old,
Joining in merry singing.

And so, in spite of instruments,
Cold wind and numbing fingers,
They put a pathos in that tune
That in my soul still lingers,
And makes me hope each German heart,
Where'er they went, grew tender—
That every one who heard them play
Some Christmas gift might render.

Oh, Christmas tree, thy leaves are green
In snow and wintry weather!
I hope thou mayst be green for them
For many years together—
I know that hearing them that day
Has somehow made me better—
“O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,
Wie grun sind deine Blatter!”

Confessions of a Grandfather of Speech

By Arthur Hawkes

Author of "Confessions of a Literary Grandfather," "The Idyl of May and December," etc.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—*The following came to me among the papers of Hugo Fretelle, a dear friend. It must have been written about eleven days before his death. His family did not know that the coming event had cast its shadow before him.*

ETHEL has just told me my moustache is going grey. I have known it for some time, and once considered the wisdom of defeating Anno Domini with a razor. But it would be vain. My temples also are crossed with silver, and I have no taste for baldness. Besides, what's the use? The days march by apace and stealthily scatter their souvenirs over your head. Now and then they deliver a reminder that pierces to your heart. You tire of transactions with men; of the voices of the street; and long for the cold days, and the snug hearth, and the still communion of books, and falling shadows that become dear companions; for they presage more real, unavoidable things that are shortly to come.

Papers come from places you once knew familiarly. You look down the stories of the living and find strange names that seem to wear a too confident, almost an impertinent look. To find some of the old familiars you have to turn to obituaries, and the printed echoes of the tolling bell. And, sometimes there is news that gives you a quiet thrill of joy, and compensates for sundry tribulations.

* * * * *
Last Wednesday a letter and paper

came from Joseph Haird, from whom I had not heard for seven years. He said: "I am sending you this week's 'Pilfile Messenger'. It has a report of my speech at the County Farmers' Club dinner, which I hope you will read. Please apply the kind things the paper says about it to yourself, for I owe most of my success as a speaker to your advice, and more to your example. As this is the most handsome printed recognition I have received of efforts that have cost me a good deal of toil, I am sending it to you. Will you not send me something of yours?"

"Bless my soul," said I to myself. "I don't remember telling him how to talk; but let's see what he said to the Farmers' Club."

There was news in the report. The farmers' feast was held this year at Mallingtoun, it said, was graced by the presence of Mr. Teeman Thomas, M.P., member for Mid-Kent, and by His Worship the Mayor of Mallingtoun, Joseph Haird, Esq. "The speech of the evening," wrote the chronicler, "was made by the Mayor of the town in response to 'The Future of Agriculture'. It was replete with humor, showed an intimate acquaintance with farmers' difficulties; and gave a delightful and instructive forecast of the days when our greatest industry will flourish as of old, and the humblest worker in it will cultivate his own powers as well as the soil. Throughout, the speech of the Mayor was punctuated with laughter and applause, which

marked His Worship as one of the best after-dinner speakers in the country."

Only one of Haird's stories was reflected in the "Messenger". It is singular that newspapers will put into type the warmed-over jokes (and they are pretty cold, even then), from exchanges that obtained them from other exchanges, and will ignore pearls of humor that are always falling around them. Pepson, the most observant traveller I have ever known, dropped in on Friday. I asked him why the newspapers never got hold of any of his best stories.

"Because I tell them to the newspaper boys," he said. "They don't become everybody's property when half a dozen newspaper men have laughed over them till they've bunged their eyes up, and can't see a good thing for their papers."

Haird's story, as given in the "Messenger" was this: A farmer returning home late at night, found a man standing beside the house, with a lighted lantern in his hand.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, savagely, suspecting he had caught a criminal. For answer came a chuckle, and:

"It's only mee, zur."

The farmer recognized John, his shepherd.

"It's you, John, is it? What the devil are you doing here, this time o' night?"

Another chuckle. "I'm a-coortin', zur."

"And who are you courting?"

"Ann, zur, she zed zhe'd 'ave to goo in now, or zhe wood'n be up in time vur jhurnin', zur."

"But what are you doing here, now that she's gone in?"

"I'm a-waitin', zur, till zhe gets up to 'er winder, zur, and I can zee the candle goo out."

"And so you've come courting with a lantern, you fool. Why, I never took a lantern when I courted your mistress."

"No, zur, you didn't, zur," John chuckled. "We can all zee you didn't, zur."

I remember bringing the story to Mallingtoun ten years ago from Somersetshire. To judge by the report,

Haird had got the soft western "s" to perfection. To the extent of the story, at least, I must be the grandfather of Haird's speech. I suppose we must have talked at some time about speaking at dinners and on public occasions. The truth is that in those days the duty of speaking for "The Press" often fell on me. People used to ask, "How do you manage it?" When ignorance of what "it" meant was professed, they said, "How is it that you always speak so well?" In time I came to know I was envied by some who had been speaking before I was born.

It is five years since I have watched a crowd as it listened to my voice. How I came to neglect a rare gift is a story that is hidden in the old escritoire, and will not be rediscovered while I am here. Perhaps there is something wicked in deliberately neglecting, in the prime of life, an endowment that was surely meant to be used. But Fate caught me unawares. The Dexter candidature threw me down, because, I suppose, Beltring was as honest as I. They said I threw away a promising career because of pique. But they did not know what happened two nights before the election; and I had to bear the silent reproaches of my own people, who were more ambitious for me than they cared to acknowledge even among themselves.

But it was not callousness to what I owe my parents that has made me quench the incommunicable fire. They have long since gone to their reward. I hope that what they missed in me has been more than made up to them. Each succeeding year makes me appreciate more the boundless deep of their worth. For more years than I care to count I used to hear them talk to Almighty God—my father every morning, and my father and mother every evening. This day I revere their unconscious eloquence. At one time I did not know eloquence when I heard it in the most sacred place from which it may spring.

They came of a time when

Knowledge to their eyes^{her} ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll.

My father, if circumstances had been

more kind; and if someone had told him in his youth what ambition might do for him, would have been heeded in any assembly. My mother, at eighty-three years of age, had as lively a wit, as finely-textured a mind, as rare a gift of speech, as I have ever known in woman. My father never knew on how broad a foundation he might have builded. My mother never saw the heights to which she could have soared. For me, Gray's lament has become a piece of autobiography.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of Empire might have
swayed,
Or woke to ecstasy the living lyre.

But it will not do to allow a melancholy imagination to dwell on what might have been—for them, or for me. Haird's delighted and delightful intimation has come across the ocean, like a sort of angelus. It lifts me out of a cloud of regrets into an air of blessed hope. To Haird and to all Mallingtown, including the people who laughed at jokes that we have all forgotten, and who clinked glasses that have become smithereens, I am already dead. But, being dead, I yet speak. Haird proves it. Only through a false modesty could I say to myself that he doesn't speak truth. For now, at this very moment, I do recall how he came to me, depressed by his inability to think while on his feet; and, as he put it, "a cursed absence of ideas when I *do* think."

Now, I knew, by a faculty of penetration that has puzzled me oftener than it has astonished those who know me, that Haird had enough native power, and a range of ideas on which to found a facility of expression. The heart of my counsel to him was this: "Don't be frightened by the curious hesitation that first comes over you when you see a crowd of people sitting still as pumpkins, looking at you as if they were a lot of hungry children waiting while father carves the joint. They won't hurt you. Just say what you want to say, and let the consequences go hang."

That is not the whole gospel, of course; but to one who has the undiscovered illumination within him, it is

enough. Ideas and convictions must beat out their own music. For all these years I have found a wistful pleasure in detecting signs of high capacity where most people discerned only the most respectable average. There will always be more geese than swans. He is on the high road to happiness who sees more swans than he expected to find; and especially if he can see in process a few transformations from commonplace to splendour.

Haird is a revelation of that sort, for which I thank my stars. And while I muse, others come back to my mind—recollections of my more robust days, that I have not considered before. Four present themselves vividly; two in whom readers rejoice; and two for whom the spoken sentence is a talisman of power. More, I know, I shall not see.

* * * * *

Four years ago a business man, whose study of literature was believed to be divided between bank bills and bills of lading, confided to me his dread of, and desire for, public service. "Do you know," he said, "I think of what I want to say, put it down on paper, go over it, change it; and before the time comes to say it, the darned stuff seems no good, and I'd give a thousand dollars to be allowed to hold my tongue."

"I suppose," I ventured, "you would give a thousand dollars to know that you could speak well, with a little preparation?"

"Yes, indeed I would."

"Before you throw away so much money," I said, "will you imagine a case? Suppose a bald-headed, bearded man were to come in now, and say, 'Excuse the interruption, but I am from Stratford-on-Avon. My name is William Shakespeare. I've written something I should like to read to you: The quality of mercy is not strained: It——'"

"Yes, yes," smiled my friend. "It droppeth as the gentle rain——"

"Well, you would be delighted to have such a Shakespearian recital. Suppose, after lunch, the gentleman from Stratford came back, and said 'Excuse the interrup—'"

from Stratford-on-Avon. My name is William Shakespeare, and I've written something I should like to read to you: The quality of mercy is not strained; It droppeth——'

"And then, after dinner to-night, if the library door opened, and Mr. Shakespeare came in and said, 'Excuse the interruption, but I am from Stratford-on-Avon. My name is William Shakespeare, and I've written something I should like to read to you: The quality of mercy is not——'

"Wouldn't you feel like straining and smashing the quality of mercy and sending Mr. Shakespeare about his business for a pestilential fellow?"

My friend nodded, smiled and merely said, "And so, ——?"

"And so, if Shakespeare would tire you by frequent repetition, do you expect your ideas to seem fresh to you all the time? Isn't it safe to reflect that what strikes your mind favorably will impress equally well the man who hears it for the first time?"

"Why, Fretelle," said he, "I never thought of it in that way. I'll take your suggestion."

I have watched his reputation grow for four years.

* * * * *

The second man in whose speeches I have a grandpaternal interest is a member of Parliament. Until the last election he was a journalist, fighting for the popularity of a magazine that was more to him than children. To write an article powerful as a waterfall was second nature to him. When you talked with him you forgot about the clock and your next engagement. He had been everywhere, had met everybody, and had the public by the ear. In Parliament he will rise fast, and his advent to Cabinet rank is conditioned only by his health, and the life of the Government. He was a veritable coward three years ago, when it came to saying with his tongue before fifty people what he would tell, with a fountain pen, to five hundred thousand.

He did not seek advice. I thrust it on him, having been annoyed by his

failure to meet a simple situation. At a luncheon he was enthusiastically toasted, for a service to the organization which gave the entertainment. He responded in four words: "Gentlemen, I thank you."

To my remonstrance he answered, "I never did make a speech. I never shall. The bare idea of doing it appals me. It's a frightful effort to say 'I thank you'. To attempt a speech would kill me. My palsied knees would pound each other to pieces."

To the argument that he owed as much verbal acknowledgment to fifty people who had honored him as he did to a lady who gave him a cup of tea, and ten minutes' harmless gossip, his only answer was, "I can't help it. I'm scared, and that's all there is to say."

Another tack was successful. "You won't try because you are afraid. Give way to that fear, and it will pursue you all your life. You are in the public eye, and should be in the public ear. Face the unfamiliar duty and you will conquer with a hundredth part of the suffering you'll endure if you run away from the open mouth."

Only once since then have I heard this man speak, and he was a laughing success. He has, they tell me, improved out of knowledge, and I have looked through Hansard with a new interest. For some of my grandchildren are there.

* * * * *

It is a strange experience, this talking to myself, this nursing an undisclosed possession, as if I were some girl who has just received a pledge of love, and has imposed on herself a condition of secrecy. Ambition never came to my father. It fled from me while I still climbed the hill towards my prime. What it was and how it went, I cannot to-night repeat even to myself. But there is a glow, and almost a glory in knowing that sacrifice and humiliation may put fruitful runners out upon the ground,—even if others gather the fruit. The blaze of the lamp is weakening. I will not raise the wick. It is enough to think, and then ——.

Dixi, Understudy to Cupid

By Barbara Ballantine

Illustrated by Lillian Clarke

IT WAS Mrs. Holling's afternoon at home, and she sat in stiff expectancy in her pretty drawing room.

Before her stood her Venetian walnut tea table, heavily carved, and topped by its own massive tray, which in turn was covered with the usual assortment of tea things. But nothing belonging to Mrs. Peter Holling was ever "usual," for she prided herself on being a connoisseur of the beautiful, and a worshipper at the shrine of the uncommon. So her tea cups were the rarest Satsuma, and her silver the quaintest Old English.

She rose as the maid ushered in a tall portly woman, with an agreeable smile, which was rather a contrast to her pompous and imposing manners.

"Oh, Mrs. Morphy! How glad I am to see you!" said Mrs. Holling, in her quick, excited way. "I haven't seen you for an age; and in a way really, it is odd that you should have come to-day, for don't you remember, it was just when we were in Sèvres together, choosing my vases that—but you'll have tea, won't you? Two lumps and cream, or lemon? Lemon? I hate it that way myself, but I daresay it's very nice when one has formed the habit, but," drawing her breath, and hurrying on before Mrs. Morphy could speak a word,—“as I was saying, you are a most appropriate visitor. For, you see, it was that day in Sèvres that I got word of Carrol's broken engagement, and”—with emphasis—“this very morning Jessie broke one of those identical vases, and I had a letter from Carrol to say that she would spend Christmas with us!”

She had to stop, for her breath was

exhausted, and Mrs. Morphy managed to put in a word.

"A coincidence indeed! How glad you must be at the prospect of a visit from your sister! But I wonder how my nephew will take the news? He has never—"

"Oh, I don't suppose they will meet," interrupted Mrs. Holling, blushing nervously, "Dr. Alan is so engrossed in his profession and Carrol from all accounts is fonder than ever of gaiety— And perhaps they have both forgotten. They were so young and engaged such a short time, and I really believe that Carrol is going to marry a New Yorker—a very good match it will be if she does. Carrol is such an attractive girl, don't you know? And she has had many offers, and plenty of time to forget."

"Yes, I daresay she has," said Mrs. Morphy, gathering together her furs and her card case, which had slipped one by one from her ample, satin-covered lap. "And as you suggest, dear Genevieve, everyone has had plenty of time to forget her escapades when she was here before. I'm sure she'll enjoy New York life when she marries. I wonder what she'll think of a Manitoba Christmas?"

"Oh, it will be something quite new and the change will do her good. The children are wildly excited over her coming. She has never seen Dixi, you know."

"Dear little Dixi! Has he done any mischief lately?"

"No, nothing for weeks. We feel quite sure that something awful must be brewing."

Just then other visitors entered and

Mrs. Morphy managed to make her exit.

The newcomers were, of course, duly informed of the expected visit, and all of them but one having known Carrol Lee eight years before, when she had come North and captivated all the masculine youth of Winnipeg, smilingly agreed that her visit would be a most delightful addition to the pleasures of the winter. As Miss Margaret Norris, a rather caustic spinster of uncertain years, said, it was not often that a Southern girl came so far north to spend Christmas, and such a brave venture into a Manitoba winter should be well rewarded, by the gaieties that Miss Lee was noted for loving.

"I'm sure she'll have a good time," said Mrs. Holling, "for she did when she was here before, and she is as full of life as ever."

No one replied to this, and the conversation strayed into other channels; but three of the callers had not forgotten Carrol's momentous visit, though it lay so far in the past. The fourth, however, had been a mere baby eight years before, and was now a very new "bud" indeed. She could scarcely contain her curiosity until she had left the house, when she insistently demanded to hear all about Miss Lee, "for I know there is a story, Aunt Margaret, for you all looked so funny when Mrs. Holling first spoke of her sister. Tell me quickly, for I'm dying to hear."

Miss Norris cleared her throat and replied:

"Well, Muriel, my dear, there *was* a story, and you may as well hear it. This Carrol Lee is a very pretty Southerner, and very gay, too! So different from our girls! About eight years ago she spent a summer with Mrs. Holling, and flirted right and left—disgracefully in my opinion—and managed to have a great deal of attention, and, after a few weeks her engagement to Alan Mackenzie was announced."

"Dr. Alan Mackenzie?"

"Yes. You needn't turn so red, Muriel; I have no patience with your habit of blushing every time that man's name is mentioned. You needn't fly the flag just because you happen to imagine yourself in love with him—calf love!"

Muriel answered nothing, but Mrs. Dennis, one of the quartette, said quietly:

"We were all of us in love with Dr. Alan, Muriel dear, at one time or another, though why I don't know. Your aunt mustn't tease you, for *I* can tell a tale or two," and she laughed at Miss Norris, who disdained to notice the interruption, and sailed on majestically, resuming her tale at the exact point at which she had been interrupted.

"Everyone was surprised, for he had been no more attentive than half a dozen others; however, she led him a pretty dance, and never once stopped flirting, with the consequence that one night when he was paddling down the river with some other men, he heard her letting another man propose to her, and naturally he broke off the engagement."

"Rubbish!" said Mrs. Dennis, flatly. "That's not the truth at all! I don't mean to reflect on your veracity, Margaret, but you must have been misinformed. She wasn't as bad as all that, Muriel."

"No, indeed," spoke up the quiet fourth of the party. "She is a nice girl, Muriel, and from what I've always heard, there were two sides to the quarrel. Alan Mackenzie, as everyone knows, was no saint in those days, and I happen to know that he flirted as much as she ever did."

"Well, Ethel Lewis, champion her as much as you please," sneered Miss Norris, "Muriel will soon be able to judge for herself. For I am not afraid to wager that she is coming back to catch the doctor again—Oh, you needn't 'Oh'—you'll see!"

"I'm just crazy to see her!" exclaimed Muriel.

"You'll be crazier still to see her go," was her aunt's caustic reply.

II.

It was just two weeks later that Carrol Lee, at the close of a dreary November day, arrived in Winnipeg. A tempestuous welcome from the family was succeeded by a hurried dinner, and a drive to the theatre.

It was late when the party returned

and Carrol excused herself almost at once on returning to the house, saying to her sister:

"I have to write to Maidie to-night, Genevieve. I promised I would, and you know what letters mean to her."

"Poor Maidie. How is she now?"

"Oh, just the same. The doctors say she will never walk again. Good-night, dear."

"Good-night, Callie."

The letter, at length, was written in this wise:

Dear Maidie,

If you could see me now, perched on the window seat, before a double window, thick with frost ferns, and attired in my padded Japanese dressing gown (for the clock struck twelve a minute ago, and I'm supposed to be retiring), you would marvel at the faithfulness with which I keep my promise.

I got here at five o'clock this afternoon, and would never have known the place—it has changed so. To begin with, it is now a big city, and the snow all over everything, and the cold, sharp air made everything so different from the hot dusty town I left, eight years ago. Genevieve, Peter and the kiddies met me, and drove me home in a sleigh, all complete with buffalo robes and jingle bells.

Genevieve is fussier than ever, and thinner. Peter is bald, and getting fat, and the children are great, big people, oppressively well behaved at present; Dixi, the baby, isn't a baby at all, but a big boy of six, and brimful of mischief. If you believe Genevieve, they are all wonders.

Yes, yes, I'm coming to him, you romantic little goose—and I can scarcely wait for the pen to form the words—for I have seen him already, Maidie, and he is just the same old Alan, apparently. No, I haven't met him yet—just caught a glimpse of him, across the theatre, and I don't think he knew I was there. He was with his aunt and a pretty young girl, who is a stranger to me. I hate to think of her—she may be engaged to him, even married, for all I know. Genevieve hasn't mentioned his name and neither have I. I dare not think of him too much, for he may be the property of that pretty and terribly young—yes, terribly to me, Maidie, for I am sure I feel and look my twenty-seven years. I feel so miserable, so mean and so cheap, learning to care, after all these years apart, and can feel my face burn every time I let myself remember how badly I treated him, long ago.

But when I suddenly plucked up courage, that day in the attic, to read his old letters, and look at his photograph, which had been hidden away all these years, I knew, at once, that I could never marry Poulson Van Alstyne or anyone else but Alan. And I had to tell you all about it and in the end let you help to persuade my willing self that

it was not unmaidenly or unnatural for me to come away up north, to see him again. But I know no proper-minded girl, with any pride, would have done such a thing, and it will serve me right if he is married to that little girl who was with him to-night. Oh, Maidie, why did I ever look at those letters? I wish I had torn them into little bits. As it is, they are close beside me now, in this little desk at which I originally wrote them. I can't write any more. I feel too upset, and rather foolish.

Good-night, you darling, and try to keep as well and jolly as you can till I come home to regale you with tales of sleighs and toboggans and skating, and all sorts of wonderful northern pleasures. And write often to—
 Your affectionate sister, Carrol.

The days slipped by rapidly, Carrol finding herself, as usual, the centre of attraction at all the festivities. Gaiety succeeded gaiety, for Winnipeg's winter season rushes on with great vim; and Carrol, long since grown weary of the usual round of calls, cards and cotillions, found new zest in the new forms old pleasures took. Skating and snow-shoeing and hockey matches were all new and keen delights, and Carrol, queening it as merrily as ever, had only one bitter drop in her cup of happiness. She very rarely met Alan Mackenzie, and when she did, his indifferent formality led her to assume her coldest manner, and nothing ever followed the short exchange of greetings.

Christmas was approaching rapidly, and the Hollings children were deep in the hiding of mysterious packages and the quiet searching under sofas, and in cupboards, for the many mysterious bundles, which they had glimpsed, in the smuggling-in.

Dixi, however, had a birthday, on the twenty-third of December. That morning found him in great excitement, dancing up to his place at the table, and excitedly tearing the wrappers from the parcels piled high above his plate. Carrol came in late to breakfast, and was just in time to see him vanishing from the dining room with his precious load.

"Come here, Dixi, and get six kisses."

He came and bore the kisses with bored heroism. "That all, Auntie? Just kisses?"

"No, you greedy boy, here's a new football for you. Hope you'll like it."

"Thanks very much. I have two already, Auntie, but I'll like yours best, because you're the nicest girl I know." And then he rushed off.

"Carrol," said Genevieve, nervously banging the lid of the silver coffee pot up and down, "Mrs. Morphy 'phoned last night, while you were at the Carnival. She wants you to go to lunch to-day. It's to meet Edith Crosley, you know. She's just in town for a few days, on her way back to England. She's Mrs. Redmond, you know, now. Well—are you going to go?"

"Yes, of course."

"I don't suppose Alan will be there."

"Well," asked Carrol, a trifle sharply, "what does it matter if he is?"

"Nothing. Oh, nothing—I was just thinking—"

"I wish you wouldn't bang that lid, Genevieve. Thanks. What were you saying?"

"Oh, nothing much. Dr. Alan sent Dixi a lovely stamp album for his birthday."

"How silly! Dixi's only six."

"He's fond of stamps, though, and Doctor Mackenzie used to bring him old ones, when he had tonsilitis. Dixi thinks a great deal of the Doctor. What will you wear to the luncheon?"

"Is it formal?"

"Oh, no, pot-luck."

"Then I'll wear my green cloth. It will do if we go shopping, afterwards."

III.

AFTER breakfast Carrol went to her room to write letters, and was soon deep in her weekly budget to Maidie. That finished, she sighed, and drew from one of the pigeon holes a large bundle of time-worn envelopes.

She sat idly toying with the packet, trying to make up her mind to write some necessary Christmas notes.

She finally gave up the effort, and dreamily untied the faded ribbon which bound them together. She chose a letter at random, and drew it from its envelope.

It was a short note, just a few lines, hastily penned by a happy, boyish lover, and the words, once so full of

meaning, and now so pathetically empty, hurt her almost more than she could bear.

My Sweetheart,

To-night, you must sail down the river with me in my canoe. Come to the boathouse at five, and I'll be waiting with our tea and the book. We'll enjoy them both, alone together, on the shore, near the Frenchman's, and drift back to town again in the moonlight. Just our two selves, darling Carrol, in my good old canoe.

Alan.

Carrol read it slowly, with an aching heart. She lived the happy evening over again—the cushioned seat he had made for her in the canoe, the supper so happily partaken of, though the wind prevented the fire from burning, and Alan had neglected to bring even one cup; and then the quiet hour with the little green and gold "Idylls of the King," which Alan read aloud, as she listened, loving the music of his voice, more than the rhythm of the poet's song. Then, at last, the silence of the long drifting home in the moonlight, the only sounds the dip of the paddle, with perhaps an occasional tinkle of a cow bell from the river bank, and once, as they swept into the lights of the suburbs, the chiming of the bells of the old French cathedral in the village, across the river. Carrol read letter after letter, utterly lost to all her surroundings. Suddenly, she came back to earth.

Surely she had heard a scream? Yes, she heard it again. It came from the floor below, and jumping up, she ran into the hall, her letters scattered on the floor behind her.

Genevieve had screamed, and was still doing so, as Carrol rushed into the library. Mary, the cook, supported Mrs. Holling in her arms, while Jessie, the Irish housemaid, knelt on the hearthrug, where Donald was sitting, holding a cloth to his head, which was bleeding profusely.

"What on earth's the matter?"

"It's Master Donald, Miss Lee. Sure, he's gone an' broke his head with wan o' thim hockey pucks, they do be callin' them, an'—"

"Ah, cut it out, Jessie, I'm all right," said Donald, weakly. "It's only my nose, Auntie Carrol. Skinny Kava-

nagh hit me with the puck and made it bleed. I wish mother wouldn't scream so loud. I'm all right, only dizzy."

"You know, Carrol, I can't bear the sight of blood. It always makes me hysterical. I——"

"Don's all right, Genie, or will be as soon as he's washed. Come with me, Don, I'll fix you all right. Mary, you might help Mrs. Holling to her room." This, as she saw Genevieve lie back in her chair, close her eyes and gasp.

A little attention made Donald quite himself again, and as Carrol was leaving the bathroom, she heard Genevieve call quite in her natural voice: "If you're coming to that luncheon, Carrol, you'll have to hurry. It's one o'clock now. How's Donald?"

"Oh, he's in his usual form; he has made tracks for the pantry. Are you sure you're able to go?"

"Oh, yes," sighed Mrs. Holling. "I feel quite faint, still, but I'll make the effort, for your sake, Carrol. I hate to have you go about alone. But hurry," she added, more briskly. "It's late. The sleigh is to call at a quarter after one."

Carrol hurried with such purpose that she was just buttoning the last glove button, when Genevieve called her again. "I'm coming," she cried in answer, then glancing at the untidy room, the open desk, and the letters on the floor, she thought to herself that she would put it in order as soon as she returned, and anyway, no one would ever think of entering the room while she was away. So she closed the door tight, and went downstairs. :

IV.

DIXI was all alone. Carrol and his mother were still at Mrs. Morphy's luncheon, Don and Dorothy were at school, and the servants seemed too busy with their Christmas preparations to notice him. He had tired of all his new birthday toys and he was growing weary of waiting for Santa Claus. He felt like doing something new and daring, but could not think of anything sufficiently attractive. His last adventure had been a rather jolly one, at first (it had been the turning on of all the water taps in the house), but the

end had been sudden and violent, and Dixi still remembered the consequences of his daring deed.

He had been told to stay in the house on account of his cold, so very unhappily he wandered from the nursery, and all through the house. Jessie, her arms full of freshly laundered curtains, passed him in the hall, and as she reached the room where Mary stood waiting for her on the top of the step ladder, she remarked:

"That young Dixi's strollin' 'round like a lost sheep. Somethin' will be doin', Mary. You mark my words."

"It don't concern me none what the young scamp does. I've locked the preserve cupboard *and* the pantry door! Have you got the curting ready? Then pass it up."

Aimlessly Dixi wandered from room to room, and in the course of time, he sauntered into Auntie Carrol's sanctum, his hands in his pockets, his face puckered into a scowl.

Carrol's desk was open. It was strewn with letters. Letters lay on the chair and on the floor. Dixi had never seen so many letters together in all his life. He gazed at them for a moment. Then his frown vanished. He had an inspiration!

In a moment he was on his knees gathering the letters together. He carefully carried them back to the nursery, found his new school bag, and deposited them therein, whistling gaily all the while. Then he went to the cupboard and jumping for the pegs, managed to bring down his coat and tuque, and his mittens which dangled by a cord from his coat sleeves. He put them on hastily, and after a stealthy look into the hall, snatched up the box, and ran downstairs, his eyes dancing with fun.

"I know what I'll do," said Dixi, "I'll play postman!"

Through the wide snow covered streets he trudged, stopping only at the houses of people he knew. Arrived at one of these, he would march to the door, open his bag, take out a letter, slip it beneath the door, ring the bell, and run. This he did, until there remained only one letter in the bag, and looking about him, he realized that he

was far from home and very tired. This was a new street to Dixi, but he met a man, a street cleaner, and stopped him, touching his little cap politely with his mittened hand.

"Do you know where Mr. Holling's office is?" for from the cars which jangled down the street before him, and the shops, Dixi knew himself to be near Portage avenue. No, the man didn't know. Dixi felt very cold and tired and very much alone, but there was one more letter, and he must get rid of that. Then he had another inspiration.

"Isn't this Portage Avenue?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you know where Doctor Mackenzie's office is?" Yes, the man knew that, and moreover took Dixi there, leaving him at the door of the big office building. Dixi climbed the stairs, and found the door with the brass plate, where he slowly spelled out the letters, and smiled a sleepy smile when he discovered 'A-L-A-N' on the plate.

"That's him," and Dixi pushed the last letter under the door, and turned to go. But Dr. Mackenzie's door opened before he had time to reach the stairs, and a voice which sounded strange and yet familiar, hailed him.

Dixi turned, was recognized, and pulled back into the office. Dr. Mackenzie stood over him, angry and big. Dixi suddenly felt helpless. He began to whimper.

"What are you doing here, Dixi Holling, and where did you get that letter?" demanded the Doctor, in a harsh, strained voice. Dixi, now thoroughly tired out and frightened, shivered and whimpered louder. At once the doctor triumphed over the angry man, and Dixi was taken to a chair, his snow-wet garments removed, and his soaking shoes and stockings taken from the little tingling feet. The chair was then wheeled to the register, and poor Dixi began to suffer the agony of returning circulation in his half frozen feet. A hot, sweet drink made him feel better, and at last Dr. Mackenzie thought he was in a fit state to be questioned.

"Where did you get that letter,

Dixi?" His tone was stern, and Dixi's fear returned.

"From Auntie Carrol," he said, and pretended to himself that he wasn't fibbing.

"Did she tell you to bring it to me?" asked Dr. Alan, his face grey and set, and his voice "all queer and shaky," as Dixi put it later to Auntie. Dixi saw by the Doctor's strange manner that something was wrong, and his fear returned in full force. He wasn't very brave and his eyes fell. "Yes," he whispered, trying to make his voice natural. Then he burst into tears, and for a few moments nothing would stop him. At last the Doctor realized that the child was cold and chilled, and tired out, and he undressed the little sobbing form, wrapped it in an old coat of his own, covered it warmly, and watched Dixi sob himself to sleep on the big sofa.

Then he telephoned to the Holling house, but could get no answer. "All out," he thought, and decided he would drive Dixi home when he wakened. Then he seated himself in a chair beside the sofa, and took up the letter.

His face whitened, and his hand trembled, as he read it again:

My Sweetheart,

To-night you must sail up the river with me in my canoe. Come to the boat-house at five, and I'll be waiting for you with our tea and the book . . . and drift back . . . just our two selves. . . .

He read it through, and overcome by the rush of memory—the recollection of Carrol, so young and sweet, in her soft pink dress, and drooping rose-wreathed hat, the reading at the Frenchman's, the drifting in the moonlight, all came back to him in a rush of tender memory, and he buried his head in his hands.

After a while he read the little note again, and stumbling across to his desk, found the envelope. As he folded the letter, to put it back, his eyes caught some words on the back:

"Oh, Alan! Alan, dear, I cannot bear this any longer!"

The ink was fresh and black, the writing was Carrol's.

Alan's face lighted with joy. *It was*

a message then! She *had* sent for him!

Dixi had been telling the truth, after all. He kissed the words passionately with joy. A sleepy sigh from the sofa startled him.

"What are you kissing that letter for, Doctor Alan?"

Dixi was suddenly wide awake, his eyes shining. "Dixi," said Alan, quickly, "what did Auntie Carrol say when she told you to give me this?"

Dixi hung his head and refused to speak.

Persuasion and threats would not make him open his lips, and it was only when Alan took down the receiver of the telephone to ask Auntie Carrol himself that Dixi found his voice.

"Oh, Doctor Alan! *Please* don't tell Auntie. *Don't*, and I'll tell you myself." Alan came back and sat down beside him, putting his arm about the little fellow, and after more pleading managed to draw the truth from Dixi.

"There was nothing to do, and everyone was out, an' I went into Auntie Carrol's room, an' these letters were all on the floor, an' I thought I'd be a postman, so I packed them up, an' found a bag, and I went out and I *did*—that's all. They were just old letters, anyway, and half of them hadn't any stamps on. Not even Canadians.

"Dixi! You did *what*?"

"Played postman—put the letters under doors and rang the bells and ran. Don't look so *awful* angry, Dr. Alan. They were only *old ones*—"

"Dixi, Dixi, *where* did you leave these letters? Tell me at once, every house you went to." Thoroughly

alarmed, and in a fever of impatience to see Carrol, and at last have an explanation, he tried to make Dixi tell him how many letters he had had—but Dixi hadn't counted and couldn't or wouldn't remember where he had been, and cursing under his breath, Alan dressed the boy in his clothes, which were dry by this time, and telephoned for his sleigh.

He drove him rapidly home in the darkness. The silent drive came to an end far too soon for the excited little boy, to whom a drive in the dark with his beloved doctor was a new and thrilling experience.

He found Peter Holling in the big hall with Don and Dorothy, and, Mrs. Holling and Carrol still being out, "helping Santa Claus," as Dorothy explained, left the boy in their charge.

There is no need to describe the scene



CARROL READ LETTER AFTER LETTER. LOST TO ALL HER SURROUNDINGS

when Genevieve and Carrol, returning, were told of Dixi's adventure. Carrol turned red, then white and finally red again as the tale progressed.

When Dixi, helped out by questions from his father, had finished and been carried off to bed, Carrol turned to Genevieve:

"How can I ever go to the snowshoe tramp to-night? There is no telling *where* the little fiend took the letters."

"But Carrol, dear, he only did it for mischief—what letters were they, anyway?"

"Alan's old ones to me," answered Carrol, wearily.

"Not *love* letters," almost shrieked Mrs. Holling. "Oh, Carrol, whatever *will* you do?"

"I don't know, I can't think."

"Well," said Genevieve, after a silence, "I think the best thing is for you to just stay quietly in the house till the whole fuss blows over. People are sure to talk."

"They'll talk more still, if I do that. No, I'll just have to brave it out, and I'll begin this very night. I'll go to the tramp, and to the dance afterwards. It's the only thing to do—brave it out."

V.

Of all the party, none was more gay than Carrol Lee. She had tramped the long way from town in sheer bravado, conscious of the stealthy glances and scarcely veiled innuendoes which Margaret Norris, her old arch-enemy, in particular, was making. Carrol's one comfort was that Dr. Alan had not joined the party, his aunt, who was chaperoning, hinting at a sudden call for him from the hospital.

The dressing room upstairs was the scene of the ordeal which Carrol had dreaded all evening. The door had scarcely closed behind the last arrival before Margaret Norris, who was brushing her hair at the dresser, turned and said loudly, so that her voice reached everyone in the room:

"The funniest thing happened this afternoon. The doorbell rang, and when Mary went, there was a letter lying in the vestibule floor—"

An interruption of "How odd!" in a

sarcastic tone from someone who had guessed what was coming, made her only more angry and anxious to continue.

"The *odd* part is to come yet. For the letter was an old one, a love letter addressed to someone in this room."

"How did you find out it was a love letter, Aunt Margaret, if it wasn't addressed to you?" asked Muriel, in her her most innocent tone, as she moved close to Carrol, who was preparing for the dance, as if she had not heard a word.

"Caught you nicely, Margaret."

"How could you read another girl's letter?"

"Now will you be good?"

These and other exclamations did not daunt Miss Norris in the least.

"Of course I read it—I suppose it was put under my door, for me to read. Anyway, since you all seem so interested, perhaps you'd like to hear it yourselves?" She drew a letter from her dress, and with a delighted grin at Carrol, began to draw it from the envelope.

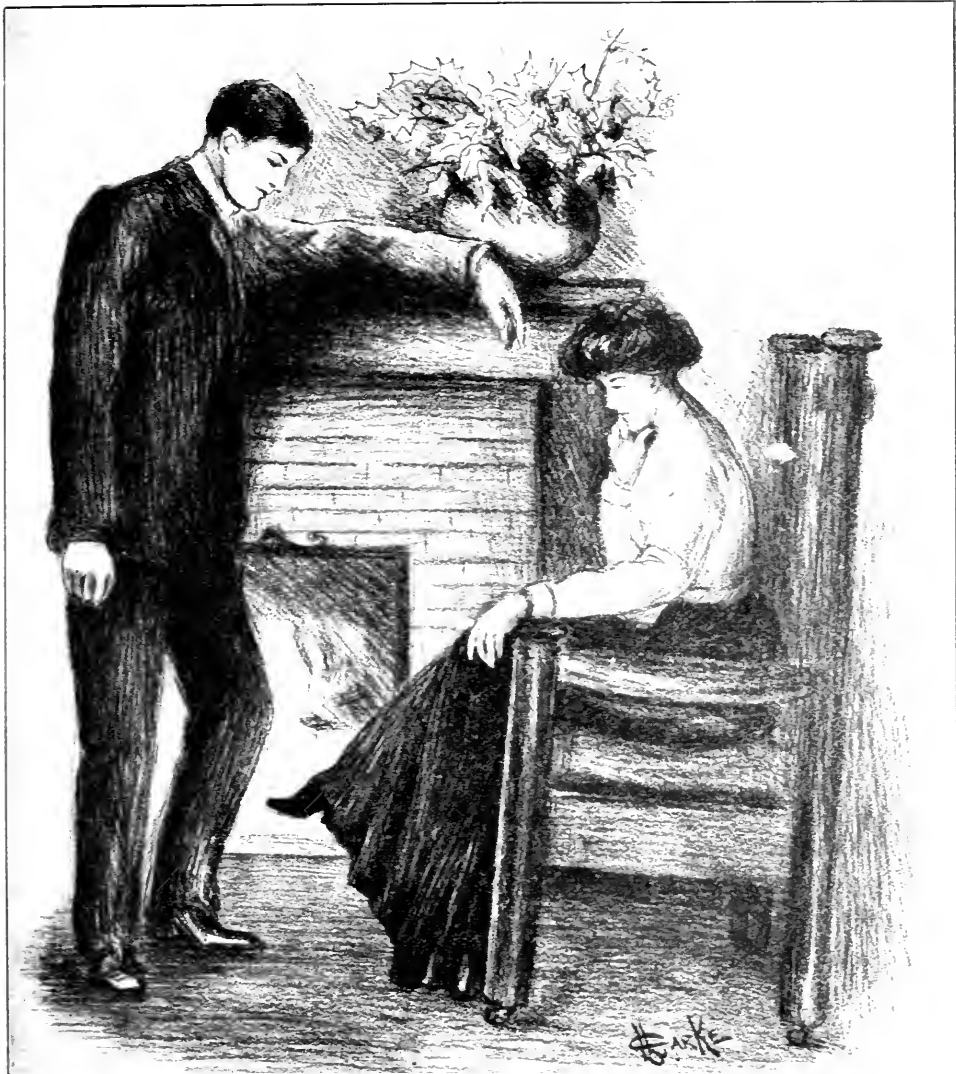
"You will please give that letter to me, Miss Norris," said Carrol, quietly walking over to the dressing table and holding out her hand. "The letter belongs to me, as you know, and I think I may as well explain how it came to be on your doorstep."

Margaret held the letter on high, her eyes sparkling maliciously.

"Margaret! For shame! Give Miss Lee her letter at once," angrily exclaimed Mrs. Morphy, who had kept silence until now, never dreaming that Margaret would carry the affair so far. "I have known you for years to be mean and malicious, but I never thought you would do anything so contemptible as this. Carrol, dear, take your letter. Dixi's game of postman mustn't make us all quarrel."

Margaret tossed the letter on to the dressing table, and stalked out of the room. Mrs. Morphy and the others followed hastily, one by one, until Carrol and little Muriel were left alone.

Muriel stood in nervous silence, watching Carrol, who finished her toilet as calmly as if nothing had happened.



"WE SEEM FRIENDLY ENOUGH," OBSERVED CARROL COLDLY

"Miss Lee, I think you're fine," she burst out at last, "and I hope you'll forgive Aunt Margaret. She—well, she's different from other people, living so much alone, you know. I hope you will forgive her?"

Carrol bent and kissed the flower-like face, uplifted so sweetly to hers.

"You are a darling, Miss Muriel," she said, in her Southern drawl. "And Aunt Margaret's doings don't worry me, in the least. Let's go down, if you are ready." So the two descended the stairs, and entered the dining room together.

Supper was in progress, and near the head of the table, watching the door, stood Alan Mackenzie.

He came to meet them, and bowing and smiling, met Carrol as serenely as if they had met as friends from time immemorial. Carrol could not help smiling to herself as she contrasted this actual meeting with those she had dreamed of, and planned, many a time.

"Tomato bouillon, or chicken broth?" he asked her, and she answered "Chicken broth, please." Romantic conversation! and their first for eight years!

The three chattered gaily all through supper, Muriel hiding her aching heart bravely, and really better than the other two. At last it was over, and the room cleared for dancing. Muriel was whisked off in the arms of an admiring youth, and Carrol and Alan stood alone.

He led her across the hall, into a little card room, and closed the door, drawing two big chairs up to the roaring fire, which crackled merrily under the hooded fireplace.

Then he told her of his visit from Dixi, while she listened in silence. He drew the letter from his pocket, and read it aloud, his voice trembling, in spite of his efforts, as he said, "My Sweetheart," and again near the end. Carrol was silent, but a spot of red burned in the centre of each cheek. Her eyes she kept fixed upon the fire.

Then he turned the letter over, and handed it to her. She took it gazing in amazement at the message scrawled across the paper. She read it, evidently puzzled, and her face flushed scarlet, but she said nothing.

"Well?" he asked, after a long uncomfortable pause.

She laughed, as coldly as she could.

"Well. I suppose I must have written it, Dr. Mackenzie, since it is in my handwriting, but when, or why, I have no idea." Her tone was icy.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and tried to get the letter again. She put it into the front of her dress, to keep the other company.

Silence again for a few minutes. Then Dr. Alan summoned all his courage:

"Carrol—Miss Lee—" and got no further. Carrol refused to come to the rescue, so he began again:

"Miss Lee—surely after all these years have passed, we can be friends."

"We seem friendly enough, I think," observed Carrol, coldly.

"Yes, but we must do more than seem. Dixi's brilliancy has broken the ice which neither of us—which I, at least, dared not attempt to break."

"Did you wish to?"

"Whether I did or not, Miss Lee, evidently matters little to you, but—"

"Alan," she interrupted, quickly, "if

you go on this way, we'll quarrel again. Don't let's explain anything—just be friends."

"Make a new beginning, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, Miss Lee, I have just met you, been overcome by your beauty and charm, and beg you to become my wife."

"This is altogether too sudden, Dr. Mackenzie." And Carrol laughed lightly heartedly.

"Now, you're natural, and just as sweet as ever. Say 'Yes.'"

"Yes I know I'm natural, and I'd love to think I am sweet."

"You know what I mean. Say 'yes'—or 'no'." His voice was very determined, and he came and stood before her, his back to the fire.

"If you do not want me to go on, look at me and say so."

Carrol looked up at him, but couldn't say so, and bending down, he caught her hand, and continued:

"Won't you try again, too, Carrol? Won't you drop eight years from your life, and begin all over, say, from the last day we had tea at the Frenchman's?"

Carrol looked up again. This time she opened her lips to speak, but the look in her eyes told him he need not wait for the words, and laughing exultingly, and as gaily as a boy, he lifted her into his arms.

A little later the handle of the door turned noisily, and they jumped into their chairs, gazing intently into the glowing fire.

The door opened, and Mrs. Morphy stood on the threshold, laughing at them.

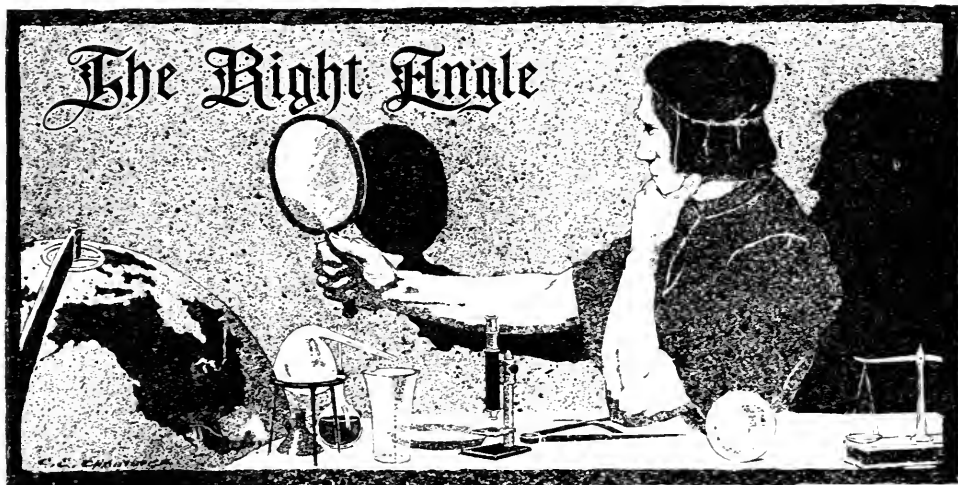
"I can see by the state of your hair, Carrol dear, that you are once more going to call me 'Auntie.'"

"What a Sherlock Holmes you are, Aunt Helen."

"Well, my dear boy, I'm almost as glad as you are—indeed, I never expected to be so delighted again. I hope you are properly grateful, both of you, to Dixi."

"By Jove, yes. 'Hurrah for Dixi!'"

And Carrol, smiling into the fire, murmured softly, "God bless Dixi!"



THE PLACE OF FLYING SMILES

A CONFUSED light laughter and patter, a tinkle of bells and rush of little feet, a glory of possession and a joyous crying upon Santa Claus—that's the toy-shop in December, where sparkles every wonder that ever was fashioned in the Hartz Mountains, or the Land East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon, or wherever it is that all delightful magics are made.

Up in the elevator you go, through the floors of the big shop, the car stopping to let off grumpy, blind creatures who wander off among hats and shoes and other delusions, quite ignorant of fairyland only eight floors up. The very click of the machinery sounds like a chuckle when the car stops there, and even the well-trained elevator man grins.

How the grown-ups' faces change in the toy-shop! Nobody is old there. Out of the elevators they come, loose-clad women who have borne their babes and justified their existence beyond any necessity of corseting or cosmetics; sheepish business-men, with a wriggling little pud held fast in either hand, and a half-ashamed enthusiasm surreptitiously twitching under their mustaches, stray wanderers who must borrow some luckier man's toddler to lead them into fairyland. Sad and lined their faces may be in the elevator, sharp-nosed, tight of lip, with the uncompromising bones of the skull pressing hard against the fallow skin. But

once on the toy-shop floor the old wrinkles vanish, dull eyes light, and lips that have repressed sharp words and complainings through long years of patience relax at last into a smile. No one is sad in the toy-shop, no one is old. The average of youth is seven, the average of laughter one hundred per cent.

How could it be otherwise with the children swarming everywhere? Hop-ping up and down among the hobby-horses, playing tinkle-tunes on the dolls' pianos, rollicking at full speed down the aisle with a miraculous rolly-wheel that chinks distractingly as it goes, scrambling for a turn in the swings, clambering up ladders to sit down and slide fifteen ecstatic feet of smooth-oiled maple toboggan, landing on the floor with a squeal of rapture and arms and legs flying to the four winds—children everywhere, laughter everywhere, nobody grim or sad or bargaining—of course nobody's old in the toy-shop.

Here was Half-Past-Two, all pink frock and shiny patent-leather belt, her feet none too steady as she scuttled across the floor to flatten her wee nose on the doll show-case, where Dulcinea herself stood in a pale blue creation cascading with lace, and wonderful bronze slippers. Yonder was Half-Past-Two's big sister, matron-wise regarding a delectable dusting-set, all white enamel and baby-blue feather-stitched cheesecloth, while Brother,

who might have been quarter to five, was valiantly blowing a horn, marching hay-foot, straw-foot,

As gaily dancing off to war
As dancing a cotillion.

So Half-Past-Two squatted before the doll show-case all alone, hardly as high as my knee, and crooned to herself blissfully, while Going-On-Seven buried his small nose in a book at the next counter, and Grown-Up-Eleven took care of a certain Wee Thing who was really too small to have any age whatever, but sucked a battered pacifier with a regal disregard of germs. I noticed Grown-Up-Eleven casting wistful glances at some of the doll-outfits, but I wouldn't betray her for the world. Eleven is, of course, altogether too old for dolls—and I myself had been admiring a fuzzly camel not five minutes before.

At last I recollected an appointment that must be kept, and dragged myself away towards the stairs, carefully making room for small Valour galloping by on a coal-black steed. At the head of the flight, snugly hidden away behind a pile of red express-wagons, was Half-Past-Two again, with a music-box. If you could have seen her rapt little face as she played Annie Laurie with uncertain variations, you would have balanced between laughter and tears. So must the little new angels in Heaven look when they try their harps for the first time.

Go to the toy-shop once at least before Christmas. It will make you a year younger at least, and a deal happier. For the toy-shop is the place of flying smiles, the house of childhood, the palace of dreams, the first way station on the road to fairyland, where happiness is unadulterated by doubt, delight untinged by envy, and where Santa Claus is patron saint and king.

WHAT IS BEING DONE WITH THE LAND?

CANADA'S biggest asset is 350,000,000 acres of prairie dirt, of which only about 12,000,000 are yet under cultivation. Ministers and policies may come and go, governor-generals return to their ancestral estates and be replaced by new faces at Rideau Hall, railways

scatter coveys of Polar bear to the remotest glacial seclusion, but those acres of prairie dirt remain to spring up in emerald with the April rains, to raise wheat and feed men and stand for the backbone of Canada, holding the destiny of the Dominion close-knit among the tough white fibres of the wheat-roots.

To the man who has Canada's interests at heart, therefore, the question "What is being done with the land?" is of paramount importance, vastly transcending the shuffle and change of administrations and the interweft of political issues. To him, crop yields and news of fresh breakings and knowledge of elevator capacities and the number of cars that must be used to haul the yellow grain is more vital than many elections. And for him, Mr. R. E. Young, Chief Geographer of the Dominion, has prepared a "Cereal Map" that shows in condensed, graphic form just what is being done with those 350,000,000 acres of prairie dirt to-day.

On the map is shown the areas under the four leading grains—wheat, oats, barley and flax; the grain yields of the different provinces from the earliest records down to last year; the elevator capacity of each town; the grain production of each country of the world in 1903; and much other information compiled from accurate sources and condensed into the most convenient form for reference.

A map of this sort is well worth study by any Canadian. It is curious to note the distribution of the various grains—the heavy red blotches that mean wheat in Manitoba and along the railway lines through Saskatchewan and Alberta; the big green circles that signify oats up Edmonton way; the yellow that marks the barley-beards; the blue that stands for flax-fields; the long fingers that reach up towards the north, far beyond the railways, where the bush-farms lie and the fields ripen in the eighteen-hour northern sunlight.

Those little circles and dots mean the daily life of thousands of Canadians, their hold on the present, their dream of the future. They mean growth of

the new country and development of the old. They mean the very life of Canada rising out of those 350,000,000 acres of prairie dirt. They are a guide-post to the future of the Dominion in which we all believe and which we all are working to attain. In making this map, Mr. Young has done something really worth while, and we congratulate him.

LITERATURE? SURE!

LITERATURE? Sure! We had it in Senior year—it had a green cover."

Such is the unblushing statement of Modern Youth, as he cheerfully glances up between the pink sheet of a daily paper and somebody's poster advertising an unknown author's latest perpetration as "Better Than 'Three Weeks.'" Modern Youth is serenely unaware of the literature of the past, and as for the literature of the present, like the Irish peace-proclamation, "there ain't any." The business-like men and women who grind out Modern Literature, so-called, for Modern Youth and Modern Woman—they say Modern Man is too busy chasing Modern Dollar to read anything but the markets—know exactly what their publics want, and give it to them in big, weltering, purple gobs. "Lavender and Old Lace" for the modest spinster, "Bella Donna" and "Three Weeks" for the society woman, "Graustark" and "The Scarlet Car" and "Geraldine" of cologne-jag memory for the simple soul of the shop-girl and the stenographer, steadily come from the presses, and the publishers say that "the average life of a novel is six months—if it is successful."

Of course there are exceptions to any such sweeping condemnation—men like William J. Locke, and Arnold Bennett, and William DeMorgan, and other conscientious craftsmen who work for truth rather than royalty statements, and whose labors will live after them; but the majority of bookstore fiction to-day is inexcusably meretricious and false.

Madge Macbeth, whom CANADA MONTHLY readers will remember as the



MADGE MACBETH

author of "The Changeling," recently sent us "Modern Literature: An Imitation," an amusing little skit at the expense of some of these cylinder-roll novelists which is so apt that we print it below:

The stately creature moved with feline grace through the fronded palms; the virgin beauty of the place wherein she walked did but match her spotless purity. Every living thing shrivelled as with pain to gaze upon such mirific chastity and glory.

The boy Phoebus stayed the leaders of his chariot, and a faint breath of the whispers of Calais and his brother Zetis stirred the leaves about the place where the woman stretched herself in sweet abandon at the base of an umbrageous Lord of Shade.

After a while she raised her head and her lustrous eyes met those of a serpent coiled beside her. She sighed, and gazed long into the shining, glittering slits. Then, as wonder deepened into understanding, and understanding into a never-to-be-forgotten knowledge, the serpent smiled and glided noiselessly away. Left alone, the woman

sighed still deeper and tossed restlessly upon the moss where she lay. Hours passed.

* * * * *

The branches of the lower bushes were swept carelessly aside, the peaceful adytum where defiling foot had never trod was at last invaded by an alien presence.

"What are you?" she breathed.

"A Man!" he answered humbly, kneeling at her feet.

The look of the Sinuous One crept slowly into her eyes; she leaned slightly forward and laid a subtly compelling hand upon his brow.

"You are mine!" she murmured.

Mrs. Macbeth wrote in her accompanying letter, "What does it mean? Search me! But here it is—do what you like with it."

We shall soon have something further to say on the modern school of erotic writers who appeal designedly to the senses. Arthur McFarlane, whose work is known to all Canadians, will have a strong and forceful article on this subject in *CANADA MONTHLY* this winter—a plain-terms, outspoken article which diagnoses the case of Modern Literature and some of the men who turn it out. Hichens, Wells, Hewlett, all come in for discussion, and although it may shock some of our readers, it is the kind of thing that compels your attention, whether or not you coincide with the author's views.

JOHN, THE UNAFRAID

ONCE in a while, like a spring of fresh water in a salty place, comes a book of wisdom in a sea of print. "John, the Unafraid," wells up out of a ten years' product, with all the interest of a really good story put in with a new statement of the same doctrine of life that the Old Man preached in ages long gone by, and others have touched upon in our own time. Omar and Edwin Arnold together set forth a system of thought and faith that

would do very well, could they be welded. The Sermon on the Mount anticipated the best that either had to say, since it gave us all there is to go by, either spiritual or ethical. The writer of "John, the Unafraid," has presented the essence of these teachings in the most unobtrusive way imaginable, as a story merely, without polemics. His John is a very simple man, distinguished especially by static honesty, a lack of bias, and a general indifference to shades of thought or policy. Whoever does the decent thing becomes his friend and helper. Less theology and more religion, fewer services and more service, are the things he wants and practices, in a crisis where the minds of men are brought to a confused standstill by the imminent end of the world. The whole story breathes toleration and human helpfulness, at its best and in the everyday use. This earth has yet a few million years ahead of it, but John's example would serve just as well as though all of us were sharply brought to a realization that salvation must be promptly earned by works rather than through unsupplemented profession.

The book is published anonymously, but it shows the quiet operation of a mind serene and sane, a heart in sympathy with all sorrows, and a catholicity that disregards all but essential things in any phase of belief or line of conduct. It is especially wholesome in its relegation of sin to the domain of disease, and the accordant treatment it offers. In the full sense intended by St. Paul, it can "be understood of the peoples," and its spirit is the true spirit of Christmas time. Incidentally, it is one of the best sellers of the year—which, considering its nature, is a pleasant thing to say.—McClurg's, Chicago, \$1.00.



WHERE THE TRAIL DIVIDES

UNFORTUNATELY, nobody is omniscient, and when one man writes, stages and acts in his play, no matter how versatile he may be, one of the three phases is going to suffer.

As an actor, Robert Edeson is painstaking and faithful, sure to get out of a part all there is in it, and conscientious to a degree. Besides being all this and more in "Where the Trail Divides," he has staged the production well, with the exception possibly of the somewhat over-missioned setting of the third act. But he isn't much of a writer. Desperately long, desperately high-flown and poetic and unwestern are many of the speeches; hitchy the construction; unlikely the point of view of the characters, time and again. A real Western ranchman wouldn't be caught dead with some of Colonel Bill Lander's flights of oratory in his mouth. And as for the noble Redman attitude of How Landor, anyone who knows the Sioux nature at all, will think twice before he accepts Landor's altruistic love for and renunciation of his wife, Bess Landor, to her sneaking cad of a city cousin.

In brief, the story of the play is this: Colonel Landor, of what Mr. Edeson calls Coyote City, has adopted and brought up an Indian boy and a white girl. They love each other and are betrothed with his consent, when her city cousin endeavors to prevent the marriage. This he does not succeed in doing. Later the girl discovers that

she does not love her Indian husband, but Clayton Craig, the city cousin, and in true hero spirit Mr. Edeson's Indian gives up his wife to his white rival.

How any girl in her right mind could fall in love with Cousin Clayton, the high gods only know, for he is the most distasteful, interfering, conceited biped imaginable. Why How Landor didn't knock him everlastingly into the sugar-barrel in the first scene is equally incomprehensible, unless possibly for the reason that if he did there would be no more play. And why Bess is foolish enough to marry How when she knows she doesn't love him is—but then, nobody ever expects the ingenue to have any sense, anyway. The most delightfully convincing piece of character in the play is George W. Barnum's rheumatic-rickety, warm-hearted, sponky, humorous old store-keeper, Bob Manning. He rings true equally when he gallantly shows Bess the tin-type of himself when he was young and volunteers to stand ready to be groom if How's courage fails him, and when he gives the loafers in his store a piece of his mind as they grow voluble over the drunken cow-boy who is terrorizing Coyote City. Joseph Rawdon's impersonation of the soused terror in question is, by the way, as good a "bad man" as ever waggled a forty-four and tried to navigate around a cracker-box.

It is curious how stage management sometimes manages to give an illusion that all the skill of the author, the art



ROBERT EDESON

As "How Lander" in *Where the Trail Divides*, he presents a type of noble red man not second even to Fenimore Cooper's

of the actor and the labor of months cannot achieve. The pure deep blue of the desert sky showed once through an opened door in the second scene, and to anyone who has known the West and loved it, the true rich color of that oblong bit of limelight blue rang a keen note that was like a homesick stab of pain. Through that rough-painted

door the wide prairie was glimpsed, level after short-grassed level, unfenced, free, lying in the still dusk under a wide and darkening sky. Before the eyes of the beholder swept up a vision of saddle and slicker, to his ears came the even loping throb of hoofs on a faint-marked trail, the quick rush of a jack-rabbit scared up from his night's bed, the last faint song of a late meadow-lark, and then the unforgettable silence and peace of the plains.

Maybe the trail divided as Mr. Edson would have us believe in the play; maybe not. But, to one of the audience at least, through that open door came the very feel of the unfenced country, the smell of horses and leather, the magic of the West, where all trails go down at last to the edge of the unbroken sky.

THE DEEP PURPLE

WHEN those industrious playwrights, Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner, named their new Liebler production, the sparker on their imagination must have been missing explosions, for "The Deep Purple" is about as discouraging a label as could have been pasted on a good

play. All through the four acts, the audience wonders what the dickens purple, deep or otherwise, has to do with the story, and when at the last Laylock, the Western "bad man with four notches on his cannon," gratefully tells the hero, "You're born in the deep purple!" it is so hopelessly out of character with the man, that it



CATHERINE CALVERT
The big-eyed ingenue of *The Deep Purple*

almost raises a snort from the opera chairs.

Yet, in spite of the depressing title, it is a good play with a well-balanced cast and a deal of real humanity in its lines. "Frisco Kate," the ex-thief who is

trying to be straight in spite of the police 'having something on her,' is as clever a piece of acting as Ada Dwyer has ever given us. In the parlor of her boarding-house, much against her will, meet "Pop" Clarke, a sanctimonious,

side-whiskered old reprobate, who only plays "safe" swindles, and Harry Leland, a New York crook without a single streak of white to mitigate his yellow. This precious pair are discussing a particularly neat little scheme for separating one William Lake, a young mining engineer, from his roll by means of a romantic little girl whom Leland has persuaded to elope with him, and who will do anything for her supposed lover. She is to decoy Lake to a flat where Leland and Clarke can "do him up," and although "'Frisco Kate" tries to keep the girl out of Leland's clutches, he outwits her, and everything is apparently going well to the undoing of the mining engineer.

But Leland and Clarke in their greed have overreached themselves. Finding out that Laylock has a price on his head, they plan to sell him to the police. Laylock is trying to be respectable, and in a pathetic little conversation with "'Frisco Kate," he tells her his record. "I suppose this sounds funny," he says slowly, turning his hat in his hands, "but I never wanted to be a bad man. I've always wanted to be respectable, to have a home, and kids." "'Frisco Kate" turns away, looking at the wall. "I can say something funnier than that," she answers. "I've always wanted to be respectable, too—to have a home and kids." When she finds out that Clarke and Leland have sold Laylock to the police, she instantly gets to work, selling her house and raising money to get him free, and incidentally warning Lake what he is going up against. Lake drops the time-honored trusty revolver into his dress clothes, and when Leland pops into the flat meets him with a steely glitter of the eye and a quiet "Get your hands up, brother!"

It is too bad that from this on things move so melodramatically. The quiet sureness of the first two acts is sacrificed to an action and "go" that requires revolvers, police, coincidences and heroism to put it over, and that does not convince half as well. Lake saves the little girl from Leland, and arranges to send her home, in the process falling in love with her himself; Leland is killed by Laylock, whom Kate has got

free; the inspector, who comes to arrest the murderer, lets Lake's statement that it is a case of suicide pass, with the remark that "It doesn't matter much how his kind are killed, so long as they're dead"; and Lake offers "'Frisco Kate" and Laylock passage with him to Algiers, where he can use Laylock on his next contract. This elicits the "deep purple" remark before mentioned, and everybody goes off stage, leaving the innocent little girl clasping her transportation back home and Lake's hand, and kissing both indiscriminately.

"'Frisco Kate" is the most attractive figure in the play. There is a commonsense and solid honesty about her that, combined with her humor and resource make her a striking personality. Her scene with the hotel detective, who is helping Leland and Clarke to trim a guest of the house is excellent, the cleverness with which she makes him grudgingly get her a taxi and put her in it, "with your hat in your hand," and the swift changes from sarcastic politeness to sober earnest, getting across without a break.

THE GAMBLERS

FOR me, Romance! The golden lie for me!" proclaimed Gelett Burgess, not so long ago, voicing the secret opinion of youth as youth itself seldom dares to do, and casting down the gage to all and sundry. "For me, Romance!"

Most of us who go to the theatre prefer to meet Romance stalking magnificently abroad there, rather than to observe our well-known everyday reality exiting left and right, and saying, "Got that dictation done yet, Miss Johnson?" Things must happen on the stage better than they do in our kitchens and parlors, eyes must be brighter, gowns more gorgeous, life at whiter heat. Kings and queens and heroines and fairies and dancing sirens who warble bewitching arias between remarks about the weather are what we want to see. We want to find beyond the box-office a House of Dreams ready furnished for us, where we may comfortably nestle in padded seats with a box of candy and let the other fellow do the suffering for us without the ex-



JANE COWL

Whose performance of "Catherine Darwin" in *The Gamblers* is a clever bit of character study

asperating waits that are part of the dramas of real life.

Perhaps this desire for Romance is partly why the "business play" has

had a somewhat transitory vogue, and is yielding place to other and more attractive forms of tabloid life in the theatre. "The Lion and The Mouse,"



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT AS JEANNE D'ARC

It is hard to believe that this slight young figure celebrated her 67th birthday last October. After her long tour of the Southern States, Mme. Bernhardt may play a brief engagement in either Vancouver or Winnipeg.

"The Fourth Estate," "The Third Degree," have all had their successes, but among the plays this year Charles Klein's "The Gamblers" is almost the only "strictly business" production. It is a story of the men who play the market, who go on and on, thinking they can "put it back," until one misstep has led to another, one lie to another to cover the first, and finally the bemused victim, looking into the eyes of the law and the bars of the penitentiary, finds no comfort in the view. It is a man's play throughout, and in some scenes is convincing, especially where George Nash, as Wilbur Emerson, wrings the truth out of his traitor associate; but as a whole, whether for its own sake, or owing to the fading vogue of the "business play," it fails to arouse any real interest.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

CLAUDE! Huh! Isn't Claude a fine name for a butcher?"

"Dodge her—never! Why, she'd know my hide in a tannery!"

"Talk about taking a chance! Why, you wouldn't steal a handful of grass from a park without some kind of protection."

"Broke? Why, I could write my will on the back of a postage stamp, and then have room to add a codicil."

"Yes, I've sold my boarding-house, but it didn't make much difference. According to the bills, I was only running it for the gas company, anyway."

ENCORE

THERE'S no denying that the practice of "curtain calls" is a sad disillusionizer. Anyone who has seen a powerful play vividly acted, and found himself tensely clutching the arms of his orchestra chair when the curtain went down, has been rudely jolted when the star reappeared, bow-

ing and smiling dazzlingly, not a bit flustered by her recent agonies.

W. D. Nesbit has written a bit of verse called "Dramatic Incidents," which ought to be deathless, so exactly does it hit this nail on the head:

I've seen dramatic incidents
In shows that cost me thirty cents
And shows that cost one-and-a-half;
Some made me weep, some made me laugh.
I've seen the villain slammed in jail
Without a friend to go his bail,
And when the act was done, somehow,
Come out of jail and make his bow!

I've seen the pale young heroine
Who had escaped the lures of sin
And saved her poor old father's hide
While all were watching, tearful-eyed—
I've seen her leap from a high cliff
And heard the bass drum go ker-biff!
Then up the curtain came, and she
Bowed calmly there for all to see.

I've seen the hero say farewell,
And stop a moment just to tell
How far away he meant to go
To win some wealth and fame, you know.
I've seen him leave the old home place,
While tears were running down each face—
And in a minute he returned
To "take the call" for which he yearned.

But, best of all, I saw last week
The incident of which I'll speak.
Poor Shakespeare's work was being done—
The curtain quickly down was run;
Then up, and to the cheering crowd
J. Caesar's corpse got up and bowed,
And then lay down and died some more—
And then got up for an encore!

It is a pity that more player folk do not adopt Ellen Terry's method. Anyone who has seen that unfailingly *right* actress come on the stage in response to a curtain-call, and, instead of the conventional honeyed graciousness, pick up a hat left behind, take a stitch or two in a glove, or perform some other small act entirely in keeping with the character in whom the real Ellen Terry was for the time submerged, will remember the thrill of grateful pleasure he felt that she had preserved the illusion of the play with the unerring instinct of the artist to whom good work is far more than personal applause.



NO COMPARISON

THE people that I've smiled with,
Wild animals I've fought,
Cigars that I have smoked at,
The fish that I have caught—

The kings that I've hobnobbed with,
And the rest, you bet,
Are absolutely nothing to
The shirt-waists I have met !

DESERVED REBUKE

THE young man across the aisle from the beauteous young woman continues to wink slyly at her. She draws herself up haughtily and says:

"Sir! You are like all the men—"

"I beg your pardon," he interrupts. "I have an affection of the optic muscles which causes my eyelid to quaver peculiarly. I trust it has not annoyed you."

"As I was about to say," she continues, "you are like all the men—one never knows when you are in earnest."

DISAPPOINTED

THE newly arrived angel had been fitted with his wings, but after a few flights he sat in a corner and moped.

Every effort to cheer him up and induce him to be glad with the rest of the angels was a failure.

"What's wrong with that new-comer? He doesn't seem to like to fly," says one of the old inhabitants.

"He complains that we don't know the first thing about flying," explains the other. "He says he was an aviator on earth."

THOSE CALENDARS

THEY ain't got to making calendars yet with the rainy days marked on them. A'most any one of them innocent looking Mondays or Tuesdays or Wednesdays is liable to be it when you get up to it."

QUITE SIMPLE

A NEW YORK poet, at the Authors' Club in Seventh Avenue, told a Conan Doyle story.

"Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," he said, "sat at a dinner, on his last visit here, beside a lady who asked leave to consult him about some thefts.

"My detective powers," he replied, 'are at your service, madam.'

"Well," said the lady, 'frequent and mysterious thefts have been occurring at my house for a long time. Thus there disappeared last week a motor horn, a broom, a box of golf balls, a left riding boot, a dictionary and a half dozen tin pie plates.'

"Aha," said the creator of Sherlock Holmes, 'the case, madam, is quite clear. You keep a goat.'"

OFFENDED HER

AH" sighed the enraptured swain, holding her lily white hand and looking up at the refulgent orb of night, "see yonder moon! And think how often it has looked down upon a scene like this and listened to soft words such as these."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, jerking her hand away, "I want you to understand that I was not in earnest with all the others."



CANADA WEST MONTHLY



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TO A TENANT

BY THOMAS A. DALY

YOU found this house, dear lady, overrun
With noisome things that wait upon decay,
All pent within it moldering in the gray,
Sick gloom of long disuse whose webs were spun
Through all its halls. You entered, and, the sun
And God's air coming with you, swept away
All ugliness and squalor, on that day
When first your life-long leasehold was begun.

You tell me now your house, this heart of mine,
Is warm and ever-beautiful and fair,
And call me benefactor, nor divine
How little debt you owe, how much I bear
To you who made this shabby place a shrine
On that sweet day when first you entered there.



"I TELL YOU," HE SAID, "THAT THAT STORY, PROPERLY TOLD, WILL BE THE MOST WONDERFUL STORY IN THE WORLD. IT WILL MAKE ITS AUTHOR FAMOUS—
IT WILL MAKE HIS NAME IMMORTAL."

The Witch-Woman
See page 173

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME IX.

LONDON, JANUARY, 1911

NUMBER 3

What's The Matter With England?

By Augustus Bridle

Author of "The Man Who Does a Day's Work"

Illustrated With Photographs

IT WAS a poet who said, "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still." Perhaps with fewer faults he would have loved her less. England is marvelously human.

The last night at sea and near the lights of Lundy, a Bristol alderman said, "Well, we shall soon be smelling people." England's greatest single problem is people. With an area the fiftieth part of Canada and five times Canada's population, she may be said to have reached the limit of human occupation long before Canada became a self-governing colony. The ultimate salvation of England on the economic side will largely parallel what happened to Egypt in the time of Moses, provided a promised land be found—which we in Canada think has already been done. That, however, is a phase of Imperialism which is the luxury of vague minds.

The tourist will tell you there is nothing particularly wrong with England. Where else may he see so much of the poetry and humanity of the world in so small a space and at so slight a cost? There is London, the

Vast Unconscionable, with a population almost equal to that of all Canada; the huge heart of an old and strange little land. For a penny from the top of a motor-bus from Trafalgar Square to the Bank of England—the greatest whirlpool of traffic in the world—he may see what the Strand is and what Fleet Street, look at St. Paul's and Newgate, be carried the length of ancient Chepe, and part way skirt the tawny tide of the Thames. A miracle of compacted history and romance. London knows she is the riddle of the nations, the colossal human accident that looks like a law. With the superb disdain of a leviathan she plows along through the centuries, careless so long as the sea is big enough to feed her. There is no man living who knows London, not even a taxi-man. Neither is there any that understands England. There are several millions in England who have never seen London; millions in London who have not seen England, when from the heart of the one is only a day's journey to the remotest edge of the other.



THERE IS A HUGE PER CENT. OF BRITISH LABOR THAT WORKS AT LOW TENSION, AND THEREFORE AT LOW EARNING CAPACITY. LIFE IS TOO BRIEF AND TOO PLEASANT TO WEAR IT OUT DOING THINGS OVER AGAIN THAT SOMEBODY ELSE DID GENERATIONS AGO

Such is the superb provincialism of London—incomparable and admirable; and of England. Leave London. Go to the smaller cities and the towns, the villages and the lanes. Still you are haunted by that aloofness which in many places, perhaps most, becomes a sort of parochialism.

The main reason is People. There is small need for an Englishman to travel in his own country either to see people or to find pleasure. Wherever he goes he is beset with people. There is no escape. The land is humanized to the limit. The graveyards of England, if they gave up their dead and their dead became alive again, would populate Europe. The perambulators of England might reach round the world. The roads are teeming with horses and men and children. The fields are mushroomed with roofs. Only the moors and the great estates of the landlords

are vacant. All the rest of the land is bursting with human opulence. Yet the population of England is increasing. There is no tax on families. Hence unemployment; millions of it. There are half as many unemployed people in England as the whole population of Canada. Millions are born to be wards of the parish and the county council.

Well, for centuries the millions have been toiling and combing and fussing over the grand little island. So they have got it to a point of perfection. Seen from an airship England must resemble a huge Persian rug. In the cities you see it: the thing that was done more than a thousand years ago, streets that felt the tramp of Roman legions in Caesar's day, shops and houses that were inhabited before the reign of Elizabeth. Your guide, intent on proving to you that England is up to date, insists on showing you the thing that was centuries old before his grandfather was born. He can't help it. That's the thing that gives his city or town distinction. He would as lief

omit showing you the market as to skip the charter that gave the city its being in the days of the early Edwards. If there's a wall whose stones were hefted by Norman conquerors he takes you blocks out of your way to show it to you. So far as you can calculate, that wall is good for another thousand years. The hedge wall built before the Victorian era is if anything a bit better than the day it was put up, for it was built mighty well, and time has cemented it. The hedge tangles, and the poppy nods on the top, and there you are—finished. No meddling workman could improve it. Stone houses that have had fifty-year-old thatched roofs five times over, are good for as many more.

Everywhere, more especially in the rural parts, is this finishment, down to the last jot. That it is less common in town is because traffic wears things out



THE TOP OF THE STRAND, AT CHANCERY CROSS

The church at the left is St. Martin's in the Fields, a monument of the time when the Strand was really a margin of the river. The next building at the right is Morley's, a famous old hotel. The figure on the left foreground is one of four at the base of Nelson's Monument; the statue on the pedestal just beyond is that of Chinese Gordon.



EVERY WALL IN ENGLAND IS CEMENTED WITH AGE IN STONES. YOUR GUIDE WILL TAKE YOU BACKS OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SHOW YOU THE STONES BEFITTING NO MAN'S FEARS, AND SO FAR AS A JUDGE, THE MASONRY IS GOOD. IT'S BEEN THERE THOUSAND YEARS.

a little faster. But even a casual glimpse of so characteristically English a city as Bristol—far more English than London—shows that it is counted the worst of economy to change a wall. Those sacred walls! With what puzzled wonder an Englishman beholds a Canadian or United States gang of workmen demolishing downtown walls less than a century old, just because business has developed and the price of property so appreciated that a ten-story building costing half a million without a single guaranteed tenant when completed, is counted not merely a good but a necessary investment. It is all news to the average real traditional Englishman, this demolition of property. In an English city, crowded, crammed and cramped to the human limit, to tear down in that fashion would be called bad economy, if not vandalism. Sentiment, custom and respect for walls combine to keep the downtown section of an English city so nearly intact that it changes less than one per cent. a year. Like as not, if you begin tearing down a wall, some church abuts on it, or some ancient cellar is below, and it would be disrespectful to history to obliterate that.

As it was, so let it be, as nearly as possible, so long as the place continues habitable. The Bank of England has long been the wonder of the world because it stands only one story high, on the most valuable land in the world. British political economy argues that it is better so. I remember that ten years ago Harry Furniss, one-time cartoonist of *Punch*, gave an illustrated lecture in America. Some of his pictures showed what Fleet Street would look like if it were in New York, when it is a safe conjecture that nobody but an artist would ever dream of such a transformation.

This tremendous conservation of property is one of the compelling characteristics of England. The reasons for it are imbedded as deep in the British character as the principles underlying the Magna Charta. A wall saved is a wall gained. Patch it up and it is just as good as before; quite good enough. And when that principle applies clear from the Bank of England

to the humblest cottage in Devon, there is surely one grand result: a superabundance of labor wanting a market. Which is not to say that England, even to the tourist, impresses as a land of unoccupation or of idlers, though there are idlers enough. It surely does mean that for the sake of using a thing till it is clean worn out and making it pay over and over again on the original investment, there is a huge percentage of British labor that works at low tension, and therefore at low earning capacity. There are enough half-occupied laborers in England to do the work of Canada for years to come. In England most of it prefers to stay. Life is too brief and too pleasant to wear it out doing things over again that somebody else did generations ago. And, as the cost of living is as low as the wages and the actual working efficiency of the population, the amount of work done by millions of Englishmen is far below the par of possibility.

The working efficiency of England might be multiplied by a good-sized improper fraction, if only there were some convenient wilderness for the Englishman to reclaim. But the only wildernesses in England are those of walls and of people. Most of the reclamation work in England was done very long ago. The present generation aims to keep things as good as the last, which is about all anybody could be expected to do.

But with all the almost painful perfection of English landscapes, and with all the remarkable conservation of things in general, the anomaly is that a large percentage of the people themselves are most in need of reclamation. This is not true of the rural parts, where the only defect is that the average man is not working at top speed and highest efficiency. It is most true of the cities, to which there has been for a long while now the same frantic rush of countrymen into the crowded places as obtains in America.

Here is the main part of the gigantic problem with which British politics and municipal organizations are wrestling now. What to do with the surplus of people is the eternal question. Tariff reform or land tax, free trade or what-

ever you choose, that contract of assimilating its own native and imported population is bound to be the thing that puzzles the nation. London itself, not content with the burdens of a native derelict population, continues to import from Europe as fast as New York or Chicago. With a sort of half-sullen good nature, the big corporation continues to shoulder the burden of levering up the submerged tenth. It is the white man's burden—in that curious wilderness of a great city. What is true of London is scarcely less true in the smaller cities and the towns. Everywhere the derelict and the charitable organization. Right under Exeter Cathedral there is a slum—in a city of forty thousand. "The poor ye have always with you." The poor know it: and they stay. What is worse, they multiply.

Social reform is the thing that puts a heavy tax on economic England. Here is work for decades, yes, for generations to come. The ranks of the unemployed and the incompetent are eternally recruited from the files of those who are but half employed. Individual ambition runs low. Just here some critic and free-trader will resent the imputation that England is a decadent or even a tired nation. Be it clearly understood that England is neither decadent nor tired. She has come to the present end of a very long tether which has



A STREET IN AN OLD CATHEDRAL TOWN

been rather snubbed up by the great industrial nations of the outside world. But her virility remains. I would match the vigor of the average Englishman against that of either Canada or the United States. Free trade has not bled the nation of its vitality. Perhaps in no other old people in the world is there such hope for expansion of energy.



THATCHED ROOF AND QUIANT CLOSE OF AN OLD ENGLISH HOUSE

And of course there are two Englands, just as there are at least two distinct Americas in the United States. The industrial north has most of the virility. The agricultural, pastoral, poetic south, the land of songs and scenery, hedgerows and peasants, and of London, has most of the poetry. London bleeds the countryside to fatten itself. Workers, born on the land, who should have stayed on it to make it more productive, gravitate to the great city to become semi-idlers; and by hundreds of thousands, paupers. London contains a quarter of a million dock laborers that swell the great unemployed and largely unemployable masses of the east end. A large percentage of them come from the land.

Aside from the great estates, much of the land is semi-idle, like many of the people. In a country where every available acre should count in food production, much of it is given over to grass that does not yield well even



THE MAYOR OF GLASTONBURY

under intensive cultivation. There are millions of acres in England that are not worked as productively as the French Canadian ribbon farms along the St. Lawrence. The people do not learn scientific agriculture, the only kind that could make the land yield in proportion to its population.

But the problem of national education is one of huge dimensions. Talk to one class of Englishman, the man from the industrial north, from Birmingham for instance, and he will tell you that in technical education England is well up with the procession. Talk to a man from the south of England and the story is very different. He will tell you that England is far behind Germany and the United States in the effort to make the hand and the brain productive. One who has studied technical education systems in most of the countries of Europe says:

"In one of the latest-established Continental technical schools, fitted up in the years 1903-1904, there were no English machines. The driving-engines were Italian, the dynamos Swedish, by Laval; other machines were German; but one English item could be seen—the patent balance of Lord Kelvin. Every English village has Swedish inventions in its dairies, and every English town, Swiss, German, Austrian and American machines in its factories and on its streets.

"Manufacturers in England are continually surprised at the constant succession of new inventions and new designs that foreign work pours in upon them, and agriculturists are astounded at the farm produce that fills the markets from such poor countries as Denmark and even Finland, and the still vaster quantities from Holland, France, etc. This surprise would be modified did they know the education that has led up to this productiveness."

Another man from the south of England puts the matter more colloquially. Telling the writer of an incident at one of the large Y. M. C. A. Schools in the south, where he was an invited visitor and one of the speakers, he said:

"I spoke to the boys of that school and told them what I thought was the ordinary practical truth. I advised

them to get the kind of education that would make them good and useful citizens in any part of the world where they might happen to turn up. Here they were, hundreds of them, getting some sort of education, none of them knowing where in the world he might get a real job when he left school, and I thought a little sound advice from an old man who had seen a good deal of England and a good bit of the world beyond might be useful. I don't care whether you call it technical education or what. I meant at any rate practical education; realizing that England has plenty of sentiment already and that what she most needs is the useful man who is able to turn his hand not to one job merely, but to any one of a half dozen jobs if only he were in the right way to find it. What was the result? The superintendent of the school, a good and pious man, rose and said:

"My dear boys, what our good brother has just told you is not what I expected him to say. No doubt he means well, but his view is all wrong. My dear boys, it is not of primary importance to get your hands right. It is of the greatest importance, my boys, to get your hearts right. Get the heart right. Get the right feeling and understanding about life, and all the rest will follow as a matter of course."

"Did you ever hear such bosh?" he concluded. "Utter stuff and nonsense!"

He was not leveling at religion. He was merely talking hard horse sense. Every student knows England has sentiment enough. She has produced poets enough, painters enough, preachers enough, but not useful men enough, by many millions.

The tendency of English training is not to democratize by teaching the utility of all hand work. The main tendency is to produce men who work in grooves, doing half-blindly, even if never so well, the things their fathers did. England fetches forth men by millions who, from the cradle to the grave are lacking in initiative. Not because the race as a race lacks that quality, not because England is effete or even obsolescent, but because the thing that father did, or his father before him, is



AN OLD HOUSE IN BRISTOL

Built about 1500 by one Thomas Norton, this residence compares favorably with the best of modern houses. In the back courtyard is a cellar, fitted with whipping-post and gallows, when fractious servants were put through "reformatory."

good enough and big enough for the present generation. A large employer of labour in England, asked about what percentage of men under his employ possessed the capacity for taking responsibility, replied: "About one per cent." That is, one man in a hundred even among those actually employed in that business was capable of using his brains without a set of rules or a routine.

The proportion may be low enough in any country. It is relatively high in the United States, somewhat less high in Canada—though it may not be long, with the development of national character in a new country working upon vast resources and huge problems, till the percentage of self-helpers and men who take initiative is higher here than there. In Canada there are thousands of men who don't begin to find themselves till past forty. There are millions upon millions in England who never find themselves at all and never will; millions who are not only unemployed (and about five per cent. of the entire population is so), but who are almost absolutely unemployable.

[Hence the vast organizations of

charity, the white man's burden, the poorhouses and the soup kitchens, and the Thames embankment.

Then, of course, it is an old complaint, especially on the part of colonials, that the tendency of so-now-thus-let-it-be keeps the Britisher largely out of the foreign markets which are his by right. It often seems, however, that there is an element of mild hypocrisy in the grouch. It is always so easy to say that Canadians would be only too glad to employ British labor and to buy British goods if only labor were less obstinate and the manufacturer less conservative. Let us be sure that in Canada we always know the right kind of Englishman when we see him.

Traditionalism in trade is an old bogey this side of the water. We in Canada have generously accused Englishmen of being peculiarly conservative if not stubborn. We have never denied that English workmen make good goods or that honesty is the backbone of British manufactures and trade. Neither is it possible to blink the fact that British firms still make a greater variety of the world's goods in a sterling

way than perhaps any other in any nation. But that is merely a survival of the time when Britishers laid claim to just about a monopoly in modern manufacturing. If we were again living in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, we in Canada and the United States would still be looking to the Old Country for most of the things that make civilization possible. The twentieth century has shaken up the dice to a different pattern. Manufacturing has advanced relatively much faster in the protectionist countries than it has done in England, where the science of comfortable living, the art of governing an unwieldy empire, and the quite as difficult problem of adjusting social and internal economic relations, have come to keep John Bull very busy without aspiring to teach the world how to run factories.

Inventive ingenuity is not advancing rapidly in England. One of the chief reasons is the superabundance of time in that country. The necessity for getting three things done in the ordinary time it takes to do one or two things has been the cause of a thousand tricks and turns of trade and industry in other countries.

In the matter of system, the Britisher has little to learn even from America. On his own ground the Englishman is a man of thoroughpaced method and system and enterprise. He has his channels of trade as well marked out as the Indian had his trails on the prairie. Short cuts he abominates. Blazing new trails for trade in far countries is not half so much to his liking as keeping his known customers on his books.

The science of advertising he thoroughly comprehends—in principle. But the art of utilizing acres of newspaper space, or square miles of posters on bill-boards, or constellations of electric signs, he has not learned at all, and does not intend to learn in a hurry. He does not go after the crowd. He is content to let his section of the crowd come to him—if they want good goods the way they have always been made by honest methods; and if not—well, let the crowd go to the dickens!

There you have the answer to the

question, "What's the matter with England?" In the thousand years of isolation from Continental Europe that enabled her people to consolidate as a race, tenacity in all things gradually hardened into a dominating trait. "Snap is a good dog, but hold-fast a better," expresses the national attitude. No saying is more familiar, from the Solent to the Tweed. It used to be said that the success of Balliol men in world affairs was largely due to their acceptance of Doctor Jowett's famous and thoroughly English dictum, "Never retreat, never explain, never apologize." That principle is operative in all departments of life.

But the man who thinks the Britisher is a deceased proposition in the fundamentals of business or anything else has, to use the lingo of this continent, "another think coming". Those Englishmen are very wideawake. They have centuries of inherited intelligence and craftsmanship. If only they would get the notion that England is not necessarily the centre of the universe, and recognize that markets are developing overseas a sight faster than they are at home; that the purchasing power of new communities is on an average higher than that of the old ones; that in a new world tastes differ a great deal more rapidly than they do at home; that what is an axiom to-day becomes the discard of to-morrow; that the industrial lessons taught by Great Britain last century have been carried out further by other countries than she ever has done; that no country could be expected to rule India and teach workmanship to the world of the twentieth century at the same time—O well, if these and ten times as many more things similar were thus-and-so, England would be a national miracle, and this article would never have been written. The fact remains that England is the most marvelous old land on earth, and if she has a thorough notion to renew her youth across the seas she has all the chance in the world to do it. Then "What's the Matter with England?" will very probably be answered by a chorus all hands around and across the sea and every other way, "She's all right!"

THE WITCH-WOMAN

by Isabel Eccleston Mackay

Illustrated by
John Drew



IT IS strange how closely we can live to our friends without knowing very much about them. Sometimes, in moments of utmost intimacy, we surprise an unreadable look upon the face whose every look we thought we knew. And if, seeking the key, we ask for explanations we are met with vague answers or a baffling smile. Some friendships may have many such reserves and still survive, and it is certain that my liking for Norman Pentland was not lessened by the fact that at times I did not understand him. We presented the sharp contrasts of a

dreamer and a man of the world; a writer of tales and a man of business; yet in some odd way we fitted into each other. I admired his ability and was proud of his growing literary reputation.

He found stimulation and a wondering kind of interest in my manifold plans and speculations in the (to him) strange world of business. We were called by our mutual acquaintances, "The lion and the lamb," and our pleasure in each other's society was often quoted as a sign of a coming millenium.

So that it is easy to see why I should have been startled out of my usual placid acceptance of Norman's difficult moods by the fact that three times within an hour we had been on the verge of a quarrel. I am a hard man to quarrel with, but Norman had patiently and persistently provoked me until a very sharp answer would have resulted had

I not noticed, just in time, that Norman was plainly not himself. His eyes were unnaturally bright, and the hand which held his cigar was shaking.

"Whatever is the matter with you, Norman?" I asked. "Are you actually trying to provoke a quarrel over a trifle?"

His angry excitement collapsed like a pricked bubble. He drew his hands across his eyes.

"I don't know, I'm sure," he said. "I seem to get excited without any reason lately."

"There must be a reason," I argued,

"overwork, bad health. something! You look rather seedy."

He shook his head. "No, nothing to break me up like this. Have I been hard to get along with lately?"

"Now that you draw my attention to it, you have—rather. I hoped it was a mood that would pass. Or I thought that it might possibly be that you were in love. You have all the unpleasant symptoms."

"Don't joke, Jack!" And indeed, when I caught the harassed look upon his face, I lost all desire to be funny.

"If it is not love," I said, soberly, "why don't you tell me what it is? I do not wish to force a confidence, but I might be able to help, you know. It can't be money. You have plenty. It can't be worry over your work, for the reviews of your latest book were far kinder than you expected. Why don't you ask advice if something is troubling you? I presume that, as you haven't told me, you haven't told anybody?"

He shook his head without answering. Then I voiced a dread that had been growing on me.

"Norm, old boy, is it—opium?"

Norman Pentland's father had died an opium fiend, and I think both of us had always had a dread—

To my intense relief, Norman straightened up and laughed.

"Oh, no!" he said, "I have even forgotten to worry about opium lately."

"Then what the dickens! Why don't you tell me what is the matter?"

"Because you wouldn't believe me," said Norman, shortly. He was more composed now, his hand had ceased trembling, and the uneasy look, which had annoyed me so much lately, had left his eyes.

"You would not believe me," he said, again, as I stared at him in amazement, "you simply wouldn't believe me."

I did not know what to say, yet it was necessary to say something.

"Is it so very strange, then?" I ventured.

"It is so strange," said Norman, with quiet conviction, "that if I were to tell you, you would say I am off my head."

"Then by all means tell me," I answered, "for if you don't you will

probably go off your head thinking about it."

"That is very possible."

We smoked for a little while in silence. I felt that he intended to speak and did not worry him.

"I will tell you," said Norman at last, slowly. "You will tell me I am mad, but perhaps the sharing of my experience will keep me from becoming so. Seriously, I am afraid that my nerves are in a bad state. But that has been only of late. In the beginning of this—this experience they were as good nerves as ever man was blessed with."

I nodded.

"Until two weeks ago, I was never in better health or spirits, and as eager for work as a race-horse. I had begun, you know, my new book—my 'master-piece,' I believe I called it?"

"You did."

He laughed a little. "I have forgotten what it was all about," he said, and fell silent. I said nothing, and presently he aroused himself.

"Now comes the story," he went on. "It was shortly after I had begun work upon my new book, that I ran up against a point which made me want to consult an authority in Uncle John's library. You know that Uncle John left me his library, and I had it stored in an empty room until some day I might have a home where it could fit in?"

I nodded again.

"Well, I went down there, found my book, verified my information, and instead of coming straight back, began to putter around among the old books. Some of them, though not especially valuable, are very interesting. At last I came upon a book which appeared to have no title at all, and upon examining it, I saw that it was not a book but a box that had been made to look like one. It was locked and there was no key. How it came to be in Uncle John's library is a mystery! Uncle John himself could not have known it was there. Although he had a fad for buying old books he seldom read them, and this box-book had certainly never been unlocked by him. It interested me, but as I was deep in my new novel. I did not want to have my thoughts

distracted by so unimportant a thing. I put it back on the shelf and turned to go."

He paused for a moment, gazing into the warm dusk outside the window. Then he abruptly began again.

"I got as far as the door and then turned back and took the box from the shelf and carried it away with me. I swear to you that I had no intention of taking it, I took it against my will—"

"Wait a moment," I said, "I do not quite understand. You mean that you suddenly changed your mind and decided to take it?"

"No; I did not change my mind—I just went back and took it because I couldn't help myself—"

"But——"

"Better hear me out first. I told you, you wouldn't believe me."

"Go on," I said.

"I took the box-book home and, putting it aside, sat down to continue my writing. I found it impossible to do so. It seemed quite suddenly to become necessary that I should open that box! Rather amused by such a strange obsession, I did so. It was filled with closely written sheets of rather stiff paper, a kind of parchment. I fancy, and was apparently a manuscript containing the outlines of some kind of story. It was hard to read, in some places nearly illegible, but it fascinated me and I struggled on. Getting it straightened out, bit by bit, I found that I had stumbled upon the skeleton of one of the most remarkable stories that it had ever been my lot to see."

"Norman's face had suddenly become quite flushed, and he banged the arm of his chair aggressively.

"I tell you," he said, "that that story, properly told, will be the most wonderful story in the world. It will make its author famous; it will make his name immortal—it will be the greatest book in the universe——"

"Oh, come, Norman!" I interrupted, gently. He quieted down at once.

"That's all right—you don't believe it? Wait until you read it! I'll go on with my story. It is hardly necessary to say that I did not let those yellow sheets out of my hands until I had

mastered them. It was as if I had found lying by the roadside a jewel which would set the world ablaze. It was my jewel since it belonged to no one else——"

"Of course the writer must have been long dead," I ventured.

He started. "Dead—oh, yes—of course she is dead."

"What makes you think the author was a woman?"

He seemed confused. "I had a feeling that a woman wrote it," he explained, lamely.

"Well, go on," I said.

"Needless to say I put my masterpiece away: beside the work in the box it was flat, stale and unprofitable. I could think of nothing but my wonderful find and the strange thing is that, although from the moment I read the notes on those yellow sheets I had but one desire in the world, to write the book they outlined, it was not until several days had passed that the inspiration came to me and the task seemed easy.

"At first I had felt that I could never do it, that it would need someone greater than I to make those dry bones live, and the thought that such greatness was not mine tormented me day and night. Then, suddenly, I seemed to find a key: everything which had seemed obscure in the notes grew plain: all my difficulties seemed to vanish; I knew that it was given to me to write that book!

"I sat down at once and began to write. I did not know one word of what I should say: I had only the conviction that I should say it. So I wrote the first chapter and, reading it over, knew that it was perfect. So I have written every chapter since—never knowing a sentence, hardly a word ahead, yet always, when reading it over, knowing that it is perfect and always knowing that when I sit down to write again, I shall be able to do it."

He had grown very pale.

"Do you mean to tell me that you never know what your next sentence is to be, that you have no plan in your head at all, and no knowledge of how the plan will work out?"

"I have the notes in the box," he

answered. "They give the general plan of the story, but when I am writing I lose all memory of that. When I am not writing, no amount of study or thought or imagination can make plain to me just how the next portion of the story is to work out—except as to the mere dry facts of the thing."

"Why," I exclaimed, "it is really the most extraordinary thing I ever heard. It looks like genuine inspiration."

"I have never heard of a case of inspiration exactly like it," said Norman, dryly.

"Well, then, how do you explain it yourself?"

"It is simple enough," said Norman. "Someone is using my hand and perhaps my brain—I am not writing the story at all."

"But—"

"Except in the sense that a typewriter may be said to write."

"But, my dear fellow—"

"I know who it is," he went on moodily, without heeding my interruption in the least. "I have known from the first who it was." He spoke with a certain angry triumph.

In my blank amazement, I thought that it might be well to humor him and let him talk it all out.

"Well, who is it?" I asked, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"The woman who wrote the notes," he said.

"I understood that you did not know who wrote them. Perhaps you did not say so, but I gathered that there was no name signed to the papers."

"No name signed," he answered, "but all through the pages here and there, she has written her name—scrawled it idly as people do sometimes when lost in thought—upwards of a dozen times she wrote her first name, 'Bernice' and once her full name, 'Bernice Framleigh'."

"Framleigh is an old English name," I remarked.

"Yes. She was English."

"But, of course," I went on, "you can't be sure that the name was hers. It might have been a man who wrote the name of his beloved—in absence of mind, as you say."

"No, it was she," he declared, doggedly, "I have seen her."

"Now you are talking!" I said, still genially, though I was beginning to be seriously alarmed. Could it be possible that my friend's mind had already given way? If so, what could have caused—I looked up. Norman was regarding me with a little smile.

"I warned you, you would think me mad," he said, "but for all that I am as sane as I ever was, as sane as you are, as sane as any man can be in a world where such queer things can happen. Now, be truthful, you have found me cross lately, nervous and excitable, but has it ever occurred to you that my mind was not quite right?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, don't let this story prejudice you. I say that I saw Bernice Framleigh and I did see her. It was one night that I had gone to bed feeling wretched because I had in some way mislaid one of those precious yellow sheets. Search as I would, I could not find it, and I had given up in despair. I was lying awake thinking about it, and happened to glance for the hundredth time toward the box, which was standing on a side table. She was there, bending over the box. I saw her quite distinctly—"

"Now, let us get this thing right," I interrupted. "You had been asleep, of course?"

"I had not."

"How do you know?"

"I had tried too hard to get there."

"It was moonlight, I suppose?"

"No. The curtains were drawn and the gas was not turned off the reading lamp."

"Where was the side table?"

"It was very near the stand with the lamp."

"Was it in the circle of light?"

"Yes."

"And you saw this lady quite plainly?"

"Yes, for the moment as plainly as I see you. She was tall and slight, her head was small, but she had the most remarkable face I ever saw. Powerful is the only word I can use to describe it. She was not beautiful, but one did

not want beauty. I saw her only for a moment. She was stooping over the box arranging the papers. I had no sensation of fear or dread or anything of the kind. It was just that one moment she was there and the next moment she wasn't."

"Exactly," I agreed. "Our eyes play us strange tricks."

"So I concluded—especially as when I looked in the box again, the missing paper was there."

"Of course—it had never been anywhere else."

"I expected you to say so, and it will not change your opinion if I tell you that I had looked over those sheets a dozen times, taking each one out separately and examining it with the aid of the lamp to make sure no two sheets were adhering. It will also do no good to tell you that the missing sheet was found lying on the top of the pile, and that it was slightly crumpled and soiled, just as a sheet might be which had been inadvertently thrown away, found and smoothed carefully out again."

"It is exceedingly strange," I said, and indeed if what he said was so (and I had never known a more truthful man), it was very strange indeed.

"You have not seen the—appearance since?" I asked.

"No, but when I am writing, I know she is there. It is she who dictates. I am her secretary. I hear nothing, see nothing, but my brain hears and my hand obeys the force that speaks to my brain."

I was too deeply troubled to answer him.

"I don't object, you know," he continued. "Without her I never would have been able to write the book—and I wouldn't give up the writing of that book for all the world. Only—well, as you see, it is hard on the nerves!"

"How nearly are you finished?" I asked, seriously. "You cannot stand it much longer."

"I am almost through. I think I am. Two more chapters, I think, ought to finish it, but of course I cannot tell you, for, as I told you, I do not see ahead. And there is another peculiar thing. It is one of the things which

worries me most. In the notes on the yellow paper there is no *last chapter*. It is as if the author were interrupted just before concluding. I can find no word or hint which tells me how this remarkable book is to end."

This seemed to me a fortunate thing. When Norman came to the end of his notes he would wake up and his singular delusion would vanish. He would have to think out the end of the story himself, and that would cure him.

"In that case," I suggested, "you will have to finish it yourself."

To my surprise he grew quite white.

"Don't say that, Jack," he entreated, "I could never do it—there is not a trace of my own style in the book—it would ruin it! No, I believe, I must believe, that she intends to see me through. Surely she would not leave that glorious book unfinished—like the notes. I can't believe it!"

"But, Norman," I hinted delicately, "if you are not writing the book——" I paused, leaving him to divine my meaning.

"You mean I have no right to the fame which it will bring," he said, instantly. "But I have—I have written it—it is mine. If I give it to the world, the world shall thank me for it!"

He was becoming wildly excited again, so to quiet him I said "Oh, undoubtedly," but in so half-hearted a tone that he glanced at me uneasily. To tell the truth I did not like the spirit which his last words showed—so different from the straightforward, almost quixotically honorable Norman Pentland I had known.

The whole affair seemed to me astounding beyond my powers of comprehension. I could do nothing, nor could I think of anything to say. If the ordeal were so nearly over, better wait and let the trouble cure itself. When Norman had finished the book, or failed to finish it, I would insist that he come away for a long holiday. He must be seriously overtired.

"Norm, old boy," I said, "I don't pretend to understand what you've told me. Of course I can't believe that you are in a state just now to see things properly, and my advice is—get that book finished as quickly as possible.

Afterwards well. I think things will come all right afterwards."

He smiled at me, rather gratefully.

"I think you are right," he said, "the great thing is to get the book finished. My fame will then be assured. I will never write again."

This was not what I wanted, but I forebore to contradict, and we said good-night better friends and closer comrades than we had ever been in our lives.

The next week was an anxious one for me. I watched Norman constantly without appearing to do so, something which was rendered comparatively easy by the fact that his rooms were directly opposite mine. I saw nothing to cause me further uneasiness. Norman was not so irritable and looked as if he were getting more sleep. "I feel better since I have told you, old man," he said to me one day.

I did not question him about the book, but I knew that he was working at it and that he expected confidently to finish it soon.

It was Saturday night when he came into my rooms, and my deceptive peace was broken up.

"Norman!" I cried. But indeed I could hardly believe that it was Norman Pentland whom I saw. He looked ten years older; the light and purpose of life seemed to have been stricken from his face. He sat down in his familiar chair and smiled at me. The smile caused me to turn cold; it was really a horrible smile!

"I can't write the last chapter," he said, simply.

Not another word. To all my expostulations, explanations and encouragement he said nothing, and at last he stopped me.

"Thanks, old chap," he said, "but this is something that won't bear argument. The simple fact is that I cannot write the last chapter. Up until the last moment I believed that I could—then suddenly she left me. Where the notes stopped, she has stopped—the last chapter will never be written."

In spite of his appearance of utmost despair, I heard of this new development with something of relief.

"Don't you see, old chap," I said,

gently, "that this goes to prove that your whole idea of her was an hallucination? Some very learned people now are beginning to believe in the possibility of such things. They say that some times there appears to be, lingering about certain old things, old rooms for instance, some strange 'aura,' which may, in the case of an exceptionally sensitive nature, actually impress the brain with some fleeting image of long past events, long dead personalities. Some such hallucination you have had as you worked with the old yellow papers which were probably the life work of some dead woman—dearer to her perhaps than life itself—so that—"

He interrupted me with a hard laugh.

"She is not too dead to hate me," he declared. "She hates me for doing what she can not do herself. She is jealous. She will not let me have her book—a very woman to turn jealous at the last chapter!"

"Norman——"

"I never liked her," he went on, unheeding. "I was always afraid that she did not mean to give me the book. But if once I had written that last chapter——"

I interrupted in my turn. "If, when you had written the last chapter, you had still felt that the work really belonged to a dead woman called Bernice Framleigh, you would have published it with her name on the title page," I said, sternly.

"What if I did? Who is Bernice Framleigh? Could I explain how I came to write the book? My publishers would merely think that Bernice Framleigh was a rather silly attempt at an unnecessary *nom-de-plume*. It would be my book—mine!"

"Norman, I am ashamed of you. It is not like you to speak like this!"

"No," he admitted, with a momentary return of his old manner. "It is not like me. I feel—different—since I began to write this book. Oh, Graham, you don't know——"

"I know that you need a complete rest and change. I know that you are going to take a long holiday. When you are yourself again, you may be able to finish the book—or you may not wish to finish it. It seems to me that

you have been living in a dream, and you know how things which are wonderful in dreamland appear mere foolishness in the light of common day. Now, I have not dreamed. If you will allow me to read——”

“It is burned,” he said, dully. “I burned it. No one else will get the chance to take it from me. The notes, too, all burned! She would feel *that*, wouldn’t she? Oh, I paid her back finely—she will never get her story written now. I fixed *that*!”

And this from Norman Pentland, scholar and gentleman!

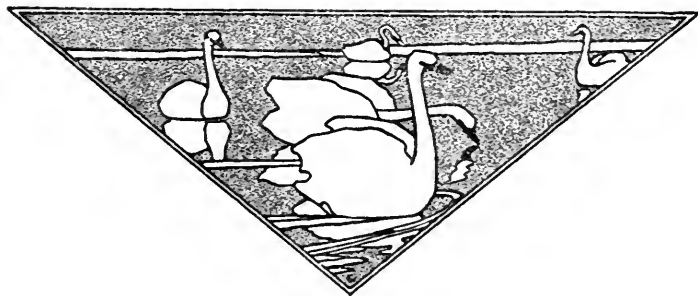
We got away from town next morning. Norman did not seem to care where we went. His fever of restlessness was quite gone, but something else, some zest in life, seemed to be gone too. For many weeks I had upon my hands a melancholy shadow of the old Norman Pentland, a shadow that started at shadows; that turned ghastly at the sight of pencil and paper, and answered cheerful conversation by monosyllables. But, as his health improved, he began slowly to brighten and fall less often into fits of brooding. Then when, in Paris, we met Miss Daisy Birks, the cure proceeded with marvellous rapidity. It was Miss Daisy whose awe and admiration of Norman’s literary fame induced him at last to take up his pen, after he had told me that he would never write again. Love puts a period to many “nevers”.

The “masterpiece,” upon which he had been engaged when so singularly interrupted, was never finished, but a new book was begun which in due time added much to his reputation.

After his marriage to Miss Daisy, we drifted apart somewhat, but as far as I know he never again referred to his strange experience and soon forgot even to think about it.

I would have forgotten it also, but for one little incident. When Norman settled in his new home, it fell to my lot to pack and send the books still remaining in his old room. In lifting a pile of them into a box, a single yellow sheet fluttered from among them to the floor, and upon examining it, I found it to be covered with an odd, small writing very difficult to decipher. Perhaps that is why I immediately tried to decipher it. It appeared to be an isolated fragment of some tale or romance, but of so strange, so arresting, so truly marvellous a nature that I knew at once I had stumbled upon a fragment of the story which Norman had destroyed!

With a sigh that was half a shudder, I resisted the fascination of that wonderful fragment and, dropping it upon the coals, watched it blacken and blow away; but ever since I have not been so sure that Norman’s experience was but the figment of a fevered brain—nay, it has even seemed to me that the world may indeed have lost much in losing that last chapter.



The House That Wouldn't Wait

By Ellis Parker Baker

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," "The Great American Pie Co.," Etc.

Illustrated by Peter Newell

IT'S ALL right to respect your grandfathers, but when you make idols and fetiches of 'em, you can just expect to get into trouble. That's what Betzville says about Pilgath Gubb, and Aunt Rhinocolura Betts says Betzville is right. She says the Apostle Paul is agin it—or maybe it was some o' the minor prophets—but anyway you could see it for yourself the minute you laid eyes on Pilgath Gubb.

Pilgath was considered the most thoughtful man in Betzville. Before he'd do the littlest thing he'd sit on a cracker-barrel, and think and think. Maybe by the time he'd decided, he'd forget what he'd been thinking about, and would have to start all over again, but that never worried Pilgath. It was all on account of his grandfather. The old gentleman had died before Pilgath was born, and naturally Pilgath had never had much of an acquaintance with him, but he said a grandfather was a grandfather, dead or alive, and far be it from him not to respect his relations. So he'd figure out how his grandfather would have done things, and then he'd do 'em just exactly so.

The reason why Pilgath dug his well right alongside of his barn was because his grandfather had once fallen off the barn and broken his arm. Pilgath figured that if he should ever fall off the barn, it would save doctor's bills if he could fall into a well and break the jar by striking soft water. The barn was thirty feet high and the well forty feet deep, so that when Pilgath did fall off, he hit the well all right, but he went

thirty feet down into the water, and was so nearly drowned that it took five hours and three quarts of whiskey to bring him to. Even then all he knew was to roll over on his back on the floor and ask weakly where they kept the straps to hang on by.

When he finally came to himself and remembered that he was a church-member, he decided that the well was a delusion-producer and ought to be discontinued. So he pumped all the water out, plugged up the spring at the bottom, and took the pledge. Next time he fell off the barn, however, he not only fell thirty feet to the ground, but forty feet more to the bottom of the well, and made the discovery that though the spring might have been soft, the ground it came out of was as hard at seventy feet as it was at thirty—maybe more so. Worse than that, he broke two arms and a collar-bone. When he came to pay the doctor's bill, he said that sometimes it made him even doubt his grandfather.

But when he built his house over at the south end of town, he got to studying again about his grandfather. It seems that his grandfather had once built a house, and then sold the lot it was on, and it was a lot of trouble to move the house to another lot. Pilgath's mother said they never did get to feeling certain about the cellar stairs afterwards. So Pilgath figured, being a thoughtful, foresighted man, that he would build his house so that if he ever wanted to move it, he could do it without much fuss; and for as much as a



AFTER PILGATH LOOKED OUT ON THE PRAIRIE AND SAW THE HOUSE
REVOLVING IN CIRCLES, ABOUT TWO MILES AWAY, HE
STARTED FOR IT WITH HIS TONGUE
HANGING OUT

week he sat in the yard on a pile of cedar shingles and whittled and figured how he could make that house movable. Finally he decided to have the house mounted on wheels, with a good strong automobile engine under the front porch, and a gasoline tank in the attic over the girl's room. He saved quite a sum on the wheels by using eight old mill-stones he had inherited from his grandmother on his father's side, and he got a fine old storage battery at less than cost from Aunt Rhinocolura Betts, who had used it for her rheumatism. There wasn't any electricity in the battery, but Pilgath figured he could get it filled when moving time came. The crank for cranking up the engine stuck out at one side of the porch, but Pilgath's first wife planted Virginia creeper to cover it, and before the summer was over, nobody would have thought of its being an autohouse.

The last person in the world to think of it was Arbutus Ann Gubb, Pilgath's second wife. She was a timid little thing you never could get to say "yes" or "no" about anything, even getting married. One night she just "let on" she might, and Pilgath married her before she got up courage to say "no" if she'd wanted to. She was scared of everything. Every time it thundered, she crawled under the bed. She was so afraid of thunder that she went under the bed every time a wagon rumbled across the Two Mile Bridge, and when traffic was heavy, at fair time, she staid under the bed permanently, and Pilgath had to bring her meals to her on a tray.

About four o'clock one afternoon, a terrific thunderstorm struck Betzville, and Arbutus Ann went under the bed. Pilgath was in the barn, but he started for the house on a run, knowing how frightened Arbutus Ann would be. Just as he was half-way to the kitchen door, there came a tremendous stroke of lightning, almost blinding him, and with it rain in sheets and bucketsful.

Pilgath couldn't see a yard before him, but he rubbed his eyes and sprinted harder than ever. In a few minutes he began to get scared, and decided he must have passed the house. So he turned back to look for it, and

first thing he knew, he nearly stepped into a pan of milk in the cellar.

Then it dawned on him what had happened. The lightning had hit the chimney and knocked off a brick, which had fallen on the crank handle and given it a turn, thus cranking up the engine. At the same instant the lightning had buried itself in the storage battery, filling it with electricity, so that it began to spark regularly and explode the gasoline in the cylinders, and the house had moved without waiting for the first of May. The house had an excellent engine and was geared to run about fifty miles an hour on the first speed.

When Pilgath realized all this, he looked out on the prairie and saw the house revolving in circles, about two miles away. Pilgath started for it with his tongue hanging out. He felt perfectly secure about the wheels, for it is harder to puncture millstones than rubber tires, but he had an inkling that a frame house travelling at fifty miles an hour with a wife inside ought to have someone at the steering-wheel. But just before he reached it, the house took a new tack, and started south by west at fifty miles an hour, and in two minutes it was out of sight behind Reynolds' hill. Pilgath said he never was so proud of anything in his life as he was of the way that autohouse took the hill on the first speed. When he got to the top of the hill, all he could see was a cloud of dust in the southwest, several miles away. When they asked him how he felt when he saw it, he said that the cloud of dust had assured him the thunderstorm had been merely local.

When Arbutus Ann didn't come back, he put a "till forbid notice" in the "Bi-Weekly Holler":

NOTICE:—If anyone finds a house running loose, with a wife under the bed in the first bedroom at the top of the stairs to the left as you go up, that wife belongs to Pilgath Gubb. If there is any doubt about it, making a sound like thunder will settle the question of ownership. Hammering on a tin waiter will do. If at the sound the wife backs so far under the bed that she can only be reached with a broom, there need be no doubt that her name is Arbutus Ann Gubb. Finder please feed her till called for, and notify Pilgath Gubb, Betzville.

Pilgath said it cost him an awful lot, but when things like this happened, he wanted Betzville to know he could be just as open-handed as anybody. He said he knew his grandfather would have done just the same, even when Arbutus Ann never was found, and he saw the money had been wasted.

After a year or so, Pilgath began

making up to Elvina Betts, oldest girl to Aunt Rhinocolura Betts, and trying to take her to prayer-meeting Wednesday nights. But Aunt Rhinocolura set her foot right down. She said that when a man got to putting his grandfather ahead of Paul and the minor prophets, all you could do was to leave him to his own conscience.

The Firebrand

BY
ARTHUR STRINGER

AUTHOR OF "THE WIRE-TAPPERS,"
"THE GUN-RUNNER," ETC.



ILLUSTRATED BY

PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON—

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

- OTTO SCHNAUBELT**—*The firebrand, a white-faced young Anarchist of twenty-seven, with the gift of oratory and a touch of the deliriant. Being half Polish and half Bavarian by birth, he speaks with a slight accent, and has the fluency of the bi-linguist as well as the fire of the prophet. His body is slight, his hair is dark and long, and his entire figure, when not in action, is pathetic.*
- PHILIP DRYSTER**—*A Wall Street capitalist of forty-eight. Large and heavy of figure, he suggests both power and pomposity. His clean-shaven face, though puffy, is a fighter's face. He is quite grey at the temples, but his well-groomed figure discounts the impression of old age.*
- LOUISE DRYSTER**—*His young wife, of twenty-four or twenty-five. She is a beautiful woman, used to luxury, and a typical product of her environment, yet with a strong streak of innate practicality, and not above using her personal charm for the attainment of personal ends. Blonde.*
- OLGA NIKITA**—*A Russian "Red" refugee, about the same age as Louise, but dark, passionate and self-reliant. She is in love with Otto. Her intellectuality places her above her "Terrorist" companions, but she, like Otto, has a touch of the deliriant. Thin-faced.*

ROCHETTE }
 SCHMIDT } *Anarchists and members of the Inner Circle, all hungry-eyed, unkempt,*
 TODARO } *over-garrulous, and not especially savory-looking aggregation of*
 WATCHEL } *conglomerate nationalities.*

NIKOFF—*Called "Peg-Leg," having lost a limb in a Continental bomb-outrage. He is the oldest of the band, is an opium-eater, and his ostensible vocation is that of street-musician, playing the concertina.*

DOYLE—*Philip Dryster's confidential agent, a calm-eyed, alert-moving, secretarial man of about thirty, retaining his business-like aspect even in moments of excitement.*

ENGLISH BUTLER and FOOTMAN—*In the employ of the Drysters at their Long Island country home.*

ACT II.

SCENE:—*The breakfast room of Philip Dryster's Long Island home. The French windows open on a terraced garden, with view of flower parterres, Tuscan urns, etc. Beyond the garden, bathed in sunlight, are glimpses of the Sound. An immaculate breakfast table is set in the middle of the room, and everything, from the white linen and silver fruit-holder to the riot of cut-flowers scattered about in French vases, suggests luxury. At this table sit Philip Dryster, restless, ill-at-ease, and covertly alert, and his young wife Louise, the latter diffidently glancing through a morning paper. Clearly visible through the open French windows, is Otto, calmly spraying rose-bushes with a gardener's hand-spray. He never once looks directly into the room. Further down the garden occasionally passes a figure in a chauffeur's dust-coat and cap and goggles. As he passes he watches Otto at work. An English footman, in service coat, stands at attention at one side of the room.*

LOUISE: (*Putting down paper and staring at Philip, as his restless movements finally attract her somewhat diffident attention*): Sleep well, Bunny?

PHILIP (*Absently*): So-so!

LOUISE (*Looking through the pile of letters at her plate-side*): Shall I ring for breakfast?

PHILIP (*With pretence of reading his paper*): Not yet, thanks.

LOUISE (*Studying his averted face, then looking perplexed out through the open windows*): Who's that prowling about the lower terrace?

PHILIP: That's Doyle.

LOUISE: Who's Doyle?

PHILIP (*Shortly*): My confidential man.

LOUISE: Is he waiting for anything?

PHILIP: He's waiting to motor me into town.

LOUISE: Why Doyle to-day? Why not Jansen?

PHILIP: We've things to talk over. (*Louise sits looking at him as though his reticence implied a rebuff. Then she picks up a paper and reads again, indifferently.*)

LOUISE (*Over her paper, and not looking up*): They're saying dreadful things about you again, Bunny!

PHILIP: Well, I'm used to it.

LOUISE (*With a child-like resentment which shows her divorce from the problem and its meaning*): But why should they blame those bread-riots on you?

PHILIP: Because I had sense enough to keep Morrison and that whole bear gang who've been selling short, from wiping me out. Because I took my stand and stuck to it.

LOUISE: But why do they print this horrible cartoon of you as a fat man on a throne, and all these hungry women looking up at you?

PHILIP (*With a shrug*): That's the yellows' way of excusing God for giving America only half a crop.

(*Louise, plainly not comprehending the intricacies of speculative movements, resignedly goes on reading her newspapers. As she does so, Doyle appears quietly and unannounced at the door. Philip starts nervously, but controls himself. Louise, by her look and attitude, resents the intrusion.*)

PHILIP: Come in, Doyle.

(*Doyle enters, with his cap in his hand, remaining on his feet. The two men look at Louise, then exchange glances.*)

PHILIP (*With an effort*): Louise!

LOUISE (*Looking up from her paper*

at this new note in his voice): What is it?

PHILIP: There's going to be a rather disagreeable scene here, and I don't want you mixed up in it.

LOUISE: A scene with whom?

PHILIP: I'd rather not explain just yet.

LOUISE: And you want to send me away breakfastless, without bread! Oh, Bunny, that cartoon must have been true!

PHILIP: I wish you'd go.

LOUISE: But all this mystery only makes me want to stay.

PHILIP: You can't stay!

(Louise looks at Philip closely. Then she gathers up her mail, and rises, moving slowly, conscious of the fact that the two men are silently awaiting her departure. The butler opens the door, and then follows her out. The two men look at each other.)

PHILIP: Well?

DOYLE: It's all right, sir. He's acting alone.

PHILIP: You're sure?

DOYLE: Positive. And the bomb he's got will never go off. Its teeth have been drawn.

PHILIP *(Rather tremulously)*: Remember, Doyle, there's a good deal depending on you in this.

DOYLE: But there's no chance of a mistake, sir. It's as harmless as a tennis-ball. I've had the five of them shadowed from the moment they left that Forsyth Street cellar.

PHILIP: But what would ever start a parlor-socialist at work like this?

DOYLE: They're not parlor socialists. They're a gang of out-and-out Reds. Two of them have records at Police Headquarters. They're all under pension from a Central Committee. But two of them are welchers. They can be bought off at any time. They're about the same as yeggs. This young fellow they call Otto Schnaubelt is the nutty one. He's their leader. I can show, when the time comes, that he was a member of the Riga Executive Committee. The fact is, I managed to intercept a letter from a Paris Terrorist named Lopatine. I can show Schnaubelt was mixed up with the Cronstadt police assassinations. He was mixed

up in the Pittsburg iron-workers' trouble, and was a spokesman in the Patterson silk riots.

PHILIP: I suppose he's one of those Ghetto minor-poets with a great soul and dirty linen?

DOYLE: He's an inflammatory little beggar, as far as I can see. He does their pamphleteering. They send for him, from place to place, to address their meetings. He's the one who gets them going. He orates to them in seven or eight languages.

PHILIP: But have we got definite proof he's an anarchist?

DOYLE: We sure have. And he'll cinch it this morning when he comes through that window with his bomb.

PHILIP: Then the thing for us is to get in touch with the Immigration Department. He's an alien, and a criminal. They can bundle him out.

DOYLE: Sure they can. But that takes time—you can't hurry those Washington Department people. I figure on it taking a week. And, in the meantime, he and his gang will start kicking up a dust.

PHILIP *(Disturbed)*: I can't have talk when the Federal Grand Jury is nosing into this wheat-corner. There's been too much of that with these cursed bread riots.

DOYLE: Exactly! That's why I want to get your man here, with the goods on.

PHILIP *(With grim decision)*: Then we'll get the thing over with. You go upstairs to my study, and get Brady of the Pinkerton Office on the long-distance. Have them get a good reliable man out here by motor as soon as they can.

DOYLE: All right, sir. I'm better out of sight, anyway. He won't come in *(Doyle motions towards the window)* until he sees you're alone.

PHILIP: All right. You keep out of sight. Don't come down until I send for you, or your own judgment says you ought to. *(Doyle crosses room and stops at door.)* And, Doyle, don't mention the matter to Mrs. Dryster.

DOYLE: Very good, sir!

(Doyle goes quietly out, leaving the door partly open behind him. Philip proceeds to fold his newspapers, but has

folded only one sheet when a French-window is swung back and Otto steps into the room. He still carries the hand-spray. His face is pale, but he is utterly calm and self-possessed.)

PHILIP (*As the two men stare*): Who are you?

OTTO (*His quietness might be taken almost for meekness*): I'm the new second gardener.

PHILIP (*Always watching him*): What are you doing here?

OTTO: I want to make a complaint.

PHILIP (*Perplexed*): About what? Against what?

OTTO: Against everything.

PHILIP (*With an effort holding his ground*): That sounds rather comprehensive. How are you going to make it?

OTTO (*A step nearer*): By a method equally comprehensive.

PHILIP: What method?

OTTO (*Producing, with one dextrous movement, the bomb which he carries*): By blowing you off the face of the earth.

PHILIP (*Without moving*): You're a fool! You're crazy!

OTTO: You've sixty seconds for anything you've got to do or say.

PHILIP: I don't want sixty seconds. I'm ready now.

(Otto, startled at his victim's fortitude, does not see Louise in the doorway. She has entered and crossed the room, and stands between the two men before they realize her presence. Quite unable to understand a danger which does not touch her imagination, she is without terror. She is like an amazed and ribboned lap-dog, face to face with a snarling street-mongrel.)

OTTO (*Quickly*): Is this woman your wife?

PHILIP: She is.

OTTO: Then get her out of here.

LOUISE: He'll not get me out of here. *(She actually moves towards Otto and the up-raised bomb. The latter falls back, nonplussed, as she advances staring at him.)*

OTTO: Stand back. I warn you, there's enough nitro in this thing to blow your empty head through the roof.

LOUISE (*To Philip*): Who is this man?

PHILIP: Never mind who he is. I want you to leave this room.

LOUISE: I'll not leave it.

PHILIP: You must. This is no place for you.

LOUISE: It is, if you're in trouble, if you're in danger. (*Insisting*) Who is this man?

PHILIP (*Knowing her obduracy*): That man's a bomb-thrower named Otto Schnaubelt, who was arrested trying to force himself into my office ten days ago. He's a half-witted Anarchist who came here to kill me with a bomb that's no more dangerous than a turnip.

LOUISE: The little coward!

OTTO: Stand back!

LOUISE: You miserable little coward!

OTTO: You pink and white doll, get out of my way! Get out to your rose-garden! Get out with those painted lawn ornaments where you belong!

LOUISE (*Advancing as Otto again raises his arm. With a cat-like dexterity she catches and holds him about the body*): You coward!

PHILIP: Stop!

LOUISE: You little ruffian! *(She clings to him, pinning his arms down to his side. He is slender, and apparently no stronger than the woman holding him. Her arms, by this time, are quite firmly about him. He suddenly stops struggling, and looks into her face, so close to his own, as though he had seen it for the first time. It is an arrestingly beautiful face. He continues to look at her, until the stare of the two faces, so near each other, becomes a tableau.)*

PHILIP (*Catching at her arm*): Louise, this is madness. It's nonsense. I tell you this is all poppycock. He's a farce. His bomb's a farce. It's as harmless as dishwater.

OTTO: That's a lie. It's the kind of dishwater that's going to wash this world a little cleaner.

PHILIP: Is it? Then look it over and make sure the fulminate's still in it.

(Otto, startled, tries to wriggle loose. Louise, whose attitude is now that of an indignant and outraged teacher before an offending child, tightens her grasp on him. All he can do is free his arms.)

LOUISE (*Imperiously, as Otto unscrews the cap of the bomb*): Give me that thing!

OTTO (*Amazed as he turns the useless bomb upside down and then looks at Philip*): And where did you get the brains to find that out?

PHILIP: I've found out plenty of things. And a good many of them before you were born.

LOUISE (*To Otto*): Give me that thing!

OTTO (*Looking at her with his bitter laugh*): Certainly. You can eat it—it won't hurt you. It's a fruit you don't often have for breakfast.

(*He hands the bomb to Louise. She looks down at it in her hand, realizes at last what it stands for, and suppresses a scream of fright by covering her mouth with her hand.*)

PHILIP: There's no use getting excited, I tell you. It's as harmless as the hare-brained crank who carried it here.

OTTO (*Dodging away*): So you think I'm harmless?

PHILIP: Just at present, yes. And I intend to make you more so.

OTTO: How?

PHILIP: That you'll know when the time comes.

OTTO: And what good will that do you? Supposing I didn't kill you, as I came here to do? Would that help you out any? Don't you suppose there's somebody else to take my place? And somebody to take his place again? And somebody to take *his*, until the thing's done?

PHILIP: It won't be done.

OTTO: I think it will.

PHILIP (*To Louise*): No; don't ring.

LOUISE: What does it all mean?

PHILIP (*Less triumphantly, yet allowing himself to show no alarm*): Just what makes you want to kill me?

LOUISE (*To Otto*): What kind of man are you, to talk that way of killing? To come into a house the same as —

OTTO (*Quickly*): The same as you'd go into that garden and take the heads off the flowers you thought were ripe for picking!

PHILIP: But why do you want my head off?

OTTO (*The East Side orator, glad of his chance to let go at an enemy*): Because you're the keystone of this whole cursed system of oppression, this

system that no one man and no one movement can overthrow. But when we knock that keystone out of it there's some chance of the whole arch of iniquity crumbling down to earth.

LOUISE: Philip, what does this mad-man mean?

PHILIP (*Blunt and practical, ignoring his wife's cry*): That's more of your poppycock. That shows how insane your whole outlook is. Do you suppose there aren't a hundred men in Wall Street, at this very moment, to take my place? Do you suppose a bomb the size of a goose-egg is going to stop the trade and commerce of ninety million people? No, my young friend, no; we've been too long building up this arch you're talking about. And Time is an egotist, more of an egotist than you are; Time respects only what Time itself has built. You could blow me sky-high if you wanted to, but long before you got to your chair in Sing Sing, there'd be another man at my desk, and another bull movement in wheat.

OTTO (*Shouting*): Not if he knew he was going to get what you got!

PHILIP (*Warming up*): Do you mean to say you carry around the absurd belief that killing off a millionaire is going to turn your East Side into a Garden of Eden? Do you still accept that half-baked, purblind tomfoolery that proclaims killing a leader or two, whether they're kings of countries or kings of finance, is going to bring never-ending happiness to every cop-fighter in Hell's Kitchen and a full dinner-pail to every loafer on our park benches?

OTTO (*Low-voiced, now, and terribly calm*): Don't harangue me like that. That platitudinous stuff doesn't affect me. You're not addressing the Dryster Orphan Asylum after its Christmas dinner. You're not elucidating high finance to a board of over-fed milling directors. You've no quarterly dividend to pound that rubbish down my throat with.

LOUISE: How dare you come into this house and use such words to my husband?

PHILIP: No, I'll not harangue you. You haven't the intellect to see a point when it's made. You let a little

Schopenhauer and Nietzsche ferment in your head, and then you suddenly go bad. You read a little Tolstoi and Gorky, and then go around spouting moonshine. You're a pack of Shelleys gone to seed. You're a lot of broken-winded Swinburnes. It's cheap charlatanism. It's demagoguery, the whole lot of it.

OTTO (*Still holding himself in, and resenting that his opponent should have stolen his thunder*): Well, we're going to manure America with millionaires like you.

PHILIP (*Hotly*): You're going to do so such thing. That's another of your rapid obsessions.

LOUISE: Bunny, don't excite yourself that way.

OTTO (*As he looks at Louise*): Bunny! How can you call two hundred pounds of beef like that such a name? Bunny!

LOUISE (*More calmly now, and stepping nearer him*): How dare you speak like that!

OTTO (*With reckless insolence*): Oh, you've got to kick a man like that, the same as he kicks his auto-tire to see if it's inflated. What good would finger-tips be?

LOUISE (*Restraining Philip*): No; no, Bunny. Don't strike him. Don't hurt him.

OTTO: Don't be afraid; he doesn't intend to.

PHILIP: No more than you intend to.

OTTO (*Calmly studying him*): Oh, yes; I'm going to kill you, in the end.

PHILIP: Ha, you're going to. Here I am. Why don't you get busy?

OTTO (*With almost weary unconcern*): Because you rather amuse me. No, you don't amuse me, you amaze me. And I'd give my eye-teeth for one glimpse of your poor mean sordid useless life as you see it, as you're able to face it and live it. I'd give my eye-teeth for an inkling of just what you get out of it.

PHILIP (*Proudly, with a comprehensive arm-wave about him which does not even omit Louise*): I get this out of it.

OTTO (*He looks about puzzled. Then his eyes rest on Louise. She stands there motionless. But she has youth and beauty, and seems to mystify him, for he studies her face still again, and*

then turns slowly back to Philip): How many millions have you got?

PHILIP (*Shortly*): I don't know. Even the question is insolence. But if I happen to have ten million dollars, I've earned them more honestly than you've earned the right to come into my home and pry into my affairs.

OTTO: Your home! What makes it your home? What makes it yours, any more than this woman's yours? It's only yours in trust. All you own is what you own behind that frontal-bone of yours—and to me it seems precious little.

PHILIP: More moonshine! More insolence!

OTTO (*With rising vehemence*): And you say you've got ten million dollars! That's a lie. They're not dollars; they're ten million curses. They're ten million hunks of humble-pie you've had to eat. They're ten million insults you've swallowed. They're ten million sneers from your Better Self; ten million wails from your immortal soul. They're ten million hungry bellies that you've helped to keep hungry. They're tombstones of ten million children who'll rise and curse you on your way down to Hell. Ten million dollars, and every dollar a knife-blade which you stuck into some bleeding and suffering human heart.

PHILIP: More poppycock! More moonshine! You can't affect me, young man, with these socialistic debating-hall tricks. You can't dazzle my judgment with those Forsyth Street fire-works. I've got what I've got. I carry the pass-key and pay the taxes. And it looks good to me. It's mine! And instead of mooning around with a red flag, I've fought and earned it.

OTTO: Fought? Pooh! How have you fought? By picking off your fellow-men, one by one, from behind a stone-wall called Capital. By taking pot-shots at every poor beggar from behind a rampart of dirty dollars.

PHILIP: Wait! How did I get behind that rampart?

OTTO: You simply crawled into a wooden horse called Organization, and let your own enemies drag you into it. Then you turned and knifed the people who'd hauled you where you are! You.

got into it the same as they got into Troy.

PHILIP (*Stoutly, but blinking a moment at the other's ingenuity of figure*): Well, wherever I started out to go, whether it was right or wrong, I got there. (*With a contemptuous hand-wave towards the useless bomb*) I didn't four-flush. I didn't flunk. I didn't fail.

OTTO: No, you watched the other poor devils go down, and when they were down, you sat on their heads and held them there, the same as we do with our cab-horses when they fall. Yes, you've got your dollars and pay your taxes and carry your pass-key, but as you stand there, with all your stone and brick and flowers and flunkies about you, I feel sorry for you. When I look at you there, with your well-fed body and your crafty, animal self-satisfied face and your brutalized bull-dog mouth, I can't help feeling sorry for you. I don't even blame you. You can't help it. You're only a chip on the current. You're only the blind product of something you can't understand. You're *pathetic*—and you can't see it; you don't know it. You're only the scum that floats on the top of the whole rancid rotten stream of this modern life that men dare to call civilized.

PHILIP (*Looking with a snort at his small and ill-clad body*): And what are you?

OTTO: Never mind what I am. I may have gone ill-clad and hungry for twenty years. I may have gone without orchids in my buttonhole and silver on my breakfast-table. But I've remembered that all men were my brothers. I've been warmed by a flame you never felt. I've seen the Light that makes beautiful earth's loneliest places.

PHILIP (*Staring at the fountain of this mysterious rhapsody*): Gone hungry! Yes, there's the gist of the whole thing. Of the Haves and the Have-Nots, you've always been a Have-Not. You've taken to this mental tippie of Anarchy, the same as washerwomen take to gin. You're like the rest of them—you wouldn't mouth quite so much if you happened to be eating a

slice of the melon. Oh, I know you socialists and your fine high-sounding altruistic theories!

OTTO (*Sharply*): Don't call me a Socialist. I'm no Socialist.

PHILIP: Well, you're an anarchist! What's the difference?

OTTO (*With his bitter laugh*): The difference? One stands and points out evil. The other gets busy and roots it out.

PHILIP: Well, there's not an anarchist ever walked the East Side I couldn't feed the theories out of in two weeks' time.

OTTO (*Gasping*): You—you have the blindness to say you could *feed* my beliefs, my convictions, out of me? (*He laughs again.*) So what I think is only a matter of beefsteaks?

PHILIP (*With heat*): But you don't even *think*. You're not good business. You're not clear-headed. You don't *see* straight, for all your wordy shuffling and slyness.

OTTO: I'll see straight enough to find my way back here with another bomb.

PHILIP: No, you won't! You don't even know what's ahead of you, what's around you,—what you're mixed up with. You've never even investigated this gang of yours. You don't know your own organization.

OTTO: And why should this interest you?

PHILIP: Because *I* have. I've taken the pains to discover you come from a gang of time-serving idlers who're a cross between Black-Handers and crust-throwers, of skulking criminals, two of them with police records, a set of shiftless dirty lousy grafters who'd rather wave red flags and swill cheap wine than earn their daily bread, who fatten on Discontent, who'd rather rob than work! That's plain talk, and I'll make it still plainer by saying you're one of them!

OTTO (*The flame of his anger mounting as he proceeds*): And you call me one of them, me who studied under Ferrer and loved and worked with Prince Kropotkin? You, *you* judge me! Do you know Hebrew? Do you know modern Greek? Can you speak Magyar? Or Russian? Or French? Or Italian? You call me *that*! Me

OTTO (AMAZED): YOU'LL TRY TO MAKE ME HAPPY?
(WITH DREAMY MISERY, AS HE GAZES
AT HER FACE): BUT I DON'T THINK
YOU COULD MAKE ME HAPPY



who sat at the feet of Lopatine, and helped draft the revised organization of the International Terrorists. Me, who led the Progressive Lyceum for two years, who brought Galliano from the University of Turin, who wrote *La Frustra*, and translated it into seven languages, and republished Stirner's Breviary of Destruction into Bohemian, and rewrote Heine in Little Russian, and read Herbert Spencer and Anatole France and Schilling before Wall Street ever knew their names!

PHILIP: That's just it. Those cranks have killed your brain.

OTTO: That's a lie. Men like that don't kill brain. They emancipate it!

PHILIP: Then what have you got out of it?

OTTO (*Raptly*): Light—the Light that leads me onward!

PHILIP: Onward to Sing-Sing.

OTTO: The Light that leads to liberty—the Light that Corday and Santo and Bresci saw!

PHILIP: Yes, and Booth and Czolgosz! (*Wheeling on him contemptuously*) Why, you're a bomb yourself—all you do is explode into words and burn yourself out with a puff of rhetoric!

OTTO: And you and your dollars are the only Big Noise of this Republic?

PHILIP: Bah, I could teach you more in a week than all your *weinstube* bigots and beer-cellar orators could show you in a year.

OTTO (*Challengingly*): Then teach me.

PHILIP (*Explosively, after staring at him a moment*): By God, I'd like to!

OTTO (*Derisively*): Then, why don't you?

(*Louise, all this time, has been intently studying Otto, as she might study a wild animal in a Zoo. He clearly interests her as something novel and untamed.—His pale and melancholy-eyed face, for all his vituperative outbursts, vaguely touch her pity. She sees Philip's vast hulk confronting the smaller youth, and she steps forward.*)

LOUISE (*With quiet and feminine directness*): Aren't you both speaking with unnecessary heat? Aren't you both looking at the same thing from different sides?

PHILIP: There's only one side to this thing.

LOUISE: But aren't you both rather excited over something that ought to be talked over quietly?

PHILIP (*Reprovingly*): When this madman's mere presence here is an affront to me? But I could forgive that. It's having him insult my intelligence I can't overlook.

LOUISE (*Silencing Otto with a gesture*): But he's only heard one side, and the *wrong* side, of all your life. If he knew what you were in your own home—

OTTO (*Aside*): Which might be said of the Bengal tiger!

LOUISE: If he knew what a lot of good you did, if I told him of the thousands and thousands you give away in charity, of the thousands more you've planned to give, he'd come to see how wrong his whole idea of us must be.

OTTO: And if you knew history, or economics, you'd know this passion of the plutocrat to give something away, to salve the sore, is only a symptom of the whole civic disease, the same as a sweat that comes out in fever. It's no honor to him. It's a law of social evolution. It's only a sop—it's only a peg to hold down the tent.

LOUISE (*With unimaginative womanly immediacy*): But isn't it being as true to one's self as writing odes to liberty? Isn't it as effective as translating books on anarchy?

OTTO (*Feeling the muffled thrust and resenting it*): Oh, don't imagine I've been a cooing turtle-dove all my days. Don't take me for one of those Yiddish minor poets who write of the social Millennium and haunt the dairy-lunch counters.

LOUISE (*With solemn concern as she steps still nearer him*): And that reminds me, speaking of dairy-lunches. Have you breakfasted? Have you had anything to eat to-day?

OTTO (*In his absent and impersonal way*): Have I? I really forget.

LOUISE (*Her latent maternal instinct stirring*): Try to think. Have you? (*She rings*) You look tired. And I'm going to have breakfast in.

(*Louise and Philip exchange pregnant glances at the same time that Otto*

embarrassed and in some way humiliated, passes a hand over his eyes. Then he starts and turns abruptly to Philip.)

OTTO: What was I saying?

PHILIP: Something about cooing turtle-doves, I believe.

OTTO (*His vague resentment focussing on the point*): You say that as though you took me for one!

PHILIP (*Ruefully viewing bomb-case*): Not when you're carrying around an egg like that.

OTTO: I want you to remember that it was me, me, who originated the Schnaubelt Fuse. And it was me who invented the Echo Bomb. (*A butler and footman have entered with breakfast.*)

PHILIP (*To Otto*): And what nice little humanitarian article might that be?

(*Louise has herself placed a chair for him and called him without response. She now gently leads him by the arm to his place at the table, where he sits down, absent-mindedly, still looking at Philip.*)

OTTO (*To Philip*): Would you like to see one?

(*Otto rises and quietly reaches down in an inside pocket. To the consternation of the other two, he produces what at first sight looks like a whiskey-flask swathed in soft chamois. As he unwraps the chamois, and the glint of metal shows through it, Philip draws back, startled.*)

PHILIP: Good God, you're not loaded down with those things, are you? (*His hands tremble in spite of his efforts at control.*)

OTTO: You believe in a double-barrel, don't you, even when you shoot ducks?

PHILIP: Get back, Louise—for God's sake, get back!

OTTO: No, the lady may as well understand. This is the emergency bomb. We usually carry one for ourselves. That's in case of accidents. As you see, it's quite small, but much more powerful than this one. (*Touches other bomb.*) And it's beautifully simple. All you have to do, when the necessity arises, is to bite on this fulminate cap with your teeth. Like that.

LOUISE (*Putting up a terrified hand*): Don't!

PHILIP: Stop!

OTTO (*The virtuoso still*): The mo-

ment you do that, it detonates. It's infallible. It blows the head completely off the body. (*Absently*) I saw it work, once, in Riga. The body remained standing, for several seconds.

PHILIP (*Wiping his moist forehead*): Good God!

LOUISE (*With a look of reproof at her husband, and taking herself in hand as she compels herself to move nearer Otto*): Isn't that fascinating!

OTTO: As I've said, it's an echo bomb; it carries two charges, I mean.

LOUISE (*Seductively*): How can it do that?

OTTO: The first charge is made of perchlorate of ammonia and myrobalan; you use twice as much of the perchlorate, and then a little fish-glue to make it plastic. The advantage is, of course, that while the blasting-power is terrific, it detonates without producing a high temperature. The second charge, which can be timed to go off one, two, three, four minutes after the first, is chiefly one part nitric acid and three parts sulphuric, taken up by an absorbent. It's very much like gun-cotton, in fact. It's insensible to pressure, to percussion, and to friction. You could throw it against a wall or pound it with a hammer, but it wouldn't go off until this special mercurial-fulminate sets it off.

LOUISE (*Compelling herself to calmness, with a courageous pretence of interest*): But what is the advantage of the echo, as you call it?

OTTO: Its advantage is that even though we're dying for the Cause, the Cause itself is advanced. The first explosion, naturally, will bring up your official, the gendarme, the Cossack, the police-officer, whatever he happens to be. The second explosion will occur while he is still standing there.

LOUISE (*dulcetty*): What ingenuity! It's so simple, and yet how you must have studied over it!

OTTO (*Proudly*): It took three years' thought to work it out.

PHILIP (*His indignation almost submerged by sheer bewilderment*): And this is the thing you're proudest of? This thing that's only able to maim and kill, to strike down the innocent when it's least expected?

OTTO: Is that as bad as locking God's wheat up in steel towers, as bad as cornering the grain-market and making a million families hungry when they least expected it?

PHILIP (*Pounding the table*): Yes; a thousand times, yes.

OTTO: I wish you'd show me how.

PHILIP: By Heaven, I'd give a thousand dollars for the chance. I'd give a thousand dollars to have you here, above-ground, for one week's time.

OTTO: Above ground? What do you mean by that? That I've lived in a hole?

PHILIP (*Explosively*): That you've lived in the dark!

LOUISE (*With a start of illumination*): What a splendid idea that would be—a week to study and try to understand each other!

OTTO (*To Philip*): You mean you'd educate me?

PHILIP: Yes, I'd educate you. I'd show you life from the top.

OTTO: You mean I've only seen it from the bottom, the same as a house-dog sees a dinner-table?

PHILIP: Since you put it that way, yes.

OTTO (*Rising, and with fire*): No, in one week's time I'd make you an Anarchist. I'd knock the legs from under every position you've climbed to! (*He pauses, suddenly, the fire going out*): No, I wouldn't. It's impossible. You wouldn't have the brains to understand.

PHILIP: I defy you—I challenge you to try it.

LOUISE (*To Otto, who is on his feet, and has started to pound the table*): I'm afraid you haven't quite understood my husband. And I think it would be so much better if we had breakfast before we finished this argument.

OTTO: An argument? How can you argue with a man who calls Spencer a crank and Tolstoi an anarchist?

LOUISE: Yes, one has to have some common ground, doesn't one?

OTTO: Common ground? No, common sense.

LOUISE (*With undisturbed serenity*): And it takes time, so often, to reach any common ground. Wait! Why could-

n't we do what you suggested, quite nicely, and without any fuss, and without any—er—appropriation of your eye-teeth? Why couldn't you stay with us under our roof, for one week's time? Why couldn't you live our life as we do, while we, on our part, try to see things as you've seen them?

OTTO (*Looking about the room*): What could all this teach me?

LOUISE (*With quiet patience*): But you say you have an open mind, that you're always looking for light.

OTTO: And you'd feed me into enlightenment?

LOUISE: Oh, we'd dine regularly, as we always do. But there would be other things, of course. And I'd try to show you how beautiful life can be.

OTTO (*Echoing her*): How beautiful life could be!

LOUISE: And there'd be so much you could show us! So much you could teach me. (*Not unconscious of her power*): And it would seem almost like a holiday.

OTTO (*Resentfully*): What right have I to holidays?

LOUISE: But you need it. I've noticed your cough, and you look tired.

OTTO: I am tired.

LOUISE: And I'll see that nothing disturbs you. I'll not bother you when you want to be alone. I'll only try to make you happy.

OTTO (*Amazed*): You'll try to make me happy? (*With dreamy misery, as he gazes at her face*): But I don't think you could make me happy.

LOUISE: Not unless you want to be. Don't you want to be?

OTTO (*As they sit face to face, elemental man confronting elemental woman, and each face, as it studies the other, holding something more than wonder and curiosity, something which amounts almost to a challenge*): Yes, I want to be!

PHILIP (*Who has fidgetted before this scene, but now with the business man's eye on the main issue*): And in the meantime, this — (He points to the echo bomb.)

LOUISE (*Quickly, with a flash of reproof at him*): This is to be a thing of the past. (She quietly takes the bomb from Otto's unprotesting hand.)

Then her eyes again meet Otto's): And you will promise me, on your word of honor, that for one week's time there will be no talk of such things. Nothing will be done. We will all play fair. We'll all be honest and aboveboard?

OTTO (*Wheeling suddenly on Philip*): Do you promise that?

(*Louise drops the bomb into her coffee-cup and quietly drowns it with water from a carafe.*)

PHILIP (*His conscience not quite clear, but meeting the emergency*): Yes, I promise that.

LOUISE (*To Otto*): And you give me your promise?

OTTO: Yes, I give you my promise

LOUISE (*In her soft and tranquillizing voice, as she takes up the silver coffee-pot*): And now we're going to talk things over, just as three sensible people ought to! (*Her smile laves Otto, who watches her as she pours out the coffee. Doyle steps into the room, stops at the door, and stands looking at the seated trio.*)

LOUISE (*To Otto*): Do you take cream?

DOYLE (*Weakly, utterly bewildered*): Well, I'll be damned!

(CURTAIN)



Act III of "The Firebrand" will appear in
Canada Monthly for February.

A DREAM IN THE DUSK

BY FITZHUGH COYLE GOLDSBOROUGH

ONCE, as the dying day,
Veiled in a spectral sheen of eerie gauze,
On the horizon leaned at wistful pause—
A reminiscence as of rosemary—
A wraith of wan transparent lavender
The arras of my fancy seemed to stir
Faintly, as when the ghost of some rare scent
Breathes over mused brows of sweet things spent—
Ah, yes—I dreamed of her.



A FLOURISHING ORCHARD OF SIX-YEAR OLD TREES IN A MOUNTAIN VALLEY

Pocket-Handkerchief Farms

By George R. Belton

Illustrated With Photographs

TEN-ACRE farms may seem to provide small and petty occupation, when compared with operation of the large wheat-fields of the prairie, where five horse teams turn over ten acres a day with the gang-plow and even larger work is done by steam outfits. Yet the ten-acre farms are also a success. A different kind of success, perhaps, and one attained by different means, yet a success just as satisfying to the owner and at times just as profitable as the larger acreage of the wheat-grower. Needless to say the successful ten-acre farm is found only in one part of Western Canada, and that is in the most Western Province, British Columbia.

As if to balance the huge prairie grain fields, nature has made British Columbia essentially a tree and fruit country. Its minerals are, of course, one of its largest resources, but from the standpoint of the settler, and perhaps from the standpoint of the general mass of the people, the fruit-growing possibilities of British Columbia are its most valuable and easiest accessible resources. Mining and lumbering need large capital for their operations; the ten-acre farm is within the reach of anyone with ordinary energy and

ability. An important class of people who look to the ten-acre farm with anticipation is provided by the wheat farmers who wish to retire into a life giving enough activity to keep health and mental vigor in a climate more suited to declining years than the bracing seasons of the prairie where they made their money.

The ten-acre farm is essentially a home. The fruit-farmer is always a home-builder. Lawlessness ceased in the American frontier where fruit-growing began to root people to the soil: "open" towns were closed with a bang throughout British Columbia where the mining booms settled down, and the people turned their attention to the gold that could be raised from the soil in fruit instead of ore. The close intimacy of the small farmers brings about co-operation and neighborly understanding, and the ten-acre farm with its bearing fruit-trees, its acres growing into bearing, and its poultry, milk cattle and general intensive farming provides an ideal home for the man who wishes to live close to nature with the comforts and conveniences of advanced civilization close at hand.

The total results of ten acres properly tilled and with, say, seven



THE BUSY YOUNGSTER WITH THE HOE PLANTED TEN 140-YARD ROWS OF POTATOES BETWEEN THE YOUNG FRUIT-TREES, AND ON JULY FIFTH SOLD THEM IN TOWN FOR \$33.25

acres in bearing fruit, are not to be despised even by the bumper wheat farmer. Seven acres of fourteen-year-old prunes on Hansberger's farm at Grand Forks, B. C., produced \$630.00 per acre this year. A nearby farm gave over \$450.00 per acre in strawberries; onions, shipped by the ton, have given results as good. Of course, the Grand Forks district has the advantage of a season somewhat earlier, owing to its position, "far enough west to be warm and not far enough to be wet," and in a sheltered valley open to the southwest; thus it obtains the higher prices of the early market. Yet results as good are reported from other parts of the province quite frequently. And besides the present yield of the land from vegetables and small fruits, and its certain huge yields when the fruit-trees mature, there is the added advantage that a fruit farm properly tilled increases its productiveness every year instead of decreasing in fertility.

The accompanying photographs show a typical fruit-farmer's home; the residence of W. A. Cooper, one mile from Grand Forks B. C. The home-

maker's love for trees, flowers, and well-kept grounds is in evidence. A second illustration shows how the land is brought into fruit; vegetables growing amongst the trees as they come to maturity. Trees bear fruit in paying quantities at four years of age in this district, but the land between the trees is always kept cultivated instead of growing into the grassy lawn so familiar in the orchards of many lands, and vegetables are grown between the rows till the trees are ten or twelve years of age. The ten rows of potatoes, 140 yards long, shown here netted the boy who grew them \$33.25 when sold on July fifth.

A farm is divided into ten-acre tracts, the divisions being marked by the different directions of rows of vegetables on the different tracts, no fences being used by fruit-farmers unless needed for special reasons. Small fruits, asparagus and strawberries are grown on the three different tracts shown in the heading of this article. The trees in this picture are six years old, all having been planted at the same time before sub-division, which is a



THE COMFORTABLE HOME OF A TEN-ACRE FARMER IN THE COUNTRY "THAT'S FAR ENOUGH WEST
TO BE WARM AND NOT FAR ENOUGH TO BE WET"

common plan in British Columbia, the trees being grown to yielding age before the ten-acre farms are offered for sale, though there are often wild lands offered in similar plots that the buyer can plant out to suit himself and wait longer for his results in fruit.

British Columbia fruit is by this time famous in all the Eastern cities. For the last half-dozen years it has carried off the prizes at the Royal Agricultural Society's show in London, and is at a premium in the English market. The man who has capital enough to plant his fortune in the light, productive soil of one of the mountain valleys and to feed himself until his trees come to bearing is secure in a sort of Valley of Content. It is not a country for the poor man who must depend on his Saturday night pay envelope to keep the bread-crock full and his children's cheeks rosy, but rather a land for the

investor of moderate to good means, who is tired of humping his shoulders over a city desk, or of superintending the production and marketing the crop of a big prairie wheat-farm.

The ten-acre farm chosen amongst wild land even near a market will not give a ready living until at least some of it is prepared for crops, except where the trees upon it are salable as timber or fire-wood. Even ten acres of cleared land, unless ready for the plow, will not provide a living for the settler the first year, so that one taking up such a property must have a little capital or must have other employment available for the first year or so. Ten acres all ready for vegetables and half in young bearing fruit trees will provide a good living from the start, however, and such tracts of all three classes are available at reasonable prices in the vicinity where these photos were taken.

The GENUINE ARTICLE

Some assembled evidence to show that we don't always get what we ask for



BY · RODEN · KINGSMILL

Illustrated · · by · M B Aleshire

WHEN, in the course of human events, it became necessary for the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa to explain his new Trade Marks Bill, there was, as those bright reporters say, much laughter when it came out that there was such an edible as canned goat. The side-splitters that the Parliamentary humorists got off when this amazing discovery was announced in Mr. Sydney Fisher's silver trumpet tones were even above the average of House of Commons wit.

"Butt"—two t's there, please—"Butt," demanded the statesmen, "have Canadians really got down to eating goat's meat?"

Ask of the winds; for answer there was none. There was a suspicion that preserved goat—with caper sauce, you know—might be induced to masquerade as Southdown mutton. And, doubtless, the mutton would taste better, if feed has anything to do with meat flavors.

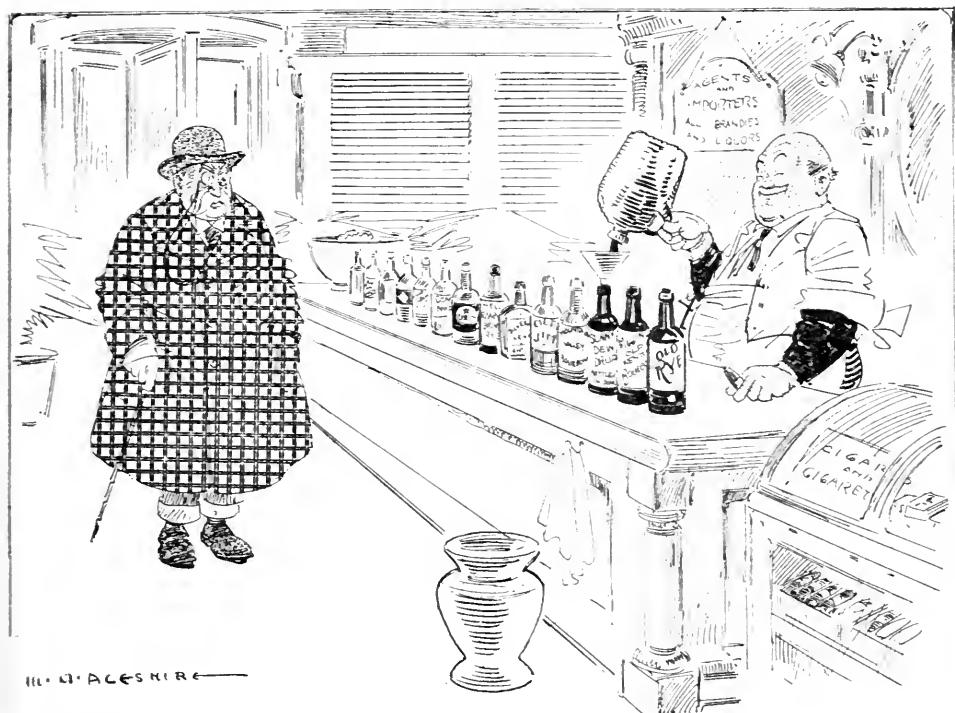
If the goat remained within its can and honestly represented itself to be just what it was, there are a few other dietetic articles that don't do likewise, and the pure food inspectors of the Department of Inland Revenue are the gentlemen who can tell you all about it if you really want full particulars. We have a pretty good Food Substitution Act in Canada; not to say that it could

not be improved. But, as far as they are able under the law, the inspectors are always at work around the big stores of the cities and the little stores of the towns and villages looking for adulterated foods, substituted foods; once in a while, genuinely poisonous foods.

The Department of Inland Revenue issues bulletins week after week, stating where adulterated samples were found, together with the name of the retailer and the name of the manufacturer. Now and then the culprit manufacturers are sent for and warned by the Department, and they invariably promise to do better. As a rule, they do—for a while. The police court cases are rare, for in the most of the cases the shopkeeper is not to blame. He has bought the goods honestly, and it would be unfair to penalize him for another's fault. The same proportion comes in which the manufacturer is concerned. It is a sure thing that the manufacturer who labels his product would find it the worst of business habitually to turn out an adulterated article.

And so, the label is your safeguard.

The law should be amended so as to give the counterfeiters all the publicity that they deserve. It would have been so amended at this session if Dreadnaughts had not sailed into view and taken all the wind—so to speak—out of



"WHAT'S YOURS?" RYE, SCOTCH, POURBON, CLUB, "CASK-MELLOWED" OR "STORED SINCE '49" ALL SPRING
 3. FROM THE SAME DEMIJOHN IF YOU ARE CLEVER ENOUGH TO SURPRISE THE "BAR-KEEP" ALONE

the House of Commons. Next year may bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

The food-fakers' really long suit is the pungent and cheap ground pepper. The Department's bulletins tell us a sempiternal tale of woe about the outrageous mishandling to which the homely fruit of the pepper tree and the interior economy of the consumers are subjected by the case-hardened miscreants who help to fill their tills by sophisticating it. The list of adulterants is comprehensive. About the mildest mixer is ground chaff and husks. Then the inventive adulterating genius has used pulverized cocoanut shells, sand, flour and common ordinary dirt—usually clay.

Pass the pepper, please!

Chief Analyst McGill holds out some comfort to the pepper eater, for he announces that last year out of 152 samples 110 were the genuine article. "Nevertheless," he says, "pepper is one of the most badly adulterated articles of food in Canada. The recent

enforcement in the United States of a strict inspection in food-stuffs, and the refusal in several of the States to admit materials imported for the express purpose of adulterating spices, have resulted in attempts on the part of the shippers to secure a dumping ground for these adulterants."

Some of the comments upon the microscopical examinations of the samples taken up by the Department are interesting. Samples of white pepper are described as: "Adulterated. This is labelled white, but is a black pepper—contains wheat flour, cocoanut shells and dirt." "Adulterated with buckwheat flour." "Adulterated with wheat flour." "Contains stone cells, brown in color; probably meant for black pepper."

Pepper is a fairly pungent article, but let us turn to another product which, I am informed, can give it cards and spades in point of irritating power. It is Canadian whiskey, which does not often come within the purview of the inspectors, so far as I can ascertain. I



HOW CAN YOU BE SURE OF GETTING PURE FOODS? YOU CAN'T, BUT IT HELPS SOMEWHAT TO LOOK FOR THE LABEL AND KNOW THE STOREKEEPER

know a man who has a brother-in-law, who is acquainted with a prominent citizen. This latter gentleman has an astounding and appalling tale to tell regarding the treatment to which Canadian whiskey is subjected at the hands of certain licensed purveyors of the same.

The prominent citizen is engaged in the manufacture of patent disk-harrows, and it will readily be understood that when he entered a certain Toronto cafe one morning, he repaired thither for strictly business reasons. It happened that, on account of the early hour, no patrons had yet arrived. Behind the long counter which, it is reported, is to be found in such establishments, stood the manager. In front of him were a number of empty bottles, bearing perhaps half a dozen Canadian whiskey labels. The genial and efficient manager greeted the visitor, begged for a moment's grace, and by means of a large tin funnel proceeded to fill each and every one of those bottles from the same corpulent demijohn. The prominent citizen was considerably surprised.

The fine in such cases made and provided is \$50.00 and costs. There have been few prosecutions. But the Canadian revenue, in such instances, is defrauded. So, incidentally, is the customer.

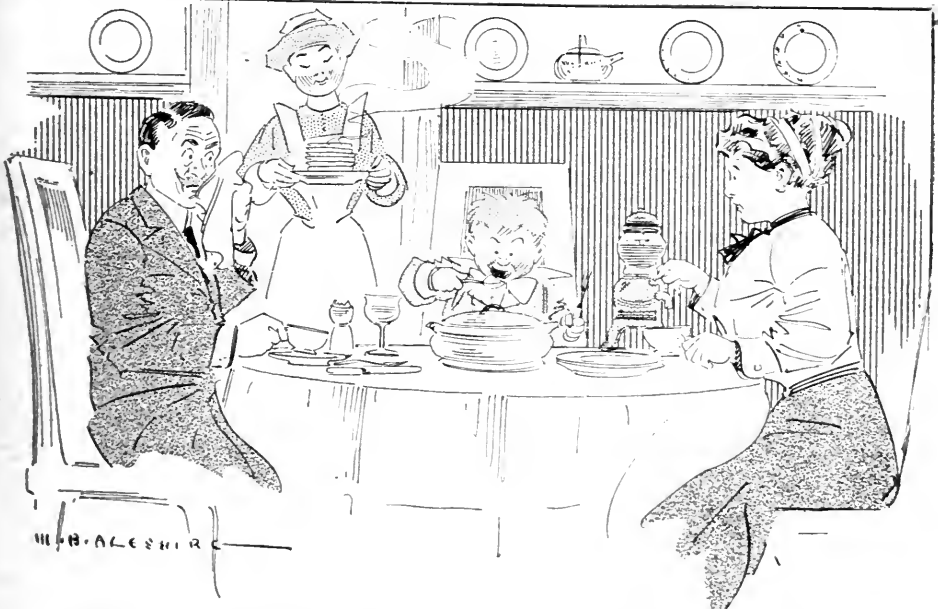
From the beverage which stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder, it is not a long jump to the useful and at times desirable clove. The last time His Majesty's minions started investigating the spicy morsels, they found only 74 samples out of 145 were the genuine article. But you really can't label a clove with any great degree of success, so the foregoing warning does not seem to apply in this case.

How about your breakfast coffee? Here the winsome housewife is pretty nearly safe if she makes her choice between the branded article or the honest grocer. But the dishonest grocer can show his fine sophisticating hand through his whirling mill if he so pleases, and if his early teaching has been defective.

The adulterant that he usually employs is so cheap as to make cheating well worth his while. Nothing but



THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR MUST POKE AN INQUISITIVE NOSE INTO ALL SORTS OF ANCIENT SECRETS IN THE STOREKEEPER'S BACK ROOM



HOW ABOUT THAT BREAKFAST COFFEE YOU LIKE A SECOND CUP OF SO WELL? PART OF ITS CONSTITUENTS MAY BE A GROUND UP OLD SHOE ONCE BELONGING TO A COON

plain, ordinary roast grain. This is rank fraud and mean fraud, too, for the victims are in many cases folk who have not too much money to spend on coffee or anything else. The coffee crook is in about the same class as the fellow who waters the milk.

And the toothsome maple syrup. Here we have both the food inspectors and the producers of the honest article working in our behalf. The sellers of pure syrup have long and sharp knives for the gentry who mix glucose and water and a little maple syrup or maple extract. The result is to be seen in the Department's figures, but at the last round of samples only 61 out of 84 were found to be genuine. In some cases the retail dealer apparently knew he was selling the mixture and not the real article. Two samples were taken up in Toronto, and both were found to be adulterated. In each case the dealer admitted that the sample was not genuine without waiting for the result of an analysis.

But conditions are improving. In March, 1905, only 36 per cent. of the samples examined were found to be genuine, while in May, 1909, the percentage had risen to 87. In 1906, 42 per cent. of the samples examined were found to be genuine. The improvement, though, is not progressive. One year the number of adulterations will be quite high, then it will drop the next year, but show a marked increase the year after. No doubt the extent to which adulterations is carried on depends very much upon the abundance or the scarcity of the genuine article.

The citizen who has not yet joined the aquarians cannot always be sure that when he calls for a glass of old port he is going to get the genuine article.

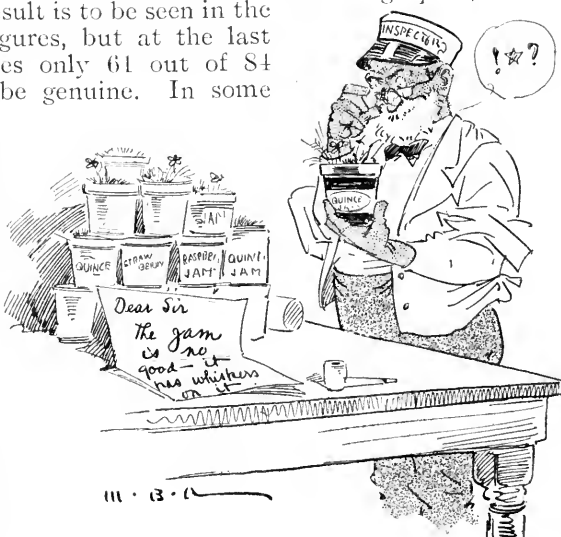
It may be Canadian claret, fortified with brandy and sweetened. Not that there is no Canadian port. There is—sound, honest wine. A censurable scheme is the practice of labelling native wine as "imported". Several consignments of alleged French and Portuguese wines were seized in Montreal not long ago. They were labelled "Muscatel de France, 1908." "Oporto de France, 1898." and "Chateau Ramszay". Another sample of native wine was labelled not only as coming from a foreign port, but also with the name

of a mythical vintner, "Fine old Port, Manuel Borez, Oporto."

The experimental chemist who synthesized coal tar and discovered aniline dyes did a great work, even though he nearly killed the indigo industry. But it is not likely that he ever intended his dyes to be used as coloring agents in food. They are poisonous, yet they are sometimes

used to give those dainty tints to ice-cream. Some butter that was seized by the inspectors derived its golden yellow from Pennsylvania coal mines. Unfermented grape juice is treated in the same way. "Dyed pink, aniline dye." "Dyed scarlet, aniline dye." "Contains aniline dye and salicylic acid," the bulletins report.

A strawberry jam, made of condemned apples, hayseed, flavoring extracts and aniline dye must be a very superior after-breakfast *bonne bouche*. The article is quite common. Reckless merriment does not characterize the Inland Revenue Inspectors, but one of them must have thought it quite a good one when he seized a consignment of this line of jam that had been returned to the manufacturer with a complaint



THE INSPECTOR LOOKED INTO A JAR, AND LO, THE TALE WAS TRUE. THE HAY SEEDS HAD BEGUN TO SPROUT

from the retailer. "This jam is no good," wrote the storekeeper. "It has whiskers." The inspector looked into a pail, and lo, the tale was true. The hayseeds had begun to sprout.

But man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and the substitutor is not going to die just yet. We encounter him in the gilded grill rooms and the gay cafes—although we may not know it. What matters it that your Filet de Sole, Sauce Tartare, is

humble haddock; or that the breaded sweetbread is disguised lamb's fry? They are just as toothsome and do as much alimentation. The only difference, really, is in the price. And it is good to distribute money and thus, by oiling the wheels of commerce, to help the Canadian national chariot to roll on toward its glorious place in the procession of commonwealths.

But, in the meantime: Look for the label and know the store-keeper.

A DESERT ELOPEMENT.

BY HELEN AVERY HARDY.

Illustrations by G. O. Longabaugh.



As

the long string of Pullmans came into view, cutting through the sun-hot, sandy

wastes of the Great Desert like a black snake, the small railroad station at Nogales became alive with animated figures.

A moment before the train had signalled its approach by a long, drawn-out whistle, a lighted match thrown in the midst of the loungers on the platform would have been of little avail save to accentuate the orange glow of the sunshine, sparkling and dancing upon the yellow sands of New Mexico.

The one excitement of the day was the arrival of the west-bound passenger train. Those travellers coming east rewarded but slimly the Indians or Mexicans idling away the hours of day and night. But the west-bound!

Ah, there was the chance—nay, the certainty, of the curiosity of some of the passengers to be counted upon with payment for beads, moccasins, baskets and blankets offered for sale.

The thunderstorm of the night before had left a tang in the fresh-washed air that even now, in the golden afternoon, caused the Indians and Mexicans to huddle more closely into the folds of blankets or serapes. The whistle of the engine had roused their sleeping faculties, yet those who looked forth on the gleaming sands were but mildly curious when a silhouette became sharply defined away out toward the rim-depression of the horizon.

To the incoming passengers, any break in the monotony of the long hours through the desert was welcome.

A young Indian, blanketed, straight as the tall pines of the foothills faintly to be discerned in the distance, his bronze arms as perfectly reflecting the sun's rays as the surface of a deep pool, raced toward the station, and in a spirit, it seemed, of defiance of the power of steam, he sped along parallel with the train. He shook back his long black hair, with its feathered



HE RAISED HIS RIGHT ARM AS THOUGH TO INVOKE
THE GODS OF CHANCE

decorations, even as the smoke was flung back from the engine. His limbs were of the suppleness of the finest velvet, of the strength of steel. His bare arms lay close to his sides as he kept alongside, then, in a magnificent burst of speed, he shot ahead into the station. The passengers, entering into the spirit of the race, peered excitedly from the windows.

Such a disembarking as there was! Men, whose limbs needed exercise, envious of the young Indian's freedom from civilization's garb, hardly waited for the last turn of the wheels before they flung themselves on to the hot planks of the platform.

A group quickly gathered about the statue-like young creature who stood

with his blanket clasped beneath his bare arms, his dark eyes full of contempt as the white men freely commented upon the glory of his strength and the well-covered muscles that had responded so accurately when demand had been made. His glance traveled toward the Indian women who began to offer their wares to the passengers.

An English tourist, his sporting blood aroused, tapped the Indian upon the chest lightly.

"Remarkably fine run, that, old chap." Which remark was heeded not at all.

A young Indian maiden came slinking after the passengers, with a string of beads in her hands.

"Two bit, please," she said.

Her eyes met those of the runner in one long, unbroken gaze.

A snarl of guttural tones behind her brought an expression of warning into her eyes—a warning to the runner. She turned to face an elderly nondescript of her race. He was dressed in cast-off garments, representing trade or theft. Trousers fringed at the edges, a coat green with age, a shirt that had not yet lost all semblance of the red dyes that had awakened covetousness many moons past, and a battered silk hat that had been the sport of winds and rain.

Evidently he held authority over the girl, for, after an unmistakable gesture of dismissal on his part, she moved slowly away. As she reached the corner of the platform, the runner uttered an exclamation, throwing out his gleaming arms, making a clearing just about him. His blanket fell to the ground, revealing a loin cloth as his sole covering. He posed consciously for a moment as the girl looked back over her shoulder.

His exclamation was a challenge. He pointed to the quoits lying nearby on the yellow sand. The nondescript, shrugging his shoulders, repeated the cry and hitched his way to the quoits, while three other young Indians moved forward in response to his call.

A wave of the hand on the part of the runner gave them first trial. As they flung the discs, he watched the

girl loitering at the end of the station.

When his turn came, the young runner drew his frame to its full height, raised his right arm as though to invoke the gods of chance, and uttered a name that stirred the nondescript to demoniacal rage, and brought a smile to the lips of the girl.

The disc cut through the sunshine. Full on the stake it struck, time after time. The money flung on the ground was left lying there.

Again he looked toward the girl, but the nondescript, speaking rapidly, harshly, started in her direction, and she passed out of sight.

Once more a challenge broke the silence. From a quiver slung at his side, the runner took bow and arrows. Fitting an arrow, he drew the bow until it sung and let drive straight out at the heart of the desert. On, on it sped, until those watching could but dimly distinguish it.

Buck Miller, cowboy, coming in at a lope on his cow-pony, shouted in his



"I WISHT I'D GONE LIGHTER ON THAT BOTTLE O' BOOZE"

exuberance: "What yer aimin' at, Injun? You'll hit the town hall in Chihuahua at that rate!"

His wild whoop as he returned the arrow he had picked up out on the plains brought the girl into view. She raised her hand and pointed to the west. The runner saw and understood without appearing to notice, while fitting the arrow to the bow. Again it kissed the clear air, singing its way toward the east.

His eagle eyes swept the scene. A small group of Indians was making their way across the hot sands. He knew the girl was one of them. The nondescript also gazed with rapt attention upon those of his family he had ordered to vamoose.

The runner interrupted this contemplation by an offer of the bow and arrow. The chuckle with which they were accepted by this strikingly arrayed old creature demonstrated that they were no new toys to him. His bent figure grew majestic, his bowed shoulders straightened, his bleared eyes gleamed and twinkled maliciously, his arms tautened as he bent the bow and sent the arrow afar off with a triumphant air.

Removing the gaily decorated quiver from his shoulders, the runner gathered the coin he had won, which still lay among the quoits. Placing a silver dollar upon an arrow end, split to hold



"TWO BIT, PLEASE," SHE SAID

it in position, he raised it aloft, then pointed out toward the east.

The old man grunted approval, the greed in his eye growing. As the young Indian ran out to place the target, he faced toward the west to watch the small group on the sands fading into the horizon. He saw one speck move away from the larger portion, coming back toward the station. Selecting a position for the arrow that made the station into a screen, he returned to see the preparations made by the nondescript for the winning of the dollar.

These consumed much time. The disreputable silk hat was brushed with the frayed coat sleeve, the torn shirt was jauntily arranged to reveal other portions of the tawny chest, the long braids were tossed back over the greasy coat collar, and much talk was exchanged with his companions. He tried the bow again and again before speeding the arrow on its way to the dollar drunk he already felt was his. A blood-curdling yell from the runner so startled this wooden personage, giving unexpected impetus to his arm, as to release the arrow. Leaning breathlessly after it as it flew to the mark, with those about him listening in sympathy for the ping of its impact, the old Indian flung his hands outward with an expression of delight when the arrow struck full on the heart of the coin. Off he went for his winning.

As the yell split the silence, there was a flash of bronze flesh, a streaming

blanket and long black hair, and the young lover sped in the opposite direction toward the oncoming speck.

Listening to his love-call soft as the sigh of a summer breeze, with head up, antelope-wise, the girl awaited the swift moving poem of bronze and steel. Her answering call came as the two forms merged into one long shadow in the glow of the afternoon sunshine.

When the elder Indian came ambling back to the group of passengers, with his prize in his dirty hand, Buck Miller, with a sympathy for so clever a "get-away," sauntered in the direction taken by the runner. His clear vision needed no artificial aid to see a bronze arm close about the slim waist of the maid. Once the two halted, turning to watch for pursuers, then resumed their sharp march onward.

Scratching his head as he pulled his sombrero over his left eye, Buck soliloquized thus :

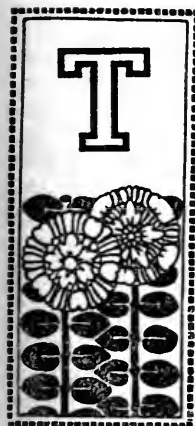
"Playin' guarddeen angel to Injun lovers ain't altogether in my line, but I wish I'd a-gone lighter on that bottle of booze. However, I guess there's enough to hold the old galoot for a while."

As he mounted his pony, the cowboy dropped his half-filled whiskey bottle near enough to be covered swiftly by the blanket of the nondescript as he sat huddled on the edge of the platform watching the departing train, unconscious that the bow and arrow and the silver dollar in his hands had cost him a daughter.



The Call of the Divine

By Edgar H. Scott



INK! . . . lingle-tinkle-tink! . . . tink!"

The dulcet, sleepy sound of a sheep-bell spread in ever-widening ripples of sound through the warm air until they lapped and broke against the unheeding ears of a slim lad sprawled flat among the russet tussocks of prairie grass, wide-eyed and a-dream.

He was a sheep-herder on the northern plains of Saskatchewan, this boy, a sheep-herder of less than a double handful of days' experience, a lad transplanted from a congested English city to the wide unfenced levels as a young shoot is moved from the hot-house to the garden in the spring of the year. And, like the hot-house slip, after doubtfully drooping a day or so, he had held up his head and thriven in the sun.

He was *en rapport* with all his surroundings; a strange exhilaration suffused his being, an ineffable yearning, a subtle affinity with the open filled him. He was surprised into a realization of his own personality, and filled with an inexplicable awe as he thought that in all the wide expanse of country that lay before his eyes, he was the solitary human being to drink in the glories of sound and sight on such a morning.

Of the fair-haired, blue-eyed English type, the boy, although plebeian-born and bred, had a patrician bearing, and the boyish face held a quiet pensive refinement and innocence that arrested the eyes of the beholder. The contour

of his face was firm and regular, and the expression sunny as the golden day.

Beside him lay a thoroughbred shepherd dog, his pointed nose comfortably laid across the body of his young master, his sensitive ears cocking expectantly when some unwonted sound disturbed the stillness, and his eyes watchfully on the grazing sheep. A few feet away an impudent gopher sat on the mound before the door of his underground domicile, gazing warily at the trespassers on his domain.

Boy and dog were for the time the supreme rulers over the small principality of which they were the centre, and on this May day the world seemed a private fairyland created for their exclusive pleasure. From the first faint streak of violet and amber on the far eastern horizon that presaged the breaking day, the two had wandered on and on into the mysterious beyond, following the fawn-colored flock that grazed aimlessly through the russet grass, ever seeking mirage pastures of verdant green.

The grey light of early morning had sifted down upon them, long golden spears spread across the sky, and as the faint rose flush along the eastern rim developed gradually into a glowing mass of color suffused with a light filmy vapor, the shepherd lad felt a sense of ennobling, uplifting peace that carried with it an admiration and worship hitherto unknown. As the morning grew older, the full sun disclosed a boundless breadth of country domed with a limpid blue sky of infinite height, cloud-ridden with huge feathery fluffs of purest snow, breathed upon by the chinook wind, and wide as the sea. Everywhere the heliotrope of the prairie anemones opened to the light, the warm earthy scent of the wet

ground rose on the air, and the meadow-larks sprang from every tuft and hillock, carolling merry matins of spring, and love, and joy. Far to the south, almost undiscernible, the irregular blue line of distant hills could be faintly seen. Here and there were black patches and streaks left by early burnings-off, and these threw into brighter contrast the vivid green ribbons of young grass along their edges. The feathery tops of last year's dry seed-stalks rustled softly in the wind. Everywhere nature spread herself out in the harmonious glory of a summer morning.

Idling on his back, the shepherd boy heard strange faraway crying, and watching intently glimpsed a faint black dot in the southern sky that, coming nearer, disclosed the long V of a flock of "waveys" or Canada geese, headed north to the wilderness and last year's nesting-grounds. Mallards and teal and redhead squattered from slough to slough in pairs, a crow drifted idly by with laborious methodical beat of wings, song-birds flitted blithely about in a very ecstasy of love-making, chattering garrulously over the problem of a summer nesting-place. The handiwork of the Creator was displayed in all its boundless wealth and infinite purity, and far away from the throngs and tenements, far from the frenzied marts of trade, far beyond the sordid ruts of civilization, the shepherd lad filled his thirsty little soul with the

beauty spread out on the prairie in the sun.

In a brown study, his face reflecting the quiet of his inner self, the boy pondered thoughts that had never before come to him. Why was there such chaos and sadness and trouble in the world of men? Why did anyone doubt the existence of the Divine in the face of such exquisite loveliness? Why were men and women and children forced to eke out a painful existence in sin-stricken hovels when here was room for them all, where they might commune with the Creator and learn what He had given them, might find freedom as the boy himself had done? Why must there be the eternal fight and strain and worry and crime in the pursuit of money wherewith to purchase pleasure, while here at his feet lay peace and hope and joy for a beggar's asking? Why did no one tell his home folks, his neighbors and friends, of this land of sunshine with God's good greenness spread, that they might come and live in the full meaning of the word?

That night, in the radiant after-glow of a prairie sunset, the boy talked it over with the boss, and in the end they decided that only those who were permitted to see could understand and obey the call of Him who fashioned the flowers, and touched the birds with life and music, and opened his hand so bountifully over so fair and wide spread a land.

A PLEA

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

O FRIENDS, by this one thing I'd choose
To have your friendship well displayed:
Please keep your fingers off the bruise
My enemy unkindly made.

The Justice of the Wolves

By W. Scott Darling

Illustrated by J. J. Reynolds

NATURALISTS recognize three wolf-calls: the long-drawn deep howl, the muster-call, that tells of game discovered but too strong for the finder to manage alone; the higher ringing ululation that is the cry of the pack on the hot scent; and the sharp bark coupled with the short howl, that, seemingly least of all, is yet a gong of doom, for this is the cry, "close in"—this is the finish. But there is yet another call, a sinister sign of the woodlands, shrouded in grisly superstition, religiously credited by the children of the forests.

The day was growing old. Though hardly more than three o'clock in the afternoon, night was beginning to lower her dusky mantle over the long white alleys among the snow-laden spruce forests of that beautiful North-Canadian country.

I had been on the trail all day. The rhythmical, monotonous tread of my snowshoes as they broke the crisp surface of the snow; the never-ending stretches of snow-laden evergreens; and the still, silent atmosphere unbroken by the cry of bird, beast or man, all combined to throw me into an hypnotic stupor. At last, rousing myself, I noticed the approaching night and stopped and surveyed the prospect. The path stretched onward, a dreary line of sameness. With a more minute inspection, however, a clump of ancient firs, so thick as to afford a covert from the fiercest storm, caught my eye, and I selected this as my camping ground for the night. I lit a fire of dead brush-wood and carefully broke the crust of

the snow, scooping out the powdery flakes beneath. Then, laying a fragrant mattress of balsam boughs, I spread my hare skin robe, and my bed was ready for the night.

I had just completed these last preparations, when suddenly I heard the furtive crunch of snowshoes behind me. I turned quickly, for one's life often depends on one's vigilance in these northern wilds, where the hand of the law seldom invades. Two figures came forward, the foremost raising his hand as a signal of peace. I replied, and they entered the fire-lit circle. It was a scarlet-coated ranger of the woods, and behind him, his wrists securely bound with thongs of skin, trudged his prisoner.

"Ah, M'sieur, may I crave a share of your camp-fire?" He bent forward with a ceremonious little bow and out-flung hands.

"Certainly," I replied. "There is plenty for both you and your unfortunate."

"Pah!" He made a quick gesture of contempt. "He is of the North and is dumb like the North."

I looked at both captor and captive. Both were magnificent specimens of manhood. The ranger was a merry little French-Canadian, who plainly considered himself a man of the world. His captive was a full-blooded Ojibway with a nobility of expression that one would hardly associate with an Indian outside of a magazine cover.

I entered into conversation with the ranger and learnt his business was to convey the silent statue—he made a gesture of derision—to the nearest post

which boasted of a court and judge.

"But, what is he—a prisoner?" I asked.

"A murderer, M'sieur," he replied, calmly.

"A murderer!" I gasped, looking over at the man, who maintained an impassive silence during the recital of his crime.

"How did it happen?"

"I know not," the ranger answered, carelessly, "he keel a man, it is enough, I come for him."

He searched in his capote and brought out a small bag of tea, some bannock and some dried caribou meat, then unslinging a diminutive tea-pail from his sash where it hung, he prepared a rude repast for his captive and himself.

Soon the frugal banquet was finished, the wants of animal man were attended to, and a silence fell upon the company.

I had just arisen preparatory to bidding my fellow-campers good-night, when a low wailing moan struck my ears. Sounding as it did in the darkness, it came as a call of evil presentiment. I looked around into the night, but the darkness was Stygian beyond the radius of the firelight. Again it rang out: a long mournful cadence, full of savagery, yet with a note of fear, that vibrated on my nerves most disagreeably. The vicious call grew louder and louder. From a faint murmur it rose until it enveloped us in a horrible, snarling uproar. The shivering chorus was coming nearer and nearer, until I saw the howling wolf-pack come scurrying, tumbling and with mouths agape, boldly out from the concealment of the trees and foliage into the radiance of the camp.

A great dark gray pack; they rushed dizzily past, and by the firelight one could see plainly the red of their open mouths and lolling tongues.

Instinctively, I threw a questioning, perhaps an appealing glance at my two companions. The ranger's face was set in a stolidity typical of the forests, but which I afterwards told myself was fatalistic. On the redskin's face there was a startling change of expression. The grave repose gave way to flashing eyes, in whose sombre depths I saw

almost a gleam of triumph; and a perceptible tightening of the lips, that made him look like another man. It was a glance of hardly restrained passion. Why this change from his usual impassiveness? It could not be that the wolves—surely a familiar sight to him—could have affected him thus. While I was asking myself this question, the uproar was gradually growing less. None of us said a word till only a faint though still menacing murmur was left.

I waited until silence fell, then spoke.

"What is it?" I queried, for I could see the incident was more significant than my city-bred senses could comprehend.

"It is the death-call, M'sieur." The ranger's voice was soft and dry, yet with a clear tone of finality.

"The death-call," I repeated, amazed and perplexed.

"Oui," he answered, his face showing complete earnestness in his words. "The Indians say that a wolf can scent the death of men for many miles, and before death comes, they form in a pack and howl near the camp, and then, before the moon rises and sets again, death will take some man, and the pack will come back for a taste of his blood."

I felt myself turn cold, he spoke with such conviction. The prisoner had resumed his former calm, but the tired look had left him.

Vainly I tried to shake off the feeling of impending doom that seemed to possess me, but it was impossible. My mind, mesmerized by the solitude and loneliness, was assuming a credulity that was shaking my commonsense to its base.

I turned to my bed, bidding my companions good-night for the second time, and as I nestled into my robe of hare-skin—perhaps it was imagination—but I seemed to hear some thin passing echoes of a hunting call. I did not mean to sleep that night. Tired though I was, my brain was so excited that I felt I should not. But the wind whispering in the tree-tops lulled me to sleep ere I was settled comfortably in my snow-clad bunk.

At the first breath of dawn, I stirred and woke. It was very cold. The fire



I TURNED QUICKLY. FOR ONE'S LIFE OFTEN DEPENDS ON ONE'S VIGILANCE
IN THESE NORTHERN WILDS

was out and everything was gray, unnatural and impalpable. I listened intently for the breathing of my companions, but all was quiet. The silence was intense. I crept over to the nearest sleeping hollow, but it was empty. They had gone then. I thought it strange I was not awakened by their departure. I stumbled over in the direction of the fire and came to the place where the ranger had slept. It was not empty. I stretched out my hands and felt naked flesh. My hands

recoiled from it, for it was very cold.

Hastily I endeavored to light a fire, but before my nerveless fingers could accomplish their task, the light of the sun, filtering through the tree-tops, illumined the dead body of the ranger with a red, raw gash across the forehead.

And the captive? Captive no more, in the gay-coated livery of the rangers of the wood, he was bounding back to freedom and the frozen North of his people.

SONG OF A SOUND SAILOR

BY CY WARMAN

FIRST we call at Bella Bella where they educate the reds,
Where they learn to wear a Merry Widow chapeau on their heads,
Where the hardy husky huskies lie asleep beneath their sleds,
But me heart is yours, me klutch at Kitsumgollum.

There's a maid at Metlakatla, holy city of the sea,
And she says she hopes for heaven, but she always looks for me.
She's been maudlin at the Mission where she's learned to say "Tishi,"
But she doesn't know my klutch at Kitsumgollum.

There's a woman waiting always on the wharf at Essington,
There's a paleface at Prince Rupert who addresses me, "me mun,"
And I'm always t'rowing kisses at the kid at Katchikan,
But you ought to see me klutch at Kitsumgollum.

In my youth I used to reckon every female was a flirt,
And I've heard a sailor call his collum klutch his "Sunday skirt",
But everything is different with me since I was hurt,
An' me heart is with me klutch at Kitsumgollum.

Now, goodbye, goodbye, old Ocean, I am going to shake the sea;
Just a little farm and fireside in the Skeena vale for me.
And I'll rest me in the bosom of my little familiee,
I am camping with my klutch at Kitsumgollum.



RECENT CANADIAN FICTION

MR. NELLIE MCCLUNG has repaired an error of title in "The Second Chance," her new book, just published by William Briggs, of Toronto. The story is what used to be called a sequel, carrying forward as it does the sayings and doings of Pearl Watson and the Watson family, who figured in Mrs. McClung's first book, "Sowing Seeds in Danny".

The only seeds sown in Danny were certain caraway seeds, cake-imbedded, and with their disappearance into his interior, Danny also disappeared, leaving no account whatever of their sprouting, nor anything to show whether they sprouted at all. His sister Pearl became the centre of action, which straightway grew illuminative of many things, and remarkably interesting because remarkably true. The error of title lay in using Danny's name instead of his sister's, and indicating him as a culture-flask when an entire Manitoba neighborhood should have been declared. The reparation now wrought puts Pearl in her proper relation to this new story and its characters, most of whom, as well as the scenes, remain the same. This accomplishment is along a parallel with that of the potter in Jeremiah, in the lines Mrs. McClung quotes on her title page:—

Then I went down to the potter's house
and behold he wrought a work on the wheels.
And the vessel that he made of clay was
marred in the hands of the potter; so he

made again another vessel as it seemed good to the potter to make it.

A happy quotation, fit for the case; and a happy reparation, for this work seems good to those who look upon it, as probably it does to its maker. "The Second Chance" is a good book, a faithful picture of homely life, of fine, homely courage, homely humor, and very homely affection—the kind that Joaquin Miller told about:

Life? 'Tis the story of love and troubles,
Of troubles and love that travel together
The round world through.

Pearl and the Watson family, as they appear in "Danny," are like proofs from good negatives of subjects comparatively unrelated. In "The Second Chance," they and those within their contact become good composites of very real people, in places and circumstances that are real also, and to the knowledge or memory of some of us, vitally vivid. It would be a world-weary and dried out-mind that would not respond to the warm humanity of the book, to its fancies and its fun. (William Briggs, Toronto, \$1.20.)

MR. MADGE MACBETH, of Ottawa has ability of output and much to say. Everybody read her first novel, "The Changeling," when it appeared serially in CANADA MONTHLY, and no one missed her perfect frankness in dealing with many things in life that usually are blinked, or left to be inferred. Here comes another, "The

Winning Game," suffused likewise with a relishing element of open speech, and as frank an atmosphere of character and ethics as the first. Mrs. Macbeth tells things as she sees or finds them, paying small or no regard to what anyone may think. "The Winning Game" is a tale of life in New York, which is a big place with people of all sorts, none of whom is left out if the purpose of the story is advanced by letting him or her in. The main characters dwell on a level that is high, if not the highest, and the reader is invited to look upon the others from that platform, as aids in a general understanding of the situations as they occur. The winner in the game is a woman, and the won is a man—as it was from the beginning and ever shall be, world without end, amen. She dies to win it. But the inference is plain that the game was not worth what it cost, for the man who was won is not of a fibre that could last out to his own salvation, being left to himself, as he is when the curtain drops.

Strict conventionists might object to some of its methods. Utopians, who dream of reform by theory, might resent some of its phases, and those who stand for "prunes and prisms" might even have to sustain a slight shock now and then. For all that, it is a mighty readable book, piquant if not world-shaking, most certainly well written, and worth while for all who have any time to spare from contemplation of mid-Victorian moralists. (Broadway Publishing Co., New York, \$1.00.)

WITH the closing months of the old year came two romances of Ontario, that commend themselves not only for their story quality, but for their fidelity to some things that are and some that were—but especially for their sane departure from the old idea that Arthur Stringer attacked in his "Canada Fakers," the idea which precluded any picture of Canada that was not bleak, filled with the savagery of a frozen land, covered with a "great white silence".

In "The Love of the Wild," by Archie McKishnie, and "Yozonde of the Wilderness," by Harry Irving Greene, southwest Ontario and the

country about Lake Temagami are used as the background for fine romances, and pictured as they are.

Mr. McKishnie's story deals with life in "that triangular forest land of extreme southwestern Ontario, where was a block of hardwood timber known as Bushwhackers' Place," backed on the north and west by the great woods. In this primeval theatre, a drama of struggle and life and death and happiness is wrought out that might furnish themes for many other ones, taken by episodes. It carries the spirit of the old woods, whence appear strange figures impinging the lives of the Bushwhackers and making that remote place throb with all the passions that fill the lives of cities. There is no Bushwhackers' Place now, for the plow-points long ago cut the roots of its old stumps, but the same interplay of life is carried on there by a much more complex population. (McLeod & Allen, Toronto, \$1.50.)

"Yozonde of the Wilderness" was written by a man who knows and loves the Temagami country, in all its moods and beauties, at all seasons of the year. Mr. Greene has lived among the Indians up in the woods and wolds back of the Lake, to the Hudson Bay. The romance he spins is one of a stray white man and the daughter of an old Ojibway chief, strangely brought together, strangely united, and more strangely put apart. It is full of mystic touches, dealing largely with Indian superstition and the white man's magic, and it deals with a life at once strenuous and touched with many lights of beauty. The prowess of a white man who to save the life of a woman strangles a giant timber wolf with bare hands, may be open to question as a possible thing, but the telling of it is natural and simple, with a quick thrill of blood that brings it all alive before the eye. Mr. Greene's book is not an epoch-marker, but it has a directness fitting its subject and its object. Here and there are finely poetic passages, shaded by others that might have been more carefully written, yet it is well worth reading, and worth keeping. (The Fitzgerald Press, New York, \$1.00.)



THIS CLEVER BIT OF PHOTOGRAPH PATCHING IS REALISTIC ENOUGH TO MAKE THE BEHOLDER CATCH HIS BREATH. BUT IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY, YOU CAN SEE THE LINES OF PATCHING

A JOKE OF STATE

AMERICAN gentlemen concerned with the Ship of State aren't generally supposed to be humorists, being rather concerned with revising the tariff upwards, and yanking the duty off sugar, and making nice warm nests in Alaska for the Morganheims, and other patriotic enterprises of a serious nature. But Daniel J. Keefe, United States Immigration Inspector at Washington, recently pulled a quiet little one in five figures that is worthy of a place in Joe Miller.

According to the newspapers, Dan "laid startling figures before the authorities here" (the despatch was dated Winnipeg) "showing that Canadian people are settling in large numbers across the line, and said that for every hundred citizens of the United States that come into Canada, there are seventy who leave Canada to go to the United States. One hundred and four thousand persons," says Dan, with painful exactitude, "have entered Canada from the States, and seventy-five thousand have come from Canada. *Some of the latter were farmers.*"

This is real journalism, and if Dan only knew it, would qualify him for a job on the Hearst papers any day.

That touch about the farmers ought to turn Blanchard of the United States Reclamation Service sea-green with envy, for it beats his "15,000 Returning Yankee Myth" to a stiff froth. The Americans who come to Canada are tillers of the soil, producers of wheat and cattle, but the outgoers—well, some of those returning "seventy-five thousand" may be farmers indeed, but we wouldn't lie awake nights worrying about our money if we staked it on the chance that all the farming they are doing in the States is with a French accent on a Branson machine along the Merrimac River.

Really, you know, one might almost contrive a bit of airy persiflage out of that.

THE HOMERIC WEST

"A LITTLE more to the right, Jim—don't act as if you were afraid she'd go off—that's better. Remember, you're killing a man. That's a peach of a blood-thirsty expression; if it weren't for your clean shirt, you'd pass for a real man-eater. Hold that ten seconds, and I'll get the other plate in."

"Well, hurry up," growled Jim, cautiously clinging to his cigarette. "My eyebrows are gettin' bog-spavined reachin' up under my hat, and I feel

like a nickel's worth of bird-seed in this regalia. If any of the Bar 98 boys catch us this way, they'll kid the everlastin' tar out of us."

"I love my girl, but O you regalia!" chirped the Ontario chap at whose chest Jim's pistol was aimed. "Say, if Bess doesn't like these photograph's, I'll—I'll take her away from you."

It is something of a tragedy when you are an Eastern college man spending a summer on an Alberta ranch, and Broadway clamors for details of a West that is wild and woolly and full of fleas. No wonder "Jim" and the rest of the bunch had to fake their local color, and themselves evolve Broadway's West for Broadway's delight.

Ever since the blind slave Aesop knelt on Byzantine floors and beguiled with his fables the slow and sandal-scented hours of the Oriental harem, all good tales have begun with the fancy-provoking words, "once upon a time". The giants have all lived "in those days," the love'y ladies have been daughters of a minstrel's muse, the

ghosts and fairies have all been disappointingly seen by somebody else's grandfather. They never happen to us, those enthralling tales—no, they are always "England and yesterday". Lacking history and "storied dead" to set our fancies alight, we of label-new North America resort to "The West" for our romance. Ranch and range, bad men and bucking bronchos, coyotes and Colts have taken the place of the Knights of the Round Table; the forty-four with the filed trigger is the lineal descendant of the blade of blue Damascus steel; M'liss and The Duchess are daughters of Cunegonde and Galeswinthe. As of right, the East demands the gentleman adventurer and the cowboy west of Winnipeg, and when it doesn't get them, it feels injured and amazed.

"Give us Romance—preferably with blood," said all the sweet "Virginian"-reading feminine friends of "Jim," and the other boys when they went West. "Tell us how many guns people generally 'tote'; what shooting-scrapes



AN INNOCENT BUNCH OF DESPERADOES PEACEFULLY READING THE FUNNY COLUMN

you've seen; whether the cowboys really make strangers dance to the music of nicely-aimed shots; how much whiskey is considered a man's drink. Give us Indians, stampedes, sheep-wars, remittance-men, whisky-trading, half-breed uprisings, buffalo, 'la longue traverse'. Tell us all about The West."

And the boys, having learned that the main items of interest in Alberta were the number of bushels of wheat to the acre and the price of beef critters on the hoof at the packing houses, racked their brains to satisfy Broadway. Romance there was in plenty, the romance of a new empire in the making, the romance of new steel over sod, of green wheat where the buffalo-grass had sprung, of a country that had been the same for a thousand years being changed overnight into a stretch of thriving farms, but it was not the romance of Bret Harte, and it did not appeal.

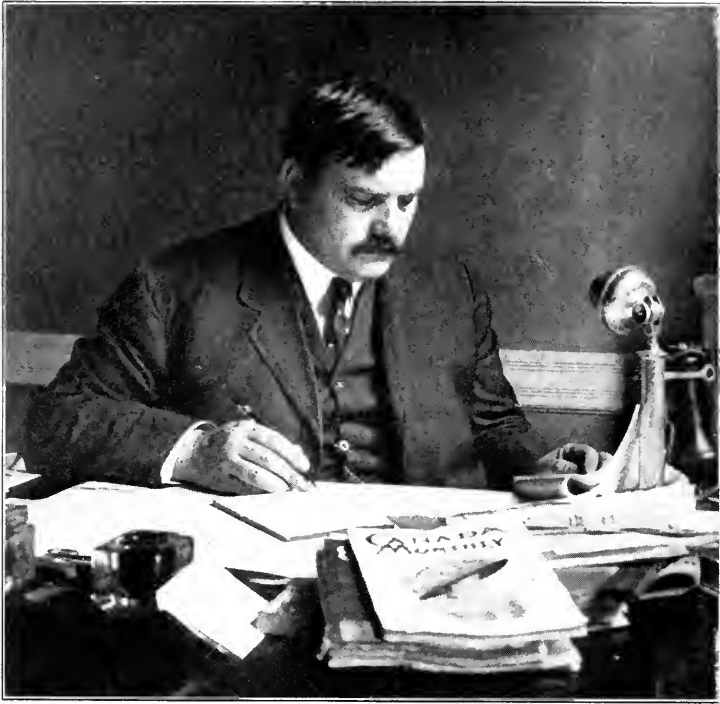
Therefore, did "Jim" and his friends monkey with a young cannon they had

to buy at the hardware store, and rig up fake lynchings, and lie awake nights inventing Broadway's West after the fashion of the moving picture "drammer". Not one of these card-slipping amateur "bad men" ever saw a gun carried in earnest in the West, not one ever saw a man hanged unless in the due course of British justice. Nor will they ever see it. The West is as law-abiding and peaceful as the East. A little more resourceful, perhaps; a little readier of action, a little less uncomfortably conscious of ancestry and custom, a little more appreciative of what a man is than of what his grandfather left him, but every whit as broken to harness of Blackstone and Coke as Yonge Street—probably more so.

When visiting Easterners on the lookout for the Wild West have to play Alkali Ike themselves in their buttoned shoes, it's pretty good testimony to the goodness of the country. Mark Western Canada's card "Department. 100," and let 'er go.



"BAD MEN" IN BUTTON SHOES AND PUTTEES ARE A NEW DEPARTURE IN THE HISTORY OF THE WILD WEST



ARTHUR HAWKES AT WORK

BRITISH NEWS OF CANADA

READERS of this magazine will be especially interested in the departure that is being made in journalism by Arthur Hawkes, who has been a frequent contributor to CANADA MONTHLY for three or four years. This month Mr. Hawkes is starting *The British News of Canada*, a weekly paper, which, while it will be printed and published in Montreal, will circulate primarily in Great Britain as a means of promoting emigration to Canada on Imperial lines.

Mr. Hawkes has had experience and training which fit him unusually well for his new undertaking. Indeed, it is only from such an experience as he has had in journalism and farming in both Canada and England that a paper like *The British News* can spring. Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Hawkes came to what is now the Province of Saskatche-

wan and went through all the travail of pioneer farming. As he says: "The only thing I don't know about that game is getting rich at it; for twenty-five years ago the chief asset to be acquired in Assiniboia was valuable experience." Since his farming days in the West, Mr. Hawkes has filled important positions on the newspapers of Manchester, London and Toronto.

The British News of Canada will tell the reader in Britain exactly the things which a Britisher, returning to his native country, will tell his friends as they sit around the hearthstone, about Canada and the life lived by British men, women and children who are helping to build up the best of all the younger nations of the Empire.

Good luck to it. It is going to be a great, big, strong and efficient new link between the Old Land and the New.

Myself—Scow-Pilot

By F. T. Wood

VERY probably, to most of my readers, the word scow will mean nothing, or at the most mean no more than hundreds of other little four letter words. But to me the word does mean something; it brings back vividly my various homestead adventures in Northern Alberta; it brings back memories of long days spent at Edmonton, building and loading; and last, but by no means least, the memory of the trip itself down the broad, swinging Saskatchewan, the bright days, the cloudy days, the hard work at the great sweeps in the rapids and at the curves, the long stretches of idleness in the smoother portions, the cool dark of the nights, when we snubbed in some eddy, and, rolled in our blankets, fell asleep to the hum of the mosquitoes and the gurgling purr of the waters. There was lots of work, of course, hard work, too, but withal they are pleasant journeys to look back upon, and at the risk of seeming too poetical, I will say that the memory of my different scow trips is a bright portion in the otherwise rather sordid, prosaic background of the taking of a homestead.

Five or six years ago scows and rafts were more than common at Edmonton, and along the river. I feel safe in saying that the number that left that place every summer would number well into the hundreds. That was, of course, before the Canadian Northern was completed into Edmonton, and the portion of the great Saskatchewan valley, lying between the "Last House City" and Prince Albert was quite devoid of any means of transportation save by wagon and river. It is not to be wondered at, then, that people took advantage of their opportunities and flocked to Edmonton every year at high water time, built or bought a raft or a scow of

some description, loaded on their year's supply of provisions, machinery, etc., etc., and floated down to "Home, sweet home".

The roads at that time were such that it was practically impossible in the spring or early summer, to haul more than the empty rig. Thousands of new settlers were pouring into the country, most of them States people with from one to three cars of stock and effects. Dozens utilized the river to take their goods down to their new homes. For those who were already settled in the country, freighting in the winter was quite feasible, and in fact there was lots of it brought down that way, but the expense of hauling goods overland from one to three hundred miles was by no means light. There were big settlements at Battleford, and at Lloydminster were located the crowd of Englishmen who had come to the Canadian West under the caption of the Barr Colony. Until the Canadian Northern Railway built through, almost the entire supplies for these people came down from Edmonton by boat.

And, by supplies, I mean everything imaginable, lumber to build the homes, machinery to open up and till the soil, some horses, thousands of bushels of grain for seed and feed, milch cows, flour and other provisions, barb-wire, stoves, and in fact farm and household goods and necessities of every kind and description. I may add that I saw three ministers embark from Edmonton one day, bound for some point away down-river; I never knew whether they were included in the regular order for supplies, or whether they were going on their own responsibility. Prince Brothers, of Battleford, were, I think, the largest firm of freight handlers on the river, and I imagine the figures they could give of freight handled would be

astonishing. The Alberta Government undertook one summer to take some rafts of lumber down for the Lloydminster people, but they were very unfortunate. For some reason, the rafts were held till early fall, or until the high water season was past and the river on the ebb. At such times it literally abounds in rocks and bars and various species of trouble for the navigator. The government rafts got not more than one hundred miles on their journey and stranded; they stranded good and hard. The men paddled around in the still falling water for weeks, tore the big rafts apart and built new cribs, only to strand again. Eventually the river was given up, and the whole supply was taken by wagon to the Colony, one hundred and fifty miles or more. I am quite sure the poor Englishmen had to dig deep down in their trousers' pockets to pay the expenses on that lumber consignment. Revillon Frères, the millionaire Parisian firm, with a big branch at Edmonton, who are a close second to the Hudson's Bay Company in the wholesale and raw fur trade of the Northwest, were also heavy river traffickers. Almost invariably they used scows for their goods, which were of course immense shipments of flour, grain and other merchandise. Prince Brothers, whose specialty was lumber, used rafts.

The Saskatchewan rafts were, of course, no different from rafts the world over, simply cribs of lumber built up until the top tiers floated dry. Some modest individuals would go down with only one crib, just enough to float the owner and his bachelor outfit. Prince Brothers' rafts were often from 100 to 150 feet long, and usually two tiers wide, or about thirty feet. Of course, to handle properly a boat of this size, two sweeps were not sufficient, and so on these you would find two or possibly three on each end, and enough men to work them all. On rafts this size, the men would have a tent, there would be great piles of groceries and grain, usually covered with camp-sheets, perhaps a team or two, tons of machinery; there would be a stove set up for the cook, and in many ways the outfit as a whole looked like a miniature

section of real, ordinary life floating down the river.

Scow-travel is a sandwich composed of very hard work and blissful loafing in alternate stretches; the busiest and the idlest and most altogether pleasant life a man can lead this side of paradise. We had elected to follow it for a trip, and one broiling July afternoon we cast off at Edmonton, loaded to the limit. Noon was our scheduled departure; actually it was three o'clock, and we had thirty miles to run before we reached our night's rest. I had been chosen pilot, and as we slid away with the current, I did some rather anxious fore-casting. Down-river were the big steel-clad piers of the Canadian Northern Railway to negotiate; below them somewhere were the big new booms to catch the overflow of the Edmonton Mills; just where, we did not know. Fort Saskatchewan, a little Northwest Police barracks town, was our objective point, and I wanted to reach it by broad daylight. However, there was no use in meeting trouble half-way, so to change the subject, I hauled up my drinking-water jug.

Just before we left Edmonton, I had been taken with a brilliant idea. The warm, clayey, sediment-stained water of the river on a hot day is not palatable, and I had resolved to cheat Fate out of a cool drink this broiling afternoon. I had filled a jug with cool spring-water, tied a rope through the handle, and trailed it astern to keep fresh in the depths of the river. Alas, for my brilliant idea. When I hauled up the jug for a sip all 'round, I had only the rope, the handle, four square inches of jug, and the ironical cork. Some ill-conditioned boulder—but why dwell on the dry spots of existence? We drank plain river, and went ahead.

Some four miles an hour is the average speed of a scow on the Saskatchewan, and about nine o'clock we swung into the long straight stretch leading to the Fort. Here the channel narrows, and the current grows swift. Far ahead we could see the piers and the skeleton-like steel structure of the big bridge. Ordinarily, in Alberta, the sun is still bright at nine o'clock in early July, but to-night a storm was

brewing, and the whole west was overcast. The storm had been born suddenly, or we should have snubbed in some of the little bays back of the last bend. Here, it was impossible. We could do nothing but go on, through the uncertain twilight, trying to pick our course, and wondering where the booms might be. Nobody said much. I stood at the front of the scow, watching the channel, heading for the space between the first and second piers on the south side. We were close to the bridge by this time, and travelling rapidly. All at once I saw the booms, a straight unbroken line across the river, with but one narrow and none too easy outlet. It was almost dark, with a keen cool breeze blowing, clouds rising rapidly, and the flash and peal of the thunder storm close upon us. We could hear plainly the dull pound and crash of the water boiling around the piers, and the monotonous churn of the booms. I knew it was a case of hard and strong pulling, of nice calculation in that boiling water, and a chance of—but then, on the river chances are part of the day's work.

I called back to the others what to do and why, "and when I say pull," I ordered, "pull, and pull like the devil." I took the front oar with Fred and we worked the boat over slowly, swung safely by the piers and shot rapidly down towards the opening. The pier holding the second section of boom in place was a steel and concrete structure, pointed on its upstream surface, and only a foot or so out of water. In fact, in the swift rush of the current here, the pier itself was hardly visible, but the boiling mass of foam that surrounded it betrayed its presence and its damaging possibilities only too well.

Almost before I realized it we were at the end of the first section and the opening was at hand.

"Pull," I yelled harshly, and bent to the task myself. We took two or three quick, deep strokes, Fred and I straining every muscle. Something was wrong, we were making no headway. It was a terribly short distance to that squat, ugly pier, and I knew only too well that if we caught on that our boat was gone. I looked back at

the others, and was horror-stricken to see that in the tense excitement of the moment they had started their oar on the wrong swing, and were working their best to send us to a smashing finish. I can imagine that in a regular story here would have been the opportunity for the leading man to have been self-contained and cool. I was not. I yelled back at the rowers—I yelled loud enough and my choice of words was such that they knew at the other end that something was wrong and shifted like lightning. All of this takes longer in the telling than it did at the time of action. Looking back on it now, it all seems to have happened in a few short seconds.

Get through? Of course we got through, but I could have almost touched that pier when we whirled by and on. A half-mile down we pulled into shore and tied up for the night. We had barely finished tying down the corners of the canvas covering our goods when the storm broke over us with a wild roar and a deluge of water. We crawled under shelter till the worst had passed, and then found our way up town and eventually to the hotel, where a good hot supper and bed awaited us. It was now long past ten, and while I should have been grateful that I had a bed in a hotel and not a boom-pier in the river, I fell asleep without stopping to count mercies. After all, our little adventure had been but an incident in a scow trip and in a larger sense of life. It is only fair to add here that these booms were not allowed in place when there was any considerable traffic on the river.

Anything that I encountered on the river, however, was but a gentle picnic compared with the experience of one Simpson, a neighbor of mine. Simpson's adventure was two years before the one narrated above, that is in 1904. He had come to Edmonton with two of his other neighbors and myself to bring down with us his stock of supplies. When we reached the city, however, Simpson got to feeling rather independent, and went off up town, where he bought, repaired and brought down to the river what we in the Northwest call a Klondyke boat. This

is a boat modelled after those used on the Yukon and other Alaskan streams during the early days of the gold rush, and will carry a very considerable load. In fact it is necessary to load them down rather heavily in order to insure stability. There are or were a number of these boats there at Edmonton. Whether they were built there for Alaskan trade to be sent west and shipped up the Pacific to the gold country, or whether some hair-brained adventurers expected to tote them overland to that Mecca, or whether they were built there merely for river work, I never could determine. Simpson bought his boat for a song, repaired her himself, being a blacksmith, wood-worker and general handy man, brought her down to the river and had his load on ready to go some two days before we had our own scow finished and loaded. Simpson had never been on the river, but this fact did not deter him from setting out alone. He was quite sure he could go through alone and beat us home. He did beat us home, as a matter of fact, but how he did it is something of a tale.

His boat was heavily loaded and rode well. With the weight and bulk that he had, it was quite impossible to do anything with oars, so Simpson had built up with some of his goods a very considerable eminence in the rear end of his boat. On this he was to sit, and with a long paddle-like arrangement, he was going to steer through the various difficulties on the 190-mile journey home. He left Edmonton about two o'clock one early July afternoon, July being a popular month for scows, principally because late June and early July almost invariably meant good high water. The current was good from where Simpson loaded, and so in a very few minutes after he pushed away from the shore he was quite lost to view, his Venetian method of steering a Klondyke boat apparently working smoothly. We did not see him again until we reached home on our own boat some four or five days later, so what happened on the river is hearsay evidence, but at the same time it is absolutely authentic.

About half-way from the city to the

Fort was an old ferry, the Clover Bar Crossing. The ferry as a ferry had been given up for some years, and the boat itself had been drawn up on the bank and was gradually falling to pieces. The cable had been allowed to remain and stretched across the river in a big sweeping curve. The posts and fastenings, of course, were getting looser and weaker every year, and the cable itself was gradually sinking down towards the water. Anyone who has ever seen a cable stretched across a river, particularly a river where the banks are high, has noticed that it is never taut as, for instance, a telephone wire, but hangs in a big, gradual curve, closest to the water near the centre of the river and rising gradually toward both banks. In ordinary water the cable here at Clover Bar was quite high enough for boats to slip through under its very centre; in high water it was advisable to hug the shore a bit. As a matter of fact, on the extreme south side at this point is found the best channel. This was the channel we took two days later, and was the one Simpson should have taken, but of course he did not know this.

It was between four and five, as near as I could determine, when Simpson reached the place. He was sitting high on his pedestal, some two or three feet above the ordinary level of his boat, and swinging along nearly in the centre of the river. Simpson was extremely short-sighted. Then again the glare of the sun on moving water is often hard on eyesight. Simpson, sitting high on his boat, and steering her down the river, actually came to that cable without seeing it or in any way becoming aware of its proximity.

The boat cleared without a hitch, and the first inkling Simpson had of difficulty was when that cable caught him square amidships and swept him off the boat into the water. Strange as it may seem, although caught entirely unawares and unprepared, Simpson's mind or instincts were quick enough to clutch and hold on to the cause of his trouble. There is a lot of spring in a steel-wire cable, and instead of being suspended in the air as some might suppose, he found himself in the water

to above his waist. Simpson could not swim a stroke, so dared not drop the cable and start for shore in that fashion.

Now the siege began. The current here is quite strong, and the pulling force exerted on the lower part of his body was heavy and insistent. It dragged him down stream every inch that the looseness of the supports and the ordinary give and spring of that cable would allow. And then when that limit had been reached, there would of necessity be a quick reaction, and that long cable, apparently imbued with life, would snap back to its original position, dragging Simpson with it, who clung as desperately as a man with only one chance will cling. I am not prepared to say just how many feet the pull of the river would spring that cable, but I do know that it was more than sufficient to give Simpson a thoroughly exciting time on the jump back. Instead of pulling him gradually back through the water, the return trip was almost instantaneous and more in the air than in the water. The sudden jolt and jar and nasty upward fling were almost too much for Simpson's muscle and endurance, but he hung on grimly, and was pulled down and flew back time after time. The position and strain were unusual; before long his muscles and whole body were sore and cramped. Simpson is by no means a young man, but his whole life spent in active muscle-making pursuits offset in a way the disadvantage of years.

On he hung. An hour or more went by. The boat, of course, had long since disappeared, even if Simpson had had time or the inclination to be interested in the fate of his vessel. Simpson yelled, of course, yelled loud and long and consistently till he was quite out of breath, and then when he was rested he would do it all over again. Except in very calm still weather, however, a man's voice will not penetrate far in the wilderness, and so his cries were not heard. There was a half-breed family living on the north bank not very far away, but the place seemed quite deserted. All things end, however, and when Simpson had almost reached the limit of his endurance, and

the river, with its insistent, dragging, steady pull, coupled with the wild, jarring fling of the cable, was almost ready to claim its victim, one of the young breeds in that cabin on the hill came out into the afternoon haze, saw the man clinging there in midstream, came out in his boat and rescued him in quite an ordinary fashion.

To say that Simpson was tired and sore and weak, and that his nerves were considerably shattered would be only the truth. I said nerves, not nerve, for the next morning he hired the young breed and his boat and set off down river again to hunt for what he was sure would be only the wreck of his boat. But, after flinging the man a more than usually mean jolt, the fates had apparently relented, and the boat and contents were safe. She had drifted steadily and had been caught and held by the Fort Saskatchewan ferryman early the evening before. Simpson claimed his boat, and, with the breed went on down-river to his destination, meeting with no further mishaps. He did do one thing at the Fort, however, which is not surprising, and that was to lodge a vigorous complaint with the Police Commissioner against the useless and dangerous Clover Bar cable, and what is more to the point, in a very few days that menace came down for good.

Simpson, I think, has never gone down-river a second time, and I am quite willing to admit that if I had spent an afternoon as he did, on a riotously alive wire rope, with the whole Saskatchewan pulling at my heels, I would be more than content to use the dry land as a basis of travel.

Using the dry land is getting to be the real thing in Alberta now. The Canadian Northern will in a few years have branch lines out, tapping and supplying the more secluded portions of the great valley of the North Saskatchewan, and the day of the settlers' scows will be only a memory. And, after all, only one phase in the development of that particular portion of the "Last Northwest," and when newer and easier and safer transportation methods are furnished, it is inevitable that the old must succumb and the new come in. There are dozens of thriving

little towns along the railroads, where ten years ago, or even five years ago, there was naught but a verdant wilderness. A careful system of local-improvement organization is spreading the good-roads movement far and wide.

Some writer has coined the phrase, "to scratch in the sands of the Saskatchewan for romance." To me his meaning was a little obscure, but if by romance, he meant the real, natural charm and beauty of that great river and its wonderfully varied banks; if he meant the tales of the old Hudson's Bay freighters, who toted their boats

upstream, and then like old King James, "came down again"; if he meant the song of the forests to the west, the great seams of coal, the dull, dust-like gold hidden in all the bars; if he meant the countless memories of the old, wild, free life on its bosom and on the rich plateaus adjoining; if he meant the promise of great cities and prosperous contented provinces of the future; if he meant all that I hope he meant, then I too can say, "Scratch in the sands along the Saskatchewan if you seek romance, or life, which is, after all, the same".



SUCCESS

BY ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER

WHAT is it to succeed? Is it to do
 Some long-dreamt feat, and like a shooting star
 Have its attending glory blazoned far,
 While men through eyes of wonder gaze at you?
 Or is it with a passion to pursue
 A mundane good, and to surround yourself
 With luxuries, attendants, hoarded pelf,—
 Though to your conscience you may bid adieu?

Nor this nor that, but rather 'tis to be:
 To feel that in the self success must lie;
 'Tis in the strife 'tween soul and sense to see
 The higher win—while lusts and passions die;
 And when the air of victory we breathe,
 Heaven shall our brows with its own amaranth wreath!



*To ladies' eyes around, boys,
You can't refuse—you can't refuse;
Be they black or brown, boys,
'Tis hard to choose—'Tis hard to choose.*

—TOM MOORE

LITTLE WOMEN

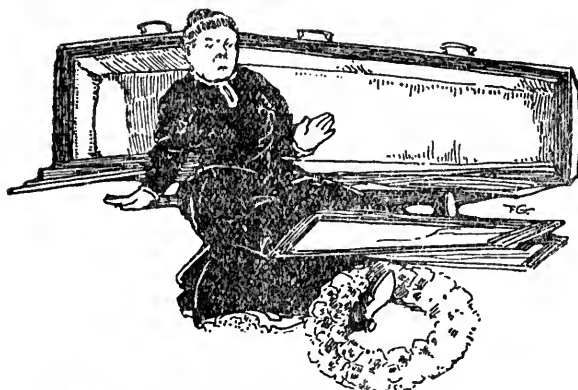


WHAT is there about the little woman that is so alluring? Were I a man I could never be the lover of a tall or large woman, no matter how "svelte," how lissome, how graceful and dashing and "vervy" she might be. Admire her?—yes—but now, could you cuddle her, and did the woman ever live who did not want to be cuddled? I have much in mind two little ladies, the one young, pretty, vivacious—as keen of mind and intellect as though

she had a "large" head instead of the most shapely little cranium in the world. She is intuition itself and has the sixth sense highly developed, that sense which makes us see sans eyes and hear sans ears. It is an almost uncanny gift with this small woman. She has two good and bright and mischievous blue eyes in the front of her head, but I think she has a spare

pair in the back and they are flame-color. Her feet are poems in Spanish, so small and slim and arched and dainty that they made their appeal even to a woman, so what would they not do to a man—walk over his heart?—dance upon his soul? Ah, tread lightly, little feet! Walk softly, little lady!

And the other small woman. She, too, has fairy feet, and hair like spun silver, and two wistful eyes, and the tenderest mouth in all the world. She is not young, but she will never be old. She is Maternity personified—that wonderful mother spirit which broods over and watches and loves all the wayward world—without which the world's pendulum would swing crooked. All the sorrow of the Mother Mary is in her sad eyes, for grief has marked her. All the patience of women, the unselfishness, the gentle and uncomplaining endurance—are writ large upon this tired and beautiful face which has always now a look of waiting—of waiting. Fragile and tiny and dear, she is—just a girl in heart, as she is a girl in sweet and dainty body. The charm of these little women! They are like the faint and elusive perfumes of the little flowers, the violet, and prairie



"AN' IS IT BERRYIN' ME BEFORE ME TIME YE DO BE,
YE OLD THRAITOR?"

blooms, the little white clover and fragile jessamine.

PAVING STONES

HERE we are again with our good resolutions. Where are those we made a year ago? As well look for the snows of yester-year, or those June evenings long ago when "he" whispered the story Adam told Eve in the Garden, and you listened and loved it. Still, it is a fine thing that we renew each year our good intentions. New Year is a bracing-up time when man resolves to forego Scotch and soda, and woman determines that the stockings in that mending basket shall, once and for all time, be darned. We may look back at the year that is past with regret, or with gladness that it is done and over with—in proportion to the gifts or griefs it has doled out to us. To some it leaves the memory of joys that blessed their lot; to others memories of perished hopes, and to you or me but a faint sweet picture of what might have been. It is not good to be overmuch given to introspection; it breeds pessimism—which is only one way of acknowledging that you have been a failure—but there is one time in the year when looking back exercises an influence for good, for endeavor and striving, and that time is New Year time. The perished hopes, the "might-have-beens" are not worthy memories to take with you into the young year. They are—at stock-taking time, necessary to the order of review; are as the salt and pepper to the dish—a pinch

and a dust is enough. But before us lies the bright young year full of possibilities and of promise. What may we not accomplish during the coming months! The past is past. Resurrection of dead and unglorified things is an unwise task. We are here, we are presumably in fair health, and there is work to do. Let us attack it with laughter on the lip, and the song of hope in the heart.

HENS

THERE is room for improvement in hens. The hen does not keep up with the race of her sex in the matter of progress. She is still the slave and follower of Chantecler. She runs after him—a thing no lady should do—and her sister hen pecks her till she dents her back-comb—and all for the love of a rooster.

We were bowling at a fast clip through the beautiful lanes of Devon—

"Did you ever run over anybody?" we asked the chauffeur.

"Only a hen or two," he replied in laconic fashion. "You see, hens, like women, think they know it all. If the hen was a bachelor girl, she'd be a book-keeper, for she has a wonderful mathematic mind. She figures to a dot how close she can come to a horse-drawn trap, and she'll roll in the dust nearly to the horse's feet. She always escapes by the length of a horse. But, out in the country, the hen hasn't learned about the auto yet—See that one?"—a hen made a "lep" like an Irish hunter



into the hedge as we sheared past —"We nearly caught her. Hens don't understand the motors, for they are always

thinking of the horse. They're just victims to old foggy notions like a lot of country people, who object to machines."

They are certainly behind the times. We must educate our hens. They may not demand the vote, or cackle "one

wife to one man"—but they should be taught that autos are no respecters of hens—or other persons. However, Chantecler sometimes gets caught—and you should hear the old hens chuckle! Serve him right, the old Mormon!



BURIED ALIVE

WHY do we not have in this country a Watch House such as they have or had in the old City of Hofengratz? It has been called an eccentric institu-

tion, but in view of the many persons who are known to have been buried alive, who may dare to say so? When several old London graveyards were lately dug up and remains removed, it was found that a shocking percentage has been thus untimely buried. A more awful fate it would be difficult to imagine. In every case the unfortunate inmate was found in some twisted and crooked position, which precluded the possibility that he or she had been really dead when confined. What horror ending in madness before blessed death came, must not those unfortunates have endured! Hair torn from the scalp—fingers crooked into the flesh,—and agony of mind beyond the thinking! So, in Hofengratz, they ruled these things better, for the good people there erected many years ago, an unique building close by the city cemetery. In this for a certain time—three days, I believe—and on payment of a regulated fee, the dead are watched in case that a mistake has been made. The building is divided into numerous apartments—well-furnished, and containing every appliance which might help in case of emergency. The dead are placed in slanted coffins, the motionless hand resting on a delicate mechanism which, on the slightest movement, would respond by ringing an alarm bell in the adjoining chamber where an attendant waits. A medical man is at once summoned—in fact, his apartments are close by, and restoratives are applied to assist struggling nature to assert herself. You can

imagine nothing more weird than the sight of these poor dead people, half rising among the wreaths of flowers built by loving friends around them, as though to receive company—a salon de la mort surely—and yet more than once it has proved to be a salon of Life itself, of resurrection and hope and—Love—perhaps.

INCORRIGIBLE PADDY

WHICH reminds me of the Irishman whose shrewish wife had died. She had a grand wake, to be sure, and everything "done dacint". When they were taking her to the graveyard—and a fine funeral she had, plenty of side-cars, and ass-carts and the man of



SHE CAN WORK ALL DAY AND MOST OF THE NIGHT AND NOT ONE OF HER FAMILY SHOWS EITHER CONSIDERATION OR GRATITUDE

the house with a mourning band round his caubeen, no less!—the boys that were carrying her let the coffin drop as they rounded a tight corner. It broke, and Herself "rowled" out alive and hearty.

"An' is it berryin' me before me tim

you do be, you ould thraitor," she cried to the husband, shaking her fist at him. She went home and nagged him for two years more, and then she died in earnest. There was another wake and another funeral, though this time Pat had no mourning band round his caubeen. (He had his eye on a fair-haired young girsha). As the coffin-bearers neared the fatal spot, he called out in a spasm of anxiety:

"Thread gently, boys—let ye go aisy, an' for God's sake take care of the corner."

ENGLISH ROSES

WHO that has ever seen it can forget the rose beauty of rural England upon a golden September day! Everywhere, on garden walls and cottage porches, the roses climb. Sometimes a Virginia creeper in purple bloom smothers a gable-end in a crimson cloud of beauty; sometimes the tender star-like clematis and the jessamine climb about the windows, or cling to the end wall of the village church. The gardens are brave in old-fashioned flowers. They are a bit straggly, not too well-arranged, and it is this careless dash of Bohemianism that makes the tall sun-flowers, the crude geraniums and the stately gladioli take on a touch of human interest. The English village gardens are made to be lived in and loved. The dormer windows built up into the thatch, and the thick hedge of box or privet guards the sanctuary of home. Perhaps the little maid stand-

ing on the steps in her sunbonnet, hardly realizes the peaceful beauty of her little English home; perhaps some day when she is grown up and makes a new home in our greatest and last West, she will remember the thatched cottage with the roses climbing over it in her far-away Devon home—and then, I think, her eyes will grow a bit dim.

SHOULD SHE EARN?

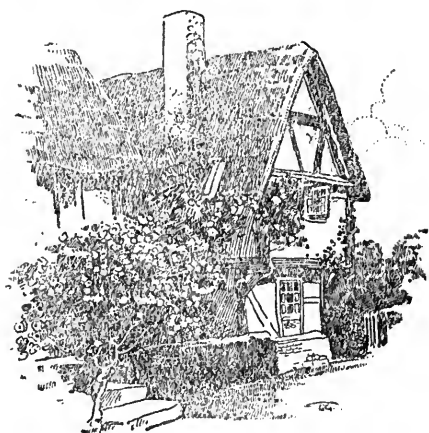
ARE women wise in continuing their professions or other employment after marriage? The question is a very grave one, and involves much thought. There is an adage that "the more a woman makes, the more the man will let her". To this might be added "and the children". A laundress says that she can work all day and most of the night, and not one of her family shows either consideration or gratitude.

"They expect me to work," she explains. "So does my husband. Many a time when he knocks off work, and takes his ease, I wonder how it would be if I did the same! 'Twould be the shock of his life. You see, ever since I was married, and before, I earned my living. Perhaps if I stopped, he would buck up and make good, but I like to handle money of my own and not have to go to him for it. I've never looked to a man to give me a dollar in my life; still I often think I'm a fool—but I dunno."

In this case neither "higher education" or "votes for women" are at work. In what mysterious and pitiable way, then, have the sexes changed places?

ABOUT WIFE-BEATING

WIFE-BEATING does not appear to be on the wane in this Canada of ours, any more than it is in the British Isles. Every week in our cities, two or three cases of brutal beating of women turn up. Not long since, in England, a case occurred that was not without its humour as well as its pathos. A woman of forty-five, who had brought up five children, who were all married—a big strong angular woman, used to hard work—was found to be rarely without a black eye. The husband



A THATCHED AND ROSE-BOWERED COTTAGE OF DEVON

worked intermittently, but she earned right along. When questioned, the wife said as "'ow 'e never 'ardly 'its me when 'e's sober, but 'e does when 'e's drunk, or I ain't got the dinner to 'is liking'".

"And what does he do then—beat you black and blue?" she was asked. To which she made reply:

"'E gives me a bit of an 'iding, and like as not smashes up some of the crocks." When called, the husband appeared. He was a little, thin, dry fragment of a man whom his wife could have up and carried from end to end of the street without fatigue



"'E GIVES ME A BIT OF AN 'IDING"

WHY WINNIPEG?

THE strictures of a Toronto Clergyman on matters relating to the social evil in Winnipeg have been greeted everywhere with regret if not with contumely. It was neither a wise, a worthy, a charitable or a sane thing for a man to do. An immorality hunt with two detectives in tow merely to find out if the "vice of the day, the hour and the world," as someone puts it, did not exist in Winnipeg as well as Toronto, or Montreal or Dundas, seems a small pursuit for a minister to engage in the interests of religion. It was a deliberate slight and blight on a city where as clean and decent folk live as in any other in the world, and why Winnipeg should be singled out as a town in a more "rotten moral condition" than any of the places mentioned is something no one can understand. Winnipeg authorities segregate vice. That is the great charge against them. As though concealing vice ever suppressed

it! Suppose, instead of hunting far afield, we confined ourselves to attempting to rout the social evil from our midst in our own towns, would we not be doing more towards the interest of morality than in giving a vigorous, splendid and pushing young city like

Winnipeg a bad name for an evil which exists everywhere, and has existed since men and women were born into the world? Why throw stones at the great Prairie City when all our houses at home are made of glass?

MERCY

A WOMAN tells this story. Not long since in our Western

village, a girl got into the greatest trouble that is possible to an unmarried woman. She was seventeen and she worked out. She abandoned the baby, which died. When arraigned, there was only a frightened outlook on life in her sorrowful brown eyes. They brought her in guilty with a strong appeal for mercy, and she was set free after serving a light sentence. It is not always the woman who casts the first stone at a sister. A man in the small town threw it, or better—or worse—he got a woman to throw it. The girl killed herself.

OUR TEACHER

CHRIST understood. He never knocked. There was no poor weakness of human nature that He—the God-Man—had not pity and mercy for. Not one who casts a stone at an unfortunate but will have to account for that stone when the Day comes. Not one grown person exists to-day

upon whose body a stone might not be thrown in all truth and sincerity. Christ alone refrained. He bound up the wounds the mocking cruel crowd had made. We are only human, but we dare not say that the lesson of charity, of kindness and of all gentleness has not been taught us by the hand of the Son of God. Christ understood.

TEACHER—"What's your name?"
Boy—"Jones." "What's your

father's name?" "Jones." "And his other name?" "Mr. Jones." "No, not that. What does your mother call him?" "Old fathead!"

Kil-



THE TWILIGHT TREE

BY SPENCER FREER

LADS and lassies loving be,
The old folks seek to sever,
They'll kiss beneath the twilight tree.
Tho' dad says "no" or "never".

For dad he knows that twilight tree,
An old acquaintance, too,
He speaks with much severity,
Yet he went there to woo.

How do I know, hush!—and I'll tell,
For mother told, you see;
Dad whispered that he loved her well
'Neath that same twilight tree.



PERHAPS WITH AMUSEMENT

IN a certain French village," says Cy Warman, who had the story from a good father in Montreal, "the priest had been studying English for a long while, and when he felt he had mastered the language sufficiently, he decided to preach a sermon in English. For text he took the Scriptural admonition: 'Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.'

"'Ma frien's,' said the good priest, after reading the verse, 'h'on dees subjec' one perceives t'ree divisions. Whom the devil does he seek? Where the devil does he go walking about? And why the devil does he roar?'"

THE USEFUL HYPHEN

THE name of Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor is one to conjure with in uplift circles. In his native habitat, late-returning husbands are required to repeat it as a sobriety-test, and society reporters sprinkle it into their copy with thanks for every space-filling syllable.

Recently the sleepy reporter and the linotype man got snarled up in its intricacies, and when the morning paper came out, it bore this remarkable announcement: "At the opera last night, Mrs. Robert Jones was gowned in yellow satin trimmed with duchesse lace, and sat between Mrs. Chatfield and Mrs. Taylor."

"Ah," purred Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor's

best friend, reading the item, with a polite smile. "Presumably on the hyphen."

THOSE SPIRIT REALMS

JOHN, Junior, is an observing small boy with an ambition to grow up a worthy citizen. Recently he graduated into the jack-knife class, with four shining blades and a corkscrew. But there were still unconquered realms to which his spirit soared, for he came to his mother, wistfully balancing the new treasure in his hand, and inquired:

"Mamma, when will I be old enough to drink bromo-seltzer in the morning the way father does?"

THE BEAUTY OF TRUTH

IT WAS tea-time. Macaroons, cups of Russian tea and pale-pink sentiments filled the perfumed air. One of the sweet young buds leaned forward rapturously.

"Tell me, dear Monsieur," she murmured, "don't you think Nature is perfectly swell?"

"Ah, yes, Mademoiselle," he breathed. "Ze beautiful everywhere—in ze poetry, ze art, ze music, in ze flower and ze bird—with what joy I behold everysing beastly!"

TABLE-TALK BELOW STAIRS

BRIDGET—"And how much the pale young lady that sat nixt the military gentleman resimbed her father!"

Dennis—"Indade, it's meself that remarked that same to Mary! I should have known she was his daughter if I'd niver laid eyes on him!"

WHAT, INDEED?

BLISS CARMAN, the brilliant editor author, told, at a dinner in New York, a story about James Russell Lowell and a bad boy.

"A Boston woman," said Mr. Carman, "asked Lowell to write in her autograph album, and the poet, complying, wrote the line :

"'What is so rare as a day in June?'"

"Calling at this woman's house a few days later, Lowell idly turned the pages of the album until he came to his own autograph. Beneath it was written in a childish scrawl :

"'A Chinaman with whiskers.'"

REPARTEE

HUH!" sneers the plate of ice cream to the piece of limburger cheese. "You needn't give yourself such airs. Didn't you see in the papers where there are a million microbes in each drop of ice cream?"

"I did," retorts the limburger. That's nothing. Compared to me you are a sparsely settled territory."

MOTHER AND ME

By W. D. NESBIT

MOTHER and I would like to go
Some of these nights to see a show,
But Elsie and Rosie and fair Louise—
Daughters who care for us, are these—
And Philip and William and solemn
Joe—

They are our sons—tell us : "Don't go!"
The shows are all right for the children
to see,

But they are too shady for mother and
me.

Mother and I would like to read,
But novels for us are scarce, indeed.
Mother got one out of Elsie's den
And promised she'd never do so again.
All of the children are reading books
But keep them from us with warn-
ing looks.

The books are all right for the young,
you see,
But they are too daring for mother and
me.

Mother and I—we sit and sigh,
Wishing for days that have gone by,

Wishing for books we might peruse—
Books that the children for us would
choose—

Wishing for songs as well as shows—
But it is better, as I suppose,
That we should let all such pleasures
be—

They are too wicked for mother and me

DIPLOMACY

COLONEL GILBERT PIERCE, the late Minister to Portugal, once picked up in his arms a young lady who stood hesitating at the corner of a street in a country village, unable to cross it, because a shower had filled it with a rushing torrent of water.

The young lady submitted without protest while the Colonel strode gallantly through the torrent until he deposited his fair charge on the opposite sidewalk, with dry feet. "Sir!" she then said, indignantly, "are you aware that you have insulted me?"

"I was not aware of it," replied the Colonel, "but, seeing that you are right, I beg to make amends."

So saying, he picked up the protesting damsel and restored her to the point where he had first made her acquaintance.

THEIR WEDDING OUTFIT

PARENT—"You and George get married? Why, my child, neither of you have ever provided the first necessity of married life."

Daughter—"Oh, yes we have, papa. We have got a beautiful name for the baby."

ODDITIES OF THE GREAT

NAPOLEON never went on a lecture tour.

Julius Caesar did not keep a chauffeur.

Alexander the Great never sat for a photograph in his life.

George the Third was never known to eat grape fruit.

Shakespeare would not use a safety razor.

Goethe would not have a telephone in the house.

Cervantes would not ride on a railway train, preferring to travel by coach.

Christopher Columbus did not take a daily newspaper.

THE BEAUTY EDITOR SAYS:

A girl always pretends to be just a little afraid to be alone with a man.

No matter how bad a man is, his wife firmly believes in his good intentions.

It is difficult for a woman to keep a secret; and I know more than one man who is a woman.

A woman lacking true culture is said to betray by her conversation a mind of narrow compass, bounded on the north by her servants, on the east by her children, on the south by her ailments, and on the west by her clothes.

Man is Creation's masterpiece. Who says so? Man!

"Love used to sit in bay-windows and write twenty-page letters; now it travels and sends post-cards."

"America has no leisure class except those who make the change at the department stores."

"The howl against the stronger sex is raised by women who took men for angels, and found them only men."

"And even the man who is good for nothing is good for something—say as a horrible example, for instance."

"There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught—including both sharks and suckers."

"It's a wise girl who does not mistake attentions for intentions."

"Don't cry over spilt milk. Very probably it was full of germs."

"Doubtless good plays do fail, but wouldn't it be fine if one occasionally succeeded!?"

Nature on the Sidewalk

By Mary Wheelwright

OF ALL impersonal and uninterested places, there is none like a city street. Have you committed a murder? Are you about to divorce your third life partner? Do you want to change your name from Susan Smith to Caterina Manuela Yznaga, and wear four pounds of back-hair? Do it in your home village, or in even one of the smaller cities, and you are instantly branded. Do it in a real metropolis, and not only will no one bother to inquire the name of the corpse or the hair-dresser, but neither will anyone take the trouble to care.

Watch them as they go to work of mornings. Hurry, hurry, hurry, everywhere. Step on the man ahead if he doesn't go fast enough; glance at the shop-windows, figure nervously on a pad as you walk; plunge straight ahead, eyes vacant, introspective; hurry, hurry, hurry. Rich man rolling his cigar and dreaming million dollar dreams; poor man anxiously watching the drug-

store clocks lest he be late at his twelve-dollar-a-week office-stool; madame out shopping early in her stylish tailor-made; Sadie and Maybelle and Louise chewing gum and discoursing volubly about the meanness of the floor-walker; grey and blurry scrub-women, looking as if someone had blotted them carelessly before they were dry; on they go, all bent on their own direction, all paramously uninterested in their neighbors, all unmistakably city-dwellers at home. In any of the world's great cities you might put on pink tights and a dinner-jacket, top it with a cotton umbrella, and march down the principal business street without eliciting more than a passing notice.

When I first packed up my new steamer-trunk and left my peaceful home town for the rush and roar of a first-class city, the torrent of the living down the lighted streets dazed and delighted me. Here was where things happened, where life was at high pres-

sure, where the wheat of the world and the destinies of nations were flung to and fro like tennis-balls by the hands of the finance kings. I was part of it—even little I—and I felt a joyous exhilaration.

But as the novelty wore off, and I settled down to my accustomed groove, I discovered how small a part of the great machine was the cog bearing my label, and practised that difficult lesson of youth, the art of cheerfully being ignored by a million busy people.

I am afraid that at first I was not a very good learner. Exasperated by the vast indifference, I have risen in my night and yelled with all my lungs about night rush-hour on a certain roaring corner. I might as well have invited the Goddess of Liberty to have tea with me on Dufferin Terrace, for all the attention that anybody paid. Crushed, I subsided. The city had trodden on its rebellious beetle, and marched on, unaware equally of the rebellion and the coleopteran.

So matter-of-course does this blank indifference become to the city man that any sign of human interest is as unexpected as the genie was to Aladdin. And so there was double salt in my encounter with another stray bit of humanity not long ago.

It was one of my dancy days, right from the start. You remember, as whimsical Barrie says, with the air of one imparting authentic information, that "Fairies never say 'We feel happy!'; what they say is 'We feel dancy!'"—and dancy it was. I sang as I dressed, whistled as I came down to breakfast, and hummed:

The first scarlet huntsman blew into his horn,
Lirala, lovely morning, I'm glad I was born!

as I waited for my car. It was a day of light airs and high filmy clouds, a day when children skipped on the sidewalk and sparrows chattered enthusiastically in the hedges,—the whole sunlit world seemed on tiptoe, just ready to sing.

All the way down town the mood lasted, and I was still on the crest of the wave as I turned up the street with the morning crowd, quite oblivious of everybody else, watching a white jet of steam against the blue at the end of the dark street-canyon, and whistling *La Paloma* out of one corner of my mouth. The Raphael-eyed, grimy newsboy, the iris-hued and petulant doves, the blue reflection of the sky in a strip of wet pavement, the rich, sweet odor of a bunch of Cape jasmine on the breast of a girl, all caught my fancy and chimed in with my mood. Among the intent, preoccupied crowd I was having a beautiful time with my dancing little Spanish tune, and paying no attention to my fellow-pedestrians, when suddenly behind me there sounded a light step, and a voice singing under cover of the roaring town. Instinctively, I turned to see who the singer might be, and looked square into the eyes of a tall, well-built young fellow, who smiled at me with frank camaradie.

"You feel that way, too?" he said, lightly. "This is a bully place, isn't it?" and with the word he passed, before I could do more than gesticulate a joyous assent.

It was the first time I had ever had a friendly word said to me by a stranger in a city street, and I watched the young fellow's broad back until he disappeared in the crowd.

I wish that I knew his name.



Theatrical Comment and Gossip by Robson Black

NAT GOODWIN GAZETTED "THE CAPTAIN"

"THE CAPTAIN" is a new play using Nat C. Goodwin for a more essential purpose than the exigency of the electric sign. In Mr. Goodwin we have a natural comedian made rich by Nevada speculations, several times married, once divorced from the handsome Maxine Elliott, happy-go-lucky as in the days of his poverty, and now bidding again for the calcium glare with the merry talents that won him his first recognition. It was exceedingly difficult to find him a play, until George Broadhurst and C. T. Dazey, experienced journeymen of the pen, brought forward "The Captain". It is palpably one of the hurry-up-we're-starving type of comedies, fitted together from old devices, yet having a certain cohesion that makes it convincing and amusing.

The Captain is a dual personality. He stands for two in one, Captain Everett and Captain Hastings. They meet by accident in a town in China from which the latter is forced to flee for his life as he bears upon his person a jewel which the natives consider sacred. To accommodate the fugitive officer, Everett (Mr. Goodwin) offers to assume the rôle of Hastings. Needless to say, the difficulty of keep-

ing up the deception grows with every hour. As Hastings has made his name famous in the port cities by his gallant conduct at the siege of Peking, it is easy to imagine many laughable predicaments for the bogus officer. Most distressing of all, he is singled out by a sort of Chinese camorra as the object of their vengeance, and hence lives in constant dread of poison or a knife thrust. The English society of the place lionizes him, and women who have fallen at his feet embarrass him sorely by asking inquisitive questions about the campaign and his personal opinion of military affairs. Then comes the climax. A local emergency arises in which a brave officer is instantly needed to crush a native revolt, and to his utter discomfiture and alarm, the "gallant Hastings" is elected as head of the expedition. But the mock officer is equal to the unexpected call. He dons his khaki, leads his men bravely forth, and to his own amazement, as well as the delight of the town, accomplishes the defeat of the enemy. The end as befits a farce is sudden as lightning.

Misunderstandings are righted, the Captain gains his lady love, and Mr. Goodwin, nodding his head, and taking two steps to the front, raises his eyes gratefully to the descending curtain.

**"THE CONCERT,"—WHERE NO TWO
SING ALIKE!**

IN New York at present, more tongues are wagging over "The Concert" than perhaps any other within hearing of the Broadway roar. Those of us familiar with that dear old daguerrotype, Herr Von Barwig, in "The Music Master," will not have far to go for our newer hero, Herr Gabor Arany. Both emigrated from Germany, but neither is as much concerned over Krupp guns as over the fortissimos of a long-haired orchestra. And in both plays, I may say, the actor who plays the musical genius knows about as much music as a leghorn rooster. "The Concert" never came to its extreme popularity by novelty, by new form, or new purpose, by any other fetish or desert whatever other than the genius of one David Belasco, a certain wonder-worker who takes dandelion wine, blesses it, and sells it at the price of Burgundy.

Supposing the reader to be, for the nonce, a woman, I ask this question: Were your husband to go wrong, would you or could you win him back by pretended complaisance in his error?

Would you, as Gabor Arany's wife did in "The Concert"—keep a tight rein on self-respect, on pride and vindictiveness and coddle the old rascal into shamefacedness and a renewal of his love? Helen Arany did that, and appeared to have immense fun in such a curious psychological gamble. Arany, you see, is a great genius—that is his license to be eccentric—a musical beacon to which a pretty little moth in her unknowing hero-worship fluttered and almost fell. Arany is like many another great man of the arts, a babe in his mental balance, a spoiled self-willed prodigy that breathes, thinks and feels by impulse, and accepts adulation as both palatable and deserved. Such a creature—likable even in his heresies—gives private recitals in his private bungalow to a particularly private pupil, Flora Dallas. One day the two disappear to the Catskills, and the wife, having prophesied in her heart just such a contingency, and being game to take up a challenge, forms a platonic partnership with Flora's broken-

hearted husband for the purpose of bringing home their runaway mates. With Dumas-esque daring they speed on the trail of the errants, taking good care to inform Gabor and Flora that they are truly enamoured of one another and only await the marriage of the former to clear the road for their own union. Here we find our playwright caught as he desired to be, at the end of a blind lane—but no. The incapacity of Gabor for sustained affection, which severed him from his wife, rises as a frowning ghost between him and Flora. Her mention of "marriage" rings the knell of his escapade, and with a deeper, truer resolve than he has before revealed, he chooses to return to his Helen and happiness.

And Flora—in one of those scenes which two clever women must keep buoyant to keep sane—learns from the wife of Gabor the disillusionment that must inevitably await her if her romance were continued to the end.

And *therefore* (with that austere emphasis of our old Euclid tutor), the episode unwinds each to each's own. Mrs. Gabor gets Mr. Gabor; Mr. Dallas gets Mrs. Dallas. Even the Hague Tribunal could have done no better than that.

**ONE SHOW THAT MONEY NEVER
WORRIES**

THE New Theatre Company of New York is just old enough and bulky enough to whet the curiosity of theatre-lovers in Canada and the United States. This gallant array made its first excursion into Canada a short while back, to "try out" two new productions, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and Pinero's "The Thunderbolt," and will very likely reveal its splendid work to the city of Winnipeg before another season has passed. So at least the management has informed CANADA MONTHLY. You must understand the treasure is so exceeding rare and so jealously guarded by the provincialism of New York that the insignificant balance of the continent may not expect more than an occasional flow of bounty.

One of the many interesting objects of The New Theatre, made possible by a huge endowment fund, is the produc-

tion of new and meritorious plays, which under the "star" system of the commercial managers would be an impossible or over-speculative undertaking. "The Nigger," "The Blue Bird" and "The Thunderbolt" are three rather striking testimonies to the value of this department of their work. Mr. Winthrop Ames, the captain of the enterprise, is a millionaire, with the training of a college professor and—perhaps—the destiny of a dramatic Moses. That makes a rather obtuse angled equipment, with which to carry on the hard-fisted business of modern amusements. Yet to a large degree such a brotherhood of big idealism with business sagacity and what the Englishman calls "drive" marks Winthrop Ames as one of the leaders of his profession. Do you wish to see a good picture of him? Then look up your old scrap book for a three-quarter view of John Drew. There you have Mr. Ames in a rough but suggestive outline—the long

nose, the Reno chin, close-set lips, reserved expression of well-defined eyes—a face denoting the intuitions of a fine gentleman and the sixth sense of a connoisseur.



MISS MAXINE, CRANE AND HIS UNRECONCILED MOTHER.

"BILLY" CRANE AND HIS UNRECONCILED MOTHER

WILLIAM H. CRANE, whom we have reason to cherish the more since his tour with "Father and the



MARGARET ANGLIN

A distinguished daughter of Canada, who opened her season at Toronto this month in *The Green Stocking*, a new play by A. E. W. Mason. Miss Anglin's recent illness after a long tour in *The Awakening of Helen Ritchie* has given place to perfect health.

Boys," let me into such a good story of his early life the other evening, that I must needs pass it on. During the first years of his struggle for recognition he played three seasons with a stock company in a large Canadian city, lending on Sunday his services as a baritone to the choir of a local Episcopal church. Evidently he made himself a favorite, for at the end of his engagement at the theatre, the rector and choir presented him with a beautiful cane, engraved with a hearty appreciation of his generous sacrifices.

"Billy" bore this home in great glee, and placing it in his mother's hands, exclaimed: "That's a little gift from me to you. I shan't need such a gorgeous walking stick until I find myself famous." Twenty-five years later, when reputation had distinguished the name of W. H. Crane throughout the continent, he sought out the gold cane given him by the church choir.

"I found it in the bottom of an old wooden trunk," he said, "where my mother, now many years dead, had placed it among her wedding-dresses, and hymn-books and bits of jewelry. Gently unreconciled as she always was to my choice of a stage career, she had wrapped the stick in bands of wool and linen and laid it very carefully in her little stock of treasures. The gift of a church to Billy Crane was to her the biggest feature of my whole career."



WILLIAM H. CRANE IN *Father and the Boys*

No other Canadian has so brilliantly adorned the profession of the theatre. Mr. Crane has attained much wealth, a continental reputation, and the satisfaction of unimpaired powers despite the age of sixty-seven years.

FASHIONS IN PLAYS LIKE FASHIONS IN BONNETS

THE twists in a woman's bonnet follow the dictates of Fashion no more obsequiously than the name-plates of plays. Long names three years ago—short names this year. Out from New York these wintry months troop such a list of abbreviated names that one would suspect some scheme to cheat advertising space or economize in electric signs. Thus: *The Concert*, *The Commuters*, *Seven Days*, *Mother*, *The Deserters*, *The Gamblers*, *The Penalty*, *The Scandal*, and so forth—two words or less. Possibly next year may bring one word play-names and then—may we conceive of a day when all titles have taken to their tomb, when plays shall creep into town unheralded, like meek submissive little ghosts, to run their time and steal away? Twenty years ago, when we asked our local keeper of the sacred opera house what was coming, he handed out such a list as this: "*The Fair One With The Golden Hair*," "*A Ghost In Spite of Himself*," "*It Takes Two to Quarrel*," "*The Strange Scandal of a New England Town*" and "*A New York Brewer and His Family*".

CAPTAIN KIDD AND THE PLAY-PIRATES

IT MAY offend the ashes of Captain Kidd to borrow his name for a rival in trade, but the "pirate" of other people's plays has of late so blighted the north and west of Canada, as well as the Maritime Provinces, that every reader of *CANADA MONTHLY* must feel some personal concern.

In the eyes of reputable New York and Chicago producers to-day, Canada stands as a harbinger of theatrical thieves, for the man who steals a play south of the boundary and makes money from it by virtue of a harmless Canadian law, is little better than a shoplifter. Calgary, Regina, Moose-jaw, Nelson, or on the other hand, Halifax, Fredericton and St. John are puzzled sometimes that such a large proportion of high-class United States attractions are passing by on the other side and visiting territory with really not half the advantages. Look, therefore, to the score of pirate companies, tripping through the country, using

cheap people, playing at cheap prices, and offering reputable plays in a more or less wretched manner, to audiences that cannot realize their participation in an open fraud. A dramatic work, as most must know, is private property under the United States copyright laws—as under any decent moral law—and thieves of dramas may be sent to prison just as thieves of chickens or clothes-lines are. Driven by fear of jail, they have found a ready haven in the Dominion. I personally know that "*Paid In Full*" and "*Seven Days*," both stolen, have been going from town to town over the prairies during the past three months, while another manager in the Maritime Provinces is travelling about with Denman Thompson's "*Old Homestead*" show, to which he has as much right as I have to King George's tie-pin. A new copyright law would put an immediate end to this foolish carnival. While it continues, Canada (outside of Ontario) is practically boycotted by United States producers.

OLD BELLS RUNG AGAIN

SOMETIMES people write plays because they have ideas. Instances of this are frequent enough to brace up our faith and antidote our pessimism. But in the hurry-scurry to serve an ever-widening and ever-famishing American and Canadian market, some recourse must be had to wider fields than the creative or the plausible. We know—all of us from Portland Canal to St. John's—the trusting husband, the woman with a past, the return of her betrayer, the dreadful exposé, the anticlimax and the reconciliation. There it was half a century ago; here it is to-day, or rather last month in "*When All Has Been Said*," a brand new comedy-drama written by Bayard Veiller, who, until this season, was known in most show towns as a capable advance agent. The play's title was the subject of a hundred-dollar prize, an unfortunate investment, for at this writing it is being altered to "*The Meaning of Marriage*," with which it must struggle along for what I am convinced will be a brief and unhappy career.

To tell you that William Gordon,

president of Gordon's Bank, is out as a mayor-alty candidate to fight the saloon interests and bring about prohibition, and that the leader of the whisky faction, Baron Kronstadt, is prepared to use his secret hold on Gordon's wife to assure a political victory, sounds like something you have heard before. So it is. But wait: Gordon wages his battle, ignorant that his domestic happiness trembles in the balance. The woman, knowing that a disclosure must come from her own lips or Kronstadt's, yet driven by her feminine timidity to temporize, lets three acts conveniently slip by ere she musters courage to disclose the truth.

Then she tells this splendid young enthusiast the crushing fact respecting his supposed son's birth. Abashed and broken in spirit, he still pursues the political fight, throwing overboard for a moment the settlement of

his domestic dilemma. Kronstadt, furious that such a lever as the exposure of Mrs. Gordon's early disgrace has failed to turn Gordon's will, maliciously engineers a run on the Gordon bank. This is adroitly switched by Gordon to his own advantage by obtaining a cartload of currency from a friendly institution. The run is met, the Baron discomfited, the saloon cause ruined and—the curtain falls down on act the third.



MISS FRANCES CAMERON IN *The Prince of Pilsen*

There remains, however, for digestion in the *entre-acte* this curious and unpalatable remnant of the drama, which is to be "solved" presumably by the final act. Gordon's love for his mate, checked almost to the point of revulsion by the gruesome disclosure of the lad's birth, remains by all the rules of Nature logically impossible of renovating or restoring. But the playwright has his little scheme. Trifles

like plausibility do not matter. He has little William carried into the house wounded by a motor car. In his half-conscious condition, the boy asks to be taken in "father's" arms while the twisted joint is jerked back into place. This unpicturesque affair takes place in full view of the house, the family doctor chattering incessantly while Gordon stares ceilingward, his features reflecting the intense emotions of one in such a position. Love for the lad triumphs; it suffuses resentment or disgust—and with this little pattern lesson on the sanctification of an unholy alliance, Mr. Veiller's effort officially ceases.

Emily Stevens, cousin to Mrs. Fiske, was cast as Mrs. Gordon, wife of the banker and mother of the unwelcome William. It is a gaunt and amateurish role which Miss Stevens did her best to force into prominence by imitating, perhaps unconsciously, her abler relative. Mr. Charles Balsar touched with some strength and pathos the part of Gordon. Eugene Ormonde, the wicked baron, is most villainous in his villainy and almost dishonestly honest when that policy enters into the composition of his character.

HOW EUGENE WALTERS PAID IN FULL

EUGENE WALTERS, the author of "Paid in Full," "The Easiest Way," and other dramas of less note, has forgotten and forgiven a hundred wrongs of his early fortunes, but I question if the New York manager who dismissed him at Toronto five or six years ago, will ever come within the playwright's amnesty. Until a few years ago Walters was forced to pick up a living by the uncertain chances of working "ahead of the show". For some days before reaching Toronto, his relations with Mr. Joseph Brooks, the man in control of the tour, had been none too friendly, so that a telegram of dismissal came only as a mild surprise. That night he registered a vow that, sooner or later, he would "get even" with Joseph Brooks. Within a very few years his chance came. His greatest effort, "Paid In Full," was accepted by a New York firm. In the play appears a despicable treacherous cad, who sells his wife to bring his own salvation. This character he audaciously labelled "Joe Brooks," as a tribute to his old manager—nor do I believe that from that day to this, the former advance agent has repented of his revenge.

RETROSPECTION

BY MARY GARVIN

WHEN in the middle of Life's path we stay
 A while; and backward cast a wistful eye—
 How rough the road; how stony is the way,
 Briars and thorns all tangled o'er it lie.

How smooth the path seemed to the youthful mind—
 No barriers but 'twere easy to remove;
 Heaven countless blessings showered on mankind,
 And the whole world was filled with joy and love.



CANADA MONTHLY



EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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This Boy Earned \$58.50

Read How He Did It



GEORGE HEWITT AND "TYKE"

HE hustled? Sure, he did! But he worked only out of school hours, and yet in five weeks this boy—and the dog—made in real money almost sixty dollars. That's enough to buy a pony, or fit up a gym in the barn or the garret, or buy a canoe and take a week's trip in the woods. Of course I don't know what you would like to do with sixty dollars—I'll leave that to your own notions—but I do know that if you are as good a hustler as this boy—and the dog—you can earn it right now.

How? Well, this boy did it by getting **CANADA MONTHLY** subscriptions: by selling the best magazine in Canada to people who wanted to buy it, and getting a commission on each subscription. In other words, every time he got anybody—his teacher, or his uncle, or the neighbors in the next block—to pay him \$1.50 for a year's subscription to **CANADA MONTHLY**, I paid him for his work in getting that subscription. And in this way he earned \$58.50 in five weeks. So can you. Let me tell you how.

I want boys—live, hustling, straightforward boys of good character—to sell **CANADA MONTHLY** to every man or woman in Canada who has a dollar and a half to spend on a magazine. I believe in the ability of boys to deliver the goods, to get results, to make good on a proposition like this. I believe in dealing directly with them, and paying them a good fair price for fair work.

ANONYMOUS

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

HUH! All the other fellers went
An' sent some girl a valumtine,
So I did, too. W'y, say, I spent
A nickel at th' store fer mine.
It had a lot o' printed stuff
About a narrow an' a heart;
Said it was broken—just a bluff!—
An' said th' narrow was a dart.

What? Naw! Aw, quit your jokin', now,
When all th' other fellers did,
W'y, 'course I had to, anyhow,
Or else they'd said I was a kid
An' couldn't give a valumtine.
Th' fellers wrote their names on theirs.
I didn't put my name on mine—
If she can't guess 'twas me, who cares?

Pshaw! Who'd I send it to? Aw, say!
You think I'd mail it? I don't guess!
Th' other fellers did that way—
She'd know who'd wrote that there address.
Huh-uh! If I'd 'a' wrote her name,
W'y she'd 'a' seen my writin' there,
An' knowed right off it must 'a' came
From me—o' course, not as I care.

O' course she don't know who 'twas from!
You think I'd put my name inside?
Well, you must think I'm mighty dumb!
You think that I want to be guyed!
W'y I just handed it to her,
Just as indif'runt as could be.
I didn't write her name, no, sir!
She couldn't know it come from me!



"I'M AFRAID YOU HAVEN'T HAD MUCH LOVE IN YOUR LIFE, OTTO!"

To accompany *The Firebrand*

The City That Plays With The Children

By Nan Moulton

Illustrated with Photographs

*Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.*
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

HE SAT on the kerbing at the corner of Notre Dame and Gertie, one stocking down, overalls hitched unevenly, hat pushed back from sullen brow, and, while one gloomy sandalled heel poked restlessly into the heat-softened asphalt, the beginning of a sob puckered the little freckled face as I waited for my downtown car. "How now, Thumbling?" I queried in concern. And he lifted ennuied blue eyes to my sympathetic ones. "I don' know what I want," he quavered, "I don' know what I want," he choked, his misery, grown articulate, increasing. Decidedly here was temperament, and knowing somewhat its depth of misery, as well as its heights of blessedness, and

remembering flashingly a sight I had just left behind over on William Avenue, I held out an understanding hand, "You come along o' me, Son," I said, or words to that effect, and plucked him off his kerbing, and dusted him a bit, and pulled up the depressed stocking, and wiped away the grimy tear, and haled him, unresisting, to a Place of Joy. "Shut your eyes and put your fingers in your ears," I bade him. And, scenting a game, he obeyed, with a little lightening of his frozen features. And thus he was led into the exuberant din of the Central Playgrounds. Having unsealed his senses, I watched the working of First Aid to the Bored.



CONTROLLER R. D. WAUGH.
The man who first said "Play-
grounds" to Winnipeg

Bewilderment at first at the so-many ways to play, a kindling to the shouts of the bigger boys at ball, a flicker of laughter at the babies in the sand, a responsive flash to the joyous-faced youngsters in the swings, and then, suddenly the shiny slide claimed him, and I saw him no more save as one of a

breathless, eager procession climbing an eternal ladder to be part of a dazzle of youngsters descending exultantly to earth with a thrilling thump.

Turning then, smiling away, I met a Controller. Controllers I had hitherto held in awe, as beings having an Olympic grasp of finance and an equally Olympic authority over pavements and waterworks and rates and power, necessary things, but productive of taxes, and quite beyond one's control, like thunder, and falling in love, and the fashion of a hat. But this Controller had a most human and warm interest marked in his look and bearing, a fatherly pride in the life around him. And well he might! For this was Controller Waugh, the Chairman of the Playgrounds Commission, the man who first said "Playgrounds" to Winnipeg, when, in 1906, he handed in to the City Council his report as Chairman of the Parks Board. And, laid within the years, that leaven, aided by constant further effort, the story of which will unfold in due course, has produced to-day in the City of Winnipeg eleven supervised Playgrounds, under a Playground Commission, appointed by the City Council, and a final Playfest that has no equal in Canada. "The City," spake Controller Waugh, a softened burr catching at the skirts of his words and holding them to deliberate periods, "*must* take care of three classes—the Sick, the Old and the Children". And finding me bristling with questions and rousing to enthusiasm, he, in his turn, said, "You come along o' me"—or words to that effect.

It was on an evening in early August that I "went along". The Playgrounds Commission and their friends went out to view their work and see if it was good. The Police auto, grey and speedy, led. Northward we swept to Aberdeen, Exhibition, Machray and Strathcona Playgrounds. For the playgrounds are very properly located in the school-grounds. The land is there and the schools are in the centres of population. The School Boards do not graciously see eye to eye with the Commission in this matter, one of those queer lacks of rapport hard to understand by the onlooker. But it has for

long been an old controversy in the history of the Playground Movement in the United States, the controversy of School Board versus Parks Board. But the school grounds *are* being used in Winnipeg for the City Playgrounds—which is nine points of the victory. And Strathcona Playgrounds, in a motley of color, a variousness of sound, a riot of activity, is at hand. One maiden was patting the sand adoringly in front of a magnificent arched structure, whose surrounding paths and walks and flower-beds and shrubbery we held up to the Parks Board member for emulation. "Sarah" was carved large on this fair edifice. The worshipping maid before the shrine disclaimed the honor. And several pointed with a digit of pride at the flushed-faced little architect digging one embarrassed toe into the remnant of her building material. A fair-lashed scrap of a German *mädchen* caught wonderingly at the fluttering ends of a rose motor-veil. A slow ecstasy spread over the smudged fairness of her wee wan face, and her eyes went ashine as she held taut the wide rose hem. "Vat iss?" she whispered, "vat iss?" Whether she understood the explanation does not matter, but an utterly satisfied, wholly feminine "Ach!" breathed on the rose veil with her final loving pat. Another foreign infant touched it later with a shriller delight. "Seelk!" she fluted. "Seelk!" staccato it mounted. "Always a seductive spiller of souls, couleur de rose," commented The Poet. But who had time for a mere Poet with that fascinating row of babies in those fascinating little swings beyond the sand-boxes? There were solemn babies and placid babies, shy babies and sweet babies, Pole babies and Swedish babies, smeared babies and tangled babies, swinging in chained security in an abandon of enjoyment, an odd effect of lotus-eating in motion. But the next row of older ones! They chewed gum with accelerated velocity as the swings went higher and wilder, flew into space with a strain of leg muscle and a paralyzing jaw-action that left a mere adult breathless with wonder. One gaunt gypsy of perhaps fourteen tied up a stocking with a rope, chewed gum

violently, pushed a baby rockily in a go-cart and scolded like Xantippe—yes, it *seemed* to me all at the same time—a regular out-pensioner of Bedlam. It was time to go, the men said, and we had only just glimpsed the strenuous small boys at the Giant's Stride, the vigorous game of basket-ball going on among the young men in their late

crowd was the unreasoning joy of them. Exile, poverty, labor, persecution had been their too-early portion. But they grasped their youth with clinging fingers, lifting faces of laughter to the sky. As we climbed back reluctantly to the shiny cars, a voice was uplifted in upbraiding, an irate father seeking an errant son who should have been



THE STRENUOUS SMALL BOYS WILDLY AFLOAT ON THE GIANT'S STRIDE

teens, and the pretty grouping of the older girls in the circle of Dodge-ball. It was later, I think, away from the clamant momentary human interests, that the deeper meaning of it partly came upon me. Strathcona grounds are in the middle of a medley of nations. Muscovites and Swedes, Lithuanians and Ruthenians, Polacks and Israelites swarm on its borders until twelve tribes or more. The irrepressible Celt and the dominant Saxon and sturdy John Canuck contribute of their qualities. And first there is a wonderful *fusion* taking place with the play-interest, the common denominator. The older brothers and sisters come in the evening from their factories or their early sharing of the endless woman's life, shoulders straighten, faces brighten, and team against team, school against school, esprit de corps is created, *team-work*, which is certain to have a great moral effect, not only upon the minds of the players, but, incidentally, upon the politics of the future. What caught most at the heart of me as I stood for the first time among that North End pentecostal

"by de house". This aspect of the Playgrounds story is further illustrated in the following note, received by the Supervisor:

DEAR SIR,—

I would like you to put out the swings of the Strathcona School-yard. Because on Saturday there was made a great danger. A child was pretty nearly killed, and if the two Doctors wouldn't been called, the child would been died.

There are some Ladies which are want to put the swings out too. (Here follow names and addresses of Doctors and Ladies.) And please be kind to put the swings out, *because no one can keep the children in the house locked up.*

As we whirled down Burrows Avenue, wide and smooth and straightly paved as a certain Scriptural highway, Mr. Hadcock expounded the ultimate aim of this movement. Mr. Hadcock is the Director of Physical Education and Welfare at the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Playgrounds Commission, casting about this year for a General Supervisor, fell upon him in his energy and cheerfulness, and bore him, with his youth and ideals and practical experience to a place on the Commission and gave into his hands the Play-

grounds Keys. And the length of Burrows Avenue we listened to a plan where everything was *constructive*—there is your *word* for it all, play and team-spirit and physical uplift and fun and development, all constructive. Pauperism is inactivity, disease is low vitality, tuberculosis lack of lung capacity, police force result of idle man, idle man result of boy not trained to

left. A mite of six in a blue pinafore wandered one afternoon around the grounds, a bundle in her careful arms. The director thought idly she had a bundle of rags for a doll, as wee girls do. But, as Blue Pinny joined in some of the games, she always held the bundle close. Finally she was noticed climbing with extreme difficulty up the ladder to the slide. The director, going



DAPPLED WITH SUN AND SHADE, THE SANDPILE SHELTERS DAUGHTER OF JACOB, SON OF SHEM AND COLD-NOSED TERRIER IMPARTIALLY

activity. And so he went on through insanity and vice and the life of the delinquent, negative instead of positive. We laughed a little at him with his Playgrounds so universal a remedy, but it was only a teasing, kindly laughter. He was too earnest over it all, and there was his "documentary evidence" at eleven points. And on the heels of our fleeing laughter came a story big with beautiful witness to his claim. There was a boy in the North End who had been at three different times in a Detention Home. His restlessness seeking a legitimate outlet, he went to the Director of one of the Playgrounds, and said in his own way, "Here, put me in something, give me lots to do," and the director, wise in his generation, made him head of his team, and through the summer evenings he fought for himself and was winning then. *Constructive*,—it is a good word, meaningful, prophetic.

Then there was the Youngest Member. This was told me at Strathcona by the amused girl director before we

then to see for herself, gasped to find within the swaddling tatters, the grave puckered face of a three-weeks' old infant, blinking at her and the light. So do babies fare in the Little Countries in our North End, and such is the coax of the playgrounds for Blue-Pinnies of six.

Because the prairie was wide, distances are very long in Winnipeg, and miles of streets fell behind between playgrounds, and, as the dusk deepened, Mr. Daniel McIntyre spoke as one having an added revelation. "Note, Madam," he said, with an academic courtesy, "note the streets near the play-grounds, how empty they are of children. And note again the more populated streets remote from the play-centres." It was so. It was eloquently so. All the child-life, all the big-boy-and-girl-life, all the play and activity had been simply scooped up from the possibly harmful streets of the city and poured into play-grounds with supervisors to direct and control it all to a final "constructive" good.

The paved streets having elicited

kind comment, the Controller was stirred to much statistics, from which brambly thicket he was diverted by a discussion of social service, to which the Street Commissioner contributed a tale of last winter, when a crowd of men from the coffee-house received a ration of civic shovels to enable them to earn a day's wage removing the civic snow, and one unhallowed mendicant

ences. Games all around were progressing feverishly till the daylight quite blurred into dark. Work and training were showing results, play was keen and eager for time was short. The big girls were at basket-ball and the big boys at playground ball, the whistles of the umpires shrilling across the dusk, the strenuousness of the approaching Playfest upon them all. As



THE FASCINATING ROW OF BABIES IN THEIR FASCINATING
LITTLE SWINGS

promptly sold his shovel and bought that productive of a quicker paradise. And thus we came back to the lights of Main Street and its jaggedy sky-line high against the amber afterglow.

It was towards the ripe end of August when the shortening evenings drop suddenly to dark that I belatedly reached Norquay Grounds at the end of Euclid Avenue. Mothers who had sat and sewed or watched, chins in the cup of tired hands, were gathering the smaller reluctant kiddies from their stories and their game of Sleeping Princess that they adored. They were Jews here mostly. And, at first, race antagonisms had been apparent. You know how it goes:

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japaneese,
O, don't you wish that you were me?

The class spirit soon developed and blotted out all that. And the rules of the game had also been learned after much travail with tongues and impati-

the last enthusiasts dropped away down the curve of streets, the janitor locked up the balls and bats, an unbelievably big pinky-gold moon climbed suddenly above the tree-tops along the quiet Red, and the all-at-once tired and wilted little director with the dust of that last ardent game of basket-ball on her blue cotton frock, went out beyond the shadows to a neglected supper. Next day the Playfest was on.

It lasted two weeks, that Playfest. There had been from the beginning a competitive plan of sport by which all matches were played on a weekly schedule, the daily bulletins recording the champions of each day. So that only those who had won the right took part in the inter-playground matches of the Playfest weeks. Over five hundred teams took part in the fourteen tournaments that narrowed down the events of the Final Day at the Horse Show Amphitheatre. There were A, B, C and D Classes, boys and girls, the placing being done according to weight. Every playground had a team in every

class and in every game. A's played in the afternoon, B, C and D at night. There were contests in Swimming, Basket-ball, Playground Ball, Volley Ball, Dodge Ball and Athletics. Each win scored so many points. Each member of the finally triumphant team got "a ribbon to wear in his coat," and the Playground scoring the highest

increased. There are sanitary and moral aspects to all this, but there is a splendid climax to the swimming side of the Playgrounds, too. It is not often that bread upon the waters comes back so quickly and convincingly. Little Freddy Fryer, a six-year-old, went to play with two chums in a boat on the Red River, the boat being tied



VOLLEY-BALL AT CENTRAL. THIS PLAYGROUND CARRIED OFF THE HIGHEST SCORE AT THE PLAYFEST

total in points carried off the coveted banner.

First came the swimming and diving competitions. It is only recently that Winnipeg boys have had much chance to learn swimming. Our rivers are unsafe and there are open sewers. If the small boy *does* bathe in any brown river within the City limits, the policeman is apt to appear and carry off his scrappy shirt and trousers while he runs naked and vocal along the slimy clay. But now there are three swimming tanks in the city, all of them small—the number utterly inadequate—but the beginning of better things, for great plans are being made for next year. One swimming tank is in the Young Men's Christian Association, and one in each of the Stella and Sutherland Avenue Missions. These tanks were secured by the Playgrounds Commission for the boys. I did not see the contests nor the preparatory practice, but I heard of layers of boys with towels ranged around the steps of the institutes and overflowing into the streets and of the clamor inside as the enjoyment of the boys in the basement

to the shore at the end of Gomez Street by a long rope. Suddenly one of the boys pushed the boat and Freddy Fryer went head over little heels into the turbid water. Jack Crawford, aged ten, eyes half shut against the sun's shining, saw Freddy in the water and shouted at two men lying on the bank. First man rushed in knee-deep, then realized he could not swim. Second man sullenly realized the same fact without rushing in. A month before, Jack Crawford could not swim either. But he was a playgrounds boy and he had been one of the towel brigade at The All People's Mission tank on Sutherland Avenue. So his Eton collar flew one way and his boots another and he dived and caught Freddy Fryer by his very wet and not very long hair and brought him ashore. The City will make him a suitable presentation and secure him a medal from the Royal Humane Society. And the Playgrounds Commission has a quick, courageous deed of one boy and a life saved to another boy to add to its tangible results.

That Playfest coaxed me, as well as

Blue Pinny, away from office and home while it lasted. It was on a very hot Saturday that I followed long straight streets westward past the cathedral of a foreign faith, through a region of odd little trades and crafts, with episodic blocks of houses, and once a smoochy baby curled asleep on a boulevard, among an unmistakable Little Israel.

small boy got hung up at the end of a teeter high in air. "Want t' git down?" barked a slightly bigger sister, as she held down the other end. "Well, git down." And he slid whimpering to safety with no womanly solace for his dark hour. He was a 'fraidy, though, for, later, I saw him descending the slide with two cautious hands holdin g



GET READY! ON YOUR MARK! GO!

where a Titian-haired Jewess pushed the cart of a paler-hued child, where hard-bit men talked on corners and hard-faced unbelted women sat on steps in a patch of shade, while Hebraic characters twisted above the shop-doors and over the dusty windows, spelling commerce of a sort, then a patch-work of signs of other nations, and more houses tailing off through strangely quiet and empty zones to the Exhibition Grounds.

The pulse of the big Fair stilled, the movement of crowds over,—one felt somehow that to step softly were an act of grace, until the Playgrounds reached, brought a relieving sense of life. It was not at first as vibrant a life as usual, for the day was hot and still and little, listless, detached groups sat on the edge of the walks under the trees. The slide was fairly well patronized, the impelling force there coming mostly from without and below, the tug of the earth's eternal gravity. A piquant little daughter of Jacob, all pink stockings and pink bows and all-day-sucker, frisked most persistently down the slide. A tow-headed

the sides. Now, what fun, I ask you, can you get from a thrilling slide *holding on?*

The Strathcona A girls were waiting for the Exhibition A's, who arrived slowly. But when Long Ball finally swung onto the stage, the listlessness of even a sultry day roused to amazing animation. A group of boys hovered on the edge of things, big, shambling boys who slipped among the buildings when approached, and lithe, impudent boys who swung on telephone wires exchanging persiflage, or sat on perilous cornices high against heaven shouting approval or derision at the contestants. "Go it, Cotton-Top," cheered on a Swedish A at the bat. "Come, baby, come to de Healt' Inspector," mockingly greeted a base runner hit by the big soft ball. "Is bad, that boy," pointed out a virtuous female of four to her neighbor of equal antiquity. "Is not," loyally defended said neighbor. "Is my brother. My mother lets him climb where he wants." "Will fall," insisted Virtue. "Will not," maintained Loyalty.

Now I want you to meet Bessie

Migicovsky, Russian Jewess, late from Odessa, in Grade Four already, but, to her chagrin, put into Class A, being only fifty-six pounds avoirdupois. Bessie had blue ribbons and a red plaid gown and white stockings, and a heated, eager, little face with brown-brushed dark hair astray over her temples. When I noticed her she was dancing on her toes with excitement, two pricking thumbs rubbing electrically at her waist-line, and catching her breath mostly by good luck. "Why don't you sit down in the shade, Child?" I admonished her. "It iss my shtrikes," she panted, "it vill now bee my shtrikes," and she danced back into the game. Her team grew jubilant as their score mounted, but Bessie Migicovsky propitiated her gods of chance. "Don' you care," she warned, "don' you shouts! Perhaps ve vin, yes. Ve may *not* vin." But they did. And Bessie's thumbs and toes and hair and breath and eloquence are for a pen more swift than the keys of my typewriter. Her team won and we will meet her again on her mounting way.

How shall I now take up my parable of that final week, make it brief, and yet get in all the keen endeavor of it, the mounting pulses, the unconscious revelations? One afternoon the B boys were playing at Argyle, away off in the centre of Point Douglas, an old part of the city, destined to be given over later to the manufacturer, but now a quiet back-water ringed on its outer edges with railways and lumber yards and elevators, but with unexpectedly mellow streets in the heart of it, streets of old trees and human-touched houses, and sunny flowers. Among the names on the bulletin board at Argyle were Muscivitz and Margullus, Rosenberg and Rooney, Herpolstein and Narvolansky, Lazier and Lazarus and Ripstein and Smith. Listen to the supporters on the steps as Playgrounds Ball, which is practically baseball, progresses. "Come on, now, youse bunch o' kids," "Corns on his toes," "I don' know what to do with my money," "Izzi, Izzi, hit de ball, hit it anywhere, sacrifice, let him *in*!" "Wot you doin', you Sammv?" They stood up and clawed

the air, their eloquence went into space. And Argyle lost. The young director came up the steps to prepare for Dodge Ball, and the girls crowded around him with little cooing sentences and comforting pats on his sweater shoulders. One girl, her English very prettily broken, eyes like a bee, and with a soft glory of hair, had been explaining things to me. Now she turned swiftly to the momentarily clouded face of the director. "Never mind, we win *to-night*," she assured him, swift with womanly sympathy for the man's hard-felt defeat. Having won the brown young face to a quick smile, she turned demurely to me. "He work so *harrd*," she pointed out, "he feel *so-ore* when he lose, we help heem."

That night I stopped at the swarming big Central grounds, with an ominous red sun setting in a misty autumny sky. The bigger play-folk were here, C's, B's and D's, tumultuous girls and adventurous youths, and there was much gum and ribbons and glad stockings and high-heeled shoes and jollying of stray boys at odd moments and animated sport of an eye-opening sort for that perverse generation who persist in the old fallacies that girls cannot throw straight and do not play the game—*just* the game for the game's sake. It was on this night that the following experience befell the Chairman of the Playgrounds Commission. He likes to tell the story on himself. He had looked in late at the players, tired after a busy day of opening flower-shows and locating the first engine that ever entered Winnipeg, and computing the works statistics of the last month, and the need of comfort was upon him. His favorite pipe came forth, his fragrant tobacco, and with the glow from the bowl warm in the misty night, his face settled into lines of content. A hand touched his shoulder. "Sorry, Sir, but *THE PLAYGROUNDS COMMISSION DO NOT ALLOW SMOKING ON THE GROUNDS*," and the hand waved towards the dimming placards on every post. And a vastly amused Chairman banished his pipe to the inner darkness of a pocket, commending the faithful-

ness of the director, likewise the wisdom of the rule, which he had either not known or had forgotten. But a man and his pipe are not easily parted. And Controller Waugh very shortly really *had* to see a man outside the playgrounds.

Next afternoon the prophecy of the ominous sun of the evening before was fulfilled in a day of mirk and wind, when the Aberdeens faced the Norquays across the Volley Ball net, facing also a half-solid curtain of flying sand. But sand and wind and mirk are negligible quantities when Playfest is nearing the final day. The Aberdeens won the banner last year and are trying to live up to the 1909 traditions. So the players go at it and at it go the rooters—C girls, if you please. When, at half-time sides changed, "Let's change sides, too, to yell," gasped a graceful young girl with a mop of old-gold hair afloat on the north wind. And they changed. And yelled. Let no one think they did *not* yell. As the game grew keener and the rooters more vehement, the outer circle of on-lookers swelled beyond comfort, until primitive passions, nearer the surface perhaps on this raw day of scrappy wind, were roused, and some small people near me fought momentarily tooth and nail and hair for position. "Have conduct!" remonstrated a soft Cork accent, and an older lad sorted out the constituent parts of the tangle as one having authority.

On this day I met the Lady who teaches the youth of Winnipeg the dance and its consequent graces of life. "The Sleeping Princess," a German folk-song and dance, was being practised in a sheltered corner where I had fled to reassemble myself. "Now, *you* may be the Prince," "And *you*, the Princess," "And *you*, the Wicked Fairy," "But the Wicked Fairy must have her head covered." In a trice an infant in a push-cart is separated from her warm shawl to make a Wicked Fairy. The infant howls, but the preparation goes on. "Oh, I like this," gurgles a singing and tripping damsel. Only one maiden is sorrowful. She is just one of the many in the circle. "And I wanted to *be* something," she

grieves. In a pause for breath, Miss Logan tells me of a little German girl, listless among her fellows, who one day brightened into animation at the singing of "The Sleeping Princess". She knew it, she said, she had played it in Germany, but she could not sing it in English. "Sing it in German," said Miss Logan. And she danced happily through the game, joined to her kind again. There is another *connecting link*, you see, the folk songs and dances. The little foreign children do the folk-dances best, they being part of their old life in the old land. Then Miss Logan turned to assemble her crowd again for the Town-Teller, while Bessie Migicovsky, still winning, danced up on her toes, thumbs pricking at her waist-line, all in blue this time, all in blue and wind-blown, danced up and hailed me. "I can do it," she stated breathlessly, "I can do that Tattle-Teller lovilee." It is Italian, I think, that Town-Teller, so pretty and quaint in its figures, its bent bodies and snapping fingers. "See that!" and Miss Logan pointed to the ladders pivoted at arm's length above the ground, from which dangled variously-clad legs teetering in the newer fashion, "that is the greatest straightener of backs since physical exercise came into its own. And just see what that Giant's Stride is doing to those little Galicians!" I looked and there they were, soggy little faces and wincey-hidden bodies and heavy wadded feet, but learning activity and a sober sort of joy. "That is what they need," and Miss Logan again took up her tale, "to be roused and quickened to the life of our own, vivid children." And then she was lost again in a mob of clamoring children, and I got mixed into the shrill excitement of A boys at Dodge Ball, wherein an Israelite in whom abode much guile, did queer things to his body that even a devious Dodge Ball could not follow, and so snatched triumph from the flying dust for his adoring team.

Before that final Saturday, hear the brief history of this movement, for I am afraid I have told it all tumbleways as it came to me. Somewhere here I buttonholed a man who assumed the comfortable attitude. "Sit down and

I'll tell ye the whole story." Following that first suggestion of Mr. Waugh's in the Parks Board report, were Dr. Fisher's addresses under Y. M. C. A. auspices, the formation of the Mothers' Association with the object of solving the problems of the boy, and the inauguration by this Association of one trial playground at the Central School in 1907. After Mr. Leo Hanmer, Secretary of the American Playgrounds Association, spoke to different Winnipeg audiences, a Winnipeg Playgrounds Association was formed. In 1909, the charter of the City of Winnipeg was amended by a section authorizing the purchase of land for public playgrounds, and by a second section giving the Council power to pass a by-law appointing a commission to administer the public playgrounds of the city. As Controller Waugh was the member of the Council who had pushed along this legislation, he was appointed Chairman of the Commission. That year \$4,000.00 was spent in equipment for six grounds. This year, the appropriation was increased to \$8,000.00, and five more grounds equipped. Besides the Chairman, the Commission is composed of another member from the Council, two members from the Parks Board, two from the School Board, two from the Playgrounds Association, and other members representing general educational interests, the Supervisor and the Secretary. Mrs. Dick is the only lady on the Commission, and represents the Playgrounds Association. There are eleven directors and an equal number of lady directors.

And here is Saturday at the Amphithe-à-tre, as they mostly called it. From an infinitude of details had been evolved an apparently perfect plan of attack on a big day's sport. All afternoon and evening, in the big, gaily-draped Horse Show Building, its enclosure all white geometrical figures like a succession of propositions from Euclid, its sides lined with palpitating and sympathizing maturity, all afternoon and evening, several events transpired at the same time without confusion, and followed each the other in due order at schedule time, until ribbons of every known color—and

several unknown—were spangled over heaving chests, and the last reluctant groups cheered for everybody and then cheered for everybody else until the band played them finally out into the night.

The voices of the directors had grown hoarse now, and their nerves were like teachers' nerves on examination day. Mr. Hadcock armed himself with a megaphone of Homeric proportions to match the dimensions of the Forum, and if you kept your ear to that megaphone up on a sort of hurricane deck all went well. Heralds affected lesser megaphones which they used indiscriminately to announce results, to direct a game, or to shoo zealous children back to their lawful seats.

For production of varied noises to the cubic inch of lung, Mulvey girls and Machray boys had the rest beaten to a frazzle. It was at night that things grew epic. Out on the ground every sort of game in keen contest, above the band playing something that went "*yip!*" every few bars, while Mulvey and Machray and all the lesser voices swung for a moment together on that inspiring "*yip!*" in one wild note of ecstasy, all around team-cries, groans of despair, blades of sarcasm or shouts of approval. Yet, through the high hysterical temper of the hour everything marched in perfect order. Bessie Migicovsky was there—finer almost than ever, more breathless almost than ever, thumbs electric at her waist-line, spinning on her toes, and her team won at Long Ball, and I pinned a glorious purple ribbon on a panting little Jewess from Odessa, for once silent from sheer rapture and no more gods to propitiate. And Temperament was there with his family satellites, every freckle beamy with a separate brown joy. "Well, Badling," I asked him, "do you know what you want?" "I want Central to win," he answered, quickly and staunchly, his eyes on the Central basket-ball boys. And, do you know, they *did* win. Central won the banner for the most points in the whole Playfest. And Controller Waugh was there, his Scotch granite just polished with shining satisfaction. And the supporters were there. For the last time,

hear them! "Bully fer youse!" "Is she 'sleep?" "Take him off, he can't play marbles," "Tha-a-t's ketchin', tha-a-t's a-playin' 'em!" cut across by the chant, "Up the river, down the river, swim, swim, swim, The Mulveys, the Mulveys always sure to win!" and then renewed, "Looka the face o' *that* kid!" "This is the way he runs,"—a bow-legged illustration. And the Lady of the Dance was there. That was when everything else waited and the cries were all stilled, while the band played in patriotically and softly, that great building full of girls of all kindreds and nations and tribes and tongues, in one hand the Union Jack, in the other the Canadian Ensign, and for a moment, something stung at the back of my eyes, something stung at the back of many more eyes than mine at the meaning of those flags in those foreign hands,—and the music swelled and the small boys hummed, and the flag drill wove its colors across the big lit spaces and its lesson into hearts, and then the quaint Town-Teller passed along and the Sleeping Princess ringed and carolled to the usual happy finale. Then the lively fanfare was on again. Backward and forward the winged words. Sharp on the air the shrill cries. Hot on the game new relays of strong and graceful bodies. Among the older, tired folk, a measure of magic malt had raised the spirits and quickened the pulses and filled the eyes with light. The whole brimming Amphitheatre swayed susceptible to the vibrations of the Playfest nerves, to the chase of Victory. It was much of a Frisk, but it was more than a Frisk. Hear the boys cheering! Cheering for

their team, for their opposing team's good play, for their directors again and again, for their supervisors as they carry them on their shoulders. That was good for them, good for the boys themselves. So, cheering and laughing and beribboned they begin to go out under the shine of the stars, then go slowly and more quietly, some warm close joy slipping until another year from more or less meagre lives—it was not articulate in their speech nor definite in their thoughts, only stirring vaguely within their consciousness—but the feet linger and the eyes look back, tumultuous girls and adventurous youths and shrill youngsters and freckled Temperaments, the feet go slowly and the eyes look back. Then the lights go out and the cars come up and small heads droop and the last seeking hand clutches the glowing ribbon of victory and the big doors shut.

One moment, Mr. and Lady Reader, if you have not all slipped away and left me, like the long-sermoned parson, to lock the door and put the key under the mat myself. Just glance back a moment and see the Sign-Posts pointing to definite results and values of the Winnipeg Playgrounds. The physical uplift, the quickened spirits, the roused minds, the saner attitude, the fusion of race and class, the splendid esprit de corps, the Detention Home boy helped to find himself, the life saved, the busyness that eliminates harmful influences, the links between nations, the whole constructive value in life and character, the lonely young folk helped to gladness. It is well, you say. That is enough, then. *It is well.*





The Abducted Bride

By Emerson Hough

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble" "The Sowing," etc.

Illustrated by Edward Everett

I.
NOTHING happens," said Runt Ware, discontentedly. "Absolutely nothing happens but tourists. Look at 'em! And me that was an American once."

He sat in front of the King Edward livery barns at Barth, not far from the Royal Edward Hotel of Barth, which, as all men know, is situated near Edward's Peak, deep in the Canadian Rockies. His moody eye turned from the disembarking multitude of the multi-clad and fell upon a stable boy engaged in combing out the tails of four cream-colored horses whose like did not exist in all Canada in respect of stateliness, fatness and fitness to officiate upon important public occasions. Mr. Ware's remarks, however, were not addressed to the stable boy, but to his associate, partner and friend, Billy Hardy—who, with him, owned a large portion of the circumjacent landscape, and the appurtenances, easements, etc.

"I dunno," said Billy, slipping his bulldog pipe to the other corner of his mouth, "tourists ain't bad. They all eat, and they all hire horses; and we adjust the penalties for such loose habits. The boys sold two tons of grub to that Bavarian prince yesterday, and he'll have to hire forty horses of us to get the grub out into the mountains—maybe forty more to get back to town again."

"Oh, *that's* all right," said Runt Ware, vaguely.

They smoked on for a time and watched the boy curry the cream-colored horses, but after a time Billy resumed: "Now, look here, Runt, the way you talk doesn't make any sort of hit with me. Unless you want King George's job, I don't know how you can expect to do any better than we have here. You're captain of the baseball nine, and I run the polo team. We've bought the town a new red fire-engine. We've got stock in the King



Edward hotel, and the Queen Victoria water-works, and the Queen Anne rum-works, and about everything else.

We two fellows come pretty near being the entire resident population here, besides all the leading citizens.

"Who hands out the address of welcome when the prime minister comes? Us. Who receives the princes and potentates and crowned heads? Why, us! And yet you sit there studying up for Hamlet!"

"Bar Harbor!" said Runt, his chin in his hand and his eyes far away. "Rye Beach! All those places back home! They're just moving in there now."

"Yes, and Cissie Ann Taylor ——"

His partner turned upon him a cold blue eye. "You may cut all that out, Billy," said he. "I don't propose to stand any talk about it."

They sat moodily staring out at the mountains until finally Mr. Ware arose and stretched his shoulders. "At least," said he, "a fellow can maybe get busy down at the Manœuvres."

By this he meant the annual encampment of the Royal Light Horse, in which body he held the dignified position of first lieutenant.

"I think I'll start on over to the camp to-night," he went on. "The new station agent down here is Scotch, fresh over, and I can't talk to him without a dictionary, so I'll go down now and see about my luggitch. Of course you remember that in a couple of weeks the Governor of Alberta, Sir Alfred, is coming to Barth on a visit. You'll find the address of welcome all written out, and under the seltzer bottle on the table down at the bungalow. If anything happens to me so that I don't get back on time, why, you

see that the big barouche and the cream colored four-horse team are down at the station. Send the new English coachman. Tell that Irish clerk at the hotel that Sir Alfred's to have the bridal chamber and the run of the house, with twenty off on all the billiards he plays."

"Yes," said Billy, "I stay at home and do the work, while you go out and drown your sorrows!"

"An officer's duty to his command," replied Runt, drawing himself up, stiffly, "is something which a gentleman cannot forget! It's true our old Major may get to stepping high and infrequent. He usually does; but it's my duty to the British Empire, in my capacity as Adjutant, to see that the camp is run with due decorum and full reference to our glorious regimental traditions."

II.

CISSIE ANN TAYLOR ought not to have been at Barth alone. Especially ought not she to have been alone at the Royal Edward Hotel. There should be a law against all appearances of Cissie Anns alone and unattended at popular resorts. They should be debarred from transcontinental railway trips in the summer time, even with Auntie Marys. Because, they constitute a menace to public safety.

Cissie Ann, plus Auntie Mary, would have been different. None knew this better than Cissie Ann herself. But Auntie Mary, busy photographing Indians at the junction point, east of Barth, had lost her train! What was worse, in her fright and flurry at seeing her own train roll out she had, with great presence of mind, taken a flying leap on board the next train to roll in. This happened to be going down over the Crow's Nest Railroad. If Auntie Mary and Cissie Ann had great good fortune, they might possibly get in telegraphic communication within the next week. If their good fortune continued, Auntie Mary might get around to Barth by way of Hawaii and the Aleutian Islands some time next year. For once in her self-reliant life, Cissie Ann was troubled.

It was not so much the necessity of registering alone and unchaperoned at

the Royal Edward, nor even the difficulty of facing many eyes in the highly gilded dining-room and the highly polished corridors. The trouble in her soul existed over the fact that this town was the dwelling place of one Frederick William Ware.

Oh, it had all happened long ago, four years ago. They had parted forever. Cissie Ann almost wished that she had not bought with her own personal pin money that section of farming lands in the far Northwest which she and Auntie Mary had come out to investigate. In one corner of her soul she admitted that when she found her investment, and did not find Frederick William Ware standing at the edge of it to welcome her, she had experienced a distinct sense of disappointment. Neither did Frederick William Ware render himself visible now. Not that she would look at him if he were visible.

Cissie Ann sat down alone on the edge of the bed in her room, surrounded by highly respectable travelling bags. Her hat was tied under her chin with a wide gray veil. Her gray travelling gown was a miracle of unwrinkledness. Her small foot, tapping impatiently on the floor, was likewise a miracle of neatness in its patent leather boot. She raised her eyes and gazed at an exceedingly fetching figure in the glass opposite. She adjusted the bow of her veil, smoothed down her frock. Then, all at once, as she did these things, she observed with surprise that the young lady in the glass had two large tears on her cheek; then two more.

Cissie Ann, alone, in an embarrassing situation, sat down and wept. It was not for the loss of Auntie Mary; it was not for this embarrassment to herself. It was for the sake of the world, this great, desolate, cold-hearted, busy world, into which men sometimes disappear.

Time passed, and Frederick William Ware, being three times called in the open court of Cissie Ann's heart, came not. She wondered whether or not he lived in a single room, all by himself. She wished that she might gaze therein, undetected, hoping to find him living in Spartan simplicity, with no adornments upon the wall save one picture



"NOTHING EVER HAPPENS HERE
BUT TOURISTS!" SAID WARE
DISCONTENTEDLY.

of herself, and that surrounded with mournful black. (Perhaps, on the whole, it was just as well that Cissie Ann had no such private glimpse of Mr. Ware's bachelor abode.)

But, after all, a girl must live. In due time Cissie Ann appeared upon the veranda of the Royal Edward. In less than a half hour there were gathered about her in one corner some seventeen distinct nationalities of the male sex, all staring, all turning, twirling or pulling, seventeen assorted mustaches, displaying some seventeen varying costumes, each selected according to the notion of its wearer as to fitness in the "colonies".

And then and there arose a vast wave of feminine hatred and bitterness against Cissie Ann. The entire feminine bosom at the Royal Edward demanded, "Where is that girl's chaperon?"

It was a perfectly legitimate and proper question. But how could Cissie Ann have answered it? By this time Auntie Mary was somewhere towards Crow's Nest—far, far away. In truth, not even the next morning's train brought Auntie Mary nor any word of her. What is a girl to do who finds herself thus situated? Obviously, she should send out a tracer for Auntie Mary; and then order a saddle-horse for herself.

Now, if in her evening garb, Cissie Ann had been bewildering, in her cross-saddle riding turnout she was maddening. As she passed up the mountain trail she was followed by a long train of maudlin, gibbering imbeciles; all hating each other, all moody, and all with eyes firmly fixed ahead. In the soul of each of these, from Lord Ellmore Wiltonhaye to Count Adolph, the Bavarian prince, there was implanted a resolution to save this helpless girl's life in case any emergency should arise.

Sometimes mounted tourists riding up or down the trail forgot to call out advance warning before they reached a certain narrow impasse where a high wall arises upon one hand, and a sheer drop-off lies upon the other.

It happened that at the very time Cissie Ann approached this portion of the trail, going up, there also approached it, coming down, a florid ex-major of the English Army, who rode as though he had belonged to the Navy. Cissie Ann called out, but her voice was not heeded. The Major, transfixed by the sudden sight of her exceeding loveliness, continued to ride on, down to the narrowest portion of the trail, gazing at her with a stony stare. All at once Cissie Ann found herself in a situation where she could go neither backward nor forward. Neither could the Major go backward or forward. Finding this to be the case, he very sensibly remarked, "God bless my soul!" All the assorted men lower down the trail also remarked, "God bless my soul!" None did anything further.

"Get down, sir!" commanded Cissie Ann to the Major of the Navy. The latter dismounted, gasping. "Come on down, now! Get inside. Let your horse take the edge."

The Major obeyed. His horse crowded him against the rock wall, both grunting exceedingly. "God bless my soul!" said the Major again. "God bl—— ouch!" The horse had stepped on his foot. Wild by reason

of the heavy hand on its bit, it began to plunge, began to crowd down upon Cissie Ann. She, red in both her cheeks, reined her own mount in close against the rock wall.

"Let go of him!" she commanded, her voice high. The Major obeyed. Then Cissie Ann, gathering her mount in with the controlling power of a concentrated body which riders know and horses know, waited until the frightened cayuse came directly between her and the hand-rail. This rustic contrivance creaked and cracked and broke. The mad cayuse lost his forefeet over the edge, his hind-quarters still crushing back. It was then that Cissie Ann put out a little patent leather foot and shoved at his projecting hips with all her strength. Suddenly the horse went over and down with a great smashing of jack pine far below.

Everybody now remarked, with different intonations, "God bless my soul!" Only the Major of the Navy had presence of mind enough to ask if Cissie Ann was hurt.

"No," she answered, coolly. "You'd better ask that plug down there if *he's* hurt."

"You don't mean to tell me he wouldn't be quite dead?" asked the Major.

Cissie Ann raised her level brows. "Do you think a little roll like that would hurt a mountain horse?" she asked with contempt. This view of the matter had not presented itself to any of the others, yet, as they peered over, they discovered at a distance of something like half a mile straight below, the missing cayuse, now eating grass contentedly, enjoying more leisure than he had experienced for the last two months. The cavalcade now returned down the hill. It was thus that Cissie Ann's life was saved—seventeen times.

After this, all the ladies at the Royal Edward Inn called the young American girl a Forward Thing.

On the day following, Cissie Ann did not present a figure of actual aggressiveness, but none the less she finally resolved upon doing something concrete and practical in the way of help-

ing herself to forget. A boat ride on the lake known as the Royal Louise, a few miles distant in the biographical topography which surrounds this colonial resort, seemed to her to offer pastime. Since she pulled a very decent oar herself, and since her chaperon was at Crow's Nest, far away, and there was no one else she knew, she went out alone.

It need hardly be added that, mysteriously conjured from the vasty deep, there soon appeared about her solitary craft at varying distances, some seventeen other boats, each holding a man person bent upon saving the life of Cissie Ann should any emergency arise. Perhaps Lord Wiltonhay and Adolph, the Bavarian prince, were closer than any of the others. Cissie Ann endured this as long as she could, then folded her sunshade in a roll of fluff and took up her oars to pull back again. She was tired of men.

Perhaps some time you may have seen some gentle, tender, silvery being of the deep surrounded by a school of devouring greater fishes. When this smaller creature is motionless, the others are motionless as well. When it moves, they also move; watching, drawing near. Thus, as Cissie Ann started to pull ashore, all those other boats, variously propelled with clawing, splashing, crabbing oars, also massed and followed after. And then and there it was that Adolph, the Bavarian cavalry prince, rammed amidships the British Navy, as represented by Lord Wiltonhay.

Cissie Ann thought that everybody could swim, even in ice water, and had no great mental perturbation over the vision of Adolph's disappearing face, upturned mustaches and all. Neither did the smothered "God bl—blub—blub—" of Lord Wiltonhay as he sank give her any real regrets. She did, however, cease rowing for the time. At last, after a very decent interval, two heads, one on each side of her boat, arose from the icy depths—Count Adolph, bald, hatless and goggle-eyed; Lord Wiltonhay, still monocled, and with pale and plastered hair.

"Ach-ha-roo-o-o-oosh!" remarked Adolph. Lord Wiltonhay, far more



"THIS IS LADY ALFRED. I BEG PARDON, MADAM, BUT WILL YOU PERMIT ME TO SHAKE HANDS WITH MY OWN WIFE?"

formal and polite, casually began "God bless," etc., etc. It was at that time that a small yet nervous hand, sun-burned and unhesitating, caught the owner of each of these expletives firmly by the collar.

"Here, you!" remarked Cissie Ann, sternly, over her shoulder to the most intelligent looking of the nearby oarsmen, "get into the bow of my boat and row us in. Keep still, both of you! Don't try to get in the boat. No, you don't"—and she shook Lord Wilton-haye by the collar.

Finally someone climbed upon the front seat of Cissie Ann's boat; and the marine procession slowly, but with satisfactory safeness, progressed to shore. Thus it was that Cissie Ann's

life was saved—another seventeen times.

After this, instead of being a Forward Thing, Cissie Ann was merely a Thing, *tout court*.

III.

It was entirely natural that after the breaking up of the annual encampment of the Royal Edward Light Horse, Lieutenant F. William Ware should take the train for home. It was within the bounds of reason also that he could recognize his own town when the train reached it; and quite supposable, as well, that he would recognize his own carriage at the railway station—even the vice-regal barouche with the four cream-colored horses of state used upon

occasions of importance in his community. It may be said, further, that it was quite natural that Lieutenant F. William Ware should know that the governor of the Province, Sir Alfred, was not on that particular railway train where he belonged, but sidetracked at the junction point far to the east, where at this current hour he was no doubt addressing four trainloads of Americans just coming in, and explaining to them what a beautiful thing it was to have a king and a royal family to furnish names for so much high-class mountain scenery. No one at the junction, however, appeared to bethink himself to advise the reception committee at Barth of this delay on the part of Sir Alfred.

The new Scotch station agent at Barth, in a blue funk at meeting what he supposed to be the Prime Minister of the Dominion, was in no condition to recognize even his own father, let alone Lieutenant F. William Ware dressed up in the full splendence of his Royal Light Horse uniform. Hence there was a little misunderstanding when Lieutenant F. William Ware descended at Barth station and without hesitation started over toward the vice-regal barouche and the cream-colored team of state; it being really only his intention to have the state equipage taken to the barns, since there was to be no use for it this evening.

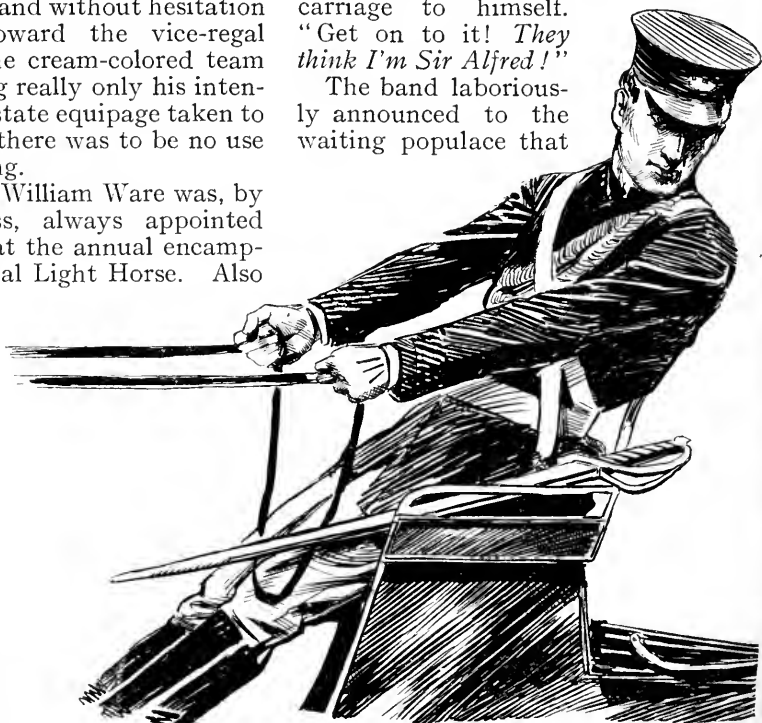
Lieutenant F. William Ware was, by virtue of fitness, always appointed Quarter Master at the annual encampment of the Royal Light Horse. Also he was by general acclamation chosen inspector of rifle practice, perpetual officer of the day, master of hounds, arch bishop of tennis, and lord high governor of the golf. Everybody at the Manœuvres expected to have a good time, and Lieut. F. William Ware,

Q. M., saw to it that he did. None the less, the Quarter Master himself now was not gay. His heart was bowed down with weight of woe as he pondered certain things. Preoccupied, absorbed, gazing straight ahead, he walked across the station platform without noticing the new Scotch agent, and, clad in full panoply as he was, with sword in hand—a very fitting figure of a Prime Minister, as the new Scotch agent thought—flung himself discontentedly upon the soft cushions of the vice-regal barouche.

The new English coachman, who did not know a prime minister by sight any better than the Scotch station agent, took this as a signal to drive up to the Royal Edward Hotel; there being no other place to which a Prime Minister, or anybody else, could by any possibility go. Whereupon he gathered up the reins over the broad backs of the cream-colored team. The band methodically struck up; the escort followed, horse and foot; many unattached carriages as well.

"By Jove!" suddenly whispered the moody occupant of the vice-regal carriage to himself. "Get on to it! *They think I'm Sir Alfred!*"

The band laboriously announced to the waiting populace that



the chief was now in triumph advancing. Runt Ware sat in thought for one brief moment. Then he smiled sweetly to himself. He adjusted his cap, pulled down the tunic under his belt, arranged his sash, draped the long cords of his belt support across his chest, and resting one hand upon his sword hilt, the other in the bosom of his tunic, gazed sternly ahead.

Thus did this image of *lese majeste* progress along the street from the station house, over the bridge across the river, and up the incline to the front of the Royal Edward Inn, where waited a vast, expectant crowd, mostly made of tourists. The band blew valorously. Many 'kerchiefs waved. A venturous voice called for three cheers for Sir Alfred. They were given with a will. Whereupon, rising in the barouche, Sir Alfred, carrying his head high, and wearing a stern, official expression, made a formal and dignified acknowledgment.

It was in this somewhat extraordinary fashion that Runt Ware, or F. W. Ware, or Frederick William Ware, or Lieutenant F. William Ware, alias Sir Alfred, now approached a certain person whom he had not seen for four years. And they did not know—ye gods of woe and luck, neither one of them *knew*!

None the less, the Prime Minister's face was full of repose as the crowd surged upon the steps of the Royal Edward to greet him. Dowagers, spinsters, tourists, blocked the way. A Babel of tongues arose. Pushing through the crowd came a body of men whom he saw to be the reception committee. "My God!" he muttered to himself, "What if they should

read me my own address of welcome!"

To escape this contingency, the Prime Minister pushed his way up the steps and through the wide corridor. Halted here midway by the crush, he essayed yet other heights of audacity.

"My dear Lady M-m-m-m—" grasping the first hand he could find—"I was so charmed to meet your husband." The Ontario school teacher in question had, as it chanced, never had a husband, and drew back confused. The Prime Minister did not notice it, as he was at that time addressing another dear Lady Something-or-other, telling her how much she was improved.

Naturally, there ensued a great crush with the affable dignitary. A certain small and terrified person about this time was caught in the crowd and swept on in spite of her will toward the place where stood a figure and arose a voice exceedingly familiar to herself.

Poor Cissie Ann! She was sadly elbowed and jostled that night. Which way she turned, she found not one friendly face. Full of fright, now quite out of hand, almost lost as to her self-respect, her eyes piteous, her hair tumbled, her gown crumpled, her face full of the first fear she had ever known, she was slowly pushed toward the space where stood the owner of the voice she

knew; and thus it was that Runt Ware, Prime Minister, now to her excited vision indeed the prime minister of her salvation, caught a glimpse of her.

Their eyes met. Neither understood, nor could either find



a chance to ask. Cissie Ann turned her face toward the fat grocer's wife who was elbowing her.

In a flash the Prime Minister saw and understood; or at least if he did not fully understand, he took his chance, and that is all any man may do.

"I beg pardon, my good Lady M-m-m-m," he said to the grocer's wife, who overshadowed the shrinking figure at her side, "but do you *know* this lady?"

The grocer's wife bridled and sniffed.

"Indeed, Sir Alfred!" she said scornfully. "No one knows her. She's alone here altogether, you know."

The Prime Minister edged through the crowd. "Alone? What do you mean?" he asked.

"Quite unattended! These Americans——"

The Irish clerk from the desk, flushed and anxious, broke through the surrounding line. "I beg pardon, Sir Alfred," he asked, "but what is your pleasure as to going up? I beg pardon, but is Lady Alfred with you, as was planned?"

Then it was that Runt Ware showed himself a great man. "Certainly," he answered. "*This is Lady Alfred, there. I beg pardon, madam, but will you permit me to shake hands with my wife?*"

Cissie Ann saw and heard! She saw him turn to her now, color in his sun-burned cheek, his head uncovered. He pushed through and took her hand.

The crowd fell back, troubled astonished. To their extremest astonishment they saw Sir Alfred and his lady proceed, not forward but down the steps, into the vice-regal barouche!

Sudden fright arose. Consternation was expressed by many who guessed that perhaps Sir Alfred resented some indignity to Lady Alfred, who, for some unknown reason, had travelled on ahead incognito. The reception committee fought wildly to get through the crowd, the Chairman with an address of welcome in his hand.

Sir Alfred, with Lady Alfred upon the seat behind him, waved the driver from the box, took up the reins himself, and rapidly toolled the cream-colored team out into the open air, into the high

white hills, up the winding mountain trail. None dared follow.

"Oh, by the way, Cissie Ann," he asked, turning about after what seemed to her an age of silence, "what *are* you doing *here*, anyway?"

No answer from scared Cissie Ann, weeping and unstrung.

"What *were* you doing *here*?" he repeated. "Oh, hang it! I know well enough what you were doing. You were at your old tricks. You couldn't help flirting, even with a cigar sign. Those two fellows I saw standing by you in the corridor—but I suppose you couldn't help it?"

No answer for some moments. Then, "I *didn't*."

"Woman, I repeat, what do you *here*?" asked Runt, sternly. "How came you alone and unattended into this dash blamed joint that I happen to own, by the way? Tell me, quick!"

No answer. Then "I *won't*."

Runt Ware chuckled. "You haven't changed much in four years, Cissie Ann," he said blithely.

"You'd be better if you *had* changed," said Cissie Ann, tartly.

"Woman, cease!" rebuked the Prime Minister, sternly. "I shall entertain no idle talk from my own wife!"

Silence. Then, "I'm *not* your own wife."

"No? Then a lot of folks down there are mighty well fooled about it, including myself. If you aren't, you're *going* to be, and mighty quick—I mean jolly well quick. Didn't you hear me—er—call you by—er—that name down there in the hotel?"

"Yes, I d-d-did. It was horrid of you!"

Silence for a long time, as the fat and wheezing team climbed up the mountain slope. At length the Prime Minister resumed: "Honestly, Cissie Ann, I was going to come back to the States to see you. I was just going to start day after to-morrow. You ask Billy." Silence again, till his ancient grievance arose.

"Oh, hang it, Cissie, you just never *would* let men alone. You'd flirt with a camel driver at a Wild West show if you couldn't do any better. You'd wake up a drunken sailor to smile in his face.

You'd flirt with a minister of the Gospel, and make him forget his sacred office. From your French teacher down to old Deacon Potter, that ran the grocery store, you just couldn't and wouldn't let men alone. Now, what was I to do? I kept away from you for four years. I come here now, not expected, and what do I see—"

"It isn't true!" The little figure on the back seat stiffened. "On my honor, Fred, I didn't. It's the only time in my *life* I didn't, but I *didn't*. Back there, at home. I just couldn't *help* it. A girl's a girl. She can't help it. I was going to think a g-g-great deal of you, Fred, but you carried on so abominably with that Sally Currier from New Orleans that—Oh, you have no heart at *all*! And now *look* how you've situated me here. *Your wife! My word!*" She stole a look out of an eye-corner.

"Go on! Duke. Get up! Prince." So spoke the unperturbed voice of the Prime Minister, who still was chuckling to himself. "Woman, you wrong meh! I *seemed* to be gone on Sally, but the truth—the entire *truth*, Cissie Ann—is that it was my farewell performance. I knew that in a few months I was going to be where I'd never have another chance to look at another girl in all my life—and never want one.

Silence for a time. Then, "Did you *really* feel that way, Fred?"

"Of *course* I did! Didn't you hear me say it?"

"So did I."

"Oh, you did? Well, now, as wife of the Prime Minister of these colonies, and a possible successor to the throne of the British Empire—no one can tell what'll happen these days—you've got to cut all that out. I won't have it. There's not a jealous hair in my head—but when I see another man talking to you I just get wild! Well, I won't *have* it, that's all."

"Nor I, either!" said Cissie Ann. "I won't have you carrying on with other girls. That's what—what—broke it off."

"Yes," said Runt, slowly and solemnly, once more touching up the lead team. "Yes, Lady Alfred, that's what brought us to this pass. I have been, much against my will, forced to marry you to save your reputation! Woman, tell meh—tell meh, what hope is there for a happy future after all that has passed between us!—Oh, dash it, Cissie Ann—what's the use—I beg your pardon. But you *know*!"

He turned about and climbed into the back seat. Their cheeks met as their arms clasped each other in the vice-regal barouche. Cissie Ann sobbed freely. The Prime Minister gurgled in his own throat.

"It was—it was—*noble* of you," gasped Cissie Ann, finally.

"Madame, in honor, I could have done no less!" said Runt Ware, solemnly.

"But I say," he looked up, "where are we? What's become of the rail on this embankment?"

"Oh, that?" said Cissie Ann, vaguely. "That's where that horse went down the other day. Look out, we might slip over, ourselves."

"I shouldn't mind, now," said Runt Ware, happily.

When, how, or where the Prime Minister and his consort got down off the mountain is not of record, but it apparently happened some time. Perhaps the highly intelligent Jap, who played shortstop for the baseball nine covered as well as possible the question which for some time rent social Barth asunder and filled the Colonial press with bitter discussion.

Whether Sir Alfred and our honorable captain are one and the same persons is honorably permitted to doubt; also whether our Captain was married to his wife at time of reception to Sir Alfred, or day after same reception. But it is not now permitted to doubt our Captain is east on wedding journey with his honorable bride. The honorable Lady Mary, Auntie of same, is not yet discovered also."



Bristol: A Commercial Revival

By Ernest Cawcroft

Illustrated with Photographs

BRISTOL is the ancient as well as the modern gate to the West of England. The city is becoming the newer gateway to London. The commercial glories of which the town boasted in the days of the on-coming Spanish Armada are reviving during a period of steamships and dirigibles. Bristol not only derives historic glory from the fact that the town is the conflux of highways over which passed the successive invaders of England; but it secures a prestige accruing from a sound geographical position, coupled with the presence of men, both in an ancient and this modern day, whose personalities marked them as promoters of commer-

THE OLD DUTCH HOUSE AT BRISTOL, CENTURIES OLD AND STILL AS SOLID AS WHEN THE CORNER-STONE WAS LAID

cial progress. The town of the ancient Society of Merchant Venturers felt the feet of Roman legions when London was a handful of mud huts in an out-of-the-way marsh. The way that the invaders passed has pointed the route to the automobile tourist seeking the glorious and picturesque nooks of Devonshire and Somerset. Bristol and Bristolians take a pardonable pride in the fact that their city is the largest in these two historic counties; nor are they unduly boastful, in the presence of such age and achievement, in making it clear that as the conquerors sought the line of easiest access, so in this modern day the natural approach to Bristol by the sea should invite the consideration of the captains of commerce. The Bay that merited the thought of the Roman Legions and the Estuary which Napoleon mapped as one of the three points of strategic importance in any invasion of England for the purpose of cutting London's food supplies from the rear, is worthy of attention in a day when the problems of exportation and importation are dependent upon the safety and the natural capacity of cargo terminals. Is it not evident that if Napoleon's Marshals found in Bristol Channel the natural way to London, does that not imply that modern commerce may follow this same route in seeking the markets of the world's metropolis? And if the Roman Legions built their highways into and out of Bristol, does

that not indicate that this is to be to an increasing degree the route of the gasoline tourists? Trade follows the tourist; and it was with that thought in mind that a study of the revival and development of the ancient Port of

Bristol is rendered opportune in a day when one commercial centre competes with another by enlarging the mechanical facilities for the ingress and exit of imports and exports.

But the historical interest which attaches to Bristol's commercial position need not be based upon the operations of Romans or their successors. It is indeed a fact that the city was given commercial prestige in the seventeenth century through the ships and men which the citizens provided to meet

the Armada. The coming of the Armada precipitated the same emotions in the hearts and pockets of Bristol merchants as did the advance of the pirate Morgan in the Moorish-tinted mansions of Old Panama City; and some measure of the known wealth and acknowledged patriotism of Bristol in the seventeenth century may be gleaned from the fact that the British Admiralty expected Bristolians to do more than any other body of citizens in making provision for the repulse of the Armada. The people of that city knew the Spanish Armada was headed for their port because in those days it was the most accessible on the West Coast of England; and the wealth of its merchants who had grown rich in the slaves and



ALDERMAN H. W. TWIGGS, CHAIRMAN BRISTOL DOCKS COMMISSION

Hardly a day passes that Mr. Twiggs does not show the docks to official investigators from the cities of Europe and America

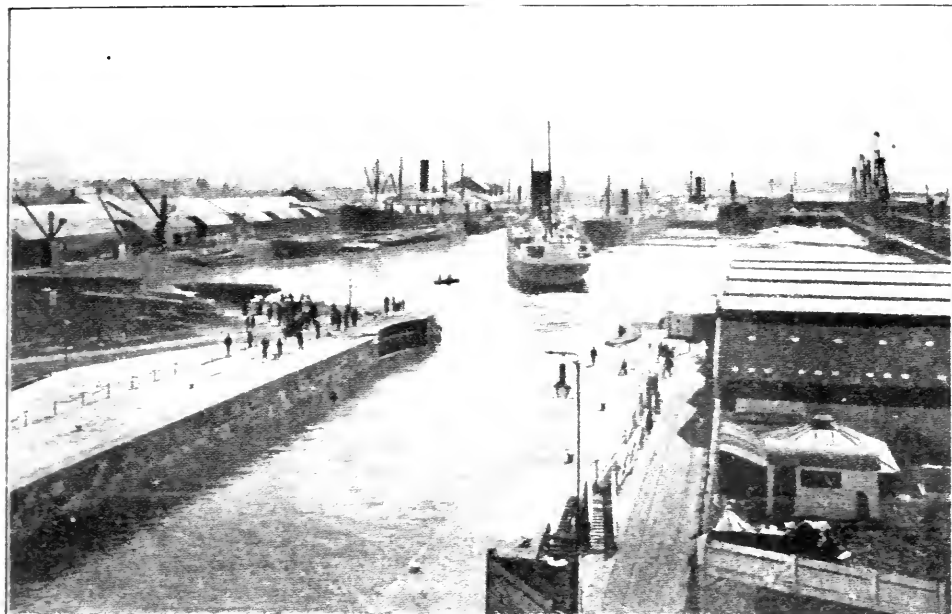
the slave products of the tropics, invited the armed attention of the money-lust of Latin peoples. Once the Armada was repulsed, and the part which Bristol had played in stopping the invader on the High Seas became known to the world, the city profited by that commercial prestige which attaches to the conqueror whether his efforts have been successful in peace or in war.

Thus, for another hundred and fifty years, Bristol and Bristollians continued to wax wealthy. There passed through the business streets of the city in the early days of the eighteenth century, men who reaped their profits from the sugar estates of Jamaica and San Domingo, with the same ease that the Wheat Kings grow fat in pocket on the lands of Alberta and Saskatchewan; the sugar plantations and sailing ships of the eighteenth century were the predecessors of the Elder Dempster fleet of ships, which now carries Bristol society to Kingston for the winter season and brings back the Jamaica bananas to supply the markets of Europe in competition with the United Fruit Company, of Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans and Mobile. But the competition of these English and American companies for the control of the production and exportation of the Jamaica banana to the markets of the world, is not the only historical or current factor which connects the people of Bristol with those of the United States by ties of sentimental and financial interest.

Let it be admitted as a fact of interest in connection with the commercial evolution of Bristol that the merchants had the same self-concern in the preservation of the slavery system as did the Cotton Kings of Savannah and Charleston. They fought the effort to free the slaves in British possessions because they honestly believed that it would deprive their sailing ships of those products upon which they depended for cargo, and which they sold to their fellow citizens as food. They held to their conviction with the same sincerity as those Cotton Kings of the South, who thought they perceived in the coming emancipation of their slaves the ruination of their plantation and the

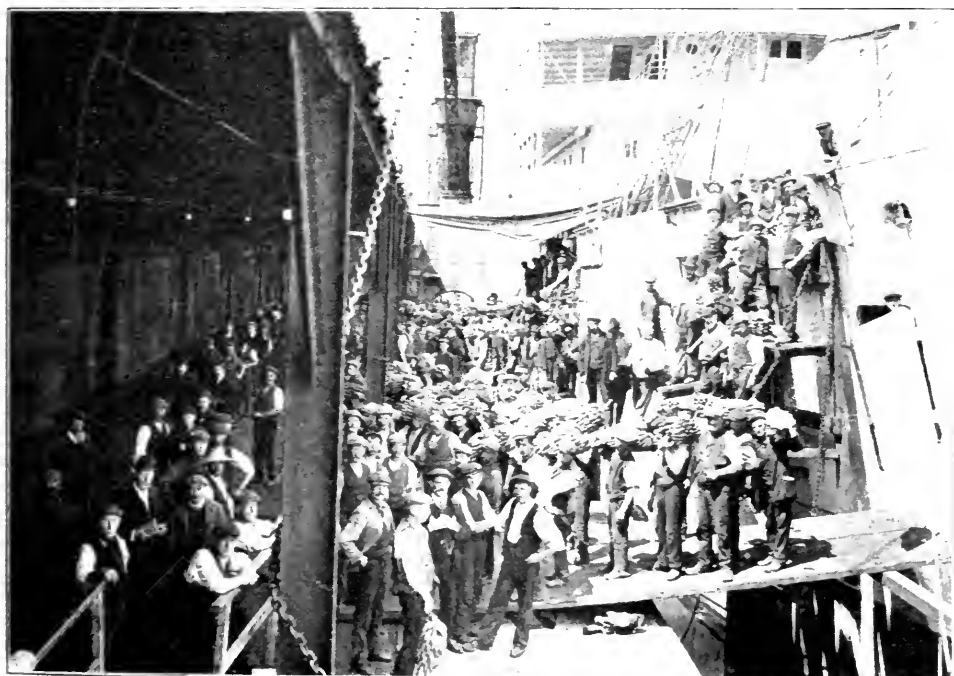
downfall of the American cotton industry. These comparisons are here recalled not for the purpose of casting odium upon a race of men and their sons, who have thrived with and without slaves; but as a means of directing attention to the fact that Bristol, as the leading mailing port of Old England in the dying days of slavery, played a distinctive part in the settlement of the industrial cities of New England. And is there not a historical continuity in the movement of English emigrants through the Port of Bristol into the New World? Does not the shaft which rises on Bristol's hills to the memory of Cabot impress upon the mind of the visitor the fact that this pioneer, who sailed from Bristol, was the first European to touch the continent of North America; and is it not equally singular, as well as historically reassuring, that out from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, not far from the shores which Cabot skirted, the Canadian Northern Steamships are sailing to carry Dominion cargoes to Bristol, and in turn to take the body of emigrants that assemble in that city to the wheatlands of the Canadian Northwest?

But the day arrived when Bristol became the victim of its prosperity. Waxing wealthy on Jamaica sugar estates tends to ruin the initiative of the succeeding generation; Bristollians were so rightly convinced that no Glasgow or Liverpool could deprive them of their mastery of the sailing squadrons of the world that it dulled their foresight to such an extent that they failed to comprehend the part that steamships were to play in determining the fight for commercial supremacy. In the days of the sailing vessel, the capacious estuary and river which lead to Bristol were sufficient to provide for harboring the ships and discharging their cargoes in the heart of the city; one sees in the small brigs which now land on the river quays adjacent to the city square, a surviving reminder of the schooner traffic that entered the very heart of the town; but the modern inventory was not contented with small steam crafts, nor did the rising price of coal encourage the propulsion of ships of small tonnage, particularly when the



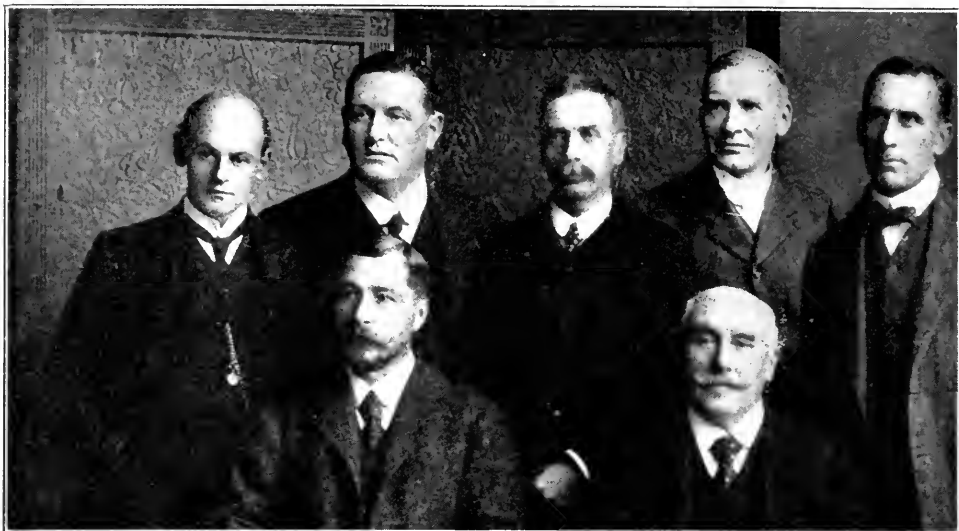
AVONMOUTH DOCKS AND DOCK

Railway lines, hydraulic cranes, twenty acres of shedding and all modern appliances make unloading and loading an easy matter.



UNLOADING BANANAS AT AVONMOUTH OLD DOCK

The West Indian trade is an important part of the Bristol business. Special fruit stores and warehouses have been erected in connection with the new docks.



THE BRISTOL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DELEGATION TO CANADA. THESE MEN
CLOSER TRADE RELATIONS BETWEEN

increased expense of manning is involved. Hence the day of the modern steamship arrived when the natural terminals provided by Bristol were inadequate. The abolition of slavery throughout Britain and the coming of the steamship were pivotal events within the life of one generation; and these were the factors inducing the gradual stagnation and decline of Bristol as the second port of the United Kingdom.

Take your map of England for the purpose of comparing the natural capaciousness of Bristol Channel with the cities of the Thames, the Clyde, or the Mersey. Comparison shows the superiority of Bristol until the coming of the larger steamships demanding artificially deepened harbors and mechanical appliances of the highest efficiency for the discharge of cargoes, overcame the natural situation. The masters of the sailing craft were either too rich to progress, or too poor to grow, just in that day when the steamship was making the foundations of Liverpool and Manchester possible. It must be borne in mind that the substitution of the steamship for the schooner meant the rapid abandonment of the latter and the complete reconstruction not only of the harbor but of the terminal facilities. When the steamship was coming into vogue to make a Liverpool possible, private interests con-

trolled the water front and harbor terminals, which were the keys to the commercial life or death of Bristol. Thus the city became the victim of its own prosperity; and Liverpool and Manchester were fortunate in their inferiority because there were not pocket-book interests to retard the necessary evolution of commercial facilities and the organization of terminal conveniences. Liverpool, like a Western city starting life with broad streets and Pittsburg lights, needed no fire to wipe out terminals and facilities of manifest insufficiency; but Bristol, like some Eastern city, continued to suffer from the persistent existence of private interests which menaced the common welfare.

But the day arrived when Bristolians decided to revive Bristol. They declared their intention to add modern conveniences to their naturally capacious harbor facilities. If Liverpool were in a position to construct miles of municipal docks, and Manchester deemed it advisable to build a ship canal for the purpose of being located on the sea, the people of Bristol reasoned that private interests should no longer retard their natural development.

James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, is authority for the statement that the one way to solve the problem of freight



SPENT THREE WEEKS IN TOURING CANADA, WITH A VIEW TO ESTABLISHING ENGLAND AND THE DOMINION

congestion is to provide adequate terminals for the cheap and speedy disposal of cargoes. He even goes so far as to assert that the enormous sums which railroads and their steamship lines must spend in purchasing lands for terminals near the great centres of population, will necessitate the governmental guarantee of railway bonds. If the government must guarantee these bonds, it must in turn have the right of foreclosure in event of their not being paid; and when one couples the remarks of Mr. Hill with the conclusions found in the report just issued by Commissioner of Corporations Smith, bearing upon the terminal problem, he is convinced that the Aldermen of Bristol were right in proceeding to the direct construction of municipal docks. A view of the docks of the Avonmouth district is well worth the attention of those who know that the terminal problem bears a direct relation not only to the competitive freedom of traffic but to the price of food-stuffs. To-day the visitor will observe that two large docks lie on the Gloucestershire side of the Avon; one was constructed in 1877, and it covers nineteen acres and it will accommodate vessels 475 feet in length. Seven years later it passed into the hands of the city, and it was made the basis of effective dockage development. On the seaward side of this dock lies the

Royal Edward, one of the most famous municipal undertakings in the history of the United Kingdom, and perhaps no better known wharf exists in the world. It has an entrance lock of 875 feet by 100 feet in width, and it has a depth of 46 feet. The water area of this dock is 30 acres. There is the Graving Dock with 914 feet of length, and then there is the Portishead Dock, which was constructed in 1880 and later acquired by the city. This dock adds 12 acres to the water privileges of the system, and it will accommodate ships 450 feet in length. The total acreage of all the docks owned by the City of Bristol is 144, and the length of the quays exceed 9,000 yards, or some five miles in extent. Adjacent to these docks will be found over a quarter of million square yards of shedding space, and the granary already established makes provision for fifty thousand quarters of grain. A glance at the granite construction of these immense docks shows that the work has been done with the same thoroughness and with that same characteristic effort to assure their stability for centuries, as marked the building of the Devonshire and Somerset Cathedrals. Not only do these docks provide safe anchorage for the larger ships, beyond the possibility of any oceanic storm, but the large cranes running over the adjacent railroad

tracks indicate to commercial managers that it is here possible to discharge their cargoes without such a terminal expense as may absorb the profit of a voyage. The holding of costly ships for an undue time to discharge their cargoes, involving the same unnecessary increasing of the interest account on the investment, has proved to be the insurmountable objection in this case as it did to the construction of a canal providing for the slow passage of ocean steamers through New York State to the Great Lakes. It must be the constant effort of cities that desire to increase their commerce, to so enlarge their natural terminal facilities that not only the expense of discharging cargo, but the interest on the ship while in port, may be reduced to a minimum. We should not be backward about praising the invigorated initiative of a city whose citizens will consent to the expenditure of twenty-five millions for improved docks. It is true that the expenditures for these docks have increased the tax rate of Bristol; but the conclusion is equally sound that the coming of a larger volume of commerce through the Canadian Northern steamships and the easier and cheaper exportation of Bristol products, have not only followed in the wake of this expenditure but they have stimulated assessed valuations to such an extent that the initial investment will be met thereby, even if it were not true that the legitimate charges for the use of these docks and storage facilities will meet the operative cost, and provide a sinking fund to pay the bonds. These are facts of interest to those commercial leaders of the United States and Canada, charged with the development of municipal terminal facilities somewhat adequate to the handling of the exportable products produced on the fertile acres of the Prairie Provinces.

Thus, Bristol is coming into its own. The city has made provision for the modern steamship and the captains are acknowledging the geographical advantages of the ancient port, just as they did in the days of the sailing vessel. In the days when foreign commerce disappeared from the inadequate wharves, Bristollians did not forfeit

their supremacy as manufacturers and exporters of wine, tobacco and chocolate; and when we add to these created values the accruing advantages of handling the exports and imports of the United Kingdom in larger volume each year, it is evident that Bristol is to re-assume the rightful place which it occupied in the commercial annals of the eighteenth century.

And this commercial revival has given the people larger hope and clearer vision. The city has again become a cosmopolitan mart as it was in the days before unfriendly tariffs ruined the Jamaica sugar plantations. Seldom a day passes but what Alderman H. W. Twigg, the devoted Chairman of Bristol's greatest enterprise, shows the docks to official investigators from the cities of Europe and America. The event of the past year was the connecting of Montreal and Bristol by means of the Canadian Northern steamships; and now Bristollians look forward to the day when steamships will run from Bristol to all the principal ports of the Atlantic seaboard. And is it not fair to assume that as commercial leaders are attracted by the fame of Bristol's docks, they will in turn not only seek to improve their own terminal facilities, but they will plan to connect the enlarged wharves of both nations by modernized steamers?

Since the days of Cabot, the Society of Merchant Venturers has played a distinct part in the commercial and historical upbuilding of Bristol. It has encouraged navigators and sent them over the Seven Seas; to-day it aids in sustaining a technical school with which to train Bristol young men to compete in the markets of the world. But just as the Merchant Venturers have played and are playing a history making part, the Chamber of Commerce at Bristol seems to possess the New-World vigor and initiative of similar bodies in cities of Western Canada. Twelve months ago, Mr. Henry Riseley, a retired business man, who is seeking to do something for his native city, went as a delegate to the Conference at British Chambers of Commerce, held at Sydney, Australia; and during the latter part of the summer he headed a dele-

gation of his fellow members who toured Canada for the purpose of investigating the business methods of the New World, and in the hope of finding a common ground for exchanging hard wheat for Bristol Milk. The Bristol Chamber of Commerce is one of the first cities in the history of commerce to empower a delegation to visit a foreign shore for purposes of commercial diplomacy. The event of the past summer has elicited widespread comment throughout the British Empire; editors as far distant as London, Victoria and Melbourne, have found in the expedition another evidence of the renewal of those imperial ties which assure the stability of the British Empire; but whatever relation the delegation headed by Mr. Riseley may bear to the political future of these colonial sons of a common mother, it is certain that the way has been paved for a closer commercial understanding. Moreover, the Riseley delegation from

Bristol has established a precedent which other ambitious cities are destined to follow.

The creation of an adequate docking system and the enlargement of the vision of the people following a renewal of Bristol's commercial prestige, find their reflection throughout the United Kingdom and North America. Is it not apparent that the improvement of the competitive docking facilities of one Port of the Kingdom forces the others to plan similar extensions? And do we not know that if Bristol or Liverpool pursue a policy of dock enlargement, the ships thereby accommodated must be assured of similar conveniences on this side of the Atlantic? It is at this point that competition becomes a force for reciprocal commercial development. Thus Bristol has established a precedent; and competition, no less than civic pride, are prompting port cities on both sides of the Atlantic to follow this remarkable example.

Honest Confession

By Roy R. Bailey



"Y-A-A-S, I know dose ekks are goot," and Mrs. Mueller's sharp old eyes snapped as she said it.

"Yassir, Mecster R-R-Robert! For I know de hens what lay dem, ja!"

Shifting the empty basket on her arm, she drew her neat gray shawl closer about her eighty-three-year-old shoulders and beamed at mother as if her statement were a new and distinct revelation. As, indeed, it was: for though our family had heard it almost every morning for many years, there

was something about the faithful, uncompromising personality of the good old German woman that flooded even faded sayings with fresh color and significance.

I was always glad when mother paused long enough in her morning work to chat with old Mrs. Mueller; I liked nothing better than to listen to their talk. They were so absolutely different, in tradition, general makeup and training; yet they understood each other so perfectly that their daily exchanges of impressions and convictions were among the brightest spots in my vacation days. The good woman turned to me and nodded again in

vigorous confirmation of the quality of her wares.

"Dot iss so, sir," she repeated, with a quiet finality I found myself almost envying. "You can ask Major Green about dot. Twenty-two years have I bring Major Green de ekks. He cannot say I efer tell him lie about dose ekks, or efer count dose ekks wrong or count dot money wrong, neider. Und dose ekks is all-ways goot, ja!"

I wished that I could say as much of some of the securities my trusted advisers had purchased for my account, and I said so. Her thin, worn old hand shook with honest pride and pushed back a rebellious lock of hair toward its lonely companions, gathered into a meagre knot of gray as uncompromising as her integrity itself. Mother smiled understandingly and went on with her ironing, while the piercing gray eyes of Mrs. Mueller bored into mine like fearless gimlets.

"Sure, Meester Bop! Und de Major, he will tell you dot, ja! One day, I was in his offitz, and when he gifs me de money for dose ekks and hant me back me pail, he say, 'Sit yourself in a chair for a minute, Missus Mueller. Pretty soon de Beeshop is coming. I want him to lay eyes on dis woman what brings me ekks for twenty-one yearss and never lie to me!'"

"I was pretty scared, den, and I don't want to stay. But de Major, 'Sit down, sit down!' he say. 'Dis Beeshop, he won't hurt you, no!' So I sit down, and pretty soon de door open quick. . . . und dot iss de Beeshop coming in. You know him, Meester Bop—dot Beeshop?"

I had to smile at the unconscious mimicry that drew her gray eyebrows down into laughable imitation of the grim old Bishop's shaggy ones. It had been my fortune to know Bishop Mackenzie well, and to realize something of the kindness that softened, like a lining of velvet, the indomitable

spirit of the old pioneer. The frozen Northwest remembers him gratefully for the rugged, untiring industry that carried the light into the waste places, but I knew him also for the man he was beneath all that. I nodded.

"Den Major Green, he take my hand like diss, and he put it right in de Beeshop's hand like dot, and he say: 'Beeshop, diss iss Missus Mueller, who bring me de ekks for twenty-one yearss and never tell me lie.'"

"De Beeshop, he look at me again, very sharp. 'Dot iss hartly possible,' he say, very solemn. 'I haf watched people dese sixty yearss, yes, and nefer find such people except in dreamland!'"

The awe in the good old lady's voice bore eloquent witness to the reverential attitude of the Vaterland's children toward bishops and other ministers. She smoothed her spotless apron with dignity, and beneath the spare locks strained backward from her honest forehead, her shrewd old eyes suddenly began to dance.

"Major Green," she continued, with a triumphant note in her voice, "he laugh, and say: 'Yes, dot iss so, Beeshop. Twenty-one years, she bring me de ekks, efery day, rain nor shine. . . . and never yet a r-r-rotten one, no, sir!'"

"De Beeshop, he shake his head at dot. Oh, I can tell you, Meester R-R-Robert, he wass so surprised he hartly can belief dot, yet. 'How can such things be possible?' he say . . . and den I sees he was wrinkling up back of de eyes—all little funny wrinkles like diss. Den I feels better pretty quick, und I laughs a little myself, too.

"'Meester Beeshop,' I say, 'I am poor old woman. Dot ekk-money—I need it so much! Hartly can I wait for dot money bis de ekks dey are laid, yet—how, den, can I wait till dey are r-r-rotten?'"



"OLE PETER'S GULL"

By BRITTON B. COOKE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ELLSTORCH WONG



"WHICH one?" I whispered in his old ear, nervously. "Thet there one! Him [with th' red legs. Ya. Thet's him!]"

My camera clicked.

"Ketch him?" he piped, "'d ye ketch 'm?"

"Yes," said I, "I caught him. It's a good light, too."

"Oh, goodie! goodie!" cried the little old fellow, and he fairly danced around me in his excitement, "Goodie! Now I'll know. Now I'll know exactly how they do it."

But I closed the camera and wound up the last of the roll with just a little bit of a sheepish feeling. Here was I consorting with a queer old man who looked like seventy and acted like ten, and who had a crazy notion in his head that he wanted a picture of one of the lake gulls. I felt that I had damaged my dignity.

It was on one of the Grand Trunk steamers on the Port Arthur-Sarnia run. I was on my way from Winnipeg to New York. We had just left Thunder Cape glowering on the skyline behind us, and I had made my way up from the promenade deck to the observation salon, where nothing but broad panels of glass shut one in from

the breeze from the open lake. Everybody else must have been below preparing for dinner or stowing the baggage away, for the salon was deserted save for one person—the old man. There he was, crouched down on his knees close to the glass panel, looking out. He was holding in front of him and against his chest a small black box. He peered alternately into the top of the box and out over the lake. His hands trembled and he seemed very excited. Finally he seemed satisfied of something and pressed a lever on the side of the box. It made a click. I knew then that it was a box camera. I supposed that he had been photographing one of the rugged old freighters or a slatternly wind-jammer, or some of the strange old sights of the lakes that have been photographed times uncounted but that are never old and never half appreciated until one sees them creeping past the swift liner, fighting it out with a north wind and a head sea, or slinking down a canal under the electric lights, weather-stained, tough old characters.

"Say!" he cried, impulsively, and looking up again, I saw him fully for the first time,—the merriest looking little man I have ever seen, clothed in old worn garments but scrupulously clean and brushed to shininess. His skin was as pink and soft as a girl's. His eyes were bright as a boy's, and he

was hugging to his stomach a bit of a box camera. "Say!" he repeated, eagerly, "D'ye think I got 'm? D'ye think I was near enough?"

"Pretty long range to catch a steamer," I replied.

"Steamer!" he piped, "Steamer! 'Twere'n't a steamer. 'Twere a gool, a gool! Don't ye understand? 'Twere a gool I were after. But d'ye think—d'ye think I got 'm?"

While he waited for a reply, his face assumed the most droll and melancholy expression.

"A gull! I'm afraid your chance was slim with so small a camera." But he looked so disappointed that I was persuaded to add: "But if you really need a picture of a gull, perhaps you'd like me to take one for you. I have a large camera down in my cabin."

"Would ye?" he cried, and I thought he was going to embrace me, "Oh, if you only would. Y' see I paid a dollar fer this here machine down to a drug-gist's in Port Arthur, just to get a picture of one of them there gools and now—and now you say you don't think it'll be any good. Will y' take one fer me with your machine?"



"D'YE THINK I GOT 'M? D'YE THINK I WAS
NEAR ENOUGH?"

And so it was that I fished up my big camera and took the picture of one of the gulls that was following the ship just abreast of the observation salon. He had pointed out to me the one that

he wanted and just how he wanted the picture. It was a great white fellow with silly red legs that did not seem to be any use until you saw him rescue a morsel from the water. The way that the bird followed the ship with such apparent ease, that he scarcely moved a wing and yet could keep up with and pass the swiftest liner on the Great Lakes, was enough to excite any one's admiration. I snapped the shutter just while the big fellow was taking a long glide down the wind close to the ship's side.

After dinner I produced my developing outfit from my trunk and with a blanket over my transom and over the window, developed the film. It was the last of a roll. Afterward I made a wet print of it and handed it to the strange student of gulls.

His hands fairly shook as he fitted on his gun-metal spectacles, and he bent over the print excitedly.

"Oh, jiminy cricks!" he exclaimed to himself, "my jiminy cricks! That's it! That's how they do it! I know. I know now!" and he went off to a seat, holding the print in his hands and muttering to himself as he went. He seemed to have forgotten me altogether.

I went outside and stayed on the open deck till late. There is a fascination about the lakes. Here and there along the horizon were little triangles of lights, combinations of white and red and green, by which a man might read which way the ships that wore them were going, and whether or not they had tows. The soft summer wind, laden with all sorts of healthy qualities, blew softly and steadily against the vessel. It made a purring, sleepy sound that should have made anyone sleep deeply and soundly. The smoke from the funnel slipped out with a little sigh and vanished astern. Some place away down underneath the engines were singing softly to themselves. I was standing close by the window of one of the cabins, very contented, when suddenly, right beside me, I heard that piping voice.

"I say!" he called softly.

Turning, I saw him with his head thrust out of the cabin window. He wore a blue flannelette night-cap,

tied in a great bow under his chin.

"I say," he said, just like a boy trying to make amends, "I say y'll hev to excuse me. I were thet excited when I got the picture that I clear forgot to say thank ye. I was just going t' sleep when I remembered. So I want t' thank ye for takin' the picture. It's—Oh, it just shows what I want," and he went off into a rhapsody of chuckles and indefinite explanations.

That was all I had to do with him for the rest of the voyage. He stayed in the glass cabin, watching the gulls.

I was in a baggage room on a wharf at Toronto when next I saw the old man—Peter Marigold, I had learned was his name. I was on my way back from New York. The old fellow was wrapped up in an ancient ulster, with his bright little eyes fastened in the clouds, while his wizened-up little body reposed on the top of a snubbing post. A flock of gulls was making a noise like the complaining of fifty creaky gates. But the old man seemed intent on the one particular bird that flew with all the grace and ease of an angel propelled by wireless.

"He's been out there every morning this week," said the baggage man. "He's batty, I guess. He brings a lunch and a can of worms and a little foot-stool. He puts the stool at the foot of the snubbing post and hoists himself on top. Then he sits there all morning watching them gulls. Crazy, I guess."

I went out and spoke to Peter. He motioned to me to be silent.

"Say," he whispered, drawing me down so that he could whisper in my ear, "Say, I'd much rather you wouldn't stay around long. That there overcoat of yours is what Maria would call sort of—sort of brash and it might frighten the gools. But say, d'ye see that there one with the bit 've orange peel? Well, I'm studyin' him. He's the best flier I've seen, and gools are the best fliers there are. Say, though, d'ye know if they eat worms? I brought a can with me. I want to ketch one."

I said I thought they did and fled,



"IT'S ME," SAID MR. PETER MARIGOLD

laughing when I thought he couldn't see me.

I caught the steamer train next morning just as it was pulling out of the Union Station. The upper lakes steamer was waiting at the other side of the station platform as the train pulled into Sarnia. I had engaged my stateroom by wire and stayed there until the boat left. It was late in the evening. I had had supper in my room, and then went out for a smoke on the main deck. It happened to be empty. It was scarcely ten minutes before I heard a strangely familiar voice, half like a boy's, half like an old man's. It came from just under my shoulder.

"It's me," said Mr. Peter Marigold, "I always take this here line because they hev thet glass room on the top and y' c'n see the gools better."

"Oh, yes," I answered, shortly. I did not care to observe to him that one usually had some better reason for preferring a certain line more than the mere fact that the boats carried a glass observation room. "What's up now?" I asked.

"Lots," piped he, cheerily, "I got one."

"One what?"

"A gool."

"How'd you get it?"

"I made a patent trap on the wharf and caught one. Then I chloroformed 'm. I can't bear t' kill anything with vi'lence. I poured chloroform down a crack in the box."

"Chloroform? Well—well, you're the limit."

He laughed with me.

"I wish't you'd do somethin' for me again," he began, uneasily.

"What?"

"Will y' keep 'm fer me?"

"Well, I—really now, Mr. Marigold, I—"

"Sh!" he cried, "don't get mad, please. He's quite dead, only he—he,—well, he is slightly odiferous. He smells like er fish. The purser says I'll hev to chuck him out and I—I can't—I want him."

"Well, I don't, Mr. Marigold," I observed, coldly.

"Oh! Well, could you help me hide him?"

"Where?"

"Behind a life-boat."

So I did. He gave me a parcel that smelled of fish and felt like feathers, and I stowed it snugly out of sight behind a big life-boat. He stood watching me as I climbed back over the deck rail.

"Now," I demanded, "Now, Mr. Marigold, will you be so kind as to tell me why the dickens you want to know so much about gulls?"

I was sorry for speaking that way, at once; he looked so hurt,—as though he had suddenly begun to appreciate his real age. He rubbed his hands together nervously, and looked immensely unhappy.

"Well——" he began, finally, "mebbe you'd laugh?"

"No, I won't laugh," I said.

"Because," he continued, as though he had not heard me, "everybody laughs."

"Well, now, Mr. Marigold, I am sorry I spoke that way. I did not think it was so serious. Don't let me pry——"

"No. You ain't prying. I'm going

t' tell ye. I was going t' anyway. I'm building a air-ship, a flyin' machine."

"Er—er—what?"

"Er flyin'-machine." And suddenly when he saw that nobody intended laughing at him, he emitted a terribly long chuckle and started his funny little dance all around the deck. "Hurrah!" he ejaculated, softly, "Air-ship! Air-ship! Flyin'-machine! I'll go sl-l-l-l-lid-d-d-ding-g-g-g through the air just like them gools. They're the best fliers a feller c'n study. Their bodies is heavier 'n air and my machine is almost like one, and now, I know exactly how they slide and how they flap along."

It was a wonder he didn't break his neck. If he had, I would have felt bound to support his widow. Still, she aided and abetted in the thing. She told me, when he and she had taken me out to the remote edge of their farm on the outskirts of Port Arthur, that she fully approved. Peter, she explained, had mended bicycles when they lived in Toronto, but they had started West in order, as she put it, to keep abreast of the times. Their courage gave out when they reached Port Arthur, and there they had stayed. Peter had secured some farm land and they lived fairly comfortably by raising vegetables and selling them. But one day Peter had come back from a trip to Fort William, telling her how he had heard several men talking about a man that had built a flying machine that had been really successful, and on the way home he had noticed the gulls flying, and had been seized with the idea that he, too, would like to fly.

"He didn't want to be an inventor," she said. "He only wanted to fly. I always said my ole man never had half a chance to hev any fun, so when he thought of it, I says, 'Peter,' I says, 'Go right ahead. I'll he'p y'.' So there it is."

The three of us stood on a height of land far back from the little-travelled road. A sort of over-grown hen-house occupied the eminence of land. One end of it swung open on hinges and therein I beheld—old Peter's flying machine. It was made of bicycle



THE MACHINE STAYED UP—FOR A WHOLE MINUTE IT WAS IN THE AIR

tubes and bamboo and factory cotton. Three wheels from a baby-carriage raised it from the ground and the frame work amidships supported a small gasoline motor. It was geared either to the axle or to what appeared to be two enormous wings.

"Peter," I said, solemnly, "Peter, you aren't going to risk your neck in that thing."

"You're a liar," he piped, cheerily. "Yes, but——"

"Say!" he interrupted, "did you ever take the trouble to think what it'd be like to fly? No, of course you didn't. Did you ever want to? No, of course you didn't. But I hev been thinkin' and thinkin' and I tell you——" he began rolling up his sleeves just like a young man going to do battle, "I tell y' that's what fer I've this machine."

And he flew. He started the engine. He threw over a wooden clutch-bar; and the wheels moved the thing out of the shed and out to the brow of the little hill. I noted that the ground was soft. Suddenly he pulled another lever and with a fearful noise the

factory-cotton wings started to move. Peter gave a run, pushing the machine, and as the thing reached the drop in the ground it rose, the wings supported and old Peter—flew.

Fat Maria jumped up and down on the ground for joy. I blinked and said many powerful things. The machine stayed up. For a whole minute it was in the air, twenty feet above the ground, swerving this way and that, but flying nevertheless. Suddenly it rose abruptly and just as suddenly fell like a stone into the generous branches of one of Peter's trees.

We fished him down with a step-ladder. The thing was wrecked. Peter was silent. We walked back to the air-ship shed and sat down, he with his chin in his palms.

"Hard on the tree," he observed, presently.

Maria patted his shoulder and I waited.

"Too bad," he sighed, again, "but then," and he began to brush the splinters from his coat, "but then—I dunno. Maybe 's just 's well. Dunno as I'd like air-shippin' much. 'Sides

the neighbors 'd be jealous. An' I couldn't take you, Maria. No, I wouldn't. You wouldn't know how to save yourself, Maria. Then, again, it made me sea-sick."

Another long pause. Maria continued to pat his shoulder comfortingly.

"Maria, would you mind goin' along back to the house and startin' t' git supper. We'll be along direckly."

When she was safely out of hearing, he turned to me.

"Say!" he demanded. "How the devil do them birds steer?"

ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

ON THIS fair field, this daisy-dimpled place,
Two nations wrestled, locked in fierce embrace.
Low, rolled the gun-smoke like a fleecy skein,
Red flashed the lightning in the leaden rain.
Here lay a Kentish man, all stark and cold,
And here, a Gascon, chivalrous and bold.

And daisies, snowy white with hearts of gold,
Were stained with red, and e'en the rocky mould
Was torn and shattered by the racing guns.
A thousand mothers mourn a thousand sons;
Hate flames on high, an all-consuming blaze;
And Fraser rages through the forest ways.

To-day, sweet-scented turf divinely green,
Peace, brooding o'er the grand majestic scene.
The daisies show no hellish crimson stain,
The rocky mould is fair and smooth again.
And far across the noble kingly stream,
We see blue mountains lying there a-dream.

Sunset. The rosy rays illumine the west,
The laurentides are mansions of the blest
In jasper, amethyst and purple fold.
And now, across the stream, in tones of gold,
To prayer and praise our thoughtless souls are called.
Sweet are the bells of far St. Romuald.

The Firebrand

BY
ARTHUR STRINGER
AUTHOR OF "THE WIRETAPERS."
"THE GUN-RUNNER", ETC.



ILLUSTRATED BY
PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

- OTTO SCHNAUBELT**—The firebrand, a white-faced young Anarchist of twenty-seven, with the gift of oratory and a touch of the deliriant. Being half Polish and half Bavarian by birth, he speaks with a slight accent, and has the fluency of the bi-linguist as well as the fire of the prophet. His body is slight, his hair is dark and long, and his entire figure, when not in action, is pathetic.
- PHILIP DRYSTER**—A Wall Street capitalist of forty-eight. Large and heavy of figure, he suggests both power and pomposity. His clean-shaven face, though puffy, is a fighter's face. He is quite grey at the temples, but his well-groomed figure discounts the impression of old age.
- LOUISE DRYSTER**—His young wife, of twenty-four or twenty-five. She is a beautiful woman, used to luxury, and a typical product of her environment, yet with a strong streak of innate practicality, and not above using her personal charm for the attainment of personal ends. Blonde.
- OLGA NIKITA**—A Russian "Red" refugee, about the same age as Louise, but dark, passionate and self-reliant. She is in love with Otto. Her intellectuality places her above her "Terrorist" companions, but she, like Otto, has a touch of the deliriant. Thin-faced.
- ROCHETTE**
SCHMIDT
TODARO
WATCHEL } Anarchists and members of the Inner Circle, all hungry-eyed, unkempt, over-garrulous, and not especially savory-looking aggregation of conglomerate nationalities.
- NIKOFF**—Called "Peg-Leg," having lost a limb in a Continental bomb-outrage. He is the oldest of the band, is an opium-eater, and his ostensible vocation is that of street-musician, playing the concertina.
- DOYLE**—Philip Dryster's confidential agent, a calm-eyed, alert-moving, secretarial man of about thirty, retaining his business-like aspect even in moments of excitement.
- ENGLISH BUTLER and FOOTMAN**—In the employ of the Drysters at their Long Island country home.

SYNOPSIS.

A band of Nihilists draw lots to see who will blow up with a bomb Philip Dryster, the "Wheat King," and the choice falls on Otto Schnaubelt, their leader. He is foiled in his attempt to kill Dryster, and by the suggestion of Mrs. Dryster, agrees to stay in their home as a guest for a week to see if the anarchist and the millionaire cannot reach some common ground of understanding. Dryster promises not to make any moves during this time, but breaking his promise, secretly arranges to deport the band of Nihilists to Europe. Meantime, Mrs. Dryster proceeds to make a "tame robin" of Otto, who adapts himself to this new life with surprising ease.

ACT III.

SCENE:—Same as Act Two. TIME—Morning, one week later. Philip is discovered breakfasting alone. He has lost his florid look. His face, haggard and drawn, shows his nerves to be unsettled, and a sense of unuttered anxiety is expressed by his quick and fretful movements as he sits at the table. He flings down his morning paper, crosses to window, looks out, returns to his seat, and irritably rings for the butler. He pretends to be reading as the butler enters.

PHILIP—Is Mrs. Dryster back yet?

BUTLER: No, sir.

PHILIP: Are you sure she's riding this morning?

BUTLER: Yes, sir. With Mr. Schnaubelt. *(He impassively proceeds to clear the table.)*

PHILIP *(Trying to conceal his anger)*: Don't take those things away. I rather imagine she'll want breakfast.

BUTLER *(Calmly)*: Mrs. Dryster and Mr. Schnaubelt had breakfast at a quarter to seven, sir.

PHILIP *(Unable to restrain angry gesture)*: Ask Doyle to come here.

BUTLER: Yes, sir. *(He exits. Philip rises, crosses to windows, returns to table, and flings himself again into his chair. He has the paper once more in his hand as Doyle, with secretarial impassivity, steps into the room, turning to close the door after him.)*

PHILIP *(Shortly)*: Well, what have you done?

DOYLE *(Quietly)*: I've brought her, sir.

PHILIP: Brought *who*?

DOYLE: The Nikita woman.

PHILIP: Well?

DOYLE: I'm afraid, sir, we won't get much out of her.

PHILIP: Why?

DOYLE: Because she refuses to talk.

PHILIP: Then, why didn't she refuse to come?

DOYLE: She seemed to want to come.

PHILIP *(With ever-rising tension)*: Damn her, we'll make her talk. I'm tired of jumping through paper hoops for this gang. I'm getting sick of this whole rotten business. I never put in such a week in my life. I can't stand it. I won't. It's got me so I can't

even sleep. I can't do my work. I can't watch my market. I tell you I can't keep the damned thing up. I've got so I can't go through a door without watching every step I take. I've got so I expect to see a bomb and time-fuse in every corner I look at.

DOYLE *(Quietly)*: Yes, that's the worst of it. That's how these Terrorists always try to work. They count a good deal on cold feet.

PHILIP: On what?

DOYLE: I mean they do more through fear than they do through gunpowder!

PHILIP: But I tell you I can't stand all this cursed uncertainty.

DOYLE: We've got the net pretty close round them now, sir. We got Schmidt yesterday; and Rochette last night. And the woman's here, where we can watch her. We've practically got the whole gang now, except old Nikoff.

PHILIP: Did Nikoff get away?

DOYLE *(Confidently)*: We'll have him by to-morrow. We'll have him hog-tied by the time the deportation papers are made out. *(Looking up at Philip's angry gesture)* He's not the one that counts, sir—he's the one-legged old opium-eater who maunders around with a concertina.

PHILIP: No, he's not the one that counts. The one that counts is the man right here in my house.

DOYLE: You mean Schnaubelt?

PHILIP: Yes, Schnaubelt. He's the key-stone of the whole cursed situation. He's the one I can't reckon with, I can't pin down. And he's the one I've never been able to trust.

DOYLE: You don't need to trust him. We'll have him where we can sling him back where he belongs.

PHILIP: Barcelona's the place for that tub-thumper.

DOYLE: There's just one point, sir. The thing's got to be done quietly. If this Inner Circle gets a chance to talk, to kick up a dust, our Washington people will kind of have their hands tied. You see, with things as they are, it'll get both the Labor organizations and the Socialist gang stirred up. There'll be a big squeal about tyranny and denying the right of asylum—the

same sort of rumpus they had in the Pouren case and the Federenko row.

PHILIP: We don't want a row. We can't have a row.

DOYLE: That's why I say we must go quiet, sir.

PHILIP: But how about this woman here, this Olga Nikita?

DOYLE: She's here all right, but she's the best imitation of a mummy I ever bumped into.

PHILIP: Did you ever try — (*His pantomime implies the passing of money.*)

DOYLE: She didn't give me the chance.

PHILIP: Where is she now?

DOYLE: In your study.

PHILIP: Is that safe?

DOYLE: She's not armed.

PHILIP: Then send her in to me.

DOYLE: Very well, sir. (*He starts to go and turns back*): Will you let me make a suggestion?

PHILIP: What?

DOYLE: She'll be very stubborn, sir, if you try to bully her. I'd advise the other tack.

PHILIP: Good God, you don't expect me to fraternize with that whole gang, do you?

DOYLE (*Persuasively*): Just bear with her a little, sir.

PHILIP: I've eaten about all the crow I can stand.

DOYLE: I tried the other way. And it didn't work.

PHILIP (*Resignedly*): Well, send her in. Wait, what's the matter with her?

DOYLE: I guess she's worrying about this man Schnaubelt.

PHILIP: What's Schnaubelt to her?

DOYLE: He seems to be her comrade, as they call it.

PHILIP: What's that?

DOYLE: You remember Ferrer had one, and Gorky had one. You see, they don't believe in things as we do — in marriage and all that.

PHILIP: What do they believe in?

DOYLE (*From the door*): In every-thing nice and free, sir.

(*Philip frowningly watches him as he goes out. He suddenly flings down his paper, crosses to the French window, stares out, wheels, turns to the window again, then crosses to the table and* seats

himself. *He snatches up his paper, crushes it, and smoothes it out, pretending to read as the door opens and Olga, with upthrust black veil and black clothes, steps quietly in. She is followed by Doyle.*)

DOYLE (*Hurriedly*): Scanlon wants to speak to you, sir.

PHILIP: Where is he?

DOYLE: Speaking over long distance from the office, sir.

PHILIP: What's he want?

DOYLE: He says it's urgent.

PHILIP (*Autocratically and with a gesture of dismissal*): Well, I can't talk to him. (*Doyle goes out. Olga, all this while, has been studying Philip's face. He, in turn, studies her. Then he pulls himself together, with a wan sort of punctiliousness, and rises.*)

PHILIP: Won't you sit down? (*He motions towards a chair. She does not speak.*) Let me take your coat. (*He takes the threadbare little black coat, looks at it, and then looks at the girl's white face. Then he more gently motions her towards the chair. She slowly sinks into it, still watching him. There is a moment of silence during which he seems the less at ease of the two.*)

PHILIP (*Awkwardly*): Now, won't you let me ring for coffee or breakfast or something? (*She slowly shakes her head, in negation, but still does not speak. Philip sits down. The girl's eyes wander about the room.*)

OLGA (*Low yet abrupt*): Where is Otto?

PHILIP: Otto is quite safe. You have my word for that.

OLGA: Where is he?

PHILIP (*Unable to restrain a note of bitterness*): At this precise moment he happens to be enjoying the morning air, to be out horseback riding somewhere along the Sound, with my wife. And for a man who comes out of an East Side cellar, he seems to enjoy a blue ribbon mount rather more than you'd expect.

OLGA: You hate Otto.

PHILIP: On the contrary, I admire him. I admire any man with nerve enough to think he can make a Republic of ninety million people knuckle down to him!

OLGA: Then, why have you kept him a prisoner here?

PHILIP: My dear young lady, he's never been a prisoner here. He's been as free to go and come as you or I would be, as free as the air.

OLGA: Then, why has he never come back?

PHILIP (*Pointedly*): You mean back to that Forsyth Street printing-shop cellar where you and he and the rest of the Inner Circle just ten days ago drew lots as to which one of you was to blow me up with a bomb?

OLGA (*In alarm*): He told you that?

PHILIP: I've been told many things during the last few days—and I think your young friend has learned a number of things.

OLGA (*Gropingly*): Then—he—is happy?

PHILIP: Extremely so.

OLGA: I—I am glad he is happy.

PHILIP: Why?

OLGA (*Wanly*): We all want to be happy.

PHILIP: Pardon me, but what do you mean by being happy?

OLGA: I scarcely know. It's so seldom we are.

PHILIP: I can understand you there. But is seeing Otto happy going to make you that way?

OLGA: That is all I live for.

PHILIP (*Studying her*): Then—then supposing I told you I was willing, on certain conditions, to help you and him, supposing I had enough belief in his future to let him and you go to Europe and study and teach and carry on his school there, his *Esceula Moderna* as he calls it, without being worried as to money matters,—supposing I thought I had enough money to spare a little of it for a movement like this, would you help me to persuade Otto it was for his own good?

(*She sits staring at him, still silent.*)

PHILIP: You and he would be together then, without worry, without danger.

OLGA (*Closing her eyes*): Together!

PHILIP: And I imagine it would be healthier work, that he'd live longer.

OLGA (*Aroused by the harder note in his voice*): Otto could never forsake the Cause.

PHILIP: Doesn't it rather look as though he *had* forsaken it?

OLGA: I will never believe it. Never. Until I have seen him.

PHILIP: My poor child, do you imagine he's idling here about my house for a week if he feels the way he felt ten days ago? Could anything I ever did turn him from a—a tiger into a house-cat?

OLGA (*With increasing alarm*): I must see him.

PHILIP (*With a movement towards the windows*): You'll see him, all right, any time now. You'll see him ride down that garden path there on one of my best English hunters. (*The thought seems to anger him.*) And if he ever goes back to the Cause, as you call it, it will be only in one way and one place—that's on the other side of the Atlantic.

OLGA: He can not—he dare not leave us.

PHILIP: But what can you do, if his eyes have been opened, if he's come to see things from the—the other side, as it were?

OLGA: Oh, I do not know. But I must see him.

PHILIP: Why, if he's no longer one of you?

OLGA (*With fear on her face*): That is why I must speak to him.

PHILIP: But supposing he won't see you?

OLGA: He must.

PHILIP: Then you think you can get him back to the Inner Circle?

OLGA: I must see him—in time.

PHILIP: In time for what?

OLGA (*Hesitating, and then facing him with a gesture of surrender*): They have all turned against him. They blame him for what has happened. They call him an informer, now, a second Azeff. They know he is here. They think he has betrayed them.

PHILIP: I don't blame them.

OLGA: But you do not understand. They are afraid of him now, afraid for what he knows of them, for what he can do to them. No one can ever leave the Inner Circle and live.

PHILIP (*As he starts and stares at her*): What can they do?

OLGA (*With tragic quietness*): They will kill him. They are going to kill him. They are coming here to kill him.

PHILIP (*Staring about the room*): Who's coming here?

OLGA: The man they have appointed.

PHILIP (*Craftily*): What man?

OLGA: I can not tell you.

PHILIP: You mean one of your band?

OLGA: I can not say.

PHILIP (*Suddenly, after a moment of silence*): You mean Nikoff! Nikoff's the only one loose!

OLGA (*Staring*): You—you also know that?

PHILIP (*Striding back and forth*): I know more than you all imagine. (*He stops*) Tell me this: Where's this man Nikoff now?

OLGA: I do not know.

PHILIP: You must!

OLGA: No one knows. That is what makes me so afraid. That is why I must see Otto.

PHILIP (*As he strides to window and the sound of voices and laughter, come from outside*): Of course we must see Otto. And there he is, you see, not thinking of Nikoff or you or any of the Inner Circle that sent him here. (*He laughs bitterly, and strides across the room to the door, which he quickly opens. Doyle is discovered on its threshold, apparently discreetly on watch there.*)

PHILIP: Doyle, take this girl to the library. Keep her there until I send for her. (*He turns to Olga*) You and I have got to work together, do you



AT THE SOUND OF VOICES AND LAUGHTER, PHILIP STRODS TO THE WINDOW TO SEE HIS WIFE AND OTTO RIDING DOWN THE GARDEN PATH

understand? We've got to do it, whether we like it or not. If you want your Otto back you've got to leave this to me. (*He holds the door and motions her hurriedly out. Then he takes a deep breath, crosses to the table and seats himself with his newspaper, waiting. As he does so, Louise and Otto enter. Louise wears a dark riding costume and carries a riding-whip and gauntlets. She is flushed, and obviously exhilarated and buoyant from her open-air exercise. Otto is not the same wild figure of the*

earlier two acts. *His thin face has more color. His hair has been cut, and he wears a flower in his button-hole. He even seems abstractedly proud of his patent-leather riding-boots. Yet he moves, when not directly under the gaze of Louise, with a sort of caged-hyena restlessness. He retains, in fact, his habit of abstraction, speaking like a man in a daze, yet content to watch Louise out of eyes that are both reverent and mystified. He obediently takes her whip and hat when she holds them out to him.*

LOUISE (*To Philip, deep in his paper*): Why, Bunny, still here?

(She affectionately touches his bald spot; his face, as he turns and regards her laughing eyes, is grey and set.)

PHILIP: Still here? Of course I am. *(With a bitterness he cannot hide)* Did you enjoy your morning ride?

LOUISE: Otto, tell Philip what it was like—what a glorious gallop it was.

OTTO (*Raptly*): It was like sitting between the wings of the morning and soaring through space and forgetting there was either earth or cities or sorrow. It was like riding back into the youth of the world when the dew of the first morning was still fresh on the hills of Time and the rivers and valleys had never been stained with the blood of men. It was like feeling the power of a god between one's knees—it was freedom—it was life!

PHILIP: And did all this happen right here on Long Island? Reminds me how you changed your opinion about that eighty-horse power of mine. It was some kind of hellish engine of oppression until you took a ride or two—then it turned into the pearl-shod chariot of Phœbus-Apollo cleaving the paths of heaven.

LOUISE (*Curly*): Otto, take my gloves. *(To Philip, as Otto takes the gloves, and she weighs the silver coffee-pot in her hand)* What's upset your nerves again, Bunny? How much of this coffee did you drink?

PHILIP (*Shortly*): I don't know.

LOUISE (*To Otto, whose subjugation she is not averse to parading*): Bring me that chair. *(She studies her husband as he pretends to read)* Otto.

OTTO (*Moving absently about*): Yes?

LOUISE: Did you cut my roses this morning?

OTTO: Could I have forgotten that!

LOUISE: I imagine you did. So, go down to the lower terrace and get me Bourbons and Richardsons, and some Tourmalines, and a few Pompones.

OTTO: Bourbons and Richardsons and Tourmalines and Pompones! *(He turns away, and speaks as though to himself)*: And down on Avenue A I've seen children die with a dandelion stuck in one of their medicine bottles! *(He goes dreamily and abstractedly out, and Louise stands looking after him)*.

PHILIP (*Quavering with the suppressed indignation of the man of success unused to taking second place*): You've almost got him so he'll eat out of your hand, haven't you?

LOUISE (*Staring at him*): Bunny, you haven't been yourself for this last three days. What is it? *(He flings down his paper)* What's the matter?

PHILIP (*Unable to control his voice*): You know what's the matter!

LOUISE (*Holding herself in*): Do you mean Otto?

PHILIP (*Savagely*): I mean the way you're acting with that man.

LOUISE (*Quietly, almost wearily*): But Otto's only a boy.

PHILIP (*Turning the knife in the wound*): A boy! And I'm an old man, I suppose. I'm an old——

LOUISE: It's not your age I'm objecting to, Philip, it's your unreasonableness.

PHILIP: I'm not so unreasonable as you imagine. I can see what's going on here, and by God, it's going to stop.

LOUISE (*Her quietness obviously coerced*): Philip, it's hard enough having one scatter-brain to look after, without having you that way. Now, just what do you mean?

PHILIP (*Floundering, in his misery*): I mean your—your behavior with that East Side rotter, your——

LOUISE: He's not a rotter.

PHILIP: With that undersized, underbred, underground little Jew! With that cellar-rat!

LOUISE: He's not a Jew. He's not a rat. He's not under-bred. He's a second cousin of Prince Luitpold of

Bavaria. His mother's family comes down from the Counts of Wittelbach of the twelfth century.

PHILIP: That gang of half-mad degenerates!

LOUISE: Yes, Otto calls them that himself. But he's not like the others.

PHILIP: No, he's a genius—with nitro-glycerine!

LOUISE: He has intellect, soul, ideals. He's a poet, a dreamer. There are times when he seems to have wings.

PHILIP: And very engaging ways with the ladies.

LOUISE: But for all those wild theories of his—and no matter what he may believe in—he's one of earth's unselfish spirits. I can see it. I've always felt it. He seems to have the power of moving people. There are moments when he seems able to lift me up, like a whirlwind.

PHILIP: It's slipped your mind, I s'pose, that he came into this house to lift me up—with a bomb!

LOUISE: I haven't forgotten that, of course. And that's what makes it all so funny.

PHILIP (*Disgustedly*): Funny!

LOUISE (*Musingly*): In two weeks' time I'll have him quite tame.

PHILIP (*With explosive anger*): Tame, and in double harness, with me for coach-dog!

LOUISE: Bunny!

PHILIP (*Losing all control of himself*): Don't Bunny me. I've had more of this thing than I can stand. I'm sick of it. I've stood off and let that damned Nihilist do what he wanted. I've listened to his sophistry and let him stalk through my home as though he owned it. I've put up with his insanity, with his insolence and poppy-cock. I've watched him order my servants about and trail after you like a house-dog. But there's a limit to everything, and I tell you we've come to the limit. I'm not going to see my wife made love to under my own nose!

LOUISE (*As she sits staring at him*): Why, Bunny, what harm has Otto done? What harm—

PHILIP: It's made my home into a dog-kennel. It's made me think of you as I never dared think of you

before. It's got me so I can't sleep. It's spoilt my health. It's ruining my business. It's making a fool of me. And I've stood all I'm going to stand of it. He's had his week. His time's up. The thing's settled. I'm going to end all this rot, and end it good and quick.

LOUISE (*Forbearingly, as before a spoiled child*): How can you end it?

PHILIP: By bundling that whole gang of Anarchists out of America.

LOUISE: But still I don't see how you can do this.

PHILIP: Oh, I'll do it. It's as good as done now. And your East Side Prince and every man-jack of that gang's going to be packed off to Europe where they belong.

LOUISE: Philip, have you done anything, after giving Otto your word of honor you would wait for a week? Have you broken your promise to Otto?

PHILIP: Promise! Honor! What does that breed of rat know about honor? I'm sick of quibbling and hair-splitting. This has got to be a case of fighting fire with fire. It's too late for pink-tea arguments. It's come down to a matter of dog eat dog. And I don't intend to be eaten. I don't intend to be hounded out of my own home—if it still is my own home.

LOUISE: Of course it's still your own home. But that isn't the question. What I want to know is, have you broken faith with Otto? Have you been anything but honest with that boy?

PHILIP: This isn't a matter of table-manners any more.

LOUISE: It's a matter of honor. That's what worries me.

PHILIP: Why should that worry you?

LOUISE: Because we've got to be fair, terribly fair, with Otto. He's had so little justice in this life.

PHILIP: Fair with that bomb-thrower! So that's the tune you sing. So you actually want to make it easier for this gang to pull our house down about our ears. So *you're* against me, too!

LOUISE: Philip, don't say that. I won't—

PHILIP (*Swept on by his savagery*): Go on, then. Take your day. Enjoy

it—for it's going to be the last one!
(*He turns and strides to the door.*)

LOUISE (*As he goes out and slams the door*): Philip! (*She stands, amazed, then she rings the bell and moves slowly to the table, absently studying it. She is still deep in perplexed thought as Otto enters through one of the French windows, carrying an armful of garden-roses. These he places on the table, before Louise, who does not speak. Then he puts down the shears and garden-gloves. He is still staring at her as the butler enters, apparently to clear the table. Otto sees the newspapers and stops short.*)

OTTO: Wilson, take away those newspapers, those poultices from the ulcer of civilization.

WILSON: Yes, sir. (*He goes out with them, indignantly.*)

LOUISE (*Very quietly*): Otto.

OTTO (*Stopping his hyena-stride*): Yes.

LOUISE: Sit here. I want to talk to you.

OTTO (*Swept with relief*): I wish you would, all day long, for ever and ever, until this earth is ashes and there's no such thing as Time.

LOUISE: That would be rather uncomfortable, I'm afraid, and we'd both be a bit bored. Otto, what have you been thinking about all morning?

(*As they sit there the door slowly opens and Olga enters, unseen and unheard. She shrinks back into the shadow of the farthest corner, but her white and troubled face can be seen always watching Otto as he talks.*)

OTTO: I've been thinking about you.

LOUISE: You're wrong there; I don't believe you've been thinking about anything.

OTTO: Isn't that what you asked me to do?

LOUISE: You haven't thought much about the past, have you? About your earlier life, about your years in Europe, about your—your troubles in America?

OTTO: I have tried *not* to think. That was part of the plan. You said you would make me forget. (*He moves restlessly*) You have made me forget.

LOUISE: And there are some things, Otto, you've almost made me forget. (*She looks at him, wonderingly*) I've felt

at times that I'm like a lady in a rather lonely tower, who's called a lute-player into her court. You've told of things I've never seen, I've never known. You've even made me a little dissatisfied with ease, with idleness. I don't know whether your theories are right, or whether they're all wrong. But to me there's something bewildering about them. I can feel them stir and move me, even while I can't approve of them. But, you see, ladies in lonely towers have their own lives to live. And the lute-player has *his* way to go—on and on, to strange corners of the world. (*Olga, shrinking back, mutely wrings her hands.*)

OTTO (*Resenting the gulf she is throwing between them*): And you'll sit here behind these walls like a beautiful ship chained up to a stone wharf-side, without once feeling the thrill of open seas. You'll always stay here, under glass. You'll always look at the world through glass, through windows—brougham-windows, house-windows, car-windows. And that will be the tragedy of your life.

LOUISE: What a comic, comfortable sort of tragedy it will be. (*She shakes her head*): No, Otto, you're the tragic figure.

OTTO: Look at me here—I'm comic. Your life's the tragic one. You are lovely to the eye. You are as soft and beautiful and mysterious, to me, as some wild animal I can watch behind bars. But all the time I watch you, I know you are in a cage.

LOUISE: Women get used to that.

OTTO: But still you're tragic. You're trying to cheat Life. You're trying to get something without giving anything for it. You have never known pain. You have never created. Why, you have no children.

LOUISE (*Shaken*): No, no! I had a child. I lost him. (*With a sob.*) You can't blame me for that!

OTTO (*With a bitter arm-wave about him*): I blame *this*, this life of toys. It's all toys, playthings—you're engulfed in them. Pictures and books and music and horses—all toys. You drug your brain with them. You buy automobiles the same as you'd buy

anæsthetics. They're only a merry-go-round with an elastic orbit, a toy for grown-up children. You try to stop your heartaches with operas; you drug yourself with drama. You snuff cocaine from novels, the same as old Nikoff snuffs it out of his palm. You make houses and gardens, but they're toys, all toys

LOUISE: Then where do you draw the line? Isn't ambition, isn't service, isn't all your own life-work, only a toy, something to make existence a little more endurable?

OTTO: But you keep pretending you're something more than an animal. You never see blood. You have soft colors on your walls, and cut flowers in your rooms, and silk against your skin—and all the while life, turgid, raw life is teeming somewhere outside your doors.

LOUISE: Yes, Otto, I know; and it doesn't always seem fair.

OTTO: But you put up with it; you count on it.

LOUISE: I can't see things the same as you do; my life's been so different.

OTTO: Different! Yes, and on those hot nights when you sat under an awning on your yacht-deck and breathed cool sea air, I was working in a cellar as hot as hell and as black as the pit. I was sweating to the clinkety-clank of an old tread-press, ink up to my eyes, while you sat in a silk-lined Bar Harbour chair sipping iced drinks and reading French novels.

LOUISE: Yes, I know; and I say it doesn't seem fair. Life owes you so much.

OTTO: Oh, don't imagine I got nothing out of it. Do you suppose I could have gone hungry, without an overcoat in winter, if I didn't have something here (*He puts his hand on his heart*) to keep me warm, to pay me back? Something that you and your people know nothing about!

LOUISE: It's beautiful to think of you fighting against such odds. All women love fighters. Our hearts go out to them, just as mine does to Philip, when I see him come home looking so old and tired about the eyes. I know he's been fighting for what he has.

OTTO: Fighting over a good cigar and a stock-ticker!

LOUISE: Isn't that as unjust as saying *you* fight with hate and infernal-machines? There's the old class-hate again, Otto. (*Almost maternally she places a hand on his head*) You know I don't believe you've had much love in your life. (*Olga, in the background moves uneasily.*)

OTTO: Love? (*He shakes off the hand*) How'd I have love? (*He laughs*) Why, I've been kicked and cuffed across two continents all my life. It was hate that I grew up on, always hate and death and war. I crept through the Moslem lines at Deurtyul at the time of the Armenian massacre. I escaped from Kirikan to Alexandretta when Kirikan was put to the knife. I even saw babies clubbed and bayoneted in the open street. I saw Kurds and Circassians butcher two Christian villages in the *vilayet* of Sivas, and four hundred roofs burned over women's heads at Tarsus. I saw five Poles hanged because they fought for liberty, taken out and hanged in the snow like a row of dogs. I saw a woman shot by Cossacks because she dared to think for herself. I saw the Adana bombs do their work, kill and mangle thirty human beings. I have seen an old man clubbed, clubbed so that he died, because he carried a copy of Karl Marx. Love! Ha; no; there's not been much love in my life.

LOUISE (*Controlling herself with an effort*): And you need love, so much. Every man needs it. Otto, you must have needed a mother's love.

OTTO: She died the winter I was born.

LOUISE: Poor boy! You poor boy!

OTTO: There wasn't much room for love, was there? (*Again she places a hand on his head and gazes long and intently into his face.*)

LOUISE: Oh, Otto, we must all be good to you. (*With a gesture that is both maternal and passionate, she clasps his bowed head between her two shielding hands, staring before her with intent and tear-stained face. As she does so, Philip abruptly enters through the open door. He stops short, with the amazement of a man confronted by the final blow of a*

Fate that has been too much for his shattered nerves. He does not move.)

PHILIP (*Slowly*): So it's come to this! (*He stares at them*) And my wife!

LOUISE (*As she sees his face*): Philip!

PHILIP (*His quietness ominous*): With my wife!

OTTO (*Wheeling on him*): Your wife! What makes her your wife? Did you get her the way you get your English hunters? Did you buy her with so many bear-skins? Or stun her with a club and carry her back to your cave? No; she's a human being. She's a free agent. She's yours only as long as her own will says she's yours. When that will goes out to another, she belongs to that other. You can't shut up her immortal soul any more than you can shut a wild bird between your four garden walls.

PHILIP (*Goaded into irresponsibility*): And now it's your turn! Your—

LOUISE: Philip!

OTTO: You poor blind fool!

PHILIP: You rat! (*He sweeps past Louise; Otto does not fall back. But as the two men explode into a sudden fury of movement, struggling and writhing and fighting like two cave-men, Olga comes from her corner with a cry of "Otto". The latter, though much the smaller, is able to tear himself free from Philip's throttling clutch. As he turns back to Philip, Louise catches and clings to her husband's arm.*)

OTTO (*Panting*): You fool! (*To Louise*) Get away! Stand back! I'm used to this. I can take all of it that comes!

OLGA (*Clinging to him*): Otto!

OTTO (*Shaking her off*): Get away! You can't help me in this. (*Turns on Philip*) Now, what are you going to do, you fool?

PHILIP (*Shaking as Louise clings to him*): Fool! I've been a fool. But that's over. I took you into my home. I fed you. I might as well have fed a mad dog. I might as well have taken a rattler under my roof. You've slathered and slandered everything you've touched. You've poisoned and corrupted everything inside these walls. You've ruined my home. And now, by God, I'm going to kill you.

OLGA (*As she stands between them*):

You can not kill him! You dare not.

OTTO (*As Philip flings his wife away from him*): What good will that do you or your home?

PHILIP: It's got to come. It's the only way out. I'm going to make my own law now.

OTTO (*Aghast*): Why, that's Anarchy!

PHILIP (*Exultantly*): I don't care what it is. I'm going to fight for my own.

OTTO (*Shrilly*): You're talking Anarchy. You've turned Anarchist.

PHILIP: To hell with the whole thing. This is going to end, right here, now!

OTTO (*Exultantly*): Anarchy! Nothing but Anarchy! Don't hold him. Don't imagine I can't take care of myself!

LOUISE: Otto, tell him on your word of honor—

PHILIP (*With much the same ecstasy of rage which has allowed his bulk to sweep down earlier enemies on the Stock Exchange floor*): Honor! We can't use that word in this house! What does he know about honor? What do you know about honor—when you'll paw about a cur like that, a slum cur with his own mistress right here under this roof?

OTTO (*Shrill and tense*): That's a lie.

LOUISE (*Recoiling*): This is worse than madness, Philip.

PHILIP (*Still shaking with rage, as he brusquely swings Olga about to face them*): A lie, is it? Madness, is it? Here you—can you say you haven't lived and worked with this man? That you're not his lover?

OLGA (*Rigid and staring at Otto*): I am not his lover.

PHILIP: You don't both come from the same Forsyth Street cellar?

OLGA: I do not come from a Forsyth Street cellar.

PHILIP: And you've never been in one?

OTTO (*In shrill defiance*): Yes, she's been in one; she's worked in one; she's gone hungry in one, side by side with me!

PHILIP (*Sweeping savagely on*): Ha so you've tricked her, too? You've tricked me; and tricked your own

tribe. Why, you're against your own people, at this very moment.

OTTO: Yes, I'm against you, and I'm against the world, and I'm against myself, even. I'm against everything. Good God, man, don't you know what Anarchy means? I'm an Anarchist, a Nihilist, anything you like to call it. I'm Disorder, Ruin, Chaos. I'm what you've all got to face, what everything comes to. I'm the only thing that endures. I'm the only thing that lasts beyond the end of everything. And I want to know how you're going to kill me, or kill what I stand for?

OLGA (*Despairingly*): It's not him, Otto—it's the other who's going to kill you.

PHILIP (*His sanity returning*): It's the law of this country that's going to kill you.

OTTO: Then you'll find I die hard.

PHILIP: To America you're a dead man now.

OTTO: Then I'll show you a corpse with plenty of fight in it.

OLGA: No, no, Otto—you do not understand.

PHILIP: It's not in his hands or mine. It's something beyond us. It's the Law you sneer at.

OTTO: Ha, you called me a cry-baby, but who's the cry-baby now? What about those laws of God you sneered at.

PHILIP: These are the laws of men, and they'll do with you what they do with the rest of your breed—they'll deport you.

OTTO: Deport me? (*He turns fiercely on Philip*) And you think because you ship my body across the Atlantic you're getting rid of what I stand for? You imagine, if I'm brushed aside, there'll be no one to take my place? No one left to carry on the Cause?

PHILIP (*As he strides over and savagely rings the bell*): Your whole cursed band's gathered up. And every man-jack of them goes back to Europe, and you go with them.

OTTO: That's another lie.

LOUISE (*Sobbingly*): Oh, Philip, what have you done?

PHILIP (*Ignoring her*): Go and ask your Inner Circle if it's a lie. You're

alone now: you stand alone the same as other men have to.

OTTO: Alone? (*He stares about the room, dazed. No one moves. Then out of the utter silence sounds a concertina playing the Marseillaise. Otto's face, as the chords of this hymn of his own people come to him, slowly lights up*) Nikoff!

OLGA (*Fearfully*): Otto, before it's too late! Go! Go! Go!

LOUISE (*As the music draws nearer, growing louder and louder*): What is it?

OTTO (*Triumphantly to Philip*): Alone! Ha, you're not the first to try to kill this Cause. Others have tried to crush it. But it has lived—it has been re-born out of rivers of blood. You can't stop it any more than you can stop rain from falling or grass from growing, any more than you can stop that song—that song that has thrilled more hearts than any music ever made by man. I am not alone. I am one of the Brotherhood—one of many! (*Nikoff's uncouthly malignant figure appears in the garden outside, approaching the windows.*)

OLGA (*In a scream*): Keep him out! Otto, keep him out!

OTTO: He is one of the Brotherhood.

PHILIP: That man is here to kill. I warn you to keep him out.

OTTO (*Derisively, stopping him as he goes to cross the room*): Why keep out the dead? His cause is dead!

OLGA (*Frenziedly*): Otto!

LOUISE: Your promise, remember your promise, Otto! (*She shrinks back, as though in fear of mysteries she cannot comprehend.*)

OTTO: That's what I have just remembered.

(*Nikoff, now at the window, attempts to enter. Olga rushes to its double-panel, as though to hold it shut.*)

PHILIP: Keep back!

(*As he speaks, Nikoff forces the window and stumbles through. Otto cries out one sharp sentence, in a foreign tongue. Nikoff, white and defiant, answers in the same tongue. Otto steps back as though he had been struck. Nikoff's hand swings up, holding a revolver. He deliberately trains it on the motionless and amazed Otto, and fires. The first shot, appar-*

ently, goes wild. He steps closer; and as he fires the second shot, Olga flings her body in front of Otto, clinging to him.)

OLGA: Otto! Otto! (The shot follows. Her arms relax and she falls to

the floor. As she does so, she calls out the one word: "Fraternitas!" Philip and Doyle, who has entered, seize Nikoff before he can move again.)

CURTAIN.



Act IV. of "The Firebrand" will appear in
Canada Monthly for March.

Shantying on Cascapedia

By M. G. McWhirter

“**R**OLL OUT! Roll out! Ro-o-o-oll out!”

The stars were still brilliantly clear above the firs on the Little Cascapedia, when the cook's melodious bellow brought the men of Camp IV. out of their bunks in all of a masculine before-breakfast ill-humor.

“Sacré!” sputtered little Loubert. “’oo is le cochon ’oo have lose me my socks? Fritz, I tole you dat when you wear my socks, not to t’row dem under de bunk. Now I’ve got to get down on my knees an’ wipe up all dis dust. I tell you,” here his voice rose to a shriek, muffled by the bunk. “Fritz, you brute, I’m goin’ to get a dog—I am—a leetle dog what I can say to, ‘Dog’—like dat—‘Dog: find dem socks!’ An’ den I won’t have to dislocate all dese bones or disturb dis dust wit’ my nose—an’. Fritz, he’s goin’ to sleep wit’ you, too!”

But Loubert’s good-nature was not shared by the less mercurial men. Dave Wilson looked sullenly at his watch and grumbled.

“Blank this blankety-blank country anyhow—they wake you up in the middle of the night to eat. I ain’t got that last load of logs off my back yet, an’ here it’s to-morrow. Once I get back to God’s country——”

The life of the men who cut fir and spruce and pine in the stately woods of the North, who fill the quick black rivers with the eddying rush of “the drive,” who start the first of the long series of processes which end in your polished ball-room floor, your Heppel-white chair, or your morning newspaper, is a hard and muscle-making life, monotonous, uneventful, but yet with a certain rough and epic splendor of its own. Hard and dour men it breeds, men who, spite of asseverated

returns to “God’s country,” come back always to the rhythmical swing of the axe-handle and the keen bite of the blade; men who are terrors to work and terrors to fight, and terrors to play, for the last two are more than often synonymous.

By half-past six the gang was out of the shanty where breakfast was served, and headed for their several places and jobs. The new hands went with the head-swamper to cut out the Main Road. Soon the woods resounded with the sound of the lumbermen’s axes and saws, the voices of the teamsters, the laughter and oaths of the workers. Each gang was made up of several men. First, the chopper or undercutter notched the tree and guided its fall, while the saw went merrily through the trunk. When it was down, the chopper measured the lengths; the knotter or “sengler” trimmed off the branches. Next the teamsters and horses came up; the chain was fastened around the log; the driver spoke to his horses, and off went the logs to the “skidway.”

Meantime the choppers and sawyers were busily engaged upon another tree. All through the forest busy gangs of men worked all day; steadily the number of logs increased. At noon hour, if the men are far from the camp, they “boil the kettle” out of doors. With laughter and joke they eat their fat pork, sweet-bread, cake and molasses, washing all down with a dipper of black tea.

As soon as there is enough snow the teams begin to haul the logs from the skidways or yards to the landing at the river. Two men with cant-hooks or “gee-throws” load the sleighs by means of a horse, a block and line. Each team will haul fifty or sixty logs at a load. And when the darkness

shadows down on the little Cascapedia, it is a weary gang who head back to the bunk-house with jingle of chains and rough words quick-flung across the dusky spaces of the logging-roads.

In Camp IV. supper was served on the long table covered with oilcloth. There was an abundance of good food—meat, potatoes, bread, molasses, sugar, tea, several kinds of cake and pies. These speedily disappeared before the ravenous appetites of the men who were waited on by the cookee. Every man helped himself to the food placed upon the table. Excepting for an occasional request, the men ate in silence, there being an unwritten law forbidding conversation at meals.

Supper having been dispatched, the men separated. Tongues were loosed, and conversation, well interspersed with profanity, chaffing, and arguing, took the place of the recent silence.

A number repaired to the bunk house, where some lay down in their berths, while others seated themselves upon the long bench placed in front of the beds—called the "deacon's seat." The teamsters went to the "hovel" or stable to water their horses, give them their oats, rub them down, and make them generally comfortable, after which they reported themselves to the boss or foreman in his office to give an account of the number of logs hauled during the day. This was marked down, and the teamsters were at liberty to join the others in the bunk house or sleeping shanty. This building was fully forty feet long, by twenty-four wide, and perhaps ten feet high in the centre.

There were two windows and a skylight. It was made of logs; the spaces between the logs being stuffed with moss—"stogged," the boys called it. The outside was plastered with ground. The bark was peeled off the logs on the outside. The roof was made of split fir covered with ground. About a foot above this roof there was a second one covered with split shingles. Two rows of bunks were placed on each side, one above another, sufficient to hold forty-eight or fifty men.

A large "single-stove" stood in the

centre of the room. Wires and poles were strung close to the stove-pipe. These were plentifully ornamented with socks, mitts, wet clothing and moccasins. A lamp was suspended from the ceiling. In this room the men spend their evenings; smoke, make axe-handles, play mouth-organs or the violin, dance, wrestle, pull the lazy-stick, chaff each other and sometimes settle disputes with a liberal use of fists.

In the short days the men come in about six o'clock; by nine the lights are out and the men enjoy their well-earned rest. On Saturday night, however, an exception is made, and they are allowed to stay up much later.

The "hovel" or stable is a building similar to the camp in appearance, excepting that there are no windows. There is also the office, fitted with a stove, lamps and a table. Here sleep the boss, sealer, blacksmith and carpenter or "handy-man." The various articles required by the men are kept here.

In Camp IV., as always, there was a bully, by name Tom Burton, who "tended team" for Dick Smith. Dick was a young, slight fellow, who had his own horses, while Tom was a great, burly, red-faced brute weighing two hundred and ten pounds, who shirked his share of work when possible. The two were working apart from the others. Seating himself deliberately upon a log, Tom lit his pipe and drawled: "Say, Smith, I guess you're young enough to roll out those logs. I'm getting old."

The lad struggled with the logs; he was new to the work, and although he felt the injustice of Burton's action, he could see no way of redress. However, keeping down his wrath, he did his best, while the bully watched him, laughing derisively when his efforts were ineffectual. "Guess you're not much good, Smith; what do they hire school children for?"

"I came to drive, not to load," Dick retorted.

"Shut up your head, or I'll make you," thundered Tom with an oath. "You're here to do what I tell you; mind that, will you?"

Dick kept silent. Even when the big man took his sheep-skin upon which he sat, appropriating it to his own use, he said nothing.

"Hand over some tobacco," commanded Burton. "You know the teamsters have to keep the team-tender in tobacco. Hurry up!"

Dick hesitated, then reluctantly handed over a part of a plug of his hoarded tobacco. Nevertheless, he was learning lessons; after a month of such treatment, he plucked up courage and went to the boss.

"Well, Chummie, what is it?" inquired the kindly foreman, for he liked Dick, who was the youngest of the teamsters.

"I am taking my team, and going down river in the morning."

"Why!" exclaimed the boss in surprise, "what's up now?"

"Tom Burton has run on me ever since I came here, and I don't have to stay."

"Oh!" A light broke upon the foreman's mind. But he spoke quietly.

"You needn't leave for that, Smith; I'll give you a new man in the morning, and put him at something else."

"I'll settle Burton to-night," cried George Brown, who had been a silent listener to the short dialogue.

Suiting the action to the word, he marched straight to the bunk house. Crossing the room, he said:

"Turn out, Burton: I've something to say to you."

Slowly Tom raised his big body, and asked in a surly tone:

"What do you want of me?"

"I'll soon let you know. What are you running on kids for?"

"Who's running on kids? I'll run on you, too. I'll teach you to meddle with what's none of your business," cried Burton angrily.

"Come on. Never mind chewing the rag. I don't know you, and you don't know me. Maybe it's just as well you don't. Now pack your duds."

"I don't have to pack my duds. I can do it with them on," with an ugly sneer.

The men were crowding around. George was slight and light, and

formed a striking contrast to Burton.

One of the Johnson boys spoke.

"Brown's good for him."

"He's only one hundred and fifty, if he's that, and Burton is over two hundred," said another.

"He'd beat if he was only ninety pounds," declared Johnson.

Tom spoke threateningly. "If I can't do it now, I'll catch the youngster below."

George spoke steadily:

"Don't worry; I'll give you enough; you'll be glad to promise to touch nobody when you go down."

With the last word George hit him. Taken unexpectedly, Burton staggered back; then, swearing a great oath, the bully sprang forward and struck George in the breast.

Under the force of the blow Brown fell backward a step or two, then, agile as a cat, he hit Tom in the eye. Steadily, however, Tom advanced, his intention being to catch George and crush him with his great strength, thus making up for what he lacked in agility. Divining his plan, Brown avoided him. Try as he would, he could not catch the lithe, active figure, which seemed to be in every place at once. The blood was streaming from an ugly cut above his eye, while one of Tom's was fast closing and his nose bleeding. Watching his chance, George gave him a "left-hander" on the side of the head. There was a nasty glitter in Tom's remaining eye. Stealthily he made a vicious kick at his enemy. Jumping to one side, George struck Burton a heavy blow under the left jaw. Over the "deacon's seat" tumbled the bully with Brown following up, pommelling him severely.

"Give it to him, Brown!"

"Good for you, George!"

"That'll learn you to leave kids alone!"

"Hurrah for Brown!"

At length, satisfied with his work, George let him go.

Slowly the crestfallen Burton slunk off to his bunk, while the camp rung with the shouts of the men.

"Hurrah for Brown! He's beat the bully."

For two days Burton kept his bunk; then he got his time and went down river.

One day was much like another. Saturday night, however, brought relaxation.

A number of the men were in the bunk house. Already the air was thick with tobacco smoke.

Jack Mortimer played a lively tune on his violin, while Gilbert Pete danced an accompaniment. Both were good performers. Faster and faster went the bow, and like lightning flew the nimble feet, for Gilbert delighted to exhibit his ability in tripping the "light fantastic."

Cries of "Hurrah for Pete! Hurrah for Pete!" rewarded his achievement.

Jack came in too for his share of approval. "Well done, Mortimer! Give us another." Jack drew his bow lovingly across the strings, tested her critically, and off again the bow raced while Jack's audience applauded or criticized. Others were making a visit to the cook in his own domain.

As often occurs, the conversation turned upon feats of strength.

Jack Thomas told how he had held a large silver watch at arms' length for thirteen seconds.

"That's nothing!" complimentarily observed Theo Turlong. "I've lifted a barrel of pork with my three fingers three times from the floor."

Here Jim Loubert spoke up. In his broken English, he declared he could shoulder a barrel of flour.

"I'll bet a pound of tobacco you can't," cried Bill Flowers.

"I can jus' as easy," reiterated Loubert, and immediately prepared to make good his boast.

"Loubert 'll not be much good tomorrow," encouragingly remarked Joe Downs.

"Don't worry, he'll soon quit," prophesied Frank Mooney.

Higher and higher rose the barrel.

"Good for you, Loubert."

"You're all right, Jim."

"Steady, boy, steady! There she goes."

Up still higher, and a final lurch sent the barrel to the coveted place. But, alas! The last jerk had been too

strong. Over to the floor behind crashed the barrel, breaking in the head, smashing the barrel to pieces, scattering the flour in every direction, and covering as in a shroud five or six men standing near. Amid the jeers and laughter of the men, Loubert retired to a seat, saying bravely:

"If the boss, she charge me, I'll pay."

The men scattered on the entrance of the boss. Some sought their bunks, others went to the hovel to see to their horses. Three times the boss asked who had spilled the flour. At last, young Le Blanc, the cookee, answered:

"Loubert, she broke it."

Loubert paid for the flour. He figured no more as an athlete for a long while.

That autumn the men had an unusual experience. A fall of snow had been succeeded by rain. Between the hours of nine p. m. and two the following morning, the river rose nine feet. Dick Smith and George Brown had vacated their berth on account of a leakage above them and lain down upon a few boards on the floor. They were awakened by the boss, calling them to get up.

George shook his companion into consciousness, and sprang up; retreating when he found himself in water. He made a second attempt in the dark, jumping further. The water was to his knees. Crawling upon the "deacon's seat," he pushed his way to his bunk, secured Dick's lantern and followed the foreman, who had succeeded in finding his way over brush, fallen trees and logs, to the river side, where he obtained the boat. Poling around the camp, they found the horses were all right, as the hovel was built upon higher ground than the other buildings.

Next they cruised to the cook-shanty, where they found Tony the cook and his helper afraid to get up, as most of the contents of the shanty were floating around. They put in the rest of the night as best they could. Somehow Tony managed to get breakfast, grumbling loudly as he did so. Still the river rose, and continued to

do so till well on in the afternoon. Long before that the whole camp's crew were compelled to take to the mountain. There they set up a tent and built a fire. With a few exceptions the men bore the discomforts of their positions with much good humor.

Dick Smith and the other teamsters led their horses into the thickest woods, made a rude shelter with poles and branches, blanketed them well, and joined their companions. There they remained till the river fell, when they returned to camp and work was resumed. The Company's loss was considerable—hay, molasses, flour and other supplies having floated down river.

On Sunday the men survey their wardrobe: patching and darning when compelled by necessity. Sometimes they light a fire outside, fill the great pot with water, and celebrate wash-day, attacking the wash-tub with an energy which would make an ordinary woman stare, as well as fear for the safety of the garments. What matter if the dark colors do run into the lighter ones? Your woodsman is not hard to satisfy with his laundry. With every mark of satisfaction over a well-finished task, the men survey the motley array of garments suspended in every conceivable manner. "Mine's the cleanest!" is the universal verdict of each performer. Sunday is also chosen for hunting expeditions. There were several such in Camp No. IV., but one account will suffice.

Early one Sunday, Bob Howard and George Brown set off with their Winchesters, intent upon a moose-hunt. For a considerable distance their way led up a rising ground. Gradually they reached the height of land and began to descend. They walked briskly in the cool September air; there was crispness enough to stimulate their blood. Except for an occasional remark at long intervals, the two men maintained silence. Bob led the way. The day advanced, and by and by they came upon a little lake in the heart of the forest. Everything was at peace that Sabbath morning. But there

was little thought of the day in the hunters' minds. The sight which met their gaze occupied their attention. Out in the lake stood a good-sized bull-moose eating pond-lilies. Into the water he plunged the whole fore part of his body. Raising himself, he shook the water from his head and proceeded to enjoy the tender plants, presenting a picture of great contentment, as he munched the long, thick stems, all unconscious of his enemies. Ten times at least he dived his great head into the water. Then he saw them and turned towards the shore.

The men fired. He was wounded, but continued his flight, the two hunters in hot pursuit. He reached the shore, and was hidden among the trees. The men hurried on into the forest. Ere long they came upon their prey. Brought to bay, the moose prepared to charge his enemies. Again the rifle-shots rang out. The huge animal threw himself into the air, then fell a short distance from the hunters' feet—dead. They had no little trouble to secure their prize, but finally succeeded. The head was a fine one of uniform size, with good antlers having a spread of at least forty-eight inches.

Well pleased with the result of their day's hunt, Bob and George set out to return to the camp. Heavily laden as they were, their progress was necessarily slow. Fatigued but triumphant, at a late hour they reached their destination. After recounting their adventures, they sought their bunks to snatch a few hours' sleep ere the work of a new day began.

One evening when the season was well advanced, the men were gathered as usual in their quarters. The conversation drifted from one subject to another, till the amount of lumber hauled that day became the topic. Presently one cried with more partisanship than wisdom:

"Hurrah for Malcolm! He's got the biggest tally."

Cameron spoke testily. "He may have the biggest load, but it's lately come to him."

Readily Malcolm responded: "I can haul as many logs as any team on the road."

"Well done, Malcolm!" from one or two voices.

Cameron's Irish blood was up. Jumping quickly into the centre of the room, and pulling off his sweater, he exclaimed with an oath, "I care for nothing in this camp."

"I'm not the whole of this camp," replied Malcolm, rising, "but I'll try you."

He glanced around the circle of faces and added, "I care for nothing, either, if I get my blood up."

The opponents faced each other, calculating strong and weak points. Then, quick as a flash, out flew Malcolm's arm. Down fell Cameron with the blood streaming from his nose. Mad with rage, he scrambled to his feet, crying, "Give me an axe!"

The voice of the foreman interposed. "If you're going to fight, let's have fair play."

Treacherously reaching backward, Cameron secured a long-legged boot from a bunk, and threw it straight at Malcolm's head. The aim was too low. It struck him in the breast. With one spring Malcolm caught his opponent by the throat. Giving a dexterous twist he dragged him upon his back out of doors, followed by the whole camp's crew. Even the cook and cookee had been attracted by the uproar and hurried to the scene.

Seeing indications of interference, the boss stepped to the front and cried, "The man who interferes hits me."

In spite of this, however, the fight became general. Nelson hit Gilbert Pete, and his cousin taking it up,

Mortimer hit him. A regular *melée* ensued. Everyone was pulling and dragging. Blows were struck right and left. Exclamations and oaths filled the air, while blood flowed freely.

Again out rang the voice of the boss. "I own this shack, and I'll run it or die."

Suddenly there came an interruption. Clearly upon the air was borne the jingling of sleigh-bells. A few minutes later into the open before the camp dashed a horse and sleigh. Beside the driver sat one whom they all recognized in the bright moonlight, for he had visited their camp earlier in the season.

"What's the matter, boys?" asked the minister, for he it was.

Shamefacedly they scattered, for he was respected by them all.

Later, all traces of their recent uproar, removed, irrespective of creed, they repaired to the cook-room, where the minister held a short service. He was more than a clergyman; he talked to them simply as man to men. Even the most ignorant realized that somehow the preacher understood much about their trials and temptations. He had given them a glimpse of a nobler life than that lived by them.

Before and after service, Cameron held his head down in sullen silence. Otherwise there was no sign.

More quietly than usual the men sought their bunks. Ere long silence reigned supreme. The toils, animosities and resolutions of the day were alike forgotten. Deep sleep had fallen upon Camp No. IV.

THE MOVING SPIRIT

BY FITZHUGH COYLE GOLDSBOROUGH

DEEP in the heart of every wave,
There dwells the urge of boundless tides—
So in the breast of King and Slave,
The deathless gleam of God abides!

Out of Egypt

By J. DeQ. Donehoo

Illustrated by John Drew

WHY did I love her? I do not not know. From the first moment I saw her—but this is no way to begin a story.

It was at one of those wonderful new universities of the Prairie West, one of those schools of learning dedicated to high thinking and plain living, whither I had gone on account of the comparative cheapness with which an education could be secured that, in the last year of my law course, and very greatly to the disadvantages of my studies, I met the dark-haired, smiling, intensely mystical Athanasia.

Her very name, an unusual one, charmed me from the first; but its owner did vastly more than that; she took complete possession of my heart and, for a time at least, there was no room left in it for anything else whatsoever, and least of all for Blackstone and the dry technicalities of the law. Thus, pleasant as it was to find myself engaged to the adorable Athanasia, and to know that my affection for her was returned with an ardor which even I could scarcely ask to have enhanced, the future then did not appear to me altogether roseate. Head over heels in love as I was, I still had sufficient good judgment left to realize that the law is a jealous mistress and one that must often-times be wooed for years before she deigns to grant her favors. Having no private means at my command, I bitterly faced the fact that a long period of time would doubtless have to elapse before our happiness could be crowned by our union.

In such a state of comparative depression was I, even amidst the greatest joy of my life, when I was sum-

moned home by the unexpected death of my father. I returned to college a few weeks later, saddened, and further depressed in a manner that one who has not experienced a similar bereavement can scarcely understand. Not only had I lost my dearest living relative, not only was the old home life now forever broken up, but the very home itself passed irrevocably into the hands of strangers. My father had been heavily involved and the farm mortgaged. The mortgages were foreclosed, and soon, with the exception of a few heirlooms and trifling articles of personal property, not a tangible souvenir of what had once been home remained to any of us widely scattered brothers and sisters.

To me, however, the youngest, was given by unanimous consent and for the reason that will soon appear, the most remarkable heirloom that belonged to the family, a strange object, indeed, to be found in a Pennsylvania farmhouse. It was a mummy enclosed in a magnificent mummy-case, a souvenir of my great-uncle Peleg, who followed the sea during the earlier years of the last century, and brought home many rare and curious objects from the lands of the East.

One of my earliest recollections was that my mother, and indeed, all the other members of the family, did not feel thoroughly comfortable regarding the presence in our home of the mortal remains of one whom they knew to to have been a woman who lived, and doubtless loved, in the mystic land of Khem three thousand years and more ago. None of them would have consented to part with the mummy at any price, yet none the less, for all

save myself, its associations ever remained somewhat intermingled with the uncanny and terrifying. With me, however, it was always, for some reason, very different.

From my earliest childhood I never remember having any other feeling but that of the most sincere affection for the Princess Asenath, as we called her. And ever, in my childish imagination, did I picture her as lying there, forever young and beautiful in her gorgeously gilded and painted coffin, placidly sleeping her age-long sleep, until, some day, she should awaken. And then, perhaps, I fancied, as in the fairy tales, she should be my bride; and together we two should fly far across the sea to the wonderful land of the Pyramids, about which old Uncle Peleg told such marvelous tales, and be king and queen of Egypt in place of old Pharaoh, her father.

My charming Athanasia, in the first bloom of our love romance, and after her cunning extraction of full confession of all my previous experiences with Master Cupid, had for a time pouted somewhat at my account of this childish fancy for the Princess Asenath, professing herself to be justly jealous. But to this attitude soon succeeded her enthusiastic acceptance of my Egyptian legend, and the identification of the Princess with herself in some previous state of existence. Obsession by this idea gave, in fact, a great impulse to those theosophical and occult studies to which the dear girl had already been greatly addicted. Although Athanasia did not, so far, claim that she had literal remembrance of having been Asenath, Princess of Egypt, and my betrothed in the dim and mystic past, not yet having trodden the Noble Eight-fold Path far enough to arrive at perfect recollection, none the less did she express absolute conviction that this had been the case.

Confirmations of her theory rapidly became unanswerable in the mind of my dearest Athanasia. She even began to venture, with how much of seriousness I know not, although at the time I never gave them any other

value than that of playful imaginings, upon bits of recollection relating to our history in the past.

"Did you not tell, me sweetheart, that you fell in love with me the very first moment you saw me in the chapel that morning?" she asked. "But why should you do that, dearest, without knowing anything about me? Is that not a proof that you did know and love me in some previous state of existence?"

I thought I answered that question pretty satisfactorily, although with some mussing of hair and other necessary accompaniments, by enumerating a few of the thousand perfections that I averred no man, unless he were hopelessly blind, could fail to see at a glance in my charming fiancée. I assured her that it required no theory of a past existence to account for any man falling in love with her instantly.

"But other men did not do that, and you did," she retorted.

My floundering in presence of this admirable bit of reasoning deprived me of any chance of victory in the discussion that ensued. And my rejoinder that if all men did not fall in love with my betrothed the moment they met her, it simply proved them to be a pack of fools, was cut short by other profound arguments, in presence of which I was powerless.

"And why, dearest, should your Uncle Peleg happen to get just that particular mummy in Egypt, and bring it to your home? Why should you, and nobody else, even as a little child, fall in love with the very memory of the Princess Asenath? And why should you fall in love with me, the only living woman you ever did love, the moment you first saw me, unless I was she? Why, it's unanswerably proved."

It was; I had no arguments wherewith to meet logic like that. Besides, it was so delightful to hear my dearest Athanasia go on in this manner that I could have listened to her by the hour and never tired.

"Ah, yes; now I remember it all," she continued. "The daughter of the mighty Potipherah, priest of On, was I, and brought up amidst all the lux-

ury that boundless wealth could give; very pretty was I, too, in those days when I was so much younger than I am now," she added, laughingly. "And you—you were a poor young man studying for the priesthood, and, oh, ever and ever so handsome and noble looking. But you differed from me as to the effect which the lapse of time had upon you, for you possess those gifts yet in precisely the same measure in which you had them then."

I hastened to protest that this was a most unreasonable distinction to make, and therefore cast discredit upon all my dear girl's recollections of the past, but without replying, save with a smile, she continued with a rapt look upon her face :

"We fell in love the very moment we saw each other; I think, indeed, that we must have loved in some existence older even than that in Egypt. But now I see how it all was then—I see it plainly. I was with my father in his great galley on the Nile; you also accompanied him as one of his pupils. How beautiful the moonlight was that night. You looked at me many times, and often we smiled; but only once we spoke together, and that was but for a moment; it was beneath the deep shadows cast by the great temple of Ra, in Heliopolis. Hastily we plighted our troth, and once you kissed me there; but I told you our love was hopeless; for my father had promised to me a rich noble of Pharaoh's court, and vain was the dream that he would relent for any wish of mine. Yet I told you there that of none but you would I be the bride, though we had to wait until we had passed justified through the courts of the house of Osiris, and the time of the restitution of all things had come. And aloft I held a token by which I swore to keep our troth, that I remember. But, oh, how I wish I could recollect what that token was. And then, sweetheart, I never saw you more in that life in Egypt; and when the time had come I stabbed myself rather than have the noble bear me off to be his bride. And it seems to me, dearest, that since that time, again and again have I seen you, in Tyre and Athens and Rome,



"BUT OTHER MEN DID NOT FALL 'N LOVE WITH ME,
AND YOU DID!" SHE RETORTED

in places without number, but always was it dimly and but for a moment. And, even if we met, I could not remember the token—oh, I wish I could recall what it was—and something intervened, and we were torn apart.

Oh, pray God, that nothing come between us now !”

“No danger that aught shall come between us now, my sweet Princess Athanasia, the Deathless One,” I replied fondly. “We have a sure grip on everything this time, at least, on everything except the finances. This condition seems, however, to be chronic with me, and I am not surprised to learn from your interesting vision that I was in the same fix in Egypt three thousand years ago.

“Laugh at me as you may, sweetheart,” replied Athanasia, smiling, “I do believe that this vision of mine is something more substantial than a dream. Most of the wisest races, and many of the wisest men of every age, have believed in re-incarnation. I have lived and loved you in Egypt of old; I feel sure that if I could by some means gain a little deeper introspection, I could quickly solve this, our financial problem of the present, by bringing into the world of consciousness the memories of the past.”

Six months rolled on after this, however, and that important problem remained as hopelessly unsolved as ever. I was a law graduate now, with my shingle hung out at Springfield, the little county seat at which Athanasia's family resided. Clients were few, nor was there any sign of their rapid increase. Matrimony was not to be thought of for the present, for it was with the greatest difficulty that I kept my modest board bill from falling into arrears.

It was at this time that Athanasia asked me, one evening, if I would not show her the mummy of which we had spoken so often. Although I had had it in my possession ever since I came to Springfield, she had never yet seen it.

Gladly I consented, of course, and the next afternoon my dear girl, accompanied by her mother, came around to my humble little room. Now, my prospective mother-in-law, Mrs. Lawson, had not the slightest sympathy with Athanasia's mystical and theological tenets. Although she was as much interested as that young lady in examining the exquisitely decorated

outer case, and the two inner ones, in inspecting the papyrus rolls with the hieroglyphic rituals from the Book of the Dead, and the mummy itself, swathed in numberless wrappings of linen, yet when Athanasia made her first reference to her own identification with the Princess Asenath, Mrs. Lawson appealed to me in utter disgust.

This was as nothing, however, to what the good lady said when my sweet betrothed, after carefully examining every detail about the mummy and its case, suddenly ejaculated, “Mamma, I am going to ask your permission and Jack's, to do something that I suppose you will both think very odd ! I want to have the mummy taken out of the case, and then lie down in it a moment myself, just as if I were a mummy.”

Mrs. Lawson protested with a degree of energy that I shall not attempt to describe, and I did so feebly. But the end of it, was of course, that Athanasia, who had a way of making others see things as she did, finally worked her own sweet will.

Never shall I forget how beautiful she looked lying there, the radiantly living in the place of the dead, the color of her delicately tinted flesh, instinct with throbbing life, contrasting weirdly with the shrivelled corpse of ages past, which lay beside her on the floor ! She closed her eyes for a moment, then opened them with a dreamy smile, and signalling me to raise her up, said, laughingly : “The Princess Asenath has awakened at last from her age-long sleep. Deep in her sub-conscious mind she now knows all that happened to her in the land of Khem and in the other lives of the milleniums that since have passed. It only needs another mind, in close enough relation with her own, to draw that knowledge from her by telepathy, and so bring it into the world of consciousness. Kiss me, dearest one.”

I did. And Mrs. Lawson, as she had the most perfect right to do, cried out upon us, and said we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. She roundly rebuked Athanasia for her levity, as

she called it, and further re-approached me as one who had openly gone over to the enemy. But how could I help it?

It is scarcely strange that I did not feel sleepy that evening, and that reverie, beginning with the thought of my sweetheart's recent visit, ranged far and wide. As I sat, smoking cigar after cigar, I thought of many things: the old home, my childish infatuation for the Princess Asenath, above all, my idolized Athanasia, and the strange prank she had played in my room that very afternoon, the richness of character and infinite variety of that most charming girl who, when this merely financial difficulty had been surmounted, was to be mine, yes, mine alone for ever.

Finally, in the midst of this pleasing reverie, I found myself looking fixedly at the mummy-case of the Princess Asenath, which now stood as usual in the corner of the room opposite me. Suddenly, the lid of the case swung outward, as upon a hinge; but there seemed to me then nothing strange or uncanny about that—wide open it swung, and within it I saw, not Athanasia as she had appeared that afternoon, neither the mummy that should have been within, but the Egyptian Princess Asenath, who, as something within my breast told me, *was* Athanasia. Beautiful as a dream she was; not Athanasia, as I have said before, but as really she herself as my dear betrothed in the flesh had been a few hours before; for now I knew, beyond all cavil of doubt, that they two were one.

"*At last have I come, my beloved.*" she said, with a smile that rendered



BARELY TOUCHING THE JEWEL SHE HELD, I TOTTERED BACK,
THRILLING IN EVERY NERVE

my heart faint within me for joy, nor have I forgotten the token, the token that I showed unto thee, dearest one, that night of our betrothal, in the

shadows of the temple of Ra, in On the Magnificent. This token it is that begetteth the favor of the gods of Egypt"(here I noticed for the first time, so dazzled had I been by the maiden's beauty, that she held in her right hand a gem that glittered like the sun); "for truly have they revealed unto me, that in fulness of time, it shall bring unto me and my love fortune and happiness among the children of men. And so, ere I plunged the sharp steel into my bosom that night, unto Amesses my faithful slave did I reveal it, and made her swear by Ra and Osiris, by Isis and Hathor, by all the gods of Khem, that after my body was embalmed and ready to lay in the tomb of my ancestors, she would conceal the token in the wound that I purposed to make in my breast above my heart. There hath it lain, waiting for thee; and to none other but thee might I reveal it. And so, dearest one, bringing unto thee fortune and happiness, I come."

Then it seemed to me that the light and the life instantly faded; and in place of the Princess Asenath I saw, in turn, many other fair faces of maidens—Tyrian, Greek, Roman, French, English, and of what other nationalities besides I know not. Yet ever was it the countenance of Athanasia the Deathless that prevailed amidst the individuality of race, and ever was it her wonderful eyes that looked at me beseechingly, expressing inextinguishable love. But none of these maidens held the token, and the faces of many of them were weirdly dim, their voices so faint that I scarcely heard them say, "I come." And some reached out their arms imploringly towards me, but rooted where I sat, I could not come to them; soon, then, were they lost in the succession of shadowy forms that intermittently appeared, like the flashings of an electric light, in the shroud of the Princess Asenath. And last of all came Athanasia, as she had appeared that afternoon, and most beau-

tiful of them all; and her I struggled mightily to reach, as again she held out to me the token, and said, "I come." Forward I pressed, and barely touching the jewel she held, tottered back; for I thrilled through every nerve as though I had received the discharge of an electric battery.

I found myself upon my feet; the cigar in my hand was scorching my finger. My student-lamp burnt low, but the mummy-case, glittering faintly in its green and red and yellow and gold, stood in the corner still. Yet never a ray of light came from it, and the lid was tightly closed.

"Alas! A mere dream," I cried aloud, as I paced the floor; "but how wondrously beautiful. Only a dream, but so vivid that I cannot help half believing in its reality; I *do* believe in it. No one need ever know that I yielded to this impulse of superstitious credulity. *I will find out!*"

All in a tremble from excitement, I laid the mummy-case upon the floor. Nervously, hastily, then, I cut away the linen strips that adhered to the shrivelled flesh under which had once throbbed a woman's heart in Egypt—had that heart indeed been that of the Princess Asenath, and my love? And there, in the ancient gaping wound, I found it—the Token, an emerald, the glorious light of which illumined all the room as I had seen it do a moment before in the hands of Asenath and Athanasia, an emerald of almost priceless worth.

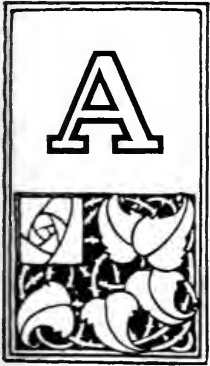
And truly this Token, whatever its history, and whether blessed or not of the gods of Khem, has brought fortune and happiness to me and my love among the children of men, even as the Princess Asenath declared to me it should.

No doubt whatever has my dear wife that this is a token she first showed me in Egypt, that hour of our betrothal beneath the shadows of the temple of Ra. As for me, I do not know.



This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY



PEDLAR'S Pack contains many "unconsidered trifles". There are pins in it, yes, mesdames, little pins, hat pins, likewise gentle-pointed darners. Needles, too, and soft silks and little broderies. Pictures a-many o' this gallant and

that maid. Dreambooks, aye—and maybe love-potions. Not many of psalms to sing which are good and godly for church only. Tapes are here; hooks for the lasses—eyes for the gallants—thread-the-needle for all who love the merry game; scissors to cut Gordian knots, measuring tapes to record the few inches of firm, round waists—and best of all—a hint for lovers here and there—a talk with some great dame in the world of art or music—a word of reminder to the woman who, by reason of her tongue or her ways is in danger of losing the honest man she owns, a fillip on the ear for a

mischievous lad, a kiss for the child, and a wise pill—taken in time—for a cross-grained husband. There is something for everybody in the Pedlar's Pack, from a thimble to a quatrain of Omar Khayyam.

MADAME

SARAH BERNHARDT'S recent visit to this country was of deep significance because undoubtedly it is her farewell. She appeared younger and more vital than when she played here some six years ago, yet looking closely at her in an interview after the wonderful performance of "L'Aiglon," one saw that time had not spared her. Her long eyes are wrinkled, but their light, their allure is undimmed; the graceful contours of cheek and chin are broken and marred, but the nose of classic proportions is still beautiful, and the smile is as tender and childlike. At sixty-seven, an age at which most women, even our most up-to-date grand dames, are compelled to retire a little into the shadowy places of life—the youthfulness of this superb actress is uncanny. Her agility, her mental alertness are witchlike. Had she lived in the older, cruder ages she would undoubtedly have been burned for a witch—just as



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT

'Shall I place the camera at fifteen feet?' asked the photographer. "No!" she flashed imperiously. "Place it forty feet away. I am sixty-seven.

she goes to the stake and faggots in her marvellous Jeanne d'Arc. Critics have said that her voice—that voice of silver and gold, of love and pity—has failed. Did they not know her age they would never have made such a remark. Her voice thrills with youth to-day, as it did fifteen, twenty years ago. It is the fact of her age being known which makes the "wise" critics belittle the world's greatest living artist. Years ago—when she played "La Tosca"—and who that saw her can ever forget her as she placed the candles round the dead body of Scarpia!—her voice rose in tragic moments in the same hoarse, raucous tones in which only a month ago it rose when the poor ill-fated Eaglet strove with the cruel, crafty Metternich. And, never was that voice more tender, more piteous, more passionately sweet than when the other night, the dying lad turned on the breast of his mother and uttered "Mon pauvre Maman!"

Yes, Time may have wrinkled the long, oriental, tired eyes of Bernhardt,

he may have had this joke out with her in marring graceful lines and once exquisite contours, but he has never touched the immortal spirit of youth which lives in that graceful body, nor can he—but Death only—quench the fiery, passionate soul of this woman who has known all of Love—who has had all that Life has to offer.

TOLSTOY

WAS there ever a more piteous figure in the world than that of Tolstoy, clad in his coarse garb, with seventeen dollars in his wallet, stealing at night from his home—an old man of eighty-two, broken in heart and spirit, seeking a place to die! He fled because of family feuds, because his wife and his son Michael were raising the rents of the peasants whom he loved, because every principle of his life—that ardent, poor, struggling life, that life which was spent in one long battle for the oppressed and the suffering—had been violated by his own family. The Countess Tolstoy never for a moment gave up the service she deemed necessary to her rank. She retained her rich dress, her jewels, her four or six-course dinners, her butler and other attendants; nor did any of the family except the one daughter who crept after her father and nursed him in the mean inn where his great spirit was loosed, give up for his sake, or because of his teaching, one iota of that which they supposed their rank called for.

Tolstoy never tried to force his principles upon his family. He was content to let them have all the magnificence, but it hurt the soul of him to see orchids on the dinner table when his peasants were having their rents raised to supply them. The Countess always dressed for dinner—in Parisian gowns, wearing her jewels, diamonds and rubies. The dinner table was loaded with flowers and silver equipage. Butler and footmen were in attendance. Guests—in evening dress, of course—were frequent. But—at the foot of the table sat a shaggy-haired, unkempt old man, dressed in a peasant's smock, and by him sat a peasant girl arrayed in coarse flannel. The hostess, her family

and guests dine off the choicest viands and wines; the peasants eat of one dish only—a plate of pottage with black bread. The peasants are Count Leo Tolstoy and his daughter; the guests are nobles or men and women of position.

And of what avail, the sacrifice? Has it helped one downtrodden creature in that cruel country? Will not the rents now be raised higher, that the revenue may increase? Will not the old cruelties be practised? That may be—but the world is the greater, the nobler, the better for the sacrifice, the teaching, the uplift of one broken-hearted old man, and from the seed he planted, and perhaps from the saddened old heart which lies under the great oak at Yasnaya Poliana, a great tree of knowledge and of wisdom may one day arise.

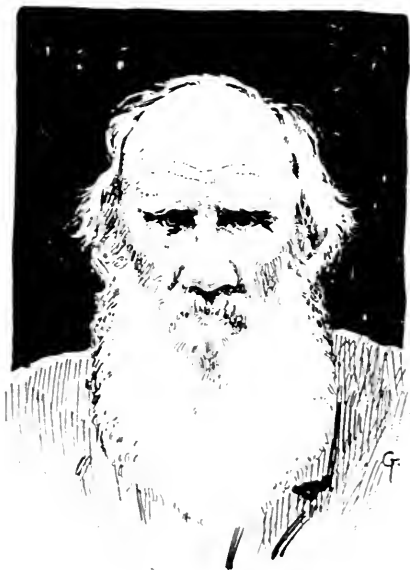
ABOUT FURS

I CLOSED the book, and going into my room, took my furs from their boxes and sitting by a sunny window, stroked their silky length. The little heads on the stole and muff seemed, for a moment, alive. Where had they come from? What hardship was entailed in their getting? Carelessly enough they are worn, carefully are they put away where the moth may not find them. Many little animals had been sacrificed to make up the set. Was a human life one of them? The book related how, in the far jungle, the Somali in terrific fight with the leopard, after killing the great cat which had disembowelled him with her claws, had crawled into the deeper shade of the forest-tangle and there died. When the beaters came in search of him, they looked but once on the fetid heap of human flesh, but skinning the beautiful spotted beast, made haste to get it to the trading station. Some great lady in London is doubtless wearing a magnificent motor coat lined with silky leopard-skin—and some of the spots on it are darker in hue than others, and these are the marks of a human life.

Or, maybe some trapper in our own Canadian wilds—those lonely spaces in the frozen north—warped his way to the Hudson Bay post, bearing the very

furs you are stroking as you sit in the sun. How many weary miles has he munched through trackless forests and across ice-bound rivers that you, this Christmas past, might have these rich furs to fling over your commonplace, unthinking person, and go, in your fool's vanity, to exploit your luxuries in the eye of your poorer neighbour? What privation, what anguish, what effort, what romance lies back of those little furry heads with their bright glass eyes, of those small claws which cling so tightly to that long stole, biting into its soft, long, white-tipped hairs?

Perhaps it was from no frozen wilds, but from the great fur-fair at Leipsic that your furs really came. Ah, but before Leipsic, before the large emporiums where you can buy furs of any price or make; before the vats in the dyer's cellars got your highly prized Russian rabbit and made a silver fox out of him by simply dyeing him, and then sending him into the "hair-room" where experts in hair-dressing sewed white-tipped hairs here and there in



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

The tragic and splendid figure of a tragic and blood-stained land

well-regulated layers, so beautifully done that none but a keen fur-maker could detect the fraud, while you, miladi, paid the price. Before all this assuredly the little beasts you are



WHAT PRIVATION, WHAT ANGUISH, WHAT ROMANCE LIES BACK!
OF THOSE LITTLE FURRY HEADS?

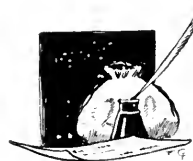
looking at must at one time have been alive somewhere. In Siberia? Mayhap. Think of the hunting and trapping in that frozen, barren, lonely place! Are your furs the royal ermine? Or merely white rabbit or weasel skins "treated"? Coronation year is going to be hard on the ermine, and many a little light-hearted creature of the wild places will fall to provide royalty with this, to my mind, unattractive fur. The Russian ermine is said to be the finest in the world, but Canada comes a close second. The way these timid little animals are caught savours of much cruelty. They are tiny things and very shy. They cannot be trapped or shot, as that would injure their delicate fur. So they are caught by

the tongue. Have you ever been so foolish as to touch—when the weather is far, far below zero—a poker, or other iron with your bare hand? That happened once to the writer—in the young years in Winnipeg, before one had learned the full meaning of a Canadian winter of the old type. The experiment was not repeated. As for the ermine, or weasel—which turns white in winter through a kindly law of Nature in order that it may match the snow—the hunter greases his great knife and lays it on the path across which he has seen the little creature whisk—the ermine's tracks are a series of little dots and dashes—and when the small chap comes again, the delicious odour ap-

peals to him. He puts out his tiny red tongue to lick the knife blade. Alas! he cannot withdraw it! The tongue freezes to the knife and the unfortunate small fellow stands and waits for his executioner.

The woman stroked the furs more gently.

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME?



THE Crippen case by no means appears to have ended with the execution of Dr. Crippen. Two British journals have assumed the onus of a hunt for the "party" or "confederate" who, they claim, must have assisted the

elderly, half-blind, small and weak little doctor. The Evening Times, the sensational London newspaper which published—on the evening of the day of the doctor's execution—a "confession" of the crime, was denounced in whole-sale fashion by many British newspapers. It now seems, however, that this "confession" was in part bona fide. The bone of controversy or argument being that, in answer to a certain "open letter," Crippen intimated that he had had a confederate. "Under no circumstances," he wrote, the day before his execution, "shall I say anything which would bring trouble to others." But immediately after Mrs. Crippen's death, someone drew out, on what purported to be her signature, the sum of £200. The synopsis, according to the journal in question, is this. To quote:—

"Mrs. Crippen was poisoned by hyoscine, and Crippen admitted—*before his conviction*—being concerned in the affair. Her body, that of a heavy woman, was then carried down to the coal cellar and was gradually disposed of by divers means—burning, carrying away, etc., in desperation and weariness at the last—by hurried burying. The query is who helped Crippen? To whom was he loyal in the face of an agonizing and awful death? To a man? A woman? And—*who drew out the £200* right after Mrs. Crippen's dreadful death, on the signature of a dead woman?

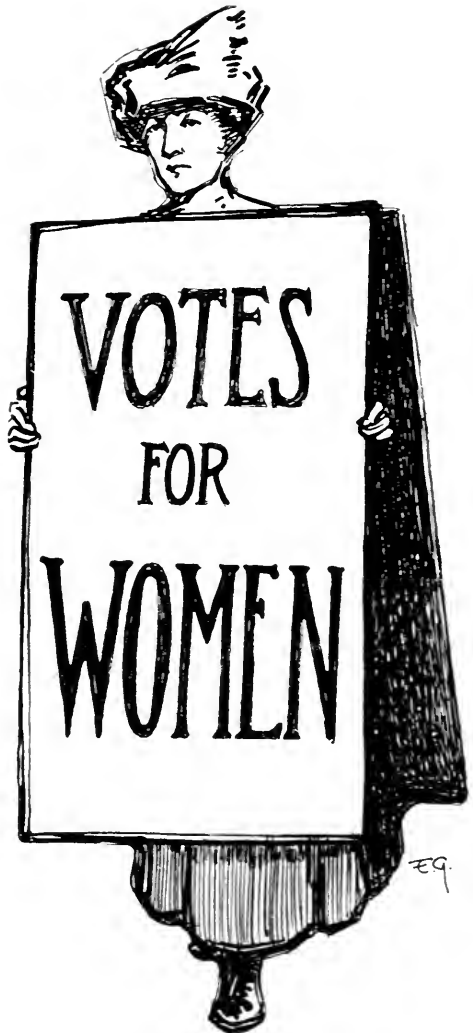
THE SUFFRAGE.

ONE of the troubles in regard to the Suffrage for women may be—note that we do not say it will be—partisanship on the part of the dear and fair sex. It is this way. Wives of men who have run for Parliament or Municipal power almost (I decline to make an assertion that sweeps everything away) invariably take sides with husband, sons or father. It would be nigh to the impossible to make a wife who admired and adored her husband see that anything he could do publicly, or say privately, could be wrong. The same way with the devoted daughter, or the absolutely - convinced-in-her-brother's-

manliness-and-greatness-all-round sister, to see their dear men as outsiders might see them. Outsiders! What could they know of the goodness, the greatness of the men of the family? Dear, loyal women! And would you vote for A, sweetheart, if he, the one man God made, wanted his heart's desire of you—a vote for B? I can hear the loving, withal tender clamour.

Mother:—"If Jem says to vote for A, there's nothing to it but to vote for him."

The Wife:—"Well," (she's a doubter) "I suppose so, but then where do I



WOULD YOU VOTE FOR A, SWEETHEART, IF THE ONE
BEST MAN GOD EVER MADE ASKED YOU
TO VOTE FOR B?

come in; can't I vote for B if I want to?"

Mother:—"Surely you can, dear, but you know, after all, we've got to consider the Boy, and you know yourself—and I know (wise wee mother) how you love him—and—"

The Wife:—"Sure—did you think for a minute that I wouldn't vote where the Boy voted? As if I could do anything else!" with a divine pout.

Sister, however, is saner—yet always affectionate. "I suppose Jem knows best. I've read a good deal about it all, however, and I can't see where the other candidate wins out. I guess I'll vote for Jem's outfit all right, all right."

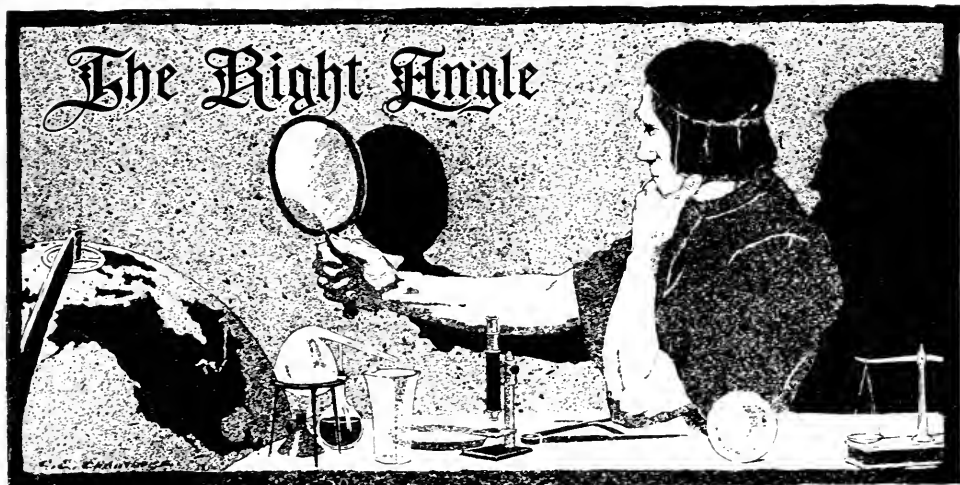
The good Suffragettes!

ARE WOMEN LACKING IN HUMOUR?

EVERY man will tell you they are.

He revels in the idea that he alone possesses that salt of life. While we by no means think all men have that gift of the gods, it cannot be denied that it is not common in women. Perhaps convention is to blame; Yvette Guilbert says so. The sex always called fair, and lately called strong, is dominated by convention. This is especially true of the middle-class woman, she who writes to the newspapers as to the etiquette of visiting cards. Should the journalist answer in half mischievous, wholly merry manner, the lady at once proclaims her lack of the royal sense of humor by becoming angry and writing back a sharp reprimand. Say, for instance, what is a well-known fact, that women will content themselves with a scratch meal of tea and bread and butter, while if there be a man in the case, a good dinner will be prepared, or descant on the vagaries of woman at the bargain counter, and hearken to the answer you will receive from some indignant but uncultured one, whose spelling, not to say grammar, is deplorable. She "will not stand" for such "condemnation" of her sex. Why "parade" the weaknesses of women before the other sex—"for the benefit (?) of the other sex," and so on—Alack!

you lay the letter sadly down and wonder why *le bon Dieu* was in so grave a mood when He made Woman. It is only when there is a free interchange of thought between men and women that a woman may dare to exercise what little grain of the salt of humour is mercifully vouchsafed unto her. And then she is termed a Bohemian—a title sadly misunderstood by many people. Men among themselves are not conventional; they talk about anything they please. But women among themselves are often more conventional than when the sexes mix. Every woman is watchful of the other. The better bred a woman is, the less is she tied down to the conventional pose of your middle-class woman. Not that the aristocrat is Bohemian in the bold, bad sense of that word, but it is born and bred and educated into her to do the right thing—which is always the simple thing—at the right time. Your true aristocrat is rarely artificial. She may not have humour but she has honour, dignity, and a gentle grace. Perhaps it is only among the poorer classes that you find humour without a setting of cold, ironic, glittering jewels—a bit coarse, maybe, but pure and simple joy in the joke for all that. You, Madame, of the blue blood, can refine that humour—though I doubt it. Humour, to be humour, must be active, healthy, vivid, not anæmic. Blue blood, in the very title of it, lacks this vital, healthy activity. Yet—were women given to humour—think what consternation might fall upon the men who found their best stories provocative of laughter—not righteous indignation! And, mayhap, the *bon Dieu*, who, the Frenchwomen tell us, keeps all their little confessions, their secrets, their hazards of fortune, hidden from the prying, dear, violet, golden-brown or black eyes of their loving sisters, throws a kindly smile down on these poor "unwomanlies" who laugh unafraid in the sun, while their saintly sisters grin silently in those weird cupboards which are said to contain the dry and bony sins of the Family.



CANADA AT THE SPHINX

THERE is an old saying that you may hear the heartbeat of the world if you will put your ear to the ground in Trafalgar Square. In its essential meaning, that saying is true. Yet here comes a report of a dinner of the Sphinx Club in London recently: whereat by allusion and very pleasantly, the discovery of Canada was announced. Grammarcy! Canada had been "there all the while," like the hero of the Battle of the Nile.

The Sphinx Club is an association of the principal publicity men of London, a valuable and progressive organization, meeting at stated intervals for a dinner (and a good one), and for interchange of views between the members, whose activities are more closely concerned with things of the Isles than with things of the Empire. At the particular dinner in question, about fifty Canadians were present, most of them, such as Fred C. Salter and George Mc-

Laren Brown, publicity men, like their hosts, the exceptions being other Canadians of Imperial importance, like Postmaster-General Lemieux and F. C. Wade, K.C. No people anywhere have in greater degree the gift of hostship than the English at home, and the report shows an

evening of warm and happy friendship. But into it flowed naturally a lot of talk that gave new light on Canada to those who had it not before—light from within, irradiating the real relation of this country to the old. Kindly lights, that may lead on. The reports of the speeches are a mosaic of "Hear, hears," "Cheers" and "Laughters," in the good old style, that means so much in a country where contrary interjections are quite as free if the things said lack the quality of appeal.



Sketched at the Sphinx Club

J. OBED SMITH

Formerly of Winnipeg, now Assistant Superintendent of Canadian Emigration in England

The one real discovery by the Sphinx that saves it the embarrassment of being asked what is the difference between having a riddle and being

a riddle was made by the chairman, and related to Mr. Obed Smith's ability to "get a great deal of very valuable publicity for nothing, which shows that he is a man of genius." This remarkable power of Mr. Smith's is well enough known in Canada—with a difference. He does not get his publicity for nothing. That which he gets he pays for in service to Canada and her congeners in Empire, which is a better equivalent than money alone, for Mr. Smith's publicity service is national, and makes for the growth of a country. And this qualification is not here stated as in any way a lessening of the compliment conveyed by the chairman. Long may he live to open many another evening for Sphinx Club speakers with the health that brings us all to our feet, glasses up: "His Majesty the King!" God bless him.

LA VIE DE BOHÈME

YOU remember the reversible house motto that bore "Life Is Sweet" on one side, and on the other "To Hell Mit Rosie!"—the motto that Florence Pretz and her two studio mates evolved to frighten care out o' window and scare all spirits, black, white, blue or grey, back again to Limbo?

From that gay little studio came to our desk some months ago a picture of an innocent Bohemia on the coast of which no ships ever were wrecked and no sirens ever sung—a picture that we print for the sake of those who may recognize therein something of their own young adventurings.

I believe the first essential of the Vie de Bohème is a garret.

Well, I have the garret—a pleasant garret, moreover, with its books, and its fantastic sketches, its tapestries, its prints, and its low, old-fashioned window giving into the top of a sturdy white oak, red-leaved with autumn, where the bluejays contradict each other in the frosty mornings, and a grey squirrel never tires of his acro-

batic friskings with a forlorn kite-string entangled among the branches.

It is a friendly bit of a garret, to be sure, and the tinkle of the little music-teacher's piano on the floor below echoes up the narrow stairs sweetly to my ear. She is playing "The Shepherd's Tale," and the gay little melody laughs over the sunshine and the promise of spring as merrily as when the writer heard it first from some curly-headed shepherd fluter among the vine-clad French hills.

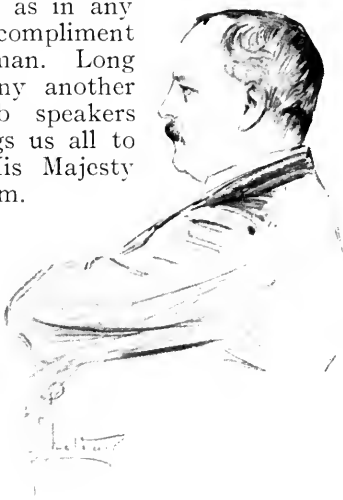
Is she as gay as the little tune? Who knows?—even music-teachers

have a right to laughter when scales and contrary little fingers that would much sooner be playing in the dirt are no longer to be coped with, and the golden light of evening peeps in at the window. I hope she is; I am fain to believe that she has a small corner of Bohemia set apart for herself, and is not lonely, even though no one keeps her company in her tiny studio at the foot of the stairs.

I, too, have my garret all to myself these days, for Tinker

Bell has taken her brush and pencil, and gone to seek her fortune afar; and Happy, the gipsy, is paddling her solitary birch canoe on the frost-touched reaches of the Upper Mississippi. The birds have flown out of the nest; the laughter and the frolic are vanished from the garret for awhile, and I am left alone with the squirrel.

Yet it is a peaceful and reminiscent loneliness, for rooms take on the spirit of those who have lived in them, and my garret bears its flavor of laughter as surely as a Buddhist temple its ghosts of immemorial incense-burnings. I have no quarrel with it; my small supper-table is set with its blue-and-white plate and cup; the loaf of bread



Sketched at the Sphinx Club

GEORGE MCLAREN BROWN
One of the transplanted Canadians
of London

that my rosy-cheeked landlady brought up, just now warm from the oven, invites me generously; the pat of butter is golden, and the jar of preserved ginger catches a be-lated sunbeam with a mellow glow. I light my chafing-dish, and make my bowl of soup in peace, salting it with cheerfulness, and stirring it with a sprig of rosemary—"that's for remembrance." Let the storm that lowers grimly in the south threaten as it will; to-night it may beat upon my window-pane, and rattle my sash, but now the amber sunlight sifts through the elms, and my pot of tea sends up a slender curl of alluringly fragrant steam.

For a moment I search my bookcase, discarding, passing by the bravely gilded volumes. No jingling verses to-night; no tales of shining steel and fair ladies' eyes and noisy deeds of derring-do. There is a little, dark volume, the color of an autumn oak-leaf, in the farther corner. "Travels with a Donkey" — no less a companion this evening than Robert Louis and his Modestine, genuine Bohemians both — and cunningly I ensorce it against the sugar-bowl, and familiarly it falls open at the right place without so much as an admonitory finger.

I have, now and again, eaten terrapin and canvasback and coupe de St. Jacques at famous old restaurants; have watched the bubbles rise in the amber glass, and observed famous



Sketched at the Sphinx Club

HON. RUDOLPHE LEMIEUX
The genial postmaster-general of Canada

ones of the earth scintillating all about me; yet, truly, they are only "as a tale that is told."

For after all, this is the essence of Bohemia—to be content with your bowl of soup and your garret.

Simple enough, isn't it? And yet

with an elusive sort of appeal that carries you back to the days when youth was yours and all the world with it. It is pleasant, too, to be able to say that Miss Pretz, the creator of Billiken and the "Tinker Bell" of the sketch, is finding the fortune that she deserves.

"INEXHAUSTIBLE" PULPWOOD

THE pulpwood problem to-day is enough to make any thoughtful Canadian do a little serious reflecting. Twenty years ago, wiseacres cheerfully referred to the standing pulpwood supply as "inexhaustible," just as thirty or forty years ago men spoke of the "inexhaustible" forests of Wisconsin and Maine that now stand, naked tragedies, with their abandoned mills crumbling mossily back into the soil.

Look at the figures for a moment. Canada is in possession of 1,657,600,000 acres of forest area, or almost a billion acres more than any other country on the globe. When one considers the relation of these forests to water powers, and of water powers to electrical energy, as well as the relation of forests to agriculture, one realizes that

the conservation of our forests involves the conservation of nearly all our other resources, and the forestry problem becomes perhaps the gravest problem in the whole range of our material life.

At the present time, the United States, which is second to Canada in forest area, contains about thirty years' supply of timber. After this is exhausted, the United States will turn to Canada—indeed she is already beginning to do so—for her lumber. According to the present rate of increase of paper consumption across the line, we could supply her demand for just about seven years, after which our forests would be denuded and the deadly work of erosion well begun. The wiseacres who twenty years ago went about chirping "inexhaustible" attend the Conservation Commission and the Forestry Convention to-day, and write letters to the newspapers advocating a Government-set limit to the amount of timber that should be cut yearly, on the ground that the timber must be kept for the purposes of the people of Canada, instead of going to the other side of the Great Lakes.

This year the Manitoba Free Press, following its annual custom of presenting some holiday gift significant of Canada, has sent out a miniature roll of pulp-wood paper, accompanied by a booklet giving a brief account of paper-making and a resume of present conditions in Canada. At greater length than we are able to do here, the Free Press points out the danger of indiscriminate lumbering, and sounds a warning that will be heartily concurred in by every thinking Canadian. All of Canada's leading men are in accord with the Conservation Commission—witness the names connected with the convention in Quebec just ended—Sir Wilfrid Laurier; Mr. R. L. Borden, M.P.; Hon. Clifford Sifton, who is Chairman of the Commission of Conservation; Hon. Sydney Fisher; Hon. Frank Oliver; Sir Lomer Gouin; Hon. Jules Allard; Hon. Frank Cochrane; Hon. W. C. H. Grimmer; Mgr. Lapointe, Vicar-General of Chicoutimi; Mr. R. H. Campbell, Dominion Superintendent of Forestry; Dr. H. S.



Sketched at the Sphinx Club

FRED C. SALTER

A Canadian who never wearies of spreading the gospel of the Dominion

Beland, M.P.; Dr. B. E. Fernow, Dean of the Faculty of Forestry of the University of Toronto; M. Achille Bergevin, of the Quebec Fish and Game Protective Association; Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt, Dominion Entomologist; and many others equally well known in forestry work.

Every man added to the forestry staff, every convention in behalf of conservation, every bit of publicity that helps to acquaint Canadians with the facts, is a step in the right direction; and all loyal Canadians who have the interests of the Dominion at heart will co-operate to the best of their ability with the men who are trying to preserve for home consumption Canada's natural resources.

SIGN, PLEASE

"THE first hotel was a tree. Mine host of the first hotel could hang from a limb of his hotel and extend four different glad hands to his guest. When Hanno of Carthage sailed in his sea-caravan out of the Mediterranean and down the coast of Africa, he went as far as the land of the gorillas. One of these folks could reach down with one of his hind hands and lift a traveler into a tree. This was the first hotel elevator.

"The earliest landlords of the earth's caves seem to have been bears and hyenas. Like some tribes of primitive mankind still living in the old and the new world, they dined upon their guests."

In that fashion John McGovern begins his book on "Hospitality," a



Sketched at the Sphinx Club

F. C. WADE, K.C.

The man who established law in the Yukon

history of hotels in all ages and all regions of the earth, down to this day. Incidentally and unobtrusively the history becomes a panorama of civilization, somewhat as Taine's "History of English Literature" is a particularly good history of England. Mr. McGovern has long been known as a compiler of books on special subjects, but in this one he has picked up and put together in small compass a remarkable body of fact, tinged with a peculiar humor, sometimes sardonic, sometimes warm, always enjoyable. "Hospitality" is a quaint and curious volume of freshly uncovered lore. (The Hotel World, Publishers, \$1.00.)



Robson Black, the well-known Toronto dramatic critic, will contribute to this department the latest gossip about plays and players, criticisms of plays now on the Canadian stage, and announcement of things theatrical that will fall to Canada's share. The department will be illustrated by the latest photographs of well-known player folk.

POMANDER WALK

I AM about to lay out a new street—not an unchimneyed row of Own-your-own-homes—nor yet in any symbolic sense as a New Year's resolve, but in the plain manner of plain words, a New Street, and it is to be called "Pomander Walk".

The name probably is not as familiar to the majority of readers as it shortly will be, for new plays like new flowers require a cultivation of six months or so to mature and scatter their perfume. So must it be with "Pomander Walk," written by Louis N. Parker, produced first at Montreal, later at New York, and now entering upon a career of long seasons, much profit, and corresponding public satisfaction. In New York, at the time of writing, it is commanding one of those curious waves of popularity that managers stupidly assert is unaccountable, but which the public meekly answers in "value given for money paid". Pomander Walk is an ode to Simplicity. Its name applies to a street or settlement outside of London at a place called Chiswick, and the time ranges in the Georgian period, about 1805. Note even in the setting of the scene which I have been obliged to abbreviate the gentle Dickensonian humor. Five little houses stand in a

row, with the River Thames flowing by the foot of the gardens. In Number 1 lives an old Admiral. Next door, at Number 2, is the Widow Poskett. At Number 3 dwell the Pennymint sisters, who rent the second or third floor back to a musician lodger. A former butler, Jerome Brooke-Hoskyn, occupies Number 4, and in the last house, Number 5, come Mme. Lucie Lachesnais and her lovely daughter, Marjolaine.

Now we have a splendid assembly for the development of quaint comedy. Let us start the mischief brewing!

Lieutenant the Honorable John Sayle, of the Royal Navy, spies one day, the beautiful Marjolaine, and swears by all the porpoises that he will win yon maiden's heart or forever quit abusing the Canadian Navy. Nor does he keep the secret of his wish from the ear of Marjolaine herself. Enter Baron Sayle, father of John, who in the fashion of many parents, desires to carry on his son's courtship by correspondence with some other titled and much-daughtered papa. But, despising an ambitious match, John, junior, sees only a vision of the beautiful and gentle Marjolaine. Out of filial consideration, however, he promises to absent himself absolutely from Pomander Walk for one week. Learning for the first time the details of



MISS ETHEL DAFFIN.

In *Treachery of the Walls*, in which she is appearing after a long absence, Miss Daffin promises to rival the success of her first play, *The Baron's Daughter*, and her brother Jack is to be the hero.

his son's strange infatuation from the lips of a meddling old fool. Brooke-Hoskyn, the Baron pays a visit to the Admiral to ask his aid in bringing his

John to reason. Here comes the easy involving of the five sets of residents. Marjaine, driven half to distraction by the unexplained week's absence of



MISS HATTIE WILLIAMS

In *Decorating Clementine* Miss Williams has taken London by storm. It was her first introduction to an English audience

her lover, confesses to her mother the reason for her unhappy bearing. The

mother had been the Baron's sweetheart in their younger days, nor had the dissolution of time weakened the early tie. But for that very reason, knowing the mistake they both had made by mis-marriages, her eagerness to save Marjolaine from similar unhappiness becomes acute, and she commands that the Lieutenant's suit be discontinued. This attitude, so strongly emphasized by both the lovers' parents, makes it quite consistent that Mme. Lachesnais and the Baron should meet. Then, in a scene of delicate and wistful charm, with dignity and sentiment sweetly maintained and balanced, the two elderly lovers meet and re-pledge their troth. And Marjorie? And the Lieutenant? Daring the defi of world or devil, they put their heads together, wheedle a special license from the old village clergyman by guessing the secret of his own youth, and with their hearts bounding with joy, dash off to London. Their success rapidly whirls the plot to a conclusion, as clinching and satisfying as it is amusing. The Baron and his first love decide to make it a double wedding. With the cunning of her anxious feminine heart, the Widow Poskett inveigles the Admiral into the trap of matrimony, thus lowering the rent bill for Pomander Row and doubtlessly increasing the conversation. The violinist, who has been devouring Barbara Pennymint's prunes between glances of rapturous adoration, is taught by the household parrot how to make love and does so. And the hopeful announcement of Brooke-Hoskyn from an upper window, just before the curtain falls, illustrates that butlers as well as barons may sip the honey of belated love and live to tell the story.

MORE SOCIETY SINS

BY WAY of contrast, I select "Drifting," written by Preston Gibson, a rich young man of Washington, who gives half of what he hath to play-writing and the balance to mental exercise. One would think that with the qualifications of wealth, lordly acquaintances, and enough French to read a menu, he could smelt a fairly



MISS JULIA MARLOWE

Co-star with E. H. Sothern in Shakespearean repertoire, she has an "Orestes" interpretation of *Lady Macbeth* has invited the varied verdicts of many critics. Miss Marlowe plays the famous character entirely without the sanction of tradition, evidently with a new and unusual interpretation which have often rendered the play a better vehicle for dramatic technique than a magnet for box office dollars.

picturesque and aromatic drama. "Drifting," which is his latest, was produced a few weeks ago in the city of Washington. On the first night, Presi-

dent Taft, some of his cabinet, with a galaxy of other fashion and other beauty, crowded into boxes and pit. Tuesday night, following the newspaper

criticisms, the audience remained in their seats only because they wanted to be polite. At the close of the week, the company boarded cars for New York and opened at the Nazimova Theatre, with the critics either asleep or complaining of their insomnia. The design of such a play, is cited only as an illustration of what New York and Elsewhere are forced to suffer, rather than as an example of original or entertaining authorship.

Getting atmosphere to a play is not so much a first-hand accurate knowledge of the place and people of the plot as a power of broad perspective, keen observation, and ability to concentrate. It is said that the "Bonnie Brier Bush," which as a play had a tremendous success in Canada, failed utterly to arouse interest in Scotland where the book was written, and in which the scenes and sentiments presumably had their locale. Similarly with "Drifting," which pretending to be a reflection of a society home, with a fling at "fashionable vices" (a la Father Vaughan), actually becomes a exaggerative and libellous three-act quarrel. Without a single exception his people are sullied with viciousness, and even the butler steals his master's whiskey.

Millionaires, pretty gowns, adventures, butterfly wives, Newport cottages, cocktails, gambling debts and checks for twenty thousand dollars are combined by Mr. Gibson into one magnificently indigestible charlotte russe of Society. Whether Society recognizes the portrait or not we leave to Mr. Gibson's conscience.

THE IMPOSTOR

IT MIGHT have been called by any of twenty names, but for the sake of brevity, with aptness, it comes forward under the name of "The Impostor". "Appearances Are Deceiving," or "The Importance of Being Certain," might have attached just as happily, but it costs more to say long sentences in incandescent lights. As an earnest of its worth, let me say that Annie Russell, Charles Richman and Oswald are three of the players engaged in its presentation; the story is attractive and well told, and while very light in structure,

the sentiment intermixes with and develops many situations of rich comedy.

Charlie Owen, a young married man, and as morally sound and sincere as a wholesome nature and favorable environment could make a fellow, is about to leave his hotel in London one night on his way to Paris, when a young woman of refined dress and features accosts him with a plea for protection and help. With a chivalrous impulse, he brings her to his apartment, where her hunger and weariness are temporarily allayed. As self-confidence gradually repossesses the frail and famished body, she unfolds to Owen the story of a struggle for an honest livelihood and consequent failure, that while often recounted in book and play is still all too bitterly accurate. The girl's self-possession and gentler inclinations have now fully returned, while Owen finds himself influenced by a fast-growing interest, a sort of mushroom affection, and quickly antagonizes her early gratitude. The girl rushes to the door, but stops short at the unexpected appearance in the hallway of Mrs. Fowler, a gossip and good-natured friend of the family. To save appearances, Owen on the spur of the moment introduces Miss Fenton as his wife's sister, Mary McKerrow, and with an urbanity befitting the occasion, the girl enters easily into the deception. Then with the lightning growth of most seeds of error, the trick sprouts into a permanent imposition and the imposition into a closely-drawn net of semi-serious falsehoods. Mary shakes hands, chats an instant and hurries away. With Mrs. Fowler and the girl disposed of, as he thinks, Owen departs for Paris quite certain that he is forever rid of all consequences of his philanthropic boomerang. But not so! Mary comes back in half a minute to the room, where she had forgotten to pick up her purse. As she turns to leave, the hallway resounds with the chatter of many voices and in an instant, the room is filled with a gay party of Owen's friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Walford, and their son, Blake Walford. Introductions necessarily follow—with the girl as "Miss McKerrow". Nothing will satisfy

the Walfords but that the sister-in-law of their dear Owen must come as a guest to their home. The girl instinctively dislikes to carry the deception to such a grave extent but is driven by the fear of hunger and The Street to accept. At the Walford place she plays her part with a gentle dignity and thoroughness that makes her exempt from suspicion. In such an embarrassing situation she is found by Charlie Owen upon his return from Paris. He denounces her to Blake Walford who, with the rest of the family, let fly their indignation and even threaten to hand the impostor over to the police. Enter Mrs. Fowler, the garrulous old gossip of the community. Delighted to hold the key to a scandalous situation, she not only narrates to the assembly the origin of the mistake in Owen's apartments, but proves to their utter surprise that the girl is actually Miss McKerrow, the veritable sister-in-law of Owen, and no such adventuring female as their hasty words would make her out to be.

Then Mary has something to say to Charlie to say to Mary and they always Blake Walford, and Blake has some—ending that way, don't they?



As she appears in the play, Mrs. Alice Walford, the character of L'Anges's sister-in-law, played by the actress, Miss McKerrow, in a series of I. M. Barr's plays, including "The Love of Mary" and "Maggie White" in 1891, and "The Love of Mary" in 1892. Her latest work is "Maggie White" in 1892, which was written by Charles Frohman.



BITING ENOUGH

"I SHALL leave you!" threatens the angry wife after an hour's curtain lecture has failed of any effect upon her husband. "I shall leave you and go to some cannibal island as a missionary, and——"

"Tell the cannibals they needn't use any paprika when they serve you," suggests the brutal husband.

THE THIRTY-SIX-INCH BRAID

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

SHE sat in silence and in gloom,
She would not wander from her room

Because the heart within her burned
For that for which her fancy yearned;
All melancholy sighed the maid:
"I want a thirty-six-inch braid."

At last, exhausting nerve and breath,
She sorrowed her poor self to death.

A peri, then, at heaven's gate
She stood with air disconsolate.

"No halo, please," exclaimed her shade,
"I want a thirty-six-inch braid."

NOT HEARTLESS

"HE is such a cold, stern, unemotional man," we say of the gentleman who has just left us, "Is he really as heartless as he appears?"

"Not at all," explains the other person. "The doctors have taken his appendix, half his liver, part of his stomach, one lung, his spleen, and so much else that really about the only thing he has left is his heart."

THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

E. LAURENCE LEE.

I WONDER if Potatoes need glasses
for their Eyes,

Is the Tadpole related to the Fish?

I wonder if the Lyre got its name by
telling Lies,

Do eggs run when they're broken in
a dish?

I wonder if Tables have rheumatics in
their Legs,

Do Tape Lines have corns upon their
Feet?

Why don't hens lay Bricks instead of
laying Eggs?

Does the Rain get hurt when falling
in a Sheet?

A FAMILY TRAIT

"AND when you grow up," said the visitor to six-year-old Elsie, "I suppose you will get married?"

"Oh, there's hardly any doubt about it," answered the small miss. "Everybody says I am much like mamma, and she has been married three times, you know."

AN OCCASIONAL OASIS

"THERE'S a great deal of dry farming out in your country, is there not?" we ask of the rancher from the West.

"Well, most of the counties in my state have gone prohibition," he answers, "but if a fellow is all right he can get a nip at the drug store."



CANADA MONTHLY



EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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INFINITY

BY HUGH McDONALD

GOD and I in space alone,
And nobody else in view.
“And where are the people, O Lord?” I said,
“The earth beneath, and the sky o’erhead,
And the dead whom once I knew?”

“That was a dream,” God smiled and said;
“A dream that has ceased to be true.
There were no people, living or dead,
No earth beneath, and no sky o’erhead.
There was only Myself, and you.”

“And why do I feel no fear?” I said,
“Meeting you here this way?
For I have sinned, I know full well—
And is there heaven, and is there hell
And is this the Judgment Day?”

“Nay, those were but dreams,” the great God said
“Dreams that have ceased to be.
There are no such things as fear and sin,
And you yourself—you have never been.
There is nothing at all but Me.”



SOBBING HYSTERICALLY, CONFUSED AND TERROR-STRICKEN, I LIGHTED
THE CANDLE. BUT THERE WAS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING IN
THE ROOM TO ACCOUNT FOR THE MYSTERY

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME IX.

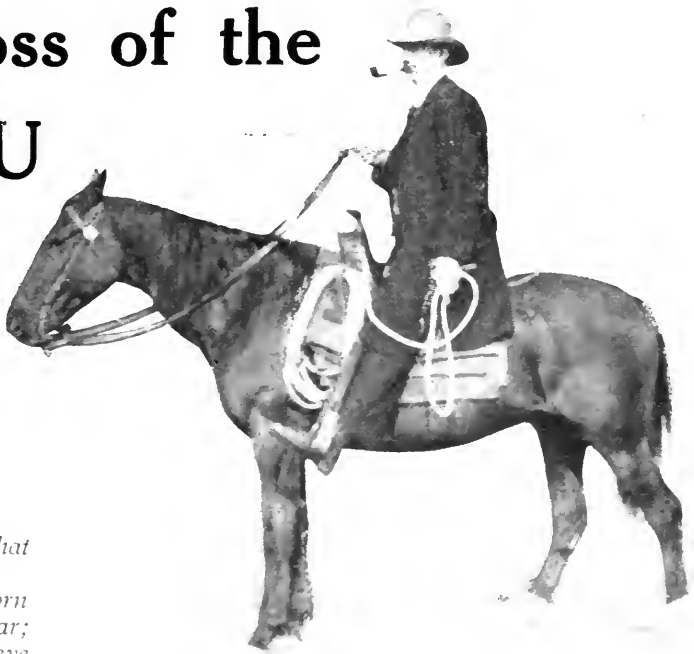
LONDON, MARCH, 1911

NUMBER 5

The Boss of the Bar U

By Norman
Rankin

Illustrated with
Photographs



*How often I've wished that
I was a steer,
With a long shiny horn
at the butt of each ear;
With a clear fearless eye
and a tapering tail,
That would snap like
a whip in the maddening gale;
How I'd bellow,
And roar,
And paw up the ground,
And lope o'er the hills with a thundering
sound,
And snort like a terror, and hump up
my back,
When I saw the wild cowboy pursuing
my track,
And I'd laugh at his oaths as he fell
to the rear!
Oh! I'd be a jim-dandy
If I was a steer.*

—COWBOY SONG.

"THAT'S the place; that's the Bar U," said the big, bronzed man with the wide-brimmed Stetson, pointing a lean forefinger in the direction of the snow-capped Rockies. "That's the place; that's the place whar I begun life in Western Canader; thar's whar you'll see the finest bred hosses and cattle in the hull blamed country."

We were whizzing over the prairie road—George Lane, rancher, horse breeder and cattle man, W. H. Harbeck, moving picture photographer, and the writer. Since one o'clock,

when we honked out of Calgary, sixty miles to the north, "Old Man Lane"—who apparently thought as much of the speed of his new car as he did of his pure bred Percherons and Clydesdales—had only slackened once, taking cross roads, ditches, railroad track and bridges at high pressure. Once we ran into a bunch of cattle loose on the road allowance, scattering them helter-skelter, and again, we picked up a sleepy coyote who probably doesn't know to this day what struck him. It was all one to Lane; what he wanted was to get to the "Bar U" in the shortest possible time. His steel-blue eyes, set in countless wrinkles of the prairie squint—the heritage of a score of years of open life on the prairie—never wavered, and he notched her up another point as we cleared the broken ground and came up on a little straight-away grade. It did not matter to Harbeck and me; we decided we would just as soon die young as wicked, and so we leaned quietly back in the car and solemnly shook hands.

As we left the little town of High River at the railway line, and began to climb rapidly towards the foothills, the land under cultivation grew less and less. It was an ideal cattle country, flowing away to left and right in graceful, undulating waves, with the river, a narrow ribbon of silver, zig-zagging through its very heart. On its banks, as we rounded the hill and entered the confines of the ranch, thousands of cattle were grazing. They looked like a gathering of tiny black and white ants spread across a yellow sand hill. Numberless hay stacks, thrusting themselves abruptly into prominence from a treeless plain, dotted the prairie here and there—a careful rancher's feed-insurance against a hard winter. The mountains, blue-black below, verging into creamy white above, rip-sawed the skyline, with the exception of one or two peaks, which were muffled in the clouds, and far on every hand stretched the vast leisurely levels of the plains.

"Wall, we're thar," said our guide, bringing the car abruptly to a stop in front of an old-fashioned log house, from the windows of which streamed

forth welcoming lights. "We're thar; let's git inside and hev somethin' warm," and suiting the action to the word, he led the way up a narrow path to the door.

Everyone has read tales of the early days in the far Northwest, of the great, treeless, trackless plains, possessed only by the Indian, the buffalo, the coyote—and the Hudson's Bay Company. And when a factor from that Company, or a hunter, wandered into our civilization from such far desert places, what heroes they were! What tales they told! How the kids' eyes glistened at their stories of daring and venture! And the skins they brought: otter, musk, buffalo, black, white and brown bear, wolf, mink, black and silver fox, deer, antelope, moose, and a score of others. The West was a far off undiscovered Sahara, they said, quite, quite beyond the pale, a wilderness, a sterile prairie, a trackless waste, a fit playground for the cowboy, the red man and the buffalo; a refuge for the discontented, the outcast, the younger son and the Indian—fit only for the hunter, the trapper and the prospector. One couldn't farm there, nothing would grow; nothing thrive; and so widely did the Hudson's Bay Company circulate this notice that its repetition gave it the solidness of fact.

Winnipeg was the utmost western limit possible; a barren waste lay beyond, and beyond that again, British Columbia and the Coast—a rocky wilderness.

Then the dauntless cowboy from across the border—Wyoming, Montana and Idaho—pushed his way into Alberta. He came in rather from the spirit of adventure than with the idea of settlement, thinking to find a country of snow and ice and intense cold. He found a rich grazing land, gently rolling and pleasing to the eye, stretching away on each side to the horizon. Innumerable streams and clear flowing rivers swelled and sank with the melting of the snows on the mountains, while on the plains there was an absence of heavy snowfalls and excessive climatic conditions. He discovered it to be better watered, possessed of a



"WE'S IN THIS HYAR COUNTRY TO STAY, AN' STAY WE'RE SURE GOIN' TER." THE COW-PUNCHERS TOLD EACH OTHER.

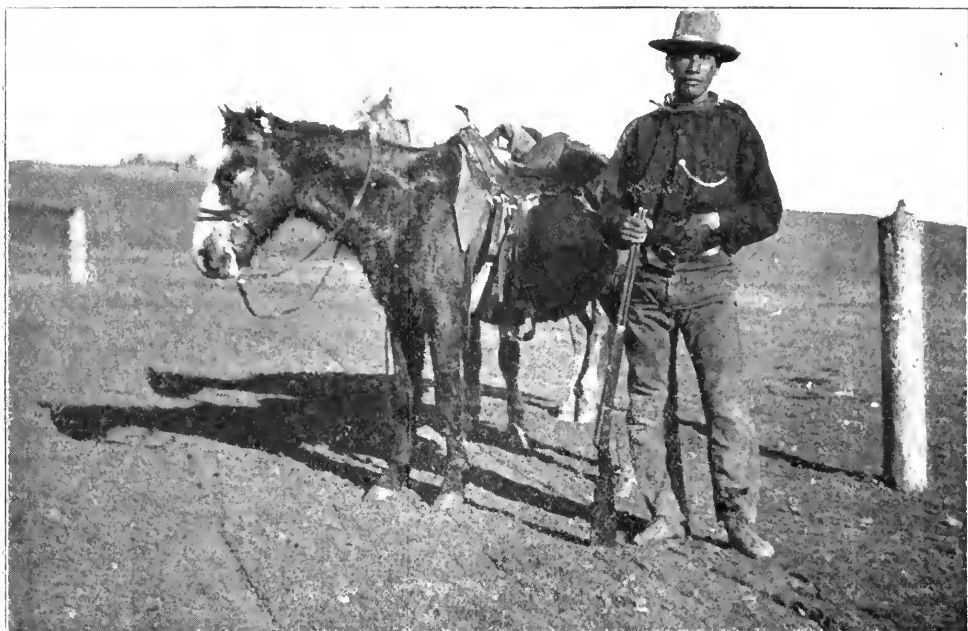
better climate, endowed with more nutritious grasses than his own country, and, as the mountains were lower, the warm Chinook winds were more frequent and beneficial. It was a superior range country altogether to that in the south, and in every way more favorable to the cattle business.

So they told their friends. In a cloud of dust, with eyes full of the glamour and lure of the undiscovered, bubbling over with enthusiasm, reckless and virile, they blew in over the old buffalo trails across the line, and yelled with sheer joy as they loped across the silent, wind-swept spaces, and capped the rising prairie.

The coyotes, belly to the ground, slunk aside as they thundered past, and the Indians held long, solemn pow-wows, while their "medicine men" rattled their necklaces of bones, beating their tomtoms, and working themselves into a frothy, ferocious frenzy, as they besought their gods—"Great Manitou" and others—to tell them what to do. Would they permit the entrance into their most sacred territory of these audacious white men, smoke with them the pipe of peace, welcome them as friends and allies,

or would they go out in all the glory and significance of their war paint, and sweep the unwelcome stranger into the running waters and wallow-hollows? Would not the "Great Spirit" hear them, and deign to reply? Their youths were strong and brave; their maidens were fair and good to look upon; the bison covered a thousand hills, and wild fowl and animals thronged the ranges, supplying them with food and raiment in abundance. Would they be jeopardizing all this if they permitted the entrance of the bold white man, or was the plain large enough for both—for all? Speak, "Great Spirit," speak. And all along the banks of the great rivers and watering places there was commotion and conclave, consultation and talk.

No railroad in those days spread its gleaming steels across the prairie; no "Imperial Limited" with Pullman palace cars, luxurious "diners" and daily mail, brought excitement and civilization each day; no singing telegraph wires hummed with eager news of the world outside. There were no government roads, and no hotels. You "hit the pike," "bit the dust," and when the darkness found you,



THE TYPICAL WESTERN PONY OF FORMER DAYS, RAGGED, SHAGGY, AND "ABLE TO TURN ON TWO BITS" IS STILL TO BE SEEN ON THE ALBERTA PRAIRIES

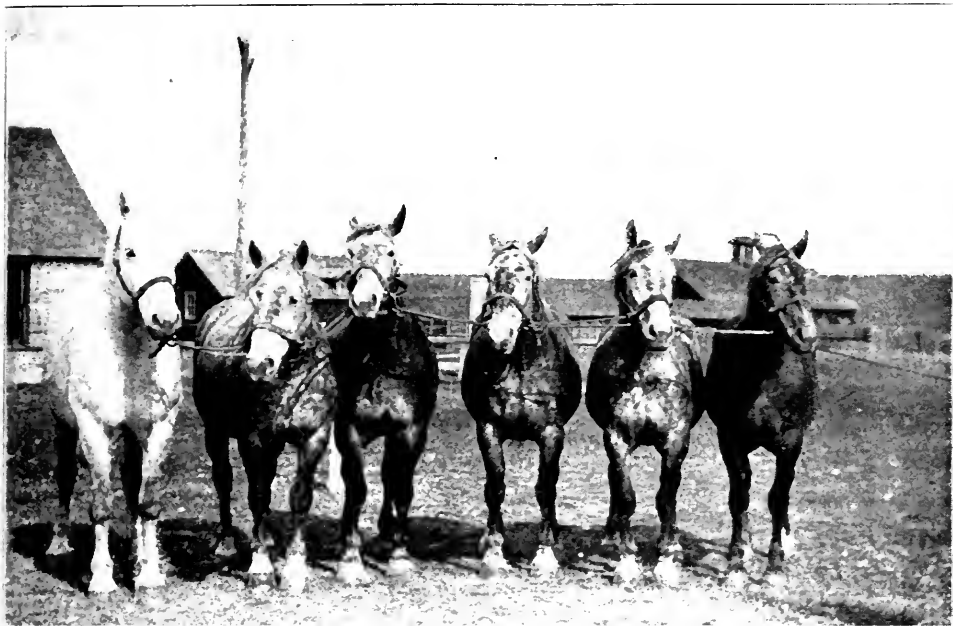
unsaddled your cayuse, hobbled him, built a fire, and with a blanket around you and your head pillowed on your saddle, slept until the rosy finger of dawn touched your eyelids into opening. You "hiked" your grub, or shot it, and through it all, you took chances on your life and the capital you ventured.

Then there were the wolves—the coyotes. You should hear Seton-Thompson tell of them—and there were many then; they hadn't learned to fear the white man as they did later. They were a terror—active aggressors as they used to be in the early days of the "loup garou" in France and Germany. They swarmed on all sides, and at dusk, in their boldness, almost into the very camps themselves.

But the intrepid cow-puncher was undaunted. The clarion call of romance rang in his ears. He only laughed. It was fun. He proposed to make the Canadian West his playground, and he did, too, in those days. "Them wolves, an' Injuns an' buff-los kin go plum' ter hell," they told each other, "but we's in this hyar country ter stay, an' stay we sure is goin' ter." Stay they did, and all credit is due

those hardy pioneers, for the West had not then been proven a cattle country, and many intelligent cattlemen from Montana and Idaho openly asserted that it was too far north, that the winters were too severe for the profitable raising of cattle.

In those early days, Messrs. H. & A. Allan, in other words, The Allan Line Steamship Company, decided to put to the test the possibilities of the cattle business in the West. They were shrewd business men; far-seeing investors. They had more than one end in view: the making of money, of course, but principally the provision of cattle for freight for their vessels for shipment to the British markets. They approached the government and applied for a lease; they asked for 150,000 acres of land in the foothills of the Rockies. Land in the West was not in great demand at that time, and the government was glad to grant their request. It extended a twenty-one year lease, with an option of purchase on ten per cent. of the land leased at the expiration of ten years, for the nominal sum of \$1.25 an acre. Conservative Eastern business men openly said that the Allans were reck-



SOME OF THE PRIZE PERCHERONS WITH WHICH GEORGE LANE AND OTHER FAR-SIGHTED HORSEMEN ARE REPLACING THE "COW-PONY" AND "CAYUSE"

lessly venturing money; but they didn't! They felt that the ten per cent. clause was an adequate safety valve, and went ahead accordingly.

Before these negotiations were concluded, the Allans dispatched competent cattlemen into Idaho and Montana, then great cattle states, with instructions to purchase and drive to their ranch in Alberta, 4,500 cattle. The distance was, approximately, 1,700 miles. From May until September, nearly five months, the herd was on the road, but as there were few trails then, and the territory unknown, this was not such a bad showing—one vast, unfenced prairie disputed by the red man and the wild animals surrounded them.

Of course, these were not the first cattle brought into Western Canada. In '79, the Mounted Police had carried westward with them sufficient milch cows to supply the needs of their various barracks, and in 1880, Senator Cochrane, the pioneer rancher, drove in 500 cows from Walla Walla, and followed them up with 12,000 head in '81. A station and a town, now bearing his name, is located on the site of the original Cochrane

Ranch, about twelve miles west of Calgary.

It is interesting to note that after the railroad came west of Winnipeg, and cattle were being shipped east, a trainload of four-year-old steers from Cochrane, after being driven 140 miles and shipped by rail 2,300 to Montreal, weighed, at the end of the trip, an average of 1,385 pounds.

Colonel James Walker, who, previous to Senator Cochrane's venture into the cattle business in the west, was Inspector in the Mounted Police, became Cochrane's first manager and buyer, remaining in charge for a period of three years, during which time he established and thoroughly organized the business. Colonel Walker, like many others who came west in the early days, soon became independent, eventually settling in Calgary, where he yet lives, a picturesque figure, around whom many a story may be written.

In addition to the Bar U and the Cochrane Ranch, during the same year their number was increased by the addition of the Waldron Ranch, located on the Old Man River, forty miles south of the Bar U; the Oxley

Ranch, on Willow Creek; I. G. Baker & Company, and other smaller outfits. Cochrane afterwards moved his ranch from its original location southward across the Belly River to a point near Cardston. His new ranch contained 70,000 acres, and was later purchased and settled by the Mormon Church. It is said by old cattlemen that the late Senator Cochrane did more for the development of the cattle business in Western Canada than any other man, and while he suffered very heavy losses at the beginning of his business, he later did something which they did not all do—he made it pay.

Good ranch cattlemen were scarce in Canada at that time. They weren't used to the game. In order to secure such men, the Allans and Senator Cochrane addressed letters to the Sun River Cattle Association, Montana, stating that they would be glad to employ on their ranches in Alberta such men as the Association cared to recommend.

From the Allan Ranch and the Bar U it was sixty miles, as the crow flies, to Calgary. There was no railway, and the only market was the supply to the Indians, in accordance with Indian Treaty No. 7. This included the North and South Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans, Sarcees, Stonies, and a branch of the Peace River Indians called Beavers. Their reservations lay within the territory between points now known as Edmonton, Lethbridge, Medicine Hat and the Rockies. Seven thousand cattle a year were required to supply these reserves. Later, as the Canadian Pacific Railway forced its construction west, the camps took considerable meat, and this helped. In the year 1885, the railroad reached Calgary, and the Allans prepared to put into effect their cherished plan of shipping cattle to the Old Country.

George Lane for the Allans, and James Dunlop, for Senator Cochrane, accepted the invitation, and carrying the recommendation of the Sun River Cattle Association, crossed over to Canada.

George Lane was an extremely ambitious young man of remarkable character—all legs and arms and grit.

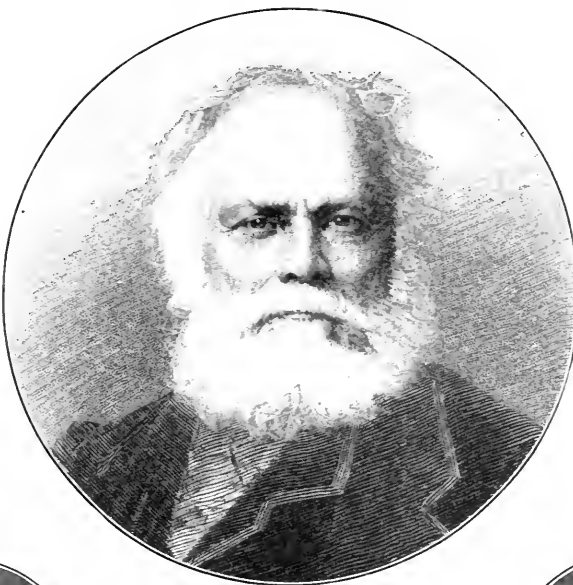
He sat a horse like a clothespin—you just couldn't shake him off. "Bring on yer hosses," he used to say, "some-thin' that's got life in it; somethin' that kin move; somethin' that'll let me know I'm alive." He could drop a lasso over the hind leg of a baby calf, or the tail of a fleeing coyote; even the gophers had to hurry some to get down their holes away from that terrible whizzing rope, while the badgers didn't have one chance in a hundred. Those wild cowboys from south of the line knew their business; from twenty to twenty-five seconds was their outside limit for roping and hog-tying a steer. If you've never been a cowboy, of course you can't understand the molten excitement that pours into your blood when the thunder of the herd rings in your ears and the dust of the prairie tickles your nostrils; you don't care whether "school keeps" or not provided you drop the rope over that particular old steer that's prancing madly along before you, occasionally looking around to give you the horse—or is it the cow?—laugh. Danger, sudden death and mutilation never enter your cosmos—have no consideration whatever alongside the determination to bring the proud quadruped to its knees, and let it know who's master. "You blankety-blank dough-faced old parcel of bones," you ejaculate, "if you want to know who's boss around hyar, start somethin', will yer?"—(another twist of the rope round his legs),—"Why don't yer say somethin' now? Why don't yer git up and argufy the point, hey?" Napoleon may have felt that way when he conquered Egypt, or Hannibal when he crossed the Alps. Quien sabe!

"Let's ride inter town ternight and shoot it up," says "Montana Pete" to "Idaho Jack." "I've got forty bones not workin' in my jeans."

"I shore is yore man," answers "Montana Pete"; "I shore savey the game. Tell yer w'ot, Jack. Lend us ten o' them bones an' I'll toss yer w'ether yer gits yer ten back er I takes the lot."

If you've never been a cow-puncher, perhaps you'll think I'm yarning, but I assure you I'm not. A cowboy with

loose money about his person, nothing to do, and a shooting iron hanging to his hip was a dangerous thing; had about as much sense as a sucking babe, but was as innocent often, and as sweet tempered. Mind you, I don't say that George Lane was like this—don't believe



parents. When he grew to be sixteen years old, could lick every kid of his age in the district, detested "gurrls" and smoked cigarettes, he took the long trail across "Ne-braskey" and Wyoming into "Montaner." His father had "blazed the way" there some years before, and the

SIR HUGH ALLAN WAS ONE OF THE FIRST OF THE MEN WHO "MADE THE BAR U"



A. A. ALLAN

he was—besides, I live in the same town with him now, can't run as fast, and have no life insurance; and I'm too young to die just yet.

When Lane reached the Bar U he found Fred Stimson in charge, and set to with a right good will to help him. Stimson later went into the cattle business in Cuba, after the Spanish-American war, but is now located somewhere in Mexico.

Lane was born in I-o-way, and when but a stripling moved into Kansas with his



H. A. ALLAN

kid "run him down" in "Virginey City." He got work on a big ranch nearby.

It was a common practice in those days to drive beef 700 miles to market, shipping at Grange via the Union Pacific to Chicago. Big herds would start in April for October shipment. In '83 he made a trip as far north as Fort Kipp in Alberta, and when he returned in the spring, he announced his intention of making Alberta his headquarters.

It is said of George Lane that he has



CHARLES E. MILLAR

Veteran cow-puncher of the Bar U, and another factor in the success of the famous Alberta ranch

a great respect for the maple tree, for it was the source of his first earnings. When he was a small kid back at home, he picked two sacks of maple seeds which he sold for ten dollars, real money; this money he converted into two calves, the foundation of his present enormous cattle business. To-day his cattle are numbered by the thousand, and in addition to his half interest in the Bar U, he owns a small ranch of 10,000 acres south of Bassano, the "Flying E" Ranch at Willow Creek, and other trifling properties. At the "Flying E" he has a summer home, and generally spends part of each year there with the family.

Mr. Lane doesn't always crease his trousers, and his hat is the same old Stetson that he has worn since "way back"—I don't dare say how long. Perhaps he doesn't know himself. His pepper-and-salt, long-tailed cut-away is known from the Coast to the 'Peg. His is a picturesque figure; an attractive personality; a double-barrelled, back-action, high-pressure, electrical dynamo at full speed; a living example of perpetual motion, mental, physical and corporal; a six-foot giant with tow-colored hair and the smile of a sister of charity. His skin is tanned the color of a saddle, or a sorrel horse, and his voice rumbles like a big, bass drum.

He's the boss on the ranch, there's no doubt about that. When Harbeck and I were taking pictures of his thoroughbred stock at the Bar U, we felt like two kids "playing hookey" from school.

"No," he'd yell. "No, that won't do at all, at all. Don't take it from thar. Don't you see the ground rises thar? Come over hyar. I want it taken from hyar". Or again he'd say:

"I want that thar hill to show up. Don't take that off hoss—he don't look good to-day," etc., etc., and I want to tell you when it comes to picturesque, expressive language, his education has not been neglected. He has graduated with honors in cow-purchers' lingo; holds a sheenskin from the University of Hard Knecks; a testimonial from the College of Real Life—has "walked the hospitals" of

the Far West when it was "wild and yard-wide-wooly."

During the Indian war in Montana, Lane played his little part, receiving as a reward for his services \$2,800 in vouchers. This he delivered to his mother, who promptly took them to the bank to be cashed and deposited. The banker was evidently a Spaniard, or a Jew, or a "Get-Rich-Quick-Schemer." He looked over the vouchers and sadly shook his head. Then he wrung his hands, spoke touchingly of the hard times brought on by the war, and with real tears in his eyes, murmured, "My tear ledy; my tear ledy; vhy do you bring dese pepers to me? I am a poor man; I haf no money; I haf no credit; the very most von could offer for tese would be eighty cents on ter tollar, and even then, I am near bring mysel' to te pankruptcy court."

Mrs. Lane took the eighty cents on the dollar, thinking it was all she could get, but George Lane's bovis enthusiasm remained undaunted; he felt that he was on a fair way to becoming a millionaire; that he was in a class with Carnegie, Rockefeller, Hetty Green, and Morgan.

When the Allans began to ship cattle, having meantime equipped their ships to handle them, other ranchers followed suit. Upon the initiation of these long trans-continental shipments, the question of watering the cattle upon the journey was one of the most serious difficulties to contend with. The cattle, having been used to pure water from the mountain streams, refused to drink the condensed and stale water served on railroad and shipboard, and the shippers soon saw that something had to be done to remedy it.

From Calgary to Liverpool the distance is, approximately, 6,500 miles, and the price that beef brought upon delivery at Liverpool and London depended altogether upon the manner in which the animals were handled upon the journey, the food they got and the water served. Otherwise their condition and weight were inadequate to cover payments to the shippers, the railroad and the steamship—not sufficient to justify the industry.

Now, I know something about these

early methods of cattle shipment by steamship from Montreal. Montreal was my home; I went to school there; got licked there; fell in love there, and then wandered away. And my first wandering was as a cattle tender on one of the old Allan Line boats.

When the cattle began to come aboard on my first trip, they seemed to me the wildest, toughest, craziest, most untamable things that ever crossed my path. They were dirty and sullen from their long boxcar ride across the continent; they raced pell-mell up the narrow gangway from the wharf to the vessel, slipping, sliding and slopping across the greasy decks, bellowing, struggling and smelling. The longshoremen prodded them in the ribs with sharp sticks, and they moaned; the cattle tenders kicked them in the slats and they groaned; while the crew and the balance of the cattle tenders herded them roughly forward into the temporary wooden stalls which were to serve them for state-rooms on the voyage.

Oh! the steer, the steer, the beautiful steer.

Kicking the flies from the point of his ear.

Flapping his tail in his jrolicsome glee.

Hopping about like a Snake River flea;

Bellowing,

Roaring,

Thundering along.

Filling the air with his steer-i-cal song.

Till the rumble and wheeze of his lung-laden pits.

Scares gophers and badgers and wolves into fits;

To me, there is nothing on earth half so dear

As the long-horned,

Slim-bodied,

Canadian steer.

As cattle tender, I had some forty cattle to look after, to feed, to water, to bed. The hay was stacked in bales nearby, and the water we drew from large tanks, specially filled for that purpose. It was all right going down the river, and when the weather was fine, but when we got out to sea, and the wind came up strong, all the powers of darkness seemed let loose. The

animals became tired, and fell down, rolling from side to side or slipping backwards and forwards, and when in this condition, like the human being, they lost all inclination to eat.

I had thought that their legs were fitted with double-action reversible springs; that their back-bones were of cast steel; that their stomachs were india rubber lined and indestructible; but now, in the storm, it was different. They appeared made of guttapercha or pliable wire, and would crumple up into corners and close their eyes; they failed to resent a telling kick in the ribs, and never even raised a whimper when prodded in the shins. Of course they lost weight, couldn't eat, wouldn't drink; they didn't represent paying propositions.

The Allans realized that; the cattlemen realized that, and the shippers realized it. Co-operation on the part of all concerned was necessary to save the day; so the cattlemen and the railway men and the steamship men and the shippers got together to improve conditions and better business. And it has improved every year since; in spite of hard winters and low prices, the business was brought to the point where it was profitable, and the accommodations for the animals made adequate and comfortable.

Amongst the earliest ranchers were many farm boys from Eastern Canada—Ontario. Old cattlemen have told me that they could name twenty such boys who came west a score of years ago on salaries of from \$30 to \$40 a month who are to-day worth from \$25,000 to \$100,000, while the names of the Americans are legion.

Pat Burns is one; the McHugh brothers, Stimson, George Lane, are others.

It took Lane seven years to branch out in business for himself, and in '91, in company with his present manager, Herbert Miller, we find him buying and shipping cattle into British Columbia. Then he went to work with Pat Burns for a while. Later, still in company with Miller, he passed over into Montana and purchased some 3,000 horses, which he drove into Canada. They located on the "Y. T."

Ranch on Willow Creek, Little Bow River, and remained there until driven out by the incoming wheat grower. Lane still owns this ranch, which is, perhaps, his favorite property. It is, at least, with members of his family, and in summer is open house to all.

For comfort, its picturesque residence house makes one remember the original shack-residence of Manager Stimson at Bar U. Outside, it was a rough log hut, inside a haven of rest and comfort—an Oriental hall of luxury and elegance. Stimson's friends were legion; everyone that knew the Allans and was going west, secured a letter of introduction to the genial manager of the Bar U, and so delightful must have been their stay, that when they moved on, back came a present—a token of friendship—at first opportunity. Pottery from Egypt, brasses from India, temple cloths from Japan and China, and the thousand and one countless little ornaments and trinkets that "world-roamers" pick up carelessly as they pass by, decorated its rooms. Such a collection of Indian work has perhaps not since been seen in the west.

But the lure of Cuba and Sir William Van Horne spirited Stimson away, and the call of the tropics held him. Mexico is his home now, but the cattle business is yet his business.

In '92, George Lane—now thoroughly grown up—with his partner, Gordon Ironsides, went down to Montreal to negotiate with the Allans for the purchase of the Bar U. The Allans asked \$250,000, Lane offered \$220,000. The Allans invited George to dine at the St. James' Club, and George went. They dined in evening clothes, and at 8.30. They had "several" drinks, and then some more drinks. Then the waiter brought in cigars, and Lane felt it was time to talk further business.

They fenced and sparred and bluffed for a good half hour, but eventually the Allans, upon repeated offers from their guest, looked at one another, laughed, and said, "All right, George, you can have it at that, but \$50,000 down, and the balance upon signing the deeds. You can have it at that, George."

They sat back in their chairs and motioned the waiter to fill up the glasses; they smiled, and nodded at one another good-humoredly; they didn't think Lane had the money.

But they reckoned without their guest; they forgot the manner of man he was. Then and there, he "just dug down into his jeans" and came up with \$50,000.

"It has allus been my rule in life," said Mr. Lane, afterwards, "to be prepared for an emergency, and so I went into this interv'u' with my rope unslung 'case some steer w'd stampede. I was prepared to do business. When I suggested so much down and the balance upon signing the deeds, I know'd it w'd take two weeks to git the deeds ready, and that in that time, with the ranch as my hitchin' post, I could easily raise the money. Yew can't bluff a cowboy—men trained to dominate all living things around 'em."

The following year, Messrs. Lane, Ironsides & Fares went into the horse business in earnest, bringing in first-class breeds from across the line. Great Britain and France, till to-day it is conceded that the Bar U has the finest collection of Percheron mares and stallions, not only in Canada, but on the Continent. These horses George Lane has picked out himself in frequent trips to Great Britain and France, and that he knew how to pick the best was demonstrated recently when the French Government sent, and offered him \$5,000 for the return of a certain stallion purchased last summer.

Mr. Lane has built up a show-ring and breeding reputation for his blacks and greys that other breeders may well be jealous of. Who would have thought, five years ago, that a Percheron breeder in Alberta could go to one of the leading horse shows in America and carry off the prize as Mr. Lane did, from such veterans of the Percheron show-rings as marshalled their entries for the fray at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition during its opening weeks? The success of the Lane stud on that occasion is one of the highest tributes yet paid to the

excellence of the horses that constitute the Bar U establishment. Professor W. L. Carlyle, head of the University of Idaho, said, in this connection, that "Lane had thirteen head of the finest Percherons that he had seen at any of the fairs he had attended either on the Pacific or Middle Western States."

At the Spokane Interstate Fair during this past summer, Lane's stud repeated the success gained at Seattle, causing much comment in the United States, and wide publicity for Alberta.

Mr. Lane sells his stock only direct to the purchaser, that is, he allows no middleman.

"I want to sell my horses, of course," he told me, "but I want to sell them at a fair price to the purchaser, and not at one-third or one-half more cost to him, into the pocket of the middleman. It is true that by sticking to this principle I have lost many a sale,

but what of it? Why should the purchaser pay \$2,000 for a mare when it can be bought for \$1,000 or \$1,200, or \$3,000 for a stallion when it can be purchased for \$1,700 or \$2,000? I made enemies and lost sales at first, but eventually, and so soon as dealers knew my principle, the sales increased."

Nearly a thousand blooded horses are cared for at the Bar U, of which 400 odd are mares. To the present, only stallions have been sold.

If I want to borrow money, or get advice or sympathy, I make a bee line for George Lane's Calgary shack at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Fourth Street, West, for though he is extremely busy, he has always time to spare for his friends, and his heart is big enough to put aside his own affairs and listen to theirs.

Here's to you, George Lane, here's to you! May your shadow never grow less.

RONDEAU

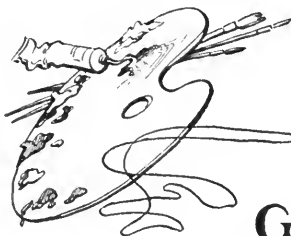
BY T. A. DALY

IF we are poor and do not know
The numerous delights that flow
From horns of plenty choked with gold,
We lack as well the cares untold
That hand in hand with riches go.

We have our home wherein, although
The outer world be white with snow,
We keep our hearts from growing cold,
If we are poor.

We're strangers quite to pomp and show,
But here we are, we two, and O!
That dimpled little One-year-old!
Love's riches here are manifold.
Dear Lord, we pray Thee keep us so
If we are poor.

MORTON'S MASTERPIECE



By

GEORGE T-PARDY

AUTHOR OF "SCARLET SILAS",
"PRIVATE HACKETT", ETC.



ILLUSTRATED BY M-K-WINTER

"IT was a queer piece of business," said Delavan meditatively, "and I've never told the facts, if facts they are, to a living soul. Not even my wife knows about it; Milly's a nervous little body, and I wouldn't like to scare her by admitting that my good fortune came to me in such a curious way. It was lucky for me, though. I was as poor as a church mouse, and Milly and I might not have been able to get married for Lord knows how long if things hadn't turned out as they did. Your remark at supper about supernatural causes influencing a man's destiny started me thinking about the affair. Now that we are alone, I don't mind telling you the yarn. Try one of these Havanas, they're pretty good stuff."

He pushed the box over to Sutherland as he spoke, and the latter, selecting a cigar, applied a light to it and settled back comfortably in the depths of his easy chair. It was past midnight, Mrs. Delavan had retired, and the two friends were alone in the study of the big country house.

"When you went to London as correspondent for the *Clarion* five years ago," began Delavan, "I had quite given up hope of ever benefitting by my Uncle Andrew's wealth. When the old gentleman passed over to the great majority, it transpired that he had willed his entire estate at New Orleans to a stranger named Louis Morton, who had lived with him since the death of my cousin Dorothy in

Montreal. My uncle was perfectly sane when he died, and there was no earthly chance for me to dispute the will, so you may judge of my surprise and delight when I received a letter from Mr. Morton asking me to visit him at New Orleans, stating that he was in very feeble health, and he would be glad if, as the rightful heir, I would remain with him and take charge of the estate. Needless to say, I accepted the invitation, and in a few days after the receipt of the letter I found myself installed as Morton's guest in the Crescent City.

"It did not need the evidence of a medical man to tell me that he was not long for this world. Naturally of slender build, he was wasted to a mere shadow, and all the remaining vitality of his frail body seemed to be concentrated in the burning gaze of his dark, hollow eyes. He was a very decent sort of chap, and we got along well together, in spite of the settled melancholy which clung about him like a shroud.

"One night we were sitting together in the library of the old mansion. As was the case with you and me to-night, our conversation turned upon things supernatural, and I ventured to express the belief that the communion of a heavenly spirit with an earthly one might actually occur under certain conditions. Morton started, a deep red flush passed over his thin, worn cheeks, and then died away, leaving his face of a more deadly pallor than

before. For an instant he stared at me in his curious, penetrating fashion, and then said abruptly :

"I will tell you the truth—why should I not, as you are to be my successor ? I became the owner of this estate through just such an agency as you speak of—a mysterious communication with the dead."

"He paused, and I gazed at him in silence. Had the man gone suddenly insane ? His thin features worked convulsively, and his long, bony fingers clutched the edge of the table, with feverish energy as he bent over and brought his phantom-like visage close to mine.

"You start, you think I have taken leave of my senses," he said hurriedly, 'but I swear before high heaven that my mind is as calm, as evenly balanced as your own. Come with me to my bedroom, and I will show you evidence in the shape of the greatest picture I have ever painted—my masterpiece, the canvas into which I have put my heart and soul—the one connecting link between the unknown world and myself.'

"He sprang to his feet and rushed out of the room. Following him through a spacious corridor I entered his bed chamber. Immediately over the mantel-piece there hung a large picture covered with some fleecy drapery, through which I could see the faint outlines of a dead woman lying upon a velvet pall. Without raising the curtain that concealed the picture, Morton thrust his hand under it, and grasping some letters that were put into the frame, hurried me out of the room again and back to our table in the library.

"I need these," he said, seating himself and placing the letters before him, 'to complete the history of the picture which you saw just now.'

"But I did not see it," I interposed. 'I scarcely had time to glance at it through the curtain.'

"I did not intend that you should," he returned gravely. 'That picture is for my eyes alone. When I die, it will vanish with me. You will understand why, when I have told you its history.'

"I will give you the story as Morton told it to me, as nearly as possible in his own words. If you could have seen the narrator as I saw him, Sutherland, his dark wild eyes ablaze with excitement, his slender form quivering in every muscle as he emphasized each word with frantic gestures of his bony hands, you could not have doubted his earnestness, whatever your opinion might have been regarding the truth of the tale. It ran as follows :

* * * * *

I entered the city of Montreal one cold night in November. Under the black infinite sky that night there was not a creature more absolutely friendless than I. Between me and starvation there rested very little money, a crude idea of color, some talent in drawing, and a resolute will to become a successful painter. I was in search of a studio. All that I needed was a garret with a northern light, and this I stumbled upon in an obscure quarter of the city. It was difficult to induce the miserable old Italian who kept the pawnbroker's store below to let me have the room. He wanted to thrust me into every nook in the old building but that garret—the very one that was necessary to me. The man was old, with little piercing black eyes, skin like a piece of parchment, and a nose and chin that almost met. Greed of the most rapacious and repelling kind was stamped on every line of his face. I offered him a month's rent in advance, and the sight of the money finished the bargain. He signed the receipt with his trembling skeleton claws. His name was Giuseppe Magliani.

Having procured possession of my room, I proceeded to explore it. It was large, square and gloomy to desolation. A dim light struggled in from the upper window through the dirt and grime of ages. The dingy boards were full of cracks and holes; the old black rafters concealed an army of spiders, and the immense festoons of webs were so ingeniously contrived as to call forth a species of admiration. An old wooden bedstead leaned up against the wall in one corner; in another reclined a broken-backed

chair. An open fire-place yawned before me, suggestive of possibilities of genial warmth, but there was no fuel, and my funds were at too low an ebb to permit of my purchasing any. It was necessary for me to husband my slender resources with jealous care, lest the grim spectre of starvation which hovered in the background should seize me in its grisly grip.

Ten o'clock had just chimed from a distant steeple when I threw myself on the bed and tried to sleep. It was bitterly cold, and the one blanket that covered me was thin and ragged. Outside, the wind howled mournfully, and sharp gusts shook the crazy windows and swept through the room; my chilled bones ached dismally, and I lay shivering and wide awake for several hours.

All at once I became conscious of a singular numbing sensation which crept gradually over me. A delicious warmth spread itself about me, crept into my lungs and relieved the dull oppression on my chest. I wondered vaguely if I had passed through the preliminary tortures of freezing, and had entered upon the fatal stage of numbness which is said to precede death in such cases. Yet I was not afraid. I fancy that my feelings were like those of a morphine fiend who yields himself to the soothing influence of the drug he loves. If death was to come, why, it could not come easier. I had never before experienced so thoroughly the bliss of non-resistance—the sinking to rest under the thrall of a subduing power. Suddenly, however, there intruded on this sense of perfect peace an alien influence, a false note in the harmony of angelic chords which seemed to permeate the atmosphere. *I felt that there was something or somebody in the room with me.*

This fancy troubled me so much that I became restless, distrustful, angry. Why could I not be allowed to lie supine and pass away into the great unknown peacefully? Nothing mattered any more, the world and all its vain, foolish striving lay behind me; I had practically ceased to exist. Yet insistent, dominant, all powerful,

there pressed a hypnotic force upon my unwilling senses, commanding me to arise, to challenge the spirit of darkness which inhabited that lone apartment with me.

Reluctantly, even as a drunkard awakes from slumber, I arose and staggered to the mantel-piece, where I had left a candle and some matches. As I groped along the floor my hand came in contact with something which felt like drapery. I recoiled with a start, recalling to myself the utter bareness of the room when I went to bed. Cautiously I stretched my hand out again. It encountered a hard substance, a square beam of wood, with folds of cloth hanging about it. For an instant I stood appalled, my breath coming in short gasps. I rubbed my eyes vigorously, wondering if I were walking in my sleep. At last my trembling hand found the much desired candle and I struck a match. As the feeble glimmer of light shone out in the darkness I looked eagerly around. Before my startled eyes the garret appeared in all its old time bareness, desolate, cold and forbidding. There was no article of furniture in view which would account for the beam and drapery which my hand had encountered.

Was it possible that I had slept and dreamed of this thing? I had heard of cases where men, half awake, had undergone strange hallucinations. Perhaps this was such a case! I blew out the candle and went back to bed. No sooner had I stretched my limbs on the wretched mattress than I sunk into a deep slumber.

On the following morning I set up my easel, laid out my colors, stretched my canvas, and tried to sketch the outlines of a picture. Useless endeavor! My hand seemed to have lost its cunning, and after a few vain attempts I desisted and went out for a walk. As I passed through the pawnbroker's store below I encountered my landlord.

"Just a moment, Mr. Magliani," I said. "Would you mind telling me if some strange spirit haunts that garret which you have rented to me?"

I spoke in a jovial, careless tone,

but the Italian turned deathly pale.

"There's no necessity for you to get scared," I said. "I was only referring to the ghost of a table or couch, or something in the furniture line. I could almost swear that when I got out of bed last night I felt two posts of wood in the middle of the room, with some kind of drapery about them."

Magliani muttered something under his breath, but made no definite reply, and I went out into the street. I had almost convinced myself that my experiences of the previous night were due to the unsettled state of my nerves, and my strange surroundings. But as the night fell I began to feel an odd despondency settling down upon me. I regained my garret, lighted my candle, and bustled about with an attempt at cheer that was pitifully abortive. It seemed impossible to fight against the cold and solitude that reigned in my lonely apartment. It made the blood congeal in my veins, my teeth chatter in my head, and I longed for the feeling of relief I had known when that strange numbness crept over my senses. The sad stillness of a churchyard seemed to lurk in every corner of the room, and I was glad when the hour came for me to creep under my wretched blankets. My delight may be imagined when, after suffering an agony of cold, I felt suddenly again the soft, delicious warmth of the night before—the tender currents of air, the impalpable, caressing luxury of my former trance. I lay still, entranced, resolved not to fight against the sway of the mysterious power which governed me even as the seductive odor of opium subdues its slaves. Surely the realms of Paradise could offer no greater bliss than this!

But suddenly, breaking in upon my delicious dream, there came the odd sense of a strange adverse influence in the room. There was something present, something intangible, but none the less insistent, commanding me to arise. I tumbled wearily out of my bed, groped about the floor, and felt a sharp chill shoot through my heart as my hand touched a drapery of cloth covering a beam of wood. A

gust of indignation swept through my veins. Was I a child, a fool, to be played with in this fashion? Was my Italian landlord trying to frighten me in some way for some obscure reason of his own?

I plunged forward boldly, resolved to grasp this mystery, whatever it was, and bring it to the light. My hand closed on the beam, a good strong grip, and I pulled with a will. But it would not move, strain as I might. Either it was too heavy or it was fastened to the floor. My hand touched the folds of cloth, and I realized that they extended for several feet. The beams of wood seemed to support a few boards at the top, over which the cloth was spread. I placed my hand on the top of the board, and jumped back with a start. The very marrow of my bones froze. Sobbing hysterically, confused and terror stricken, I retreated, reached the wall, and grasping convulsively at the mantel-piece, found the candle. I lighted it with trembling hands, and looked around me. There was nothing to be seen save the aching bare desolation of my miserable garret chamber!

I sat up in the chair all night, afraid of I knew not what, not daring to again recline upon my wretched pallet. On the following night I left my candle burning, and felt nothing but the bitter cold, saw nothing but the bare room.

I suffered so much with cold, disappointment, and baffled curiosity that when night came again I resolved to put away my candle. Supposing darkness to be necessary for the solution of this mystery, I would lie in bed and permit the most Stygian obscurity to envelop me. Yet, when, upon shivering for a time, I felt suddenly the familiar warmth creep over me, the luxurious atmosphere invade my mouth and nostrils, I trembled. A nameless terror gripped me, chill after chill stole up my back, my hair seemed to rise upon my head. Again I felt the inexorable power commanding me to rise, and, as though forced forward by an irresistible hand, I got out of my bed and staggered across

the floor. Some intuitive instinct warned me to use no haste, to move silently. I reached the drapery, and extended my hand along the substance which it covered. Suddenly the drapery came to an end. My hand dropped an inch and touched a face colder than a block of ice.

It was a dead body that drapery covered, and which lay upon those boards in my room.

Now, I had known this the night before, I had realized the presence of the dead, but the shock of feeling a tangible presence under my hand made my limbs shake as though suffering from ague. A cold sweat broke out on my forehead; I retreated to the mantel-piece and lighted the candle. There was nothing to be seen except the old rickety furniture of the apartment, and I cursed myself for my cowardice.

It is said that time cures all things, even the menace of fear, and so it proved in my case. Within a week I had become familiar with that ghastly presence, and had grown to look forward to its coming. Why not? Alone and despairing as I was, it saved me from sheer madness. It was food for my mind, consolation for my heart. If the living had cast me off, the dead had come to comfort me. I passed hour after hour with it alone, and grew familiar with it as with a companion. It was the body of a young girl. The outlines of the face were smoothly rounded, the features delicate and small; the lids of the eyes were large and full, and the lashes fine and long. The teeth were regular and perfect, and even the tiny ear was a marvel of exquisite form. The hair I felt must be of a soft golden color, it had not the vigor of black or brown, and passed through my hand like meshes of silk or floss. I could not see it, I could see nothing; but instinct, fancy—who can say what it was?—taught me every line of the form, every color, every grace of my nightly companion.

Finally a great inspiration dawned upon me. Since all her loveliness was mine, why not copy it? I made up my mind to paint her, to have her

for my own forever. From the moment of my decision new life seemed to have entered into me. Day after day I lingered at my work, day after day the picture grew, until at last her fair face shone resplendent on the canvas. A sweet pale face, the low brow shadowed with a cloud of golden hair, a delicate sensitive mouth and rounded chin, a slender graceful figure, rested on my easel. It was a masterpiece—the great work of my life. I waited for the night with feverish eagerness, for I wanted to tell my pale, cold girl visitant all that I had done for her. I would whisper it abroad to the air above that ghostly pall. It might be that her wandering spirit would hear and reply in some wise.

But when night came, for the first time since my occupancy of the garret, I found myself alone in the dark. My hand wandered in vain for the familiar drapery; it had vanished with its sweet burden forever. I lighted the candle and rushed to the easel. The picture was there—the form of my loved one in all her grace and beauty still adorned the canvas. I heaved a deep sigh of relief. This consolation was at least left me; whatever the ghostly influences might be that had controlled my movements, they had not utterly robbed me of the gracious presence of the fair phantom which transformed my wretched abode into a temporary paradise. What if it was the picture of a dead woman with her shroud around her? To me she might have been lying asleep upon a velvet couch in an atmosphere of luxury and perfume. I had painted her as she came to me, cold and pale, but filling me with warmth and gladness.

Yet I was almost starving. I had little left with which to buy food, and my landlord was clamoring for his rent. One morning he appeared in my room, demanded what money was due him, and was proceeding to abuse me vigorously in broken English, when his eye caught sight of the picture on my easel. Instantly his lower jaw dropped, he staggered back, and raised his clasped hands in an



WHEN HIS EYE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE PICTURE ON THE EASEL, HIS JAW DROPPED,
AND HE STAGGERED BACK

agony of supplication. I was at a loss to account for his absurd terror, and laughed as he crept out of the door, evidently panic-stricken. I followed him on to the landing outside.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked. "Didn't you ever see a picture

of a dead person before? Now, as regards my bill, if you will have patience a little longer you will get your money."

He only moaned and wrung his hands. "I am a poor man," he said dejectedly. "I will forgive you your

bill if you will only go away and leave me in peace."

"Nothing of the kind," I responded, gaining courage as I saw him tremble. "I'm here to stay as long as the place suits me."

"But I am poor," he repeated pitifully. "All that you see in the store below is not mine. 'Tis the property of my customers, signor, I swear it by the Virgin."

"Then I, too, will be one of your customers," I said, taking from my pocket a silver watch. "Let me have ten dollars on this, and later on I will make other arrangements with you."

I said this largely in a spirit of bravado, with the idea of showing the Italian that I was not afraid of him, but I had hardly expected him to comply with my request. Judge, then, of my surprise, when he nodded his head in meek assent and trotted down the stairs to his shop. I followed him, and he counted out the ten dollars I had asked for without another word. His hand shook as I placed the watch in it, and for a moment he hesitated, as though chary of accepting it. But I had other things to think of than the peculiarities of my ill-favored host, and I hastened down the street to procure my frugal provisions for the week. When I returned, a grim silence prevailed in the house, but I was too much pre-occupied to notice it.

I had made overtures to the Academy with a view to placing my picture on exhibition. Such an honor was not to be easily won by a young and unknown artist, but the same invisible power which had directed me from the beginning seemed to urge me forward, and without any great feeling of surprise—so inevitable did the march of events appear to me—I learned that my work was accepted. I had named the canvas "A Vision," the most appropriate title that I could think of, and at two o'clock on the afternoon of the day that I pawned my watch, I stood before it and noticed with deep satisfaction that the committee had placed it in a good light and a position of considerable prominence. It was ticketed number 114,

and judging by the comments of visitors to the gallery, was creating a decided sensation. The subject of the painting seemed to inspire many of the reviewers with feelings of awe, in some cases of absolute horror, but all agreed in praising the skill and technique of the artist. It was a somber triumph enough, but one that was worth having lived until then for—aye, worth dying for, should the fates which had guided my hand so decree.

I returned to my dismal abode to find the Italian's store upon the ground floor closed, with its wooden shutters up and screening the interior from view. Entering by the door of the back room, I saw that it was empty. The various bundles, with their accompanying tickets, had disappeared from the shelves. The only article remaining was the silver watch which I had left with the pawnbroker earlier in the day. It lay upon the counter, in the same spot where he had placed it when he handed me the ten dollars. I stood gazing at it in bewilderment. What could the decrepit old Italian mean by his strange behaviour? If he had left with the goods of all his other customers, why had he not taken mine also, having paid me a sum that was really above its actual value? What weird mystery was it that enshrouded everything connected with this House of the Dead? Why did its former occupant shrink from me, and why should he have been overcome with terror at the sight of my picture?

Several days passed and the Italian did not return. I continued to inhabit my gloomy garret, although I found the desolation almost unendurable. Since the beloved phantom had deserted me, since all that remained of her rested in that warm, luxurious gallery, my life had become a hollow, useless thing. I was unable to work again until I had that picture once more in my possession. By day and night I haunted the Academy waiting impatiently for the time when I could carry away my prize. Wild, bitter yearnings assailed me when I recalled the touch of that sweet, cold face,

those still, small hands. She was the only woman I had ever loved, and yet I did not even know her name. She could not tell me, for she was dead, with all her cold loveliness lost to me forever.

One day the following letter was delivered to me :

Eagle Hotel, New York, N. Y.
MR. LOUIS MORTON.

Dear Sir,—Understanding that your Academy picture, "A Vision," number 114, is the property of the artist, I would beg the honor of an interview with you, as I am desirous of purchasing the same.

Yours truly,

ANDREW DELAVAN.

To most struggling artists such a communication would have seemed like a promise of rare good fortune, to be received with pride and thankfulness. To my overwrought mind it appeared like a ribald insult, an attempt to besmirch that sacredness of my soul's idol by placing her on the sordid level of things to be bought and sold in the public marts.

I immediately sent this reply :

MR. ANDREW DELAVAN,

Dear Sir,—The picture you have made inquiries regarding is not for sale.

Yours truly,

LOUIS MORTON.

The curt ungraciousness of my reply did not deter my correspondent from again writing me, for early the next morning I received the following letter:

MR. LOUIS MORTON,

Dear Sir,—The poor state of my health prevents me from calling upon you, but as the disposition of this picture is a matter of deep and vital importance to me, I entreat you to visit me at my hotel this evening. If you see fit to grant my request, I will remember the favor with feelings of intense gratitude to my dying day, which my physician tells me is very close at hand.

Yours sincerely,

ANDREW DELAVAN.

I was not so thoroughly wrapped up in the selfish contemplation of my own unhappiness as to be deaf to the earnest pathos of this appeal. That

evening I called upon Mr. Delavan as requested. I found him to be a helpless invalid, whose letter had not exaggerated the seriousness of his condition. But still I steadily refused to listen to his proposition in regard to purchasing my masterpiece. He entreated me to name my own price, stating that he was wealthy, possessed of a large estate in New Orleans, and able to recompense me in princely fashion. Finding that I was resolved to remain obdurate, he was silent for a few moments, and then said :

"It was merely by chance that I saw your painting. My visit to Montreal was for the purpose of consulting a famous specialist, whose verdict that I have but a few months to live only confirmed the judgment of my home physician. Will you deem it an impertinence if I ask you why this picture is so dear to you?"

"As a work of art——" I began, and hesitated. It seemed unworthy of my loved spirit model to stoop to subterfuge in the smallest degree. "It is an object of affection," I continued sullenly. "I cannot explain further."

"Is it a portrait?" he queried eagerly.

"I do not know," I responded desperately. "Let it suffice that the original is everything to me, and can be nothing to anyone else."

"In God's name, man," he said, clenching his thin, wasted hands, "will you not tell me more? Who is she, where did you see her? Can you bring me to her, and let me look upon her face before I die?"

"What you ask is impossible," I replied sadly. "I could not, if I would."

"Then you are determined to sacrifice the few short days remaining to me of my wretched life," he cried bitterly. "I have not slept a single hour since I looked upon your painting, yet you refuse to relieve my agony by replying to such simple questions."

"Since you insist," I said, touched by his frantic appeal, "I will answer as you desire. But I warn you that I do not expect to be believed, and that you will look upon me as a madman when you have heard all.

"I cannot tell you who the original of my picture is. Her very name and nationality are unknown to me. I discovered her first in the dead of night, lying upon a raised wooden structure in the centre of a dark, gloomy garret, and covered with some kind of heavy drapery. I could not see her, I could only feel. She lay quite still and motionless, for she was dead. That is the full extent of my knowledge regarding the original of my painting. Since the picture was finished she has never revisited my lonely room. Now I have told you my secret, and you may pronounce me a liar, dreamer, madman, what you will."

He leaned forward and took my hands impulsively in his.

"I believe everything that you have told me," he said earnestly. "What are we, poor, weak, human atoms, that we should mock the mysteries of the shadowland that borders on the grave? Listen in turn to my story, and you will understand why I should wish to possess your work. Twenty years ago my wife died at our New Orleans home, leaving me alone on earth save for my little daughter, Dorothy. On her I lavished all the affection of my bereaved heart. She grew into beautiful, gracious womanhood, but she was always a delicate flower, and at length her health became so bad that on the advice of her doctor I took her away, with the intention of spending the hot summer months in the north. Six years ago we embarked for Montreal. I was in hopes that the sea voyage would benefit my child, but from the day we left New Orleans she grew steadily worse. When we arrived in Montreal I was unwilling to take Dorothy in her nervous condition to a public hotel. A fellow-passenger directed me to a quiet lodging kept by an Italian, and we went there. I did not fancy the appearance of my host, but, as it afterwards transpired, he was able to be of considerable service to me. Although the house was a poor one, my wealth enabled me to give my daughter every luxury and attention that she required. But all was in vain, the

hand of Fate had marked me for another bitter trial, for in a little while my darling grew worse and died."

The old man's voice faltered, and he paused. I took advantage of the momentary silence to ask a question that his recital had awakened in my mind.

"Do you remember the name of your Italian host?" I inquired.

"Perfectly; it was Giuseppe Magliani!"

"Were you personally able to look after your daughter during her illness?"

"I was with her until she died. Then I became ill, and was confined to bed while they prepared my child for her journey to our home. She had made me promise that I would bury her there, under the sunny southern skies she loved so well. But before they placed her in the coffin, I was taken to look my last upon her, and as Heaven is my judge, I swear that as she lay there on her velvet shawl, even so she lies in your picture. The dead girl whom some unknown power caused you to create in your painting is the exact image of my daughter Dorothy. Can you wonder any longer why I wish to possess that portrait?"

"No," I responded; "you shall have the picture."

I left the hotel with my brain whirling confusedly, amazed, almost appalled by what I had heard. The man Magliani, my sinister host, for that he was the same Italian mentioned in Mr. Delavan's story I could not doubt; what was his secret, the secret which caused him to cringe at the sight of my picture, and flee from the house? I hardly whispered the query to myself when a hand touched my shoulder, and turning round, I found my ex-landlord beside me. His weazened, shrunken figure was trembling abjectedly, and his shrivelled yellow skin, quivering lips, and huge hooked nose loomed upon me like a figure in a nightmare.

"Signor," he whined, "for the love of the Virgin, promise that I shall not be harmed, and I will tell you where you can find her. I have followed and watched you. I have seen her father

in that hotel—has he vowed to have revenge on me? Does he know that I stole the body of his daughter?"

Weak as I was from the lack of sufficient food and the strain under which I had labored, the strength of a giant seemed to animate me for an instant. I seized the Italian by the throat and shook him furiously.

"You thief—you hell-hound!" I cried. "Tell me where you have buried her before I strangle you. Her father knows nothing, but I—I have surprised your secret, and mean to learn all."

"You are a magician, a devil," he gasped, as I released my hold on him. "You—you—brought the dead back and put her in a picture. But I did not hurt her—she was dead, and the dead cannot feel. I was poor, and the body was bright with jewels. The shawls were worth a lot of money, too. And she was fair, ah, so fair, to look upon. I knew secrets of embalming—I had followed the trade in my own country, and her beauty did not fade after I had exercised my arts upon her. I sent the coffin, weighted and well packed, to her home.⁶ But the body I kept for many months, and when all was silent, in the dead of night I used to seek the garret and feast my eyes upon her loveliness. Then I grew afraid—afraid of the creeping shadows and phantom voices that sighed and wailed in my ears. Also I feared discovery, for I had enemies, signor, who would have betrayed me to the law had they known. Therefore I removed the shawl and gems, and buried her myself in the yard behind my house. I placed it in a casket, that her spirit might not be wroth because of lack of care. Also I had masses said for her soul. Till you came all was well, but now I know no peace, and fear greatly the vengeance of her spirit and the old man her father."

¹ There is little more to tell. When Andrew Delavan heard from my lips of the theft of his daughter's body, his anger against the miserly Italian was submerged in the desire to remove the remains of his child to her childhood's home. This, with the assist-

ance of the terrified Magliani, was easily accomplished, and father, mother and child now rest side by side. The old man begged me not to leave him, and, as you know, I complied with his request. It will not be long before I, too, must pass away, and I trust to you to see that I am laid in the same grave.

* * * * *

"Such was Morton's story," said Delavan. "He died just three weeks after the night on which he narrated it to me. The picture disappeared; when I found him dead in his bed one morning, I saw that it no longer hung over the mantel. Whether he destroyed it, or it was spirited away by some mysterious agency, I am not prepared to say. Speaking for myself, I can only admit that I was profoundly glad that it was gone, masterpiece though it was. Morton's tale had shaken my belief in the non-existence of the supernatural for the time being, anyhow, and I was ready to accept either explanation. As a matter of fact, I was extremely anxious to sell the whole estate, and get back north as soon as I could. I did so, and here I am. But what's your candid opinion of the whole business?"

Sutherland puffed a couple of clouds of smoke into the air before replying. "What's the use of hazarding an opinion one way or the other on such matters?" he said. "Since I've been in the newspaper game I've learned that it isn't always the most plausible yarns that contain the largest proportion of sacred truth. On the other hand, an apparently monstrous, utterly unbelievable fake sometimes turns out to be the sterling gospel news item of the day. When it's so hard to distinguish between the false and true in everyday life, I think it's asking a little too much of a mere man to pronounce on the accuracy of information supposed to have been transmitted by spectral means. After all, what does it matter whether this gruesome narrative was a fantasy of poor Morton's constrained brain, or was derived from a genuine ghostly visitation? At all events, he managed

to produce a masterpiece of art which gave him a certain amount of melancholy satisfaction, and seems to have pleased your worthy uncle. Both of them got something out of the deal, and in the final shuffle of the cards you drew trumps. I can't see any reason why you should worry over the occult part of the affair."

"Oh, I'm not worrying," rejoined

Delavan easily. "But a mystery of that kind naturally arouses a fellow's curiosity. I suppose we're all of us more or less victims of the habit of 'wanting to know.'"

Sutherland grinned sardonically. "We are, old chap," he said, "but there is a whole bunch of perplexing problems destined to remain unsolved on this side of the jumping-off place."



THE CAMPFIRE

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

Nature's implacable, the house-bred say,
Yet, look you, where your cold and darkness lay,
Flashes the flame-spurt of a snarling match,
Blazes the birch-bark, quick the pine-twigs catch—

Friends and a fire. Lo, a miracle!
The grim, unmoving wilderness is Home!



The Peterdactyl

By W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

"A NIGGER with a dark lantern huntin' fer a black cat in a coal-cellar at midnight in the dark o' the moon would be lika bunch-light made outa fifty suns, compared to the middla the ant-arc-tick winter at the south pole," mused the old circus man, as he looked out the window of the car.

"This minds me of it," said he. "Pitch dark, same's tonight, only instead a rain like the ' is now, it's snow—black snow, same's they have in Pittsburg. An' cold—"

"I was in Noo Yawrk wunst in winter, and I certainly thought I'd hit the limit fer cold weather. The noise of the thermometers bustin' sounded like a battle. I had to run up to Montreal to git thawed out. Noo Yawrk in winter is the coldest place in all the hants of civilized man—if you can call Noo Yawrkers civilized. I useta think it was the dawg's nose o' the yearth, but it ain't putn nawthin' over on the south pole, even at that.

"Howd I know about the south pole? Bin there. The' ain't no spot, place, region nor destrict on the face o' the yearth I ain't bin to, wilderness or cultivated, near or far, habited or uninhabited, cold, hawt, or mejum, temprit or intemprit zone, trawpic,

long-titude, or latitude. A man in my business goes wherever the Old Man says, at the dropa the hat, an' no questions ast.

"That is, we useta in the good old days, when a show was run with printn an' curiosities instead a press agents—an' performers. When Mr. Barnum was our Old Man, it wan't nawthin' to hop ten thousand mile at a minit's notice to hunt up and bring in new, strange an' novel specimens of the animile, minerile and vegetable kingdoms, for the moral instruction of the young. He was always projectin' around fer attractions that would work up into big printn and display the wonders of creation. Say!

"I member wunst he sent me to the Red Sea to fish up some chariot wheels from Faro's army that got swamped there while runnin' the children of Israel outa the landa bawndage, as related in the booka Genesis, and I got a ——— What? Oh—about the south pole. I'll tell you.

"All this fuss they had about the north pole wan't nawthin' but hawt air—ballyhoo work. Me an' three or four other reel showmen has stubbed our toes against the north pole a dozen times in the regular course o' business, an' never thought nawthin' about it.

We wan't after no north poles, but only curiosities and freaksa nacher. If the' was a curiosity up there or anywhere else, we'd just go and git it.

"I fell over it wunst, when the Old Man sent me up to capture the Windigo. I got that Windigo, too, but it escaped on the way down, an' it's loose somewhere in the north woods now. It's

the Peterdactyl itself. It's a stronger attraction than the Windigo, anyway,' he says, 'because the' ain't no Banshee in it an' it's got a better temper and a louder voice. Besides,' says he, 'It's bigger, and it don't cry. An' ye can cover every barn on the hull circuit with pictures of it, Bill, twicet life size,' says he, 'put up,' he says, 'with starch paste.'

"So I overhauls my stock of explorer's boots, and went from Vancouver by sea down to South Amurricky, crossin' No Man's Land to Cape Horn, where I packs my boots and wild animile traps on dawg-sledges acrost the Straits of Magenta, jest as the ant-arc-tick winter is closin' down and the sun is sinkin' up in the north beyond the equator.

"My train is made up of hardy hillmen from the highlands of Brazil --about a hunderd o' them. About two hundred bolo-throwers from the pampas o' Venezoela, a buncha trap-tenders from Gottemalla, and a boss cook. Explorers always eat their boots last, so when we drives on the lot on the other sida the Straits of Magenta, we gets the canvas up and cooks a messa pemmican, savin' our boots against the hardships of the south, soon to be encountered. One of the



"SHE WAS DISH-FACED, AN' A SIGHT, AN' SHE PULLS OFF THE MISTAKE OF HER BLUBBERY LIFE WHEN SHE COMES INTO THE FIRELIGHT TO PUT THAT ELOPEMENT PROPOSITION ACROST"

a kinduva cross between a Banshee an' a Peterdactyl.

" 'Nemmine, Bill,' says the old Man, when I got in and reported the loss. 'Letter go,' he says. 'I changed my mind about it,' says he, 'while you was away. I got a supply of explorers' boots fer ye,' he says, 'and you're off to the south pole to-day to capture

men bolos a few pen-jewins and a albatross, and after we eats, we crawls inta our sleepin'-bags, overcome with exhaustion from the long journey acrost them icy straits, and falls asleep till mornin'.

"But the' ain't no mornin'. Instead that, it's as black as the inside of a cow, and halfa my men tries to



"AN' I UPS AN' FIRES BACK—AN' OF ALL THE SKY-SHAKIN' BELLERS I EVER HEARD, THAT WAS THE BIGGEST!"

desert, takin' parta the dawgs and sledges. I puts this down with a iern hand, as the feller says, and we penetrates the solitary voids of the antarctic cawntinent fer about a week, maybe, but you could only guess about that, it was so dark, and gettin' darker all the time.

"Well, anyhow. We comes to a little country town after we've bin on the road maybe seven or eight sleeps, and the mayor comes out to meet us. He's a little bituva fat man, an' his name is Igloo. He has a dozen of his wives an' a swarma childern with him, and what does he do but up and try to start a graft. Politics is the same, wherever you find 'em.

"He wants to collect a explorer's boot apiece fer toll on every man in my expedition, or else he'd raise the hey-reub and drive us back to where we come from. But I pulls my pocket-gun an' fetches down a flyin' pen-jewin, jest to show what I can do, and then he backs down and offers to let us go on if I'll give him the gun.

"'Gun nawthin',' I says, 'but,' says I, 'I'll trade ye some chawin' tobacka fer some fresh fish,' I says.

"He grumbles a little, but finally he sends one of his hench-men fer some fish, and——Say!

"You could hear them fish a mile off. I'll betcha it was at least two years since they'd bin swimmin'. They was froze solid too, but no frost could hold *that* perfewm down. It fair bruised the climate. And whaddya think?

"He explained that they wan't fit to eat till they was that way.

"'Anyhow,' says he, 'you don't eat the smell. And,' he says, 'they ain't got no call over the codfish you geezers up north thinks so much of.'

"And I guess he had me there. So I hands him out a slab of chawin' tobacka an' he eats it up an' calls fer more, and I give him a dozen pieces. He deals 'em out among his wives, an' they swallows them and goes loco, and begins to sing and dance like they was soused. And one o' them, a big lumpa fat, she throws her arms around me and wants to elope. Say!

"She was dish-faced, and a sight. They'd lit a fire of blubber and pine-tops, so's we can all see each other. I'm a decent married man, an' no woman on the face o' the yearth can make a monkey of me, but that one pulls off the mistake of her blubbery life when she comes into the firelight to put that elopement proposition acrost. She had a bearskin dress on,

and I guess she'd wore it longer'n the bear had, and the diet in that country bein' prinsply blubber and south pole duck, she —— Excuse me, son !

"But she thinks she's a society belle, an' she comes at me simperin'.

"O, you geek !" says she, 'if you'll gimme another hunka that there chocolate cake I'll shake this boob of a mayor right here and now, and you're it fer mine.'

"And with that she slides down on the black snow, dead to the world with the effecta that tobacka. An' that mayor ain't overlookin' nawthin'.

"Come over here," says he, drawin' me aside. 'I seen ye,' he says, 'but I don't want no scandal, an' I guess we can fix things up.'

"Would you believe it, son, he tries to work the badger game on me. Puts it up that I'd bin tryin' to git that wifa his to run away with me, an' drugged her so's I could carry her off before she could come to. Offers to patch it up an' ferget it if I'll give him jest one paira boots. Then he comes down to one boot, and I'm so mad I give it to him—in the face, accordin' to jew-jitsoo; an' he went to the snow, makin' a noise like a fried sausage.

"I was sorry about that afterwards. I felt maybe I'd been too harsh with him, fer he didn't know no better, an' anyhow, he didn't git a chance to graft on a caw-casian any too often, an' maybe I was to blame a little fer lettin' that wife o' his talk to me at all.

"We gets outa the place when they're all asleep, and the next town we make is on the shore o' the ant-arc-tick sea. The principal industry of that town is the whale fishery. They ketch the whales fer the blubber, an' trade it fer a native liquor made by the tribes further inland. This liquor is called hoo-che-noo, and it's distilled outa Iceland moss and pine cones. The's a fight in every drop of it, and a casa jim-jams in every spoonful—fer a white man. Every village has its own distiller, and I seen one o' these distillers at another town that had pickled himself at his own still, and he fell down an' went to sleep too near the fire, and when he breathed strong towards the fire an' then snored back,

his breath caught and he blew up. Sech is the evils of intemprunce, my son.

"The whales in the ant-arc-tick sea has bin discovered by the professors of ornitho-rink-thology to be identical with the Leviathan of the Deep referred to in Holy Writ. The whale that swallad Jonah was one o' them—a stray. They're so big that the natives that ketch 'em has to use common whales fer bait.

"Well, all this time I'm approachin' the hantsa the Peterdactyl.

"This strange wonder of the frozen south is about the size an' heft of a hippopotaymus, but it's very timid unless driven to bay or wounded, preferrin' usually to escape by the means nacher has provided fer that purpose. These are three in number, that is to say : It has hind legs like a kangaroo and front legs like a jack-rabbit, so that it can jump from floe to floe across the ant-arc-tick ice, or run like a scared deer over the interminable wastes of the ant-arc-tick snow. And it has web-feet which act as snow-shoes on the land, or flippers in the water, enablin' it to walk or swim with equal facility an' ease. Also, it is a animile of the mar-soop-yal fambly, havin' a pouch in front into which it can crawl to conceal itself. And third and lastly, it has four wings, two forward and two back, composed of bone frames with leather coverin', like the hippo-griff of ancient my-thology, with which it can soar when too closely pursued, *and* which when not in use are folded neatly across its back.

"It is reemarkable fer its sten-torian voice, which resembles the appallin' sounda the savage instrument known to the natives of the South Sea Islands as the bull-roarer. The use of this voice has a double purpose, each separate *and* distinct from the other: to paralyze its prey, con-sistin' of pen-jewins, snow-gophers, and minks; and to call its mate. It never emerges from its pouch save only by the light of the Rory-Bory-Alice. And it covers its prey with saliva, and swallows it in the dark.

"We're out fer maybe a hunderd sleeps when I see the Rory-Bory-Alice

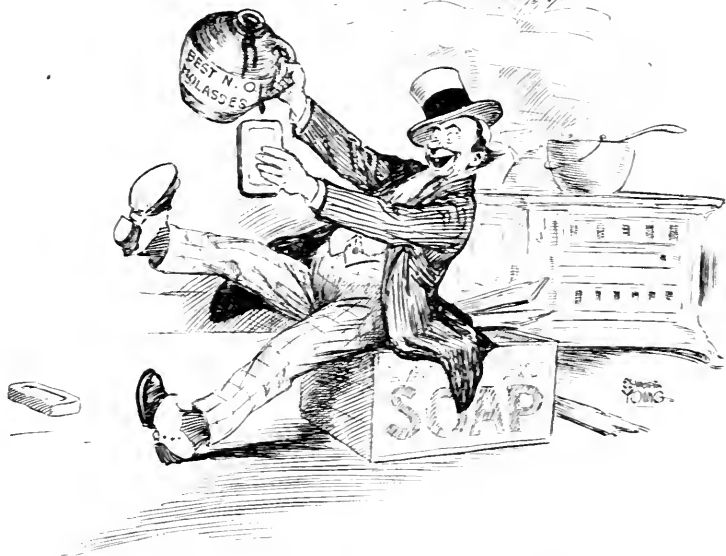
begin to flicker athwart the southern sky, and havin' provided myself with a bull-roarer, I begins to whirl it and make a noise like a Peterdactyl. And pretty soon I hears one answerin'. Cautiously approachin' in the direction of this sound and continuin' to whirl my bull-roarer at intervals, I soon makes out a dim shape across the snow-fields in a attitude of listenin'. Jest then the Rory-Bory-Alice flares up high, and the creacher, perceivin' me, takes to ay-aerial flight in the direction of a high colyum-like object far to the south.

"Instantly I unslings my rifle, and takin' careful aim so's not to injure it fatally, I brings it down with a shot under the left hind wing. It scrambles to its feet immejutely, and emittin' a beller that scares my followers stiff, it makes off towards that high object, and me after it. Jest as it gets to the object I fires again, and it disappears !

"I gits over there as fast as my snow-shoes can carry me, an' first thing I know I ketch my feet on sumpn and pitch forwards about thirty yards and comes down sprawlin'.

"I ain't got the black, blindin' snow outa my eyes when I find out I'm in trouble. The thing I tripped over is the Peterdactyl, and it's gittin' up and makin' a rush fer me, in a parkism of fewry.

"When it gits where I am, I ain't there. I've made a break fer that high object, to git it between me and that there Peterdactyl, and he's comin' a-snortin'. I ain't no more than run round to the far side when I find out it's comin' round after me. And——Say !



"EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE I GO OFF BY MYSELF AND HAVE A SECRET OR-JEE"

"The Rory-Bory-Alice is a-flashin' and a-flamin' all around us, makin' the hull landscape as plain as day, and givin' me no chance to flop an' hide, ner nawthin'—and that en-fewriated curiosity bellerin' with pain and rage chasin' me round and round that there colyum ! We keep a-goin' fer at least two hours, till I'm in a lathera presspiration in spita the intense cold, and ready to drop—then all of a sudden I gits a inspiration.

"The colyum is perfectly smooth an' round, and I ups with my rifle by the muzzle end and whacks it flat against that rounded surface, and the force of the blow bends the rifle barrel to jest the right curve, and then I ups with the wooden end of it to my shoulder and fires back—and of all they sky-shakin' bellers that ever was, I hears the biggest ! If that rifle bullet hadn't been stopped by the yieldin' flesha the Peterdactyl, it woulda caught me in the back like a flash, fer owin' to the curve o' the gun, it *had* to travel round the colyum.

"When I'd given thanks fer my miraculous escape, I stole cautiously up to the wounded creacher, but I needn't a bin so careful. All the tuck was took

out of it. It was hurt in the fore-shoulder, but not dangerously, and it looked up at me with tears in its eyes. It wanted help.

"I uncoiled a rope I had with me and put a halter on its neck, and then I tended to its wovnds. It was very intelligent and seemed to understand I was tryin' to do it good, but it was nervous, so't I was there with it maybe a hour or maybe two, and then, *out* winked the Rory-Bory-Alice, an' left us in the dark. An' me so turned round with bein' chased round that colyum that I had no more sense of direction than a hard-boiled egg.

"The' was nawthin' to it, only to wait fer the lights to come back, and I musta set there with that sick Peterdactyl twenty-four hours at least before they come. Then I got up and give the rope a jerk.

"'Come along, bossy,' says I to it. 'Hoop-la!' And it feebly rose to its feet and come a little ways, an' then it stopped an' whined. I had to coax it a long while to git it to travel without pullin' back, but finally I made it, and we started north.

"Yes, my son, we started north, fer there wan't no other way to go. Whichever direction we went had to be north, because that there colyum was the south pole. Yes, indeed, son. Me and that Peterdactyl had bin chasin' round an' round the south pole itself—and all in the day's work, at that. It's a big shafta petrified ice, about fifty foot through and a hunderd foot high.

"It musta bin about a week before we caught up with my men. They had parties out huntin' fer me. We'd a starved, too, if I hadn't come acrost a shack left by some explorer about two hundred mile from the south pole, where I found a jug of molasses and a stove and fuel—and I lived on molasses seasoned with snowballs fer three or four days' time, an' fed the Peterdactyl with it. Then I got tireda

that, and prospected around until I found a boxa yella bar soap, and I shaved soma this soap into a pan of molasses and snow, an' cooked it. The Peterdactyl liked it, but I didn't—at first. After a while, though, I got so it tasted good. The Peterdactyl got stuck on it, and et so much that when the search-party found us (by the southern lights) he was a changed character—sweet, an' clean, and affectionate, so't he'd foller me round like a dawg.

"Well, anyhow. We had a big meala boots, and made procession back to the Straits of Magenta; and finally arrived at the outskurtsa civilization, jest as we had divided up our last boot and et it. I paid off my men and took ship fer home, an' delivered my Peterdactyl to the show. But—Say!

"Squeer thing, how we fawrm habits. I'd become hopelessly addicted to soap-and-molasses, and I ain't never been able to get red o' the cravin' fer that accursed stuff. Go off by myself every now an' then, even yet, with a juga molasses and a boxa soap, and have a secret or-jee. And the Peterdactyl died of it. He couldn't git his nachral food in our climate, an' he wouldn't touch nawthin' but soap and molasses, and it brought on dyspepsy, and that killed 'im jest as we was gettin' out his printn.

"And then what does these press agents do but call in the doctors to have 'im cut him open, with all the reporters present, and try to work the papers fer a stringa lies. But they overdone it. They overdone it strong. The papers cut it all out with a stickful, saying the Peterdactyl was a fake. That made me sore at first, but then I see the laff was on the press agents, and I laffed myself.

"When I was a little boy my mother learned me never to tell no lies to nobody about nawthin', and I never ain't, not since. I ain't got the makin's of no press agent in me. I hate a liar."

When Is a Servant?

By Horatio Lankford King

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The servant problem of the United States is viewed here by Mr. King through humorous eyes. Balancing between comedy and tragedy, his problem across the line differs very little from our own.*

EVEN more important than the tariff and politics is that burning question of the present age: When is a servant? And, incidentally, I am going to prove that we, as a free and democratic people, are greater slaves to our servants than we are to the food we eat. Why fear the possibility of a wheat famine and a wholesale migration of the farmer to the cities when there is more likelihood of a general "walk-out" of the graduates of the Culinary Cult? Of what value will be the farmer and his wheat if we are deprived of the aproned gods and goddesses of the delectable pastry? Ye silly and vain-glorious people, answer me that!

Now, some of us, in fact, most of us, are deceived into thinking that a flunkey is dressed up in brass buttons and broadcloth as a badge of his docility. But put not your faith in optical illusions and domestic *mirages*—especially if you happen to live in America. For the servant is the Master, the Dictator, the Czar and Czarina of the cooking stove and the rest of man's abode.

Yes, we may be advancing in every other line of progress and mechanical invention, but in the pride of our supposed strength we have become the victims of the scholarly *valet* and the pedantic hand-maiden. The bravest tremble at the Addisonian tones of the princely butler. Behold the Franken-



steins of our domesticity! Trivial as the matter may appear to the millionaire, who enjoys the sweet immunity of cash, and the sinecure who would be an independent swell—yet how many of us are impervious to the veiled insults of the slighted menial in the white shirt and sparrow jacket? And how many of us must acknowledge that at some time, or many times, in our lives an impertinent waiter has been the cause of a very bad dinner? And, granting this to be true, can we conscientiously call ourselves a free and liberty loving people? Or are we merely kings in bondage? The writer of this diatribe has suffered, both at home and abroad, the tyranny of the French *garçon* and the amazing impudence of the public servant all over Europe and in the larger cities of the United States. To say the least, the servant has become an international nuisance as well as an indispensable luxury—the *bêtes noires* of foreign travel. And in America we are beginning to find the same conditions which we so greatly deplore when abroad. America! the new home of exported and tyrannical menials and—snobbery! Away back during the Middle Ages tipping was first introduced as a means of buying temporary prestige by the "humble but moneyed gentry of trade." To-day it is the middle class who do most of the tipping in England. It is

through the generous tipping of servants that the *near elite* hope to bridge the social gulf. In America tipping has become a national mania without sense of well-defined purpose—if it is not to purchase a few minutes' peace.

But, of course, one must travel quite a bit before the immensity of this nuisance and national offense gradually assumes true proportions in our consciousness. The old saying, or supposition, that Americans are a long-suffering race is very true, indeed. We pay more for our servants and get less service from them. The men and women who make a yearly trip to the mountains or the seaside, because of their seeming readiness to meet with the constant demands of predatory servants on their pocket-books, are rarely tempted to accept the role of "kicker," for they seem to accept this added expense as a part of their yearly outing. But let us view the matter from another side. Suppose you are largely dependent on the dining-car and hotel for your food three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Or, suppose you make as many as three "tours" within a year, as a great number of Americans do. And suppose you are called upon to tip the waiter every time you sit down to a different table, which is generally the case, even though you may have been a guest of that hotel or *cafe* for a week. And suppose, not being a multi-millionaire or a second Cræsus, you rebel and have the temerity to read the riot act to the proprietor—what would be the result?

Gentle reader, I shudder to think of the results. Had you a pair of biceps as sinuous and mighty as those of Ajax himself, yet would I fain write your pathetic epitaph. Willingly would I strew your grave with the garlands of my admiration. Tenderly would I proclaim to the world: Here lies a brave man, a man who perished for a noble cause—but yet, 'tis sweeter to live and dine now and then like a true gentleman than to die of starvation. Or, supposing again, being a moderately stingy person, you must necessarily limit your tipping to the paltry sum of fifteen to twenty-five cents a meal. This amount, cast at the feet of our

tutelary gods of the sparrow jacket in the "swell" *cafe*, would, of course, only have the reverse effect of bringing one into the scorching glare of the outraged deity. To escape further malediction, one must hastily empty his purse and permit the scornful flunkey to pick the dollars and halves from the heap. You may then meekly pocket the remainder and reasonably expect to be addressed in a civil tone. You can also expect to get a fairly good *fiambre*, a well-turned porterhouse or whatever on the bill of fare meets with your delectation. But, as I was going to say, supposing you limited your tips from fifteen to twenty-five cents a meal. Multiply by twenty cents as your common average, three times three hundred and sixty-five times, and you reach a total of \$219 per year, enough to buy a piano for the daughter or send the boy off to a boarding-school. And this is the price you pay for being allowed to retain your self respect! And this amount, if you are travelling abroad, or from point to point, does not include tips to porters, bell hops, flunkies, chambermaids—and, if you happen to be in the southern countries of Europe, the proprietor himself, whose educated taste runs to gold francs and pound notes. Such a tip extended to a dignitary is called a *macaroni*, a gift, a dispensation.

Now that the turmoil of "doing" Europe is over, and I am again safe at home, I can look back over the dizzy paths of my wanderings as a tyro, and the mystery of some mishaps dissolves as dew before the sun. Why? Listen and you will hear. Had I adjudged every other person in Europe in public service, on trains or trams, highways, in hotels, gardens, parks, museums, art galleries, theatres and *bierhalles* not above accepting a tip, I probably would have seen more than I actually did, and enjoyed more of the smaller comforts of travel, as certainly I would have been the recipient of many more absent honors. In Germany they will crown you for a mark. In Italy they will make you feel like an scalloped oyster if you do not contribute liberally to that organization known as the Flunkey's Trust, of

which half the population are members. In Switzerland they will "yodel" you into the wee hours of morn unless you liberally tip the entire musical staff of servants at a mountain hostelry. Everywhere the haunted tourist may flee he is met with the extended and open palm, the suave and smirking smile, the glowering command, the cry of *backsheesh*. So incessant is this systematic assault on your purse that when you finally arrive at the shrine of the Apollo Belvedere, in habit will you shy from the outstretched arms of that beauteous lad and utter, "Et tu, Brute?" And what thanks do you get? Better service? Emphatically *no*. They may give us a hypocritical genuflection, take our money with an aristocratic air of boredom, then, when we are gone, they hang us in effigy.

But it is not in Europe alone that the servant question has assumed a serious phase. In fact, it is in the United States that we find ourselves stalked by a peculiar and puzzling Nemesis. In Europe it is the public "servant" who is the fly in the ointment. Here, in America, we have our domestic difficulties as well. In America we are confronted by a "ticklish" condition singularly vital in its consequences because of our democratic leniencies on all pertinent and personal affairs of life. We have cultivated the confusing habit of treating most things as a joke—to be corrected later or ignored entirely, from the discovery of the North Pole to the proper use of a white tie and Prince Albert coat. Yet, at the same time, the mere tendency to call a spade something else other than a farming implement does not do away with the perils of an indifferent attitude. Or, as an Englishman said to me: You Americans are not socially a compact force, but extremely erratic, therefore socially unreliable. But regardless of the Britisher's opinions of us, and certain erratic peculiarities, we are not indifferent by nature. To the contrary, we are like the two Irishmen floating about the turbulent bosom of the Atlantic on a piece of mast. One suggested praying for Divine succor. "But, faith, and won't we have

to wait, anyway?" replied the second.

And we are "waiting" about the servant problem in America, though meanwhile the shallows are widening. Not long ago I was informed by a California lady that the members of her family were actually compelled to add "Mr." to the given name of their Jap butler, else be deprived of his valuable services as a menial in their household. The "Mr." was omitted, of course, and they lost their Jap. And I know of Southern people who taboo all references to the negro question in or near the presence of the younger generation of blacks for fear they may take offense and leave. "They are shiftless enough," is the common excuse, "but I certainly would hate to be without servants entirely!" In Washington I know of a man who doubled the salary of his cook in order to retain his august services as chief dispenser in his kitchen. One day his wife called him up at his office by telephone. She was frantic. She excitedly informed him that Henry had given notice that he was going to leave. Result: husband spent the greater part of the day absent from his own business trying to mollify the tyrannical lord of the spoon. "If he had been my secretary," said this gentleman hotly, "I would have let the rascal go." Likewise was this man's wife compelled to give jewellery and gowns to her maid as a sort of extra fee. "You see, we brought her over here from France, and America has turned her head. She might run away and get married any day, for she is exceptionally nice-looking."

In England the domestic servant is by far a more orderly and valuable adjunct to the home. Moreover, the English servant is an adept at his vocation. The English butler, generally the presiding viceroy of the establishment, is a sort of human thermos bottle offsetting the mercurial changes in the temperatures of the servant's pantry. The average Englishman would as lief interfere with the affairs of the Cabinet as to brave this flunkey plenipotentiary in his own fastnesses. But it is an inherited trait of the English servant to serve and to serve well and with dignity. In America the

average servant is a slattern in comparison, and often a fussy and contentious mortal in the bargain. In England, the "servant joke," so common in the American "funny-papers," is not understood. "Fancy such a thing!" says the systematic Englishman. "Really, does the American always sacrifice the truth for the sake of a bally joke—or did Jones really go home to be told that his wife had been knocked out by Bridget and sent to the hospital, and wishing to remonstrate with Bridget for such unseemly conduct, he, Jones, was carried away in an ambulance himself? Really, now! And didn't they send the noisy person to Scotland Yard or somewhere for moral correction?"

I have seen an Englishman walk past a row of smirking servants and under-hire in a *café* without as much as batting an eye. And as a vivid contrast to the first scene, I have witnessed a terrified American hand over his entire supply of silver in order to bolster up the illusion that he is a brave and fearless man—and no snob! And the minute he was outside he lights a cigar, smiles complacently upon the world, and later writes home and tells his friends what mollicoddles the best of Englishmen are! Why, an Englishman will actually run from a Jack-in-a-white-apron! They are afraid to look a waiter in the eye when the fellow stares straight at them! And he goes on to relate how he saw another Lord Somebody tip a waiter a sum equivalent to ten cents, and the waiter scraped the floor with his hands and said:

"Thank you, milord. Hi will buy an automobile with this."

"Fancy a chap buying an automobile with 'alf a shilling!" ejaculates the lordly person.

You see, the American tyro goes on to explain in his glowing and patriotic epistle, neither of these fellows could understand a joke.

So I contend that it is in America that the servant threatens to become the master of the situation. Not long ago our tenderest sensibilities were somewhat shocked when we read in the papers that an ex-governor of one of

our middle states had manhandled a servant on a train for his impudence. The writer came near being picturesquely ejected from a restaurant himself for once daring to suggest that his steak was not sufficiently cooked to suit his taste. Since then I have carefully guarded and ramified my speech in the softest syllogisms. It pays in the end. In fact, it always pays to simply pay, no matter what the price.

That ancient custom still extant in England which demands that a servant possess the best of credentials—or, as they express it ordinarily, "characters," before he or she is admitted into a household, does not hold in America. If a servant resigns, or some day fails to appear to cook George's breakfast, we immediately advertise for another, and generally accept the first person who answers our cry of distress. In England, if a servant finds himself or herself out of employment, they are at the mercy of the intelligence bureaus, institutions which demand the most rigid examinations of their past, capability, deportment, health, birth, etc. But the writer, for one, would not convey the impression that he sanctions the English system in its entirety, but it certainly is a vast improvement over our erratic and unreliable methods in America. As a nation, we simply do not know what a good servant is. Neither do we impress upon our servants by code the absolute necessity of their being reliable, just as the American business man, by contrast, demands that the clerks in his employ have an unblemished record for honesty and good work. The Englishman, as a rule, would not think of going abroad or away from home without his beloved letter of credit, for such matters of reference are the signs of his gentility. And the same requisites are demanded of the servant. The servant is either good or bad, and if he is a bad one he lends but little honor to his calling. But the good and capable servant is as proud of his credentials as the Englishman is of his lineage. I remember an instance in which a trusted servant was found guilty of

a theft of money. He was discharged, of course, but his employer did not have the fellow arrested because it would have ruined his character, and without his "character" he would not have been able to procure another position. It becomes a knotty subject when you question the ethics of this, but the underlying principle is not bad. For such a custom tends rather to ennoble even the humble role of an English serving man. He has either the opportunity of making himself a desirable person, or if he chooses disgrace and a bad character, he is like unto the majority of our servants in America who have nothing at all with which to prove their claims to respect. Certainly the American servant is an obstreperous mortal and an untechnical one, besides.

There is now a law in England which makes the giving and accepting of "tips" a penalty, but it has not been effectual, for the remedy lies with the honesty of the man who employs the waiter alone. If the employer would pay his servants better salaries the servants would have no excuse to insult the "stingy" patron. Indeed, it might be preferable by far to be openly charged so much for the services of a waiter and to have the amount charged on the regular bill. It would at least help to show the patron just how much he is expected to contribute to the support of the establishment. It might also serve as a protection from sly insults and that embarrassing form of low innuendo of which the average waiter in the *cafés* and hotels of the East is an expert. Legislation alone cannot eliminate the evil, but legislation will help in protecting the patron from brazen insult and even—violence. But what the servants will do to the innocent diner back in the kitchen harbors of witches' brew and poison. Woe unto the man who has not a cup-bearer, or knows not the difference between a burnt omelette and a *soufflé*. Woe unto the confiding nature of the hungry populace when the furious Frenchman begins to sling his hellish alchemy behind the swinging doors that hide the kitchen from the victim's gaze. Woe unto a nation of

heretics! Woe unto the defamers of the Holy Chef! Insulters of the Culinary Art! Revenge belongs to the waiter with the Emperor William mustache, the gum shoes, the mushy smile, the reinforced nerve and the insinuating airs. Revenge is surely his, for what do these vulgar, these *gauche* Americans know about cooking? Bah! A shrug. *Sacre!* Another shrug. *Caramba!*

But, says the suave hotel proprietor, or the *restaurateur*, it is not the waiter's fault, but the people. Always remember that whatever happens it's the patron's fault. Why, my dear sir, what keeps me busy is charging *enough*, not less! The American wants to pay more. He thinks it is the proper thing. That is the way he gets rid of his surplus cash.

And you ask: But what about the many sensible people who have no desire to "show off"? What about the gentleman and the lady who like to come to your place and enjoy a good dinner and are willing to pay well for that dinner, as they do, but he or she is not willing to meet the predatory demands of your insolent servants—I say, *why* are such people made to feel that they have committed a crime, and insulted by a dressed-up menial, to boot? If a waiter is a mercenary fellow, will he discriminate? Most certainly he will not. For every man and woman who enters your portals is his victim. And if they fail to tip your waiters—what happens? The next time they come they are slighted, there is always something wrong with the food, delays, overcharges—not to mention the veiled sneers of the shameless rascal who is waiting on you much to the hilarity of the unseen audience of his conspirators in the rear. But, withal, the insulting waiter cuts about as manly a figure as the fawning and smirking one who somehow has received the telepathic message in his sordid being that some "sporty" chap is going to tip him a dollar.

So the chorus is: Come clean! Hand over! It's a part of the waiter's lodge yell. We want a twenty-five per cent. interest above house charges. So get lubricated!

The Lady of the Gentle Heart

By Madge Macbeth

*With photographs
by the author*



EVEN upon a dull, gloomy day, Lady Laurier's drawing room was bright and cheerful, glowing softly with a hint of old rose, offset with just a touch of gold here and there. The tapestried furniture well might glow with an air of conscious pride, realizing the sum of money which was transferred from the Premier's hands to Maple's London cash box, but ostentation of any sort is unknown in Sir Wilfrid's home. Even the magnificent Angoras do not stand in awe of Maple's furniture; they merely show their preference for it above the smooth leather variety across the hall in the living room by constantly sharpening their claws thereon!

I had hardly seated myself when one of these Stygian-black monsters darted into the room and jumped up in my lap. Closely following Pussy's

riotous entrance, came Lady Laurier—quiet, dignified, gracious, with a helping hand extended no matter what the cost. It has been said that, notwithstanding her eminently practical side, she is as putty in the hands of those who seek assistance—she does not know how to refuse a request. And realizing that Sir Wilfrid is made of sterner stuff, many canny persons go to his wife with their sad tales of misfortune, trusting her to wheedle the Premier into doing something for them. He usually does it—not for them, but for her.

"There are so many people who need help," Lady Laurier once said to me, "it is hard not to be able to do even a little for each one," a gigantic undertaking she tries to perform.

One of her few intimate friends told me lately that every month a host of dependents wait at the Laurier home for their regular allowance, and they always get it! There are old Arthabascans who have met with misfortune, and have applied to the Premier's wife for positions in the Government, though totally unfit for any service; and rather than know that they were in want, she pays their board and lodging while they wait for the "vacancy" which will never come.

"She does more unknown charity than any three people in Ottawa," said the friend. "I have heard it said, 'The Lauriers do not entertain much.' Why, they are *always* entertaining! Their house is a regular asylum for those who practically have no other home. The reason you never hear of it is that Lady Laurier entertains for the benefit of her guests, not for the pleasure of those to whom a dinner is a bore, and a reception a punishment."

In appearance Lady Laurier is large, rather under the average height, and slow of movement and gesture. Perhaps the French vivacity has been sapped by her extreme suffering; at any rate, she seems to evince but slight interest in passing events, although her sympathies are often keenly aroused. She has white hair, soft and slightly wavy, her eyes are blue and fairly large; she has pretty white hands, and is fond of jewelry, also bright colors; from observation I should say that black is not a favorite of hers, though most becoming; her accent is decidedly foreign, but her English very good. Her manner is gentle almost to a fault. She does not *impress* one, and the contrast between her and Sir Wilfrid is most marked. One feels the Premier in the atmosphere, but only after seeing Lady Laurier several times would one be struck by her *negative* force.

I spoke of her ill-health which has made a great difference in both her public and private life these last two years.

"Yes," she answered, "I have been very miserable, but this winter promises to be better than last. Until this illness" (acute rheumatism) "I had never known a sick day in my life; so"—with a characteristic French shrug—"what would you?"

Probably Lady Laurier's active life is the primary cause of her ill health. She never saved herself, she never stopped in her continuous round of social duties; when everyone else was too tired or too busy to attend this or that, she was sure to be ready for it; and after appearing at functions which were a necessary part of her position, she would gather around her some especial friends for a "quiet evening at home" over the bridge table, so that her mornings, afternoons and evenings were crowded with engagements. Then, too, she has always stood between Sir Wilfrid and over-exertion whenever such a thing was possible, for he has never been a strong man; and this caring for him added to her social duties. Many times when guests have been at the Premier's home particularly to see

him, he has excused himself, retired to the library for an hour, then gone peacefully to bed, leaving the brunt of entertaining on his wife's shoulders.

I asked Lady Laurier whether she minded posing for me—an amateur photographer, who would not ask her to turn her face a little more to the light, lift her chin—so—and try to look pleasant.

For the first time she laughed.

"Oh, I don't mind now," she said. "I did not like being bothered by photographers all the time, for they were never satisfied. But I am not a very good subject for you, I am afraid"—which was a groundless fear, and only went to prove that she had not made as careful a study of the kodak as of cats and dogs!

Without a trace of feminine vanity or a bit of fussing, Lady Laurier sat down and asked if she would do.

"It hurts me to move," she said. "I have to grow lazy like Koso," who this moment waddled nonchalantly into the room.

"How he has grown!" I exclaimed, for five years ago the little Japanese Koso (boy) was just the proper thing in the way of a sleeve dog. Now even the strongest kimono would resent such a weight.

"Oh, but yes, he is too fat," assented his mistress complacently, "he needs



KOSO

"The young" of the Laurier family

more exercise—he is lazy. He is just like a baby," she went on, affectionately. "We have to wash him and comb him and cut up his food, yes, and we give him medicine when he is sick. He takes it quite well, too. They are

a trouble, these dogs—but very nice.”

“I believe you spoil him !”

“But certainly, we spoil him, and make him lazy and fat. Yes, yes, you are too fat, eh, my little Koso ?”

Thus addressed, the dog who recently had his portrait painted by an Arthabasca artist (a protégé of Lady Laurier's) turned a careless face in our direction, allowing his brilliant little tongue to loll out of the opposite side of his mouth, and wheezing all the while like a grampus.

The cat, jealous by nature, flew to her mistress and made insidious, feline overtures, throwing Koso's unresponsive attitude into high relief.

“Do they never quarrel ?” I asked.

“Never !” was the positive reply. “Everyone is peaceful in this house — dogs, cats, birds and human beings.”*

Pets are a mania with Lady Laurier—she has a stuffed bird in a cage, a silent reminder of its former cheerful self. She has dogs, cats and live birds. They make as much work for the servants as a large family of children.

When waiting for Lady Laurier to sit a second time for her photos—the cat had spoiled most of the first lot, by dashing playfully about the room, or jumping at her mistress just as I had the shutter open—the maid came in, carrying an armful of handsome sofa cushions.

“We are kept busy changing these covers,” she volunteered.

“Yes,” I said, “people are very inconsiderate.”

“‘Tain't the people,” she answered, “it's the dogs and cats. She”—with

a backward jerk of her head in the direction of the stairs—“just loves them, though.”

A rather funny story is told by a young mother who was calling at a house where Lady Laurier was also paying a visit. After an unusually

short stay, the mother rose and pleaded her boy as an excuse for leaving. “I *must* get back to that young man of mine,” she said, with conscious pride.

Lady Laurier rose, too.

“I must go now, also,” she said. “I have that same trouble—with my dogs, you know,” she added, much to the young mother's secret indignation.

Lady Laurier was Mlle. Zœe La Fontaine, of Arthabasca. Her father did not make a very comfortable living, so when quite a young girl she supported her mother; an invalid, by giving music lessons.

After her mother's

death, her father married again, and while there were never anything but peaceful relations in the family, naturally, the young Mlle. La Fontaine was not as happy in her home as formerly. She married Wilfrid Laurier, a rising Arthabaskan, in 1868, and in 1871 they went to Quebec. Three years later they came to Ottawa.

“When you were engaged, did you not realize that you were marrying a great man—did something not breathe to you a whisper of the place you both were to hold in Canadian history ?” I put the question, expecting an affirmative answer.

“Never !” was the emphatic reply. “I never thought of anything of the sort. Of course, I have always thought him clever, and I have always found



BROUGHT TO BAY AT LAST

To get this photograph “everybody worked but Pussy.” Lady Laurier coaxed, Mlle. Coutu and the maid called, and Mrs. Macbeth, to quote her own words, “careered like a lunatic upstairs and downstairs and even in my lady's chamber, finally rounding up the refractory animal—in the bathroom”

*Since writing the above a new dog has been added to the household, and the atmosphere is not quite as peaceful as formerly.



IT IS ON THESE BEAUTIFUL TAPESTRIED CHAIRS THAT THE ANGORAS LOVE TO SHARPEN THEIR CLAWS. THE CABINET IN THE BACKGROUND IS FILLED WITH TREASURES FROM MANY LANDS

him very nice" (note the French manner of placing "have" in the verbs). "I have always found him very good"—there is a fascinating slowness, a sort of drawl in Lady Laurier's speech, which, with her accent, makes it a delight to listen to her and enhances the value of every word—"but ——"

The sentence was never finished save for a reminiscent smile and a faraway look which gave me a better insight than mere words could have done into the feminine heart of the Premier's wife.

And another hint of femininity is given in the following story :

After some time spent in that delightful realm known as Lovers' Paradise, Mlle. La Fontaine sent for her fiancé and told him that her parents looked for a consummation of the happy event shortly, else her hand would be given in marriage to an ubiquitous rival.

How many times before has, and how many more times will, the same dea occur to the astute daughters of Eve ?

They were married within the moon !

When the Lauriers came to Ottawa they lived at the Russell House. Fourteen years ago the Liberal party presented them with their present home. One is not awed upon entering the door, rather is one surrounded with an atmosphere of hospitality and welcome, whether friend or stranger, rich or poor, guest or suppliant. On the left of the hall-way is the living or sitting room, a photo of which is here given. Sir Wilfrid has a pianola here, upon which he is very fond of playing. A card table in the centre, an easy chair in the bay window, where are also some plants and growing flowers, a leather cozy corner surmounted by a plate rail—these form the main furnishings for the room. Across the hall is the long drawing room, furnished mostly by Maple; a huge glass-enclosed cabinet, small Vernis-Martin ones, a pair of handsome marble pedestals, a piano, various tables upon which flowers always stand, and the pets—this gives



THE LAURIER LIVING-ROOM

The handsome piece of Oriental embroidery covers the back of the pianola upon which Sir Wilfrid delights in playing. The cage contains Lady Laurier's stuffed bird

one a general idea of the drawing room.

The dining room is just beyond a pair of glass doors, but these are kept closed for ordinary purposes, and a handsome table is placed before them, except on state occasions. The dining room bears no especial mark of distinction, though the butler assured me that I could not get any idea how lovely it could look until I had seen the table set for a dinner.

The stairway is broad and rather steep. Half way up to the second floor hangs a life-sized portrait of Sir Wilfrid. Lady Laurier deplored the fact that they had never been able to find a better place for it, or one where it could have the advantage of a better light.

At the head of this stairway is arranged a cozy little place furnished with a desk and all its requirements for Lady Laurier's secretary, Mlle. Yvonne Coutu. A desk 'phone, a drop light, and everything calculated

to make writing a pleasure is here for her use. Passing along the square hallway to the front is the library, next Lady Laurier's own room, Sir Wilfrid's across the hall, and guest rooms further on. A small passage leads to the back of the house.

The impression is one of comfort—not grandeur; there is also an air of delightful informality which strikes the visitor's notice. For instance, the new dog ran into the drawing room, where he began a playful altercation with the cat, ending somewhat ingloriously for the dog. Instead of ringing, or asking her willing guest to get help, Lady Laurier went herself to the door and called the butler. "Come here," she said, "your little dog is in trouble!"

Although Sir Wilfrid's politics are Liberal, his private life is conservative, and his wife, either from association or training, has become imbued with his principles. She has never allowed herself to be identified with any faction

or clique; she has never taken advantage of her superior position at the expense of others. An eye, or shall we say, an ear witness told me lately that he had often noted the way in which Sir Wilfrid turned the point of a story from its intended end, whenever it seemed to savor of gossip or harmless ridicule. But this was years ago, when such a reminder was perhaps necessary according to his way of thinking. However, even now, personalities are taboo in the Laurier drawing room, and if the conversation turns in those channels the master of the house deftly takes the edge off a good story in his own inimitable way, leaving friends and family proud of his cleverness

and admiring of his methods. There may be those who would say that Lady Laurier has not a strong personality. She has not a corps of blind worshippers, 'tis true, neither has she, to my knowledge, an enemy. I have never heard an unkind word said about her. Maybe she has not shone internationally as others might, but she has made no mistakes at home. She has always been the gracious complement, the feminized echo of her husband. And I left her house as people always do, whether it is after an evening of bridge (of which she is very fond), a musicale, or a dinner, with the feeling that I had a genuine personal friend in the wife of Canada's Premier.

THE EXPLORER

BY KATHLEEN BOWKER

HERE, in the day-long dark, I sit.
 And see no sign of dawn in it.
 Around my camp, the northern lights
 Flame upward, through the Arctic nights—
 The north-wind lays his piercing breath
 Upon me, like the kiss of death.
 This winter-woven, spin-drift snow
 Seems warmer than the earth below—
 And over all, the frozen stars
 Shine sharp—like icy prison-bars.

Yet this chill world is not so cold,
 Nor this waste place so desolate,
 As the strange gift I wrest from fate—
 These thoughts—that in my heart I hold.

The Firebrand

BY
ARTHUR STRINGER
AUTHOR OF "THE WIRETAPPERS,"
"THE GUNRUNNER", ETC.



ILLUSTRATED BY
PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

- OTTO SCHNAUBELT**—The firebrand, a white-faced young Anarchist of twenty-seven, with the gift of oratory and a touch of the deliriant. Being half Polish and half Bavarian by birth, he speaks with a slight accent, and has the fluency of the bi-linguist as well as the fire of the prophet. His body is slight, his hair is dark and long, and his entire figure, when not in action, is pathetic.
- PHILIP DRYSTER**—A Wall Street capitalist of forty-eight. Large and heavy of figure, he suggests both power and pomposity. His clean-shaven face, though puffy, is a fighter's face. He is quite grey at the temples, but his well-groomed figure discounts the impression of old age.
- LOUISE DRYSTER**—His young wife, of twenty-four or twenty-five. She is a beautiful woman, used to luxury, and a typical product of her environment, yet with a strong streak of innate practicality, and not above using her personal charm for the attainment of personal ends. Blonde.
- OLGA NIKITA**—A Russian "Red" refugee, about the same age as Louise, but dark, passionate and self-reliant. She is in love with Otto. Her intellectuality places her above her "Terrorist" companions, but she, like Otto, has a touch of the deliriant. Thin-faced.
- ROCHETTE SCHMIDT**
TODARO
WATCHEL } Anarchists and members of the Inner Circle, all hungry-eyed, unkempt; over-garrulous, and not especially savory-looking aggregation of conglomerate nationalities.
- NIKOFF**—Called "Peg-Leg," having lost a limb in a Continental bomb-outrage. He is the oldest of the band, is an opium-eater, and his ostensible vocation is that of street-musician, playing the concertina.
- DOYLE**—Philip Dryster's confidential agent, a calm-eyed, alert-moving, secretarial man of about thirty, retaining his business-like aspect even in moments of excitement.
- ENGLISH BUTLER and FOOTMAN**—In the employ of the Drysters at their Long Island country home.

SYNOPSIS.

A band of Nihilists draw lots to see who will blow up with a bomb Philip Dryster, the "Wheat King," and the choice falls on Otto Schnaubelt, their leader. He is foiled in his attempt to kill Dryster, and by the suggestion of Mrs. Dryster, agrees to stay in their home as a guest for a week to see if the anarchist and the millionaire cannot reach some common ground of understanding. Dryster promises not to make any moves during this time, but breaking his

promise, secretly arranges to deport the band of Nihilists to Europe. Meantime, Mrs. Dryster proceeds to make a "tame robin" of Otto, who adapts himself to this new life with surprising ease. Philip has all of Otto's band arrested preparatory to deporting them, except Nikoff, who has been delegated by the Inner Circle to kill Otto as an apostate to the Cause. Olga is brought to Philip's study by Doyle, and tells Philip that she has come to warn Otto. Philip comes upon Louise caressing Otto and believes she is in love with him. In the midst of a scene between Otto and Philip, Nikoff enters and tries to shoot Otto. Olga throws herself before him, and receives the bullet.

ACT IV.

TIME :—Late afternoon of the same day. SCENE :—The rose arbor in the garden of Philip Dryster's Long Island home. On one side the lawn slopes step by step up to the porte cochere of the house itself; on the other side it falls away towards the blue waters of the Sound, which can be seen in the distance. In the foreground stands a sun-dial. Shade-trees and shrubbery, flower-parterres and Tuscan vases, add to the formal beauty of the scene. As the act progresses the light slowly diminishes, and from time to time a bird whistles out of the shrubbery in the background. Philip is discovered pacing up and down in deep thought. He stands for a moment gazing out at the sunlit Sound, when Doyle, in motor-cap and dust-coat, comes hurriedly down the garden path. Philip looks about rather wearily as the other comes to a stop before him.

PHILIP : Could you get rid of those reporters ?

DOYLE (*With a nod of assent*) : I promised them a signed statement by two o'clock to-morrow. (*Pregnantly*) And the boat sails at twelve.

PHILIP : And that's all they got ?

DOYLE (*Hesitatingly*) : I thought it best to contradict a report that you had committed suicide.

PHILIP (*Wearily*) : Thank you, Doyle.

DOYLE : And a rumor that Mrs. Dryster was giving a dinner at two hundred dollars a plate to-night.

PHILIP (*With a wan smile*) : Thank you, Doyle.

DOYLE : And an intimation that your second footman died of an apoplectic stroke from over-eating.

PHILIP : Thank you, again, Doyle. (*Wearily*) I guess we've had about enough for one day.

DOYLE : It's been a terrible day, sir.

PHILIP (*Shortly*) : It's been a terrible week.

DOYLE (*Reluctantly, yet forcing himself to it*) : I'm afraid the worst is still to come, sir.

PHILIP (*Quickly*) : What is it ?

DOYLE : I've brought rather bad news from the City.

PHILIP (*As he hesitates*) : Well ? What is it ?

DOYLE : The market's turned, sir.

PHILIP (*As though he had expected a closer blow*) : That's a habit markets have, Doyle. The tighter you squeeze 'em, the more they squirm. I've never yet seen a high market that wasn't a regular hell-bender.

DOYLE : But it's more than a turn—it's a collapse.

PHILIP : That's impossible.

DOYLE : Scanlon did the best he could, sir. But he couldn't hold them together. He couldn't keep it up—by himself. The corner's broken.

PHILIP (*Stubbornly*) : They can't break that corner.

DOYLE : I'm afraid it's done, sir. The Exchange closed with a drop of forty points. July wheat went down to \$6. In Chicago, to 77.

PHILIP (*Fiercely*) : What's Scanlon been doing ?

DOYLE : Everything he could. But they were too much for him. He said he tried all morning to get you.

PHILIP : Why, that's a rout. July Wheat down to 77 ! (*He drops back a step or two, a little dazed*). A drop of forty points ! (*He looks about him, with a ghost of a laugh*). So they'll get cheap bread again. And for a while now they'll feed on me !

DOYLE : Scanlon says you should have been there.

PHILIP : How could I be there ? Haven't I had enough to face, right here ?

DOYLE : I know it's been hard, sir, having a thing like this hanging

over you. And I'm glad it's no worse. (*Hesitatingly*) How's the young lady getting along, sir?

PHILIP (*After a moment's silence*): They say she rallied well, after the anæsthetic. They got the bullet out, but it's an ugly wound, an ugly wound. (*He paces back and forth*). It's a comfort to know we've got the best surgeon in the country up there with her.

DOYLE: Will she live, then?

PHILIP: He says so. He keeps telling me it's only a matter of time and care.

DOYLE (*A little puzzled at the other's concern*): And how about the fire-eater?

PHILIP: He's up there eating his heart out. He's been at that girl's side every moment of the time. He seems to blame himself for everything that's happened.

DOYLE (*Curtly*): I wouldn't call him so far wrong! (*More intimately*) But I call it wonderful, sir, a girl like that being ready to give up her life for an empty-headed Anarchist, for a Socialist spell-binder with nothing more than the gift of the gab!

PHILIP (*With a new solemnity*): I'm beginning to wonder, Doyle, if he hasn't something more in him than the gift of the gab, as you call it.

DOYLE (*Shortly*): What?

PHILIP: I'm beginning to wonder if we wouldn't all cry out if life shut down and squeezed us that hard.

DOYLE (*Resenting the emotional note*): I'm afraid it's our turn to get some of the squeeze.

PHILIP (*Coldly, plainly resenting the other's flippancy*): Are you?

DOYLE: We must, sir, if Scanlon's given up. We can't help it, if Morrison and the rest of those bears have shaken the life out of our whole movement.

PHILIP (*Now startled into more active attention*): Has Scanlon given up?

DOYLE: That's all he could do, sir. They broke him.

PHILIP (*Starting up*): But, by Heaven, they haven't broken me. They haven't put me under yet. And before they do I'm going to give them the fight of their life. (*He swings per-*

emptorily about on the other man). Doyle, get out the car. We've got to get to the City. Ring up Scanlon's house on the long-distance and have him at the office inside of an hour. And get Kendrick and Morgan and Lorimer.

DOYLE (*Deprecatingly consulting his watch*): After the market's closed, sir?

PHILIP: What's the market got to do with it? To-morrow's not closed. The world hasn't ended, has it? (*Belligerently*) We've got to stop that raid. We've got to fight 'em, every inch. And if we can't check them and hold them, we've got to save what we can from the ruins.

DOYLE (*Hesitatingly*): But do you think—

PHILIP (*Cutting in on him*): This is no time for thinking. It's time to act. I've got to get those wires busy. I've got to get collateral. I've got to get our men lined up. (*Determinedly, as Doyle hurries away*) I've got to check that Morrison raid.

(*As he turns and struggles into his overcoat, Louise, who has entered by the garden path, steps still nearer. She stands and looks at him, silent and wistful.*)

LOUISE: Philip!

(*He does not answer her. He buttons his coat with the fierceness of a knight donning armor.*)

LOUISE: Philip, where are you going?

PHILIP (*Turning on her and staring at her*): I'm going to do the only thing. I'm any good for. I'm going to fight for what's left of my fortune.

LOUISE (*Quietly*): Your fortune must mean a great deal to you.

PHILIP: It means no more to me than it does to you. But I've got to fight for it, for this home of yours, for everything you've got here, for your bread and butter.

LOUISE (*Amazed at his words*): Why do you say that?

PHILIP: Because I'm not going to make the mess of my work I seem to have made of everything around here. (*More bitterly still*) I don't want to spoil your day, but they've broken my market, they've wiped me out,

they've put me where a bread-riot won't affect my sleep.

LOUISE (*Sorrowfully, as she gazes at him*): Spoil my day!

PHILIP: Yes, it's your day. It's been your week. I'm through with it. I wash my hands of the whole thing.

LOUISE (*Choking back a sob*): What have I done?

PHILIP: I don't want to think of it. I can't.

LOUISE: What must you think of?

PHILIP: Of the thing that counts—Of what I've got to face in the City.

LOUISE: And I will stay here—among the things that don't count? (*She turns away to hide the tears that have come to her eyes*).

PHILIP: It's all I'm good for!

LOUISE (*Stricken by the bitterness in his voice*): Bunny!

PHILIP (*Miserably*): We've learned a lot in this last seven days.

LOUISE (*Not daring to look at him*): I don't think we've learned what we ought to have learned.

PHILIP (*With the utter unhappiness of self-pity*): Good God, it's cost enough.

LOUISE (*Brokenly*): Yes—it's cost enough.

PHILIP (*With the valor of despair, turning away*): Well, I can pay what I've got to.

LOUISE (*Calling wistfully after him*): Bunny!

(*He stops, and slowly turns and faces her. But the space between them remains the same. Yet his face is heavy with misery. He does not trust himself to speak. He turns away again as a sob shakes her body. She controls herself with difficulty*).

LOUISE: I suppose—it's best.

PHILIP (*Absently*): Yes; it's best.

LOUISE (*With bowed head*): It's so different—from what I thought—(*She is unable to go on. He looks up at her. He checks an impulse to step*



PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

"I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOL, BUNNY!"

closer to her, apparently determined to concede nothing).

PHILIP (*Dejectedly*): To what we both thought!

LOUISE (*Still brokenly*): You—you are going—that way?

PHILIP: Isn't the only way for me to go?

LOUISE (*Unable to hide her tears*): I know. (*She slowly moves her averted head up and down*). Since you feel that way.

(*She is crying now, openly and miserably. The sight of her tears seems to dismay him. He stands before her as embarrassed as a schoolboy, yet with*

his lips pressed determinedly together. He looks about helplessly. Then he takes a deep breath or two, suspiciously near to a sob).

PHILIP (*Crying it out*): Louise!

LOUISE (*With an answering cry*): Bunny!

(*With one movement they turn, each clasping the other in their outstretched arms. They cling forlornly together in the paling light as Louise continues to sob on his shoulder, more and more quietly. Philip, plainly no longer*

LOUISE (*With her face hidden*): I've been such a fool, Bunny.

PHILIP (*Penitently*): No, I've been the fool.

LOUISE (*Wiping her eyes*): How you must despise me.

PHILIP: No, Louie, don't say that.

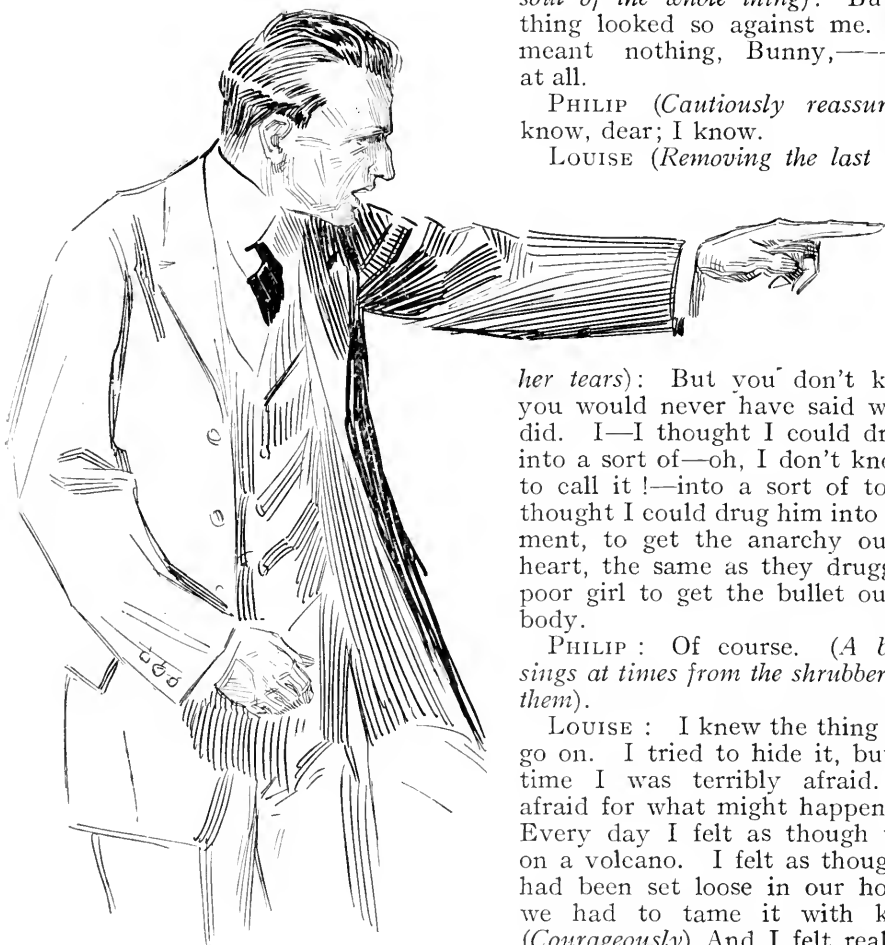
LOUISE: But you *must*. I've been such a failure.

PHILIP (*With the humility of the contrite*): I guess I've been the failure in this family.

LOUISE (*Determined to purge her soul of the whole thing*): But everything looked so against me. And it meant nothing, Bunny,—nothing at all.

PHILIP (*Cautiously reassuring*): I know, dear; I know.

LOUISE (*Removing the last traces of*



"WILSON! ARE YOU A MAN OR A MONKEY?"

ashamed of an emotion which he may have felt was too much for him, caresses her hair with large and unsteady hands. From somewhere out of the distance a twilight bird starts to sing through the quiet garden.)

her tears): But you don't know, or you would never have said what you did. I—I thought I could drug Otto into a sort of—oh, I don't know what to call it!—into a sort of torpor. I thought I could drug him into contentment, to get the anarchy out of his heart, the same as they drugged that poor girl to get the bullet out of her body.

PHILIP: Of course. (*A bird still sings at times from the shrubbery behind them*).

LOUISE: I knew the thing couldn't go on. I tried to hide it, but all the time I was terribly afraid. I was afraid for what might happen, Philip. Every day I felt as though we were on a volcano. I felt as though a lion had been set loose in our house and we had to tame it with kindness. (*Courageously*) And I felt really sorry for Otto. He seemed to have so little. Life had given him so little.

PHILIP: Well, I guess we're all in the same boat now.

LOUISE (*As she gravely smooths his grey temples with her hands*): It can't be that bad, can it, Bunny?

PHILIP (*Valiantly*): Oh, we'll save

something out of the wreck. I can't tell yet—but it'll take a fight.

LOUISE (*Still caressing him with her child-like little movements*): Need we care?

PHILIP (*Yielding to her beleaguering endearments*): It doesn't matter what happens, so long as I've still got you!

(*She buries her head on his shoulder again, with a sigh of happiness. They cling together, oblivious of their surroundings. As they do so, Otto wanders like an unhappy spirit down the rose-bordered garden-path. He stops short, standing and looking at them. The light has been slowly waning. Through the pale twilight can be heard the impatient shrilling of the touring-car siren. Otto leans on the sun-dial and buries his face on his out-flung arm. The bird in the shrubbery continues to sing. Louise, finally looking up, catches sight of the silent and motionless Otto. She turns Philip's face towards the sun-dial, without speaking. Her husband slowly moves his head up and down. The motor-horn sounds again, stridently. Philip crosses to the sun-dial and touches Otto on the arm.*)

PHILIP: Otto!

OTTO (*Slowly looking up*): Oh, I can't stand this!

PHILIP (*Reassuringly*): That's all right, my boy. She'll be up and around in a week or so. There's no need to worry.

OTTO (*Fiercely*): Oh, it isn't that. I can stand that—I'm used to it. But what makes you do this? Why are you treating us this way? Why should you be kind to me?

PHILIP: I couldn't do what she did.

OTTO: But you leave me without anything to lean on, without any ground to stand on. Why do you do it? Can't you see I don't know how to take it? Hate, and I'll hate back. Fight, and I'll fight back to the last drop of the hat. That's all I've ever done. That's all I'm able to do. But this—this unmans me. It makes me ashamed of what I am, of what I've been.

LOUISE: Oh, Otto, none of us are angels. We all make mistakes.

OTTO (*Fiercely*): I've done more

than make mistakes. I've drunk hate—hate—hate—until it made my brain reel, until it poisoned my blood. I've gone up and down the world like a mad dog, trying to turn the whole world mad. You were right, I've corrupted everything I've touched. The thought of destruction has made me drunk. It became a delirium, a fever, a thirst. I never knew what killing meant. God knows I'd seen



PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON—

"I BEG PARDON, SIR!"

enough of it. I've seen blood enough—but none of it was ever spilt for me. (*His voice is dull with horror as he goes on*). All that blood out of that poor broken body! And she did it for me! That blood was given for

me ! The first time in all my life that blood was given for me ! Oh, what blind fools we've all been !

LOUISE : But think of the other thing, Otto—think how she must love you.

OTTO : And I—I scarcely knew it. I was so busy with hate I couldn't see what it was worth. (*He swings about almost accusingly, to Philip*). And you, you took me out of my cellar. You took me out of that hole and put me where the light was too strong for me.

PHILIP : But light's the thing we live by. We've got to stand it.

OTTO : But you stood me up and poured cold water on the only thing I believed in, on the only fire that ever kept me warm. I couldn't even be true to my own Cause. (*With a return of the old spirit*) Oh, don't think I'm calling that Cause all wrong. I'm the one that's wrong. I'm like an engineer who's had a wreck, a jockey who's had a fall. I can't go on. I've lost my nerve. But what's one man in the dust, or one train in the ditch ? The thing will go on again—only I won't have the courage to be there to guide them.

LOUISE (*In gentle reproof*): Anarchy isn't the only thing in the world, Otto.

OTTO : It's been the only thing in my world.

LOUISE : You made speeches and bombs. And Philip made money and dear bread—and perhaps neither of you stopped to ask what it was costing, costing yourself, costing the world.

PHILIP (*A little resentfully*): I know what it's cost. I know where it put me.

LOUISE (*With all the wisdom of the ages in her quiet and mother-like smile*): But that's how we live, Bunny, being defeated and then struggling up again, facing the risks, making order out of the ruins, keeping things going, the best we're able to, making the most of this terribly bad bargain called life. (*To Otto*) You see, Otto, I haven't any theories; I'm only a mush of concessions. And I must go back to Olga, where I can be of some use. (*Otto winces as she mentions Olga's name and turns to her husband*). Do

you know, Bunny, that poor child was wearing nothing but cotton, the coarsest kind of cotton, next to her skin.

OTTO (*Unexpectedly flaring up*): And what did Joan of Arc wear next to her skin ? And Tolya Rogozinnikovas ? And Mary of Bethlehem, if you like, and all those other women who thought more of the world than they did of themselves ?

LOUISE (*With forced calmness*): Olga may not mind the cotton, Otto, but she'll need something to make up for it, something you may be able to give her.

OTTO (*Bitterly*): What have I to give ?

LOUISE : What the world hasn't given her. She's a woman, Otto, whatever else she may be. I even imagine she's thought less of that world than she has of you.

OTTO (*Stricken into sudden misery*): Don't say that—now ! I can't bear to think of it.

LOUISE (*Softly*): You were the first one she asked for.

OTTO : I'm not worth it.

LOUISE (*With feminine and unimaginative directness*): You're going to make yourself worth it.

OTTO : I can't. The debt's too great. It's all hopeless. It's all too late. It's dead, now.

LOUISE : What was that you told me from Nietzsche : If there were no graves there would be no resurrections.

OTTO (*Looking up, and again touched with fire at the familiar words*): He's right. And you're right. We must go on and on. We've got to. (*With ever rising force*) And at this moment there's official oppression at Adana. There, to-day, human beings are once more being ground down under the heel of Tyranny. Liberty is being killed, men crushed, women outraged. There's work for me, work waiting for me, calling for me. And I'd give ten years of my life to know that my hand was the hand that had blown up a vilayet full of those Asiatic Turks. Yes, and there's all Russia calling for help. There are one hundred and fifty million souls waiting and fretting for emancipation. And the only way

they'll reach it will be to swim to it through a river of blood !

LOUISE (*Sadly*) : More bloodshed, Otto ? Hasn't there been enough of that ? Haven't you learned what that means ?

OTTO (*Looking dully about, humbled into helplessness*) : Oh, it's all so tangled. The whole thing's so hopeless. I can't tell if man's a mistake of God or God's a mistake of man !

LOUISE (*With her placid maternal materialism*) : But, you see, whatever happens, we've got to hang together in some way. We're here, and we've got to make the best of things. (*She slips her arm through Philip's*). And we're going to, aren't we, Philip ?

PHILIP (*Of the sober, work-a-day world*) : Just as soon as I can get those wires busy.

OTTO (*To Philip*) : But you've got something to work for, to fight for.

PHILIP : I wish you'd tell me what it is—with September wheat at 77—and me a bull !

LOUISE : You see, we've lost, too, Otto—lost everything. We're all on the same level now.

OTTO (*As he stares at Philip*) : So you've lost, too ! And I haven't even you to fight against.

PHILIP (*With his hand on the smaller man's shoulder*) : We ought to be fighting together.

OTTO (*Hesitatingly, with a newer humility*) : Could you keep me here,

in any way, until Olga's able to leave, until we can go together ? Why couldn't I work for you, until then ? I'm not good for much—but couldn't you make me a car-checker at one of your elevators ?

PHILIP : Yes, if I've got a grain elevator left after the smash. (*The butler enters as he speaks and stands pompously at attention. This servant wears his full service uniform, knee breeches with yellow and scarlet faced jacket and metal buttons, etc.*)

WILSON : Excuse me, sir, but Mr. Doyle says to inform you as he's waiting with the car, sir.

PHILIP (*Shortly*) : All right. I'm coming.

(*Philip turns to pick up his hat and gloves as Otto walks unhappily and meditatively back and forth. Otto's movements bring him face to face to the butler, at whom he stares for a resentful moment or two.*)

OTTO (*Explosively*) : Wilson !

WILSON (*Skipping to one side*) : Yes, sir.

OTTO : Are you a man or a monkey ?

WILSON (*His dignity outraged*) : I beg pardon, sir.

OTTO (*Thunderously, with an incongruous flare-up of the old spirit*) : If you're a man, take off that badge of servitude. (*He points at the uniform, with shaking fingers*). Be a man—a man !

LOUISE (*Softly*) : Poor Otto !

(FINAL CURTAIN).





TRACTOR PLOW WINNING CONTEST IN FRANCE

The Furrows of His Fathers

By Philip Kellar

Illustrated with Photographs

TOM NEEDHAM was the eldest son of Richard Needham, who moved to the "corn belt" of Central Illinois fifty years ago and took up a 160-acre homestead. The thought of walking 4,000,000,000 miles behind a plow drove Tom to the city. Every spring after his sixteenth year young Thomas walked 320 miles behind the old mule team plowing the forty acre cornfield. One early spring day, thirty years ago, when Tom was twenty-one years old, his father said to him :

"Well, Tom, I reckon you'd better start plowing that south forty to-day before the spring rains make it too soft to work."

For an instant the youth, remembering that he was of age and his own master in the eyes of the law, was tempted to refuse. With an effort he bridled his tongue and replied respectfully :

"All right, father, but this will be the last time. I'm going to the city, to Chicago."

"What !" the older man shouted in amazement. "Going to quit the farm ?"

"That's it. I'm sick and tired of this plowing, day after day, year after year."

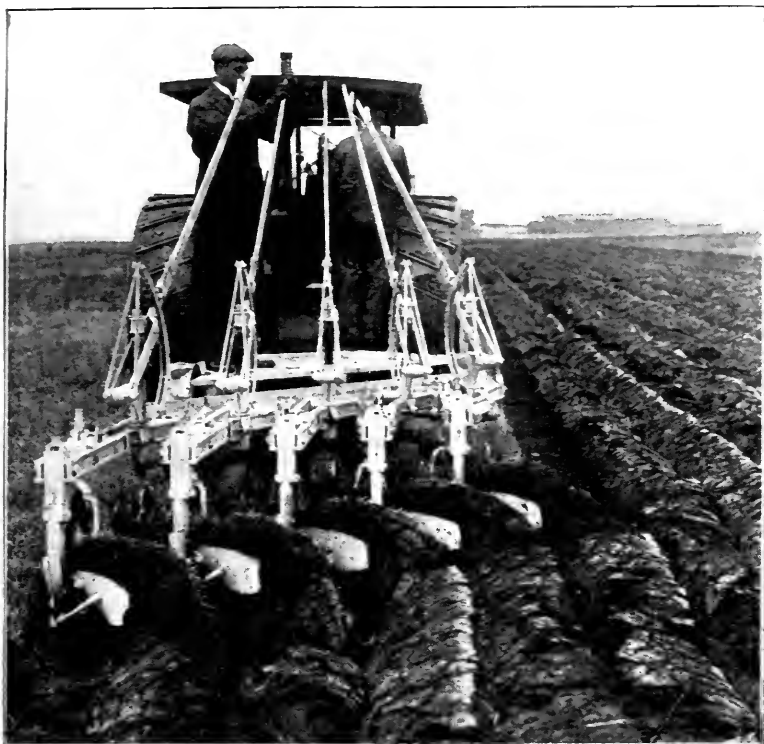
"I've done it all my life," Mr. Needham replied proudly, "and so did my father and his before him."

"That's the trouble," the younger man retorted, "when a man takes a plow handle in his hand he sticks his neck in the yoke just as much as the mule or the ox. And it never ends anywhere. The furrows just keep right on stretching out in front of you, year after year."

"Don't we get a good living out of the farm ?"

"Oh, yes, but we have to work too hard to care whether we're living or not, and I'm tired of it. I'm going in business, where I can have a few hours of rest and the chance to use 'em."

The elder Needham sighed. He had felt the rising tide throughout the land of the desire to leave the farm for the city. He couldn't understand it, but he knew many fathers who had lost their sons, and he knew that argument with Thomas would be wasted time.



CLEAN, EVEN, DEEP, THE BROWN FURROWS ROLL AWAY BEHIND THE TRACTOR PLOWSHARES IN MILE-LONG LINES

Young Thomas sighed too, not knowing that he regretted leaving the old home, hitched the old mule team to the plow and began work on the south forty. He knew it would take nearly three weeks for him to walk the 320 miles before the forty acres were plowed, guiding the team and the plow, hauling and pulling it about, occasionally stumbling on the rough ground.

Young Needham possessed the imagination that enabled him to see that 320 mile furrow stretching straight out before him and seemingly without an end. He did not object so much to the other work on the farm, for, though it was hard, it had some variety, and it did not leave him stupidly weary at the end of the day, as did the plowing.

In the early summer Tom Needham left the old farm near Aurora and went to Chicago. For the first few years he worked harder in the city than he had on the farm, but he saved his earnings until he had sufficient capital to start

in business for himself. To-day he is one of the prosperous merchants of Chicago, and his son is attending the agricultural college at the University of Illinois.

Thomas Needham was one of the hundreds of thousands of young Americans who have been driven from the soil to urban communities by the desire to escape the furrows of their fathers. The plow has been the greatest instrument for the advancement of civilization, but it has been the hardest taskmaster as well. There are 4,000,000,000 miles of furrows to be plowed every year on the 500,000,000 acres of cultivated land in the United States. Eight miles of furrows are turned in plowing one acre. The prospect of walking 4,000,000,000 miles behind a plow would discourage most of us.

But contrast the thirty-year-old scene with two pictures of last spring, and see that the day of plowing as hard work is doomed. One of these

scenes was on the old Needham farm and the other on a section of unbroken, wild prairie sod land in the Last Mountain Valley in Western Canada, which might be duplicated in any western Province or in certain newer sections of the north-western States.

Richard Needham, grandson of our old farmer friend, while studying scientific agriculture at the State University, is also managing the old farm (his father's fingers are itching to get back on the job, too). Last spring that same old "south forty" which drove his father to the city had to be plowed for its triennial crop of corn—oats and clover forming the crops for the two preceding years. Young Richard asked his father to come down and watch the job.

"I'll show you how to plow, Dad, in a way that will make you open your eyes."

"Go on, boy," the merchant laughingly rejoined. "I know more about plowing than you ever will. Why, I once plowed five acres in one day!"

"Gee, but you were slow," the son retorted. "Come along, and I'll show you how we plow that south forty in less than three days. You ought to keep up to the procession."

Skeptical, the merchant journeyed to the old farm, prepared to laugh at his son's discomfiture when he should fail to make good his impossible boast. Skeptical he remained when young Richard led him to the south forty at seven o'clock in the morning.

"If there was need for rushing the plowing," the son explained, "we'd begin at daybreak and run at night, but we can take it easy and spread it over three days."

"Stop talking nonsense, Dick," the merchant retorted. "You may have learned some things at the University about farming, but you haven't learned everything."

Skeptical the old man remained when they reached the forty-acre clover patch and saw in one corner of it a 20 h. p. gasoline traction engine to which were attached five big plows.

"'Twon't do," he shook his head, "we tried power plowing when the traction threshing engine came out

thirty years ago, but it wouldn't work. You'll never chase the horse away from the plow."

"Wait," the son replied, as he gave the man in charge of the plow outfit the signal to begin. When the engine began a steady, irresistible, straight march down the field, turning over furrows as straight and even as the best the merchant had ever seen, Richard continued,

"You see, Dad, those old threshing tractors were not built for plows, and the plows you used were not built for those engines. What you are looking at now is an engine and a set of plows that were built for one another, to do the right sort of work."

"Well, what are we coming to?"

After which exclamation the father lapsed into a silence broken only by occasional grunts as his son led him about the farm and showed the various uses to which the tractor was placed when it was not used for plowing. It furnished the power to pump the water up to the tank, being much quicker and more reliable than the windmill; it furnished the power that chopped the feed, that cut up the fodder and lifted it into the giant silo; it furnished the power for threshing the wheat, for shelling the corn, for drawing heavy loads about the farm, for sawing wood, etc.

"It never gets tired working, like a man or a horse," the son explained, "and it doesn't eat anything except when working, and not very much then."

"Well, what are we coming to?" the merchant exclaimed again.

Three weeks later, a thousand miles to the north-west, the merchant, who has always boasted of the fact that he was born and brought up on an Illinois farm, received another lesson in modern scientific farming methods. The Morton farm, adjoining the Needham homestead, had descended to Henry Morton, son of the owner in the farm days of Thomas Needham. Henry Morton is one of the progressive older farmers. When he had an opportunity to sell his Illinois land for \$175 an acre, he took advantage of it and emigrated to the new wheat country in Saskatch-

ewan, purchasing a section—640 acres—in the Last Mountain Valley at the ratio of about ten acres there for one in Illinois.

Morton was late in making his new move, and he found himself very close to seeding time for wheat with none of his 640 acres broken and no chance to get the men to do the plowing for him in time. The Mortons and the Needhams had maintained their friendly relations through the years, and Morton had invited young Needham and his father up to see his new home and the new country.

In his efforts to "do something," Morton went to William Pearson, of Winnipeg, the man who colonized Last Mountain Valley, for advice.

"Steam plows!" Pearson laconically answered. "I'll see if I can find one or two for you."

After some skirmishing three big custom steam traction plowing outfits were located in the neighborhood of the Morton section; they would be available for eight days, the steam plows being equipped with acetylene lights for night work, and a "day" being twenty-four hours long.

"That will be enough time," Pearson said confidently. "You'll have your 640 acres broken in time for seeding, Mr. Morton."

Merchant Needham didn't believe a word of it, but he had been forced to take back so many things within a short time, that he decided to keep silent. Morton, though a progressive farmer, was a little in doubt. Young Needham wasn't, saying cheerfully:

"Sure, it will be easy. The land is firm, and the engines can just scoot across it.

The three steam plows were set to work early the next morning. A little over a week later the 640 acres was broken and harrowed and ready for the seed.

"A six-horse team with a modern gang plow," Mr. Pearson said, "would require more than two months, Sundays included, to plow that section. One man, plowing in the old-fashioned way, walking behind his plow, would have to workevery day for seven months

and plow twenty-four miles of furrow each day, to finish the job."

"Well, what are we coming to!" Farmer-Merchant Needham exclaimed.

It cost Mr. Morton \$5 an acre to get his land ready for the seed, or \$3,200. He planted it all in wheat, and got a crop of an average of a little more than twenty bushels to the acre, which netted him nearly \$15,000 the first year. Most of us would call that a pretty fair investment. Merchant Needham admitted he couldn't do nearly so well in his business.

A year before, the elder Needham was scarcely aware that the tractor plow was in existence, except in a vague sort of way. After those experiences he began to investigate, and here are some of the things he found out:

Within the last ten years approximately 8,000,000 acres in Canada and the United States have been turned over to the steam and gasoline tractors to be plowed. That means 64,000,000 miles of furrows which the young (and old) Western farmer doesn't have to walk each year, and the number is increasing very rapidly as new improvements are continually being made on the tractors.

The lighter weight gasoline and other internal combustion tractors, which can be utilized for power plowing on the small farms in the "corn belt" and in the level sections of the east and south, have sprung up within the last five years. In spite of their newness, they are sweeping the country as the automobile began to do ten or twelve years ago. To-day the total number of traction plow outfits of both kinds in Canada and the United States is estimated at 10,000. The average number of acres plowed is 800 per year. Some of the outfits average 1,000, but there are a sufficient number of smaller ones to bring the general average down. There are a few 60-horse-power steam plows on the large ranches in California which plow 3,500 acres each per year.

When our savage ancestor learned that a grain of wheat buried in the ground would sprout and grow and produce many more grains, he started

to scratch up the soil with a sharpened stick. This was the first plow. Later, man trained the ox to do some of the heavy work for him, and a rude wooden plow was constructed out of a forked limb of a tree. For thousands of years there was little improvement on this.

After a long while, in the long march down the ages, man learned the uses of iron in rude forms, and affixed a piece of the metal to his old wooden plow and thought he had made wonderful progress. If Henry Morton should attempt to plow his section of land with the ox and the handleless wooden plow of the ancient Romans, he would be plowing day and night all through the year, and even then never would get all of his 640 acres plowed in one year. His crops would consist of wolf willow, wild peas and wild vetch that insist upon growing where least wanted.

The metal plow underwent slow improvements as the years passed, the present shape, with its moldboard, beginning to take form about the first of the eighteenth century. In 1720 Joseph Foljambe, of Yorkshire, England, was granted a patent on a plow which he had evolved from a crude form brought over from Holland. This was the best plow then made, but it did not come into general use until a Scotchman, James Small, established a factory at Black Alder Mount in 1763 and began to make and sell the implements on a large scale. Small was continually making improvements, and his plow finally assumed the style of the "East Lothian," which has been the general model for all English plows since then.

The first plow patent issued in America was issued in 1797 to Charles Newbold, a farmer of Burlington, N.J. This plow was of cast iron, and worked well, but the early farmers were as prejudiced against it as the Mexicans of to-day are against our modern steel plows. They said that the iron in the Newbold plow "poisoned the land," and they clung to the old plow with its metal point and its wooden moldboard.

Jethro Wood secured a patent, September 1st, 1819, on the first metal plow with interchangeable parts, and

this was the father of our modern plows. Wood's plows were of cast iron, and it, and others modeled upon its general lines, worked well until the soil, after continual working, began to grow sticky and dense. Then the cast iron scoured with difficulty, or not at all, and to meet this trouble, James Oliver, of South Bend, Ind., established a plow factory in 1853 and began experimenting.

The use of steel in place of iron grew up about this time, owing to the fact that steel was early found to be so much more serviceable in the new prairie sections. John Deere, then a blacksmith, built in 1837, at Grand Detour, Ill., a plow with a moldboard made of old saws. It was such a success that he made as many more as he could find saws for. They sold so rapidly that he began to get steel from abroad, none of the right quality being obtainable in America.

About forty years ago sulky plows began to be manufactured, and from then to the building of the plows in "gangs," with seats provided for the plowman, was but a step. At this time it was thought the limit of efficiency had been reached, for this enabled one man to plow with a gang of plows drawn by four or six horses.

About thirty years ago the traction engine for threshing was made practical, and immediately the farmers looked about for means to utilize the power out of threshing time, especially for the heavy work of plowing. Twenty years of failure was the result. Then the manufacturers began to try to build their traction engines so they could be adapted for plowing, and the plow-makers began to build their plows to fit the engines.

The steam plow became commercially practical about five years ahead of the gasoline tractor. It was especially adapted to breaking the tough virgin sod on the prairies though now it is being hard pressed by the gasoline tractor, even for this work.

"How much more per acre does it cost you to plow by power than by horse?" Farmer Morton was asked.

"A few cents less per acre in actual cash," was the reply, "and a few hun-



IN OUR FATHERS' DAY, "PLOWING THE SOUTH FORTY" WITH STAR AND BRIGHT WAS
A TASK TO TRY A MAN'S BACK AND HIS TEMPER

dred per cent. less in time saved at the right moment, which means better and bigger crops because the seed is sown when it should be. It costs less but it is worth more."

Most of the tractors in use do custom plowing; some are on farms large enough to keep them occupied all the time; the smaller gasoline tractors that are coming into use in the corn belt are nearly always kept busy on their own farms for other purposes after the plowing is over.

The prices charged for custom plowing range from 75 cents to \$5 an acre. The outfits cost from \$1,500 to \$6,000, with an additional \$500 for miscellaneous equipment. From fifteen to forty-five acres is the day's work of the tractor plow, depending upon the size of the engine and the nature of the soil. The disc plow, which is used almost exclusively in the south-west, where the soil is lighter and looser, will plow about forty-five acres a day under favorable circumstances; the mold-board plow, used almost exclusively

in Saskatchewan and Alberta, where the soil is heavier and stickier, will turn over about thirty acres a day, this presuming a twenty-four hour day.

Residents of the older settled parts of the world are puzzled to know how the Canadian prairies are being so quickly turned into a farm.

"Well," explains Mr. Pearson, "a number of things have contributed, some of the most important being the hundreds of thousands of Americans, like Mr. Morton, who have come across the line to help us, and the building of our three transcontinental railroads. But the traction plowing outfit is entitled to a great deal of the credit, and will be entitled to a great deal more before another decade passes.

"In 1900, about the time the tractor plow came into practical use, there were less than 2,500,000 acres of wheat in all the vast territory between Winnipeg and the mountains far to the west. Nine years later the province of Saskatchewan alone, practically untitled in 1900, had 4,085,000 acres

sown in wheat, which yielded 90,255,000 bushels, the wheat acreage in Manitoba in 1909 was 2,613,111, yielding 45,774,707 bushels, and in Alberta it was 333,000 acres, yielding 8,250,000 bushels. These three newly settled provinces combined had 7,058,111 acres of wheat, which raised a total of 144,279,707 bushels, or more than twice as much as all of great Britain and Ireland.

"About one-sixth of that acreage is plowed by mechanical power. Without the tractor plow there probably would be a million fewer cultivated acres in this part of the country to-day. Not far from here, in this Last Mountain Valley, is one farm of 15,000 acres—a farm, not a ranch. Traction plowing is a vital necessity if that land is to be cultivated without waiting until the country is so thickly settled that farm help will be numerous."

At the National Farm Land and Irrigation Exposition in Chicago last fall, a "dry farmer" from Wyoming told an old-fashioned "wet country" farmer that the tractor plow would prove one of the greatest aids to putting into cultivation the millions of acres of arid land in the United States which cannot be irrigated.

"Come now," his hearer expostulated, "don't try to make fun of me. A steam engine drinks water, and lots of it; it doesn't dig wells."

"But a plow drawn by a gasoline tractor doesn't even drink water,"

the "dry" farmer replied, "at least not enough to count. Horses do; horses cannot work long in hot, dry spells; horses cannot plow as deep; they cannot plow the entire farm quickly enough after rare rains, to get the ground in shape to preserve and conserve the moisture. That's the answer."

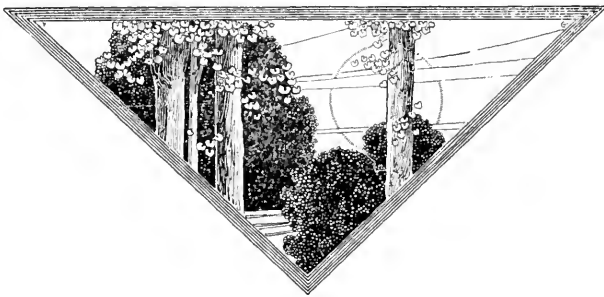
It's a good thing for us who live in the cities that the farmer boys decided twenty-five years ago to hike for the urban communities. If they hadn't, it is quite possible that our grandfathers would have had us plowing the same old furrows in the same old way, and we might not have had sense enough to break away and learn that a thing isn't good just because our ancestors thought it the best.

It is a fact that practically every new and revolutionary invention in farm machinery has been the work of a man who began life on a farm and moved to a city or town where he would have the opportunity to put his practice into theories, and later the theories into practice.

But we'll go along in the furrows of our fathers, though we'll travel in modern style, do more with less physical labor, and have more time to enjoy the good things we have, and plan more time and labor-saving machinery for our children.

Can you blame Merchant Needham, and the millions like him, whose eyes are beginning to open, for exclaiming:

"What are we coming to?"



John Otley's Bluff

By Donald Kennicott

Illustrated by H. Sheridan



JOHN OTLEY, my next-door neighbor, lived some four miles beyond my place on the Fort Fraser Road, in the valley of the Little Black River. We had always been good friends, but I never understood him at all, until one day on a hunting excursion I saw him—apparently for the sole reason that he had backed himself to do so—rope a full-grown lynx and tie that consummate savage into a mere flame-eyed parcel of impotence.

It sometimes happens that one catches a man's face in a moment uniquely characteristic, at some luminous instant, when the outline of his very soul itself seems shadowed forth on his features. It is usually a startling, and sometimes an unpleasant sight, but very often, too, one curiously inspiring. So that day, when I looked into John Otley's face as he rose unsteadily to his feet, mopping the blood from a deep jagged gash in his arm, I then saw the man himself, and I began to understand him—to understand what was that peculiar quality of spirit that had enabled one of his youth to acquire unaided so considerable a property, that had sustained him in his lonely life—and that had drawn the two hard lines about the corners of his mouth, with which his gentle voice was so little in keeping. Later, a fine new house he built at some distance from the shack

in which he was living, taken together with the photograph of a girl which stood between the mail-order catalogue and the cartridge box on his table, explained some other things about him.

One stifling afternoon in July, Dr. Ainsworth, whose well-diluted practise extends over several hundred square miles of British Columbia, appeared on foot at my door, covered with dust and swearing strange medical oaths. He told me that Otley had called him up by telephone (we are blessed with one of these erratic, barbed-wire-fence systems of the *fin de siecle* cow-country), and saying that he had been badly hurt, had asked for immediate aid. When, however, Ainsworth had asked what had happened, he had received no answer, and knowing the injured man to be alone, he had therefore driven out at top speed, only to founder his horse just beyond my gate. He concluded by asking me to harness up a conveyance and take him on out to Otley's.

It was late in the afternoon when we came to the little log shack in which Otley was still living. No one answered when we called; the door swung open; a horse, standing with the bridle reins up, near the corral gate, neighed as if with relief, and trotted toward us. Hurrying in, we found our man lying face downward on the dirt floor of his kitchen, the 'phone receiver gripped tight in his hand, as if he had fainted while talking with Ainsworth and had pulled the thing down with him. The floor was puddled with blood from a bullet-hole in his chest; fat, noisome blow-flies were droning over him like bees around their hive.

We carried him to his cot bed in the other room, and Ainsworth did what he could, but he said almost at once that there was no chance at all to save him. Yet after a little the poor fellow revived a bit, and was able to explain that he had been training a horse to stand fire, that the beast had taken to bucking, and that in the mêlée, his pistol had been discharged toward him. He had dragged himself to the telephone and had fainted there.

When he had told us this, he was silent a moment, looking at the doctor as if he were expecting an explanation of some sort from him, too. Then he said in a queer, petulant whisper :

"Well, hurry up and tell me, doc. Is it going to do for me ?"

Ainsworth took his hand and nodded. "We're grown men, Otley," he said, "and there's nothing to lie about. There isn't any chance."

"How long ?" Otley whispered.

"Perhaps two hours—perhaps till morning. Hardly any longer than that."

Otley lay there very still for a moment, and his lip quivered. Then I saw the muscles about his jaw tighten, and that same curious look of defiance came into his eyes that I had noticed just before the lynx episode.

"All right," he whispered, "I'll not whine. It's nothing a fellow can help, but"—here his voice seemed to gain strength—"I'm not going to go until I've seen Ruth once more." He turned his eyes toward me. "You hear ?" he asked. "I want you to wire for Ruth to come. I'm damned if I'll go till I've seen her."

Ruth was the girl whose photograph stood on the table, and whom in September, when the new house should be completed, he was to have married. She lived some fifteen hundred miles away, back in Otley's native town in Ontario, and it would take her two full days to make the journey. While I was watering my horse in preparation for the twenty mile drive to town, Ainsworth came out, and, asking if I really intended to send the message, repeated his opinion that his patient would at best go under before morning. I knew Ainsworth to be a man of long

experience and of good judgment in such matters; and I realized that it would be even harder for the girl if she came, and came too late. Yet I had given Otley my promise, and something in that defiant expression of his eyes assured me that he would keep his word. Therefore, telling Ainsworth that I should keep mine also, I drove into town at a gallop and sent the telegram. Three hours later, I received an answering message from the girl, to the effect that she was about to start.

It was nearly noon when I got back to Otley's. He was still lying there on his cot, with his eyes open and his teeth clenched, breathing very faintly. I took a turn at watching while Ainsworth got a bit of sleep, and then turned in for a while myself. I was very tired, and as Ainsworth did not call me, it was late next day before I woke up.

Otley was still alive. Stepping outside with me for a little, Ainsworth said it was a queer business, that the man must have the constitution of an ox; and then, with a lot of technical explanation about the wound, showed me that, according to all precedent, he had already lived far longer than could have been expected. And, indeed, Otley's appearance tallied with this opinion, for one could not see that he breathed at all, and his lips were perfectly white, like those of a dead man; yet now and then they would move a little, and by bending close one could hear that he was saying—"Ruth—Ruth"—in a dry faint whisper that seemed somehow like the voice I had always imagined a ghost would have. He had asked for the girl's picture, and it lay there beside him on the blanket.

I took a turn at watching then, while Ainsworth slept for another little while, and then drove into town to meet the girl. Her train, by an unusual coincidence of time and schedule, arrived promptly, pulling in a little after midnight. She came all alone—had never even been away from home before, I learned later—and as she stood there under the station lantern, I knew that she was horribly fright-

ened, although she was too much of a thoroughbred to show it. I put her into the buck-board—she was a slim little thing, with big gray eyes—and then hit the dust straight back to Otley's.

Ainsworth stood out in the road waiting for us when we drove up, and I thought, of course, it was to warn me that we were too late, but he held his finger to his lips for us to be quiet, and then came up close to the girl's side of the rig and began to tell her how matters stood. "He's held his own," he said. "I thought at first that it was a case of exceptional strength, but I'm beginning now to think that it's something—something more than that. He's lived two days now, longer than there was any excuse to expect—and it isn't what I've been able to do for him that's kept him up, either. The reason I came out and stopped you—the point is, that if he could keep up for say, three days more, he would very probably pull through; and if he had the same reason for keeping up, he—might do it." Ainsworth stopped then and looked at the girl, and no one spoke for a minute.

She sat there very white, staring at him. "You mean," she said after a bit, "you mean, that if I weren't to see him, that he would keep on fighting to live until I came?"

"Yes," Ainsworth said. "That's it."

"But what would you tell him? He'd know that I'd come right off."

"We could tell him that there'd been a wash-out on the railroad, or something like that."

"He's certain to—to die if I go to him now?"

"There can be no doubt of it."

She looked away from us for a moment, biting her lips to keep herself steady. Then she said: "Well, if



HE WAS LYING FACE DOWN IN THE DIRT, WITH THE RECEIVER STILL GRIPPED IN HIS HAND

there were somewhere I could be—where I could see him, you know—without his knowing——"

There were two rooms in the shack. Ainsworth helped her out, and I stood there by the horses while he helped her inside. Then, after a minute, I drove up to the house alone, marched in, and found only the doctor there, seated by Otley's bed. It was a good deal like hitting the poor devil in the face, but I cooked up a yarn about a big storm and a wash-out up the road, and finished by saying the girl had wired me that her train would be delayed twenty-four hours. He took it pretty well, though his lips twitched a little at first, as though he was going to cry. "Guess I can hold him off for another day," he whispered after a minute. And for the first time then I noticed

that he seemed to personify Death. He was delirious, I suppose, though he was too weak to show it much, but several times after that it seemed if he were trying to shrink back from something—as though there were some visible Enemy in the room.

I went into the kitchen after a bit, and found the girl standing where she could look through a chink in the log partition. She was very nearly as white as Otley himself, and her little fists were doubled up as if she were fighting something, too—and, indeed, I suppose she was. I made her take a chair, but it was a long while before I could get her to come away, even for a moment. And I regretted then that I did, for we went outside, and she noticed for the first time the new house, just a little way up the hill. Otley had been very particular about this edifice, both in plan and construction, and had insisted on building it just exactly as they build houses back

in his home town in Ontario. Apparently he thought it would please her best that way—and I fancy he was right, for she broke down then, for the first time.

Otley did very well that day, and Ainsworth was much elated. When the time came, I pretended to start out to town for the girl again, and after we had talked it over outside, we decided that Ainsworth should tell him that the storm had reached us, that it was raining heavily, and that the bridges over the Little Black River were washed out so that we were unable to get back.

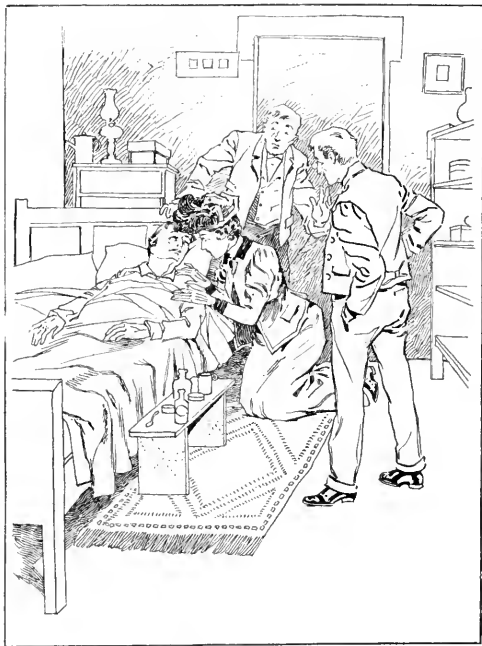
When it was time for me to have returned, Ainsworth told him the story

as we had planned, but he was not over confident of its success, and came outside to me again. "He's mighty keen for a fellow that's as low as that," he said. "I heard him mutter something about its being too light to be raining much."

We debated the matter a little while, and finally decided that we would have to bolster up the story a little. In my bare feet then, I tip-toed about pinning cloths over the windows so as to darken them.

And after that, from time to time, I would go out to the big sheet-iron water-tank by the windmill and shake it so that it would rumble like thunder. Ainsworth, too, would put on a slicker, go out and souse it in the tank, and then, coming in with it dripping, would pretend to scrape mud off his shoes. It was an unusually hot day, and the sun was blazing down on us like fire.

All this time the girl kept her place in the kitchen, and hardly took her



"I TOLD YOU I'D HOLD OUT TILL SHE CAME,"
HE SAID TRIUMPHANTLY

eyes from that crack in the partition. Twice, though, she signed to Ainsworth to move around and make a noise in the other room, and under cover of that, she would creep around like a little gray mouse and try to fix up something to eat for us, but we were not at all hungry. And once, too, I noticed that she kept looking over at the window, as if she were uneasy about something. The glass was—not clean, exactly—and presently she rummaged about for a cloth, sneaked over and wiped the panes off, very carefully. At another time, I suppose that manifestation of the eternal feminine would have been amusing enough.

The third day I had to drive into town

to get some things Ainsworth needed; when I returned he looked very gloomy.

"I'm afraid we've tortured these two people for nothing," he said. "The game's about up. It seems all the worse, now that he's so near held out." We discussed the matter for a while, but he could think of nothing better to do than to play it out. The crisis, he said, would come some time during the night.

I went around and stayed in the kitchen with the girl, for I was afraid that she would give out, too, but she was game, and stuck right there with never a whimper—though there was a streak of blood on her face from where she'd bitten her lip to keep from it. Ainsworth had arranged with her that he would rap on the partition if he gave up hope, and now and then I went around and looked in at the window. Each time I would see Ainsworth sitting there with his fingers on his patient's pulse, and twice I saw him raise his hand as if he were going to give the signal.

Just after dawn a little streak of sunlight crept through the window where a corner of the cloth that I had pinned there had slipped down, and fell on the ceiling above Otley's bed. He moved a little, and then, in a voice that carried quite plainly to where we sat, cried suddenly: "It's cleared off. She'll be here soon now."

At that, the girl gave a queer little choked sob, and without a word, wheeled about, pinned on her hat, and slipped outside. The next minute, through the partition, I saw her fling open the outside door of the room where Otley lay, run to his bed and drop on her knees beside him.

Ainsworth came in and stayed with me for a minute or two; then we went back in together. There was a faint flush in Otley's cheeks, and his eyes left the girl's long enough to give a little glance of triumph at us. "Told you I'd hold out till she came," he said. "And I've done it." Then, with a little tired sigh, he closed his eyes and settled back wearily.

ITS NAME

BY S JEAN WALKER

MY HEART breathed it,
The flowers heard it,
The bees hummed it,
The birds sang it,
The brook chimed it,
The dew cried it,
The rain sobbed it,
The trees crooned it,
The sun smiled it,
The moon beamed it,
The stars gleamed it,
Then, he sought it,
And we called it—Love.



"PRO BONO" RAMPANT

"KIT" has roused the Philistines with a vengeance. In the woman's department of CANADA MONTHLY for January, she commented on "the strictures of a Toronto clergyman on matters relating to the social evil in Winnipeg," saying that "they have been greeted everywhere with regret, if not with contumely," and asking "why Winnipeg, a city where live as clean and moral and decent folk as in any other city in the world, should be singled out as 'in a more rotten moral condition' than any others mentioned."

There is a certain Torontonion who apparently does not share this regret, and who, securely tucked away under the signature "Pro Bono," writes in this indignant wise :

Why Kit ! How could you; a woman, a Toronto woman, foul your own nest by writing such stuff to a supposedly respectable Canadian magazine ! Why Winnipeg ? Well, the Investigation shows why. But, of course, you knew before, as everybody knows, the difference between what was condemned at Winnipeg by the good sense of every righteous man and woman, and the evil of other cities. Does Toronto do what Winnipeg did—segregate the vice ? What did the good people of St. Louis do, when the City Attorney called their attention to the same thing in that supposed to be voluptuous Southern city ? They ratified his good work in abolishing the iniquity by promptly electing him Governor of the State.

Surely, Kit, you don't advise Toronto to set apart a portion of our good city in which the social vice may hang out its red lamps from the windows ? If so, will you offer the section in which you live to such vile cormorants as the woman whose history of police vigilance I clip from this morning's GLOBE and inclose for your perusal ? She must be a wealthy woman, seeing her own bail for \$1,000 was accepted. But did she escape in Toronto because of her wealth ?

I know not the real name of "Kit," or the woman behind that signature, but I submit the matter for your kind consideration and hope you will not hesitate to do what you can to repair the damage your magazine article does to your reputation as a member of the Fourth Estate. For obvious reasons I must decline to sign my real name.—*Pro Bono*.

Righteous indignation indeed ! But let us go a little deeper into the facts of which "Kit's" correspondent seems so unqualifiedly sure.

There is a large class of folk who, "if their own front door is shut, will swear the whole world's warm," and "Pro Bono" seems to belong among them. The question of confining the evil under consideration to certain well-marked quarters, or of scattering it among the residence and business portions of the city, is one that has been thrashed out time and again, and has supporters on both sides. Talk to Brand Whitlock—or read what Golden Rule Jones has to say. Which is the lesser of two wretched evils, however, is not the point under discussion, as "Pro Bono" will perceive by reading Mrs. Coleman's ("Kit's") article. "Kit" was not advocating segregation of vice, not defaming Toronto, not condoning evil; she was simply voicing a widespread disapproval of the officious and spectacular interference of a minister of another city in Winnipeg's affairs.

The clergyman in question referred publicly to Winnipeg as the "rottenest of cities," and it is to his statement that "Kit" takes a natural and supportable objection. Let us see what some other people say of the same city.

In October, a delegation from the American Purity Federation, composed of twenty-three representative men and women, among whom were Mr. Arthur Burrage Farwell, head of one of the largest Law and Order Leagues in the United States, Mr. W. L. Clarke, of Leamington, Ontario, and our own Dr. J. G. Shearer, of Toronto, visited Winnipeg in the course of a tour that took them from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Victoria, thence south to Los Angeles, and east again to New Orleans. The tour was for the purpose of investigating vice conditions in all the larger cities of Canada and the United States, and the delegation was composed of experienced social and religious workers, anxious to obtain first-hand and accurate data on the subject.

Mr. Farwell, in a personal interview with the editor of CANADA MONTHLY, said: "I have no hesitancy in saying that Canada is in much better shape on this question than the United States, and that *Winnipeg is one of the best and cleanest cities*. When we visited Winnipeg last October, we found a splendid spirit of opposition against the social evil, and for the enforcement of the law. In many of my addresses, *I have upheld the spirit of Winnipeg as an example worthy of emulation by American cities*." He also added, "I never saw so many wholesome, red-cheeked men, women and children as I saw there."

In contradistinction to this definite statement, the certain Toronto clergyman, who was also a member of this delegation, according to his own statement under oath to the Commissioner, said: "What I have said is that they have in Winnipeg the rottenest condition of things with regard to the question of social vice to be found in any city of Canada."

It was strange that Mr. Farwell and the reverend doctor should so radically disagree as to Winnipeg's moral condition. It is also

noticeable that in the report of the delegation of the findings of their tour they speak very favorably of Western Canadian cities as being cleaner and better than those on the other side of the boundary, with no exception being made of the city of Winnipeg.

The statement in "Pro Bono's" communication that St. Louis elected their City Attorney the Governor of the State because of his campaign against segregation in that city is, by the way, a misapprehension. The Governor in question was elected by the people of Missouri (not the city of St. Louis) on account of his campaign against political graft (not social vice) in the entire state (not in St. Louis alone), as any well-informed Missourian will tell the enquirer.

Mrs. Coleman ("Kit") is only making a plea for fairness when she deprecates the giving of a bad name to a clean, vigorous, pushing young city like Winnipeg by an outsider, and one who has the ability to secure newspaper publicity as this particular "reformer" has done. She is a broad-minded woman, with a happy home and two sturdy, wholesome children to whom she is devoted. And she represents a great many Canadians who believe in decency and fair play and courtesy, rather than in flamboyant and ill-advised zeal in exploiting evils under which Winnipeg, in common with all other cities of its size, to a certain extent must labor. House-cleaning, like charity, is usually supposed to begin at home, and we, together with the mass of thoughtful Canadians, agree with Mrs. Coleman that the clergyman in question would have saved train-fare and done quite as much good if he had allowed Winnipeg to deal with her own problems in her own way.

DE MORTUIS

THE soul of a poet is a tenuous and uncertain thing. What morbid imaginings wrought in the brain of Fitzhugh Coyle Goldsborough, the young poet-violinist, and brought two lives to a red and sudden ending? What spurred on the lad Chatterton to his death before most of us have begun to taste life? What inconstant and fitful star guided Shelley and Keats and the others of those delicately strung human instruments that, like a harp, are jarred into aching inharmony by a breath of chill air or a rough hand among their strings? No one will ever know. The secret is incommunicable; if we workaday folk could understand, we, too, would be poets.

A month or two ago there came a handful of small verses to our desk, with a colorless note offering them for consideration—and inclosing stamps. The name was unknown to us; "Fitzhugh Coyle Goldsborough" might have

been an ambitious girl masquerading in doublet and hose, the better to sell her wares, or a comfortable banker coquetting with the secretly cherished muse of his college days. Yet, somehow, the verses did not sound like a banker, and of the slender handful we chose two, using the gay red stamps to send back the others, with a small note of appreciation.

We put one in our January number, and just as we were making up the second to fill in a gap in the February magazine, came the glaring headlines and the cry of "David Graham Phillips Shot by Assassin!"

And it was our poet, whose delicate little "Dream in the Dusk" we had read over that very day, who had written in "The Moving Spirit,"

Deep in the heart of every wave

There dwells the urge of boundless tides—
So in the breast of King and Slave

The deathless gleam of God abides.

who had, with God knows what brood-



Painted by Edouard Manet

THE QUEEN OF THE SPANISH GYPSIES

All the fire and untamed pride of the Zineah shines out of the eyes, contradicted by a hint of womanly sweetness and tenderness — the painting might well serve as a portrait of Isidore Berners herself.

ing fury in his heart, waited for his fellow-craftsman with the blued steel clutched close, and as the man paused lightly on the steps of his club, cast up a soul in the face of Heaven, and paid his own life as ransom.

A Toronto man, some say—perhaps a genius, perhaps a fool. All of him we know was that colorless little note, and the two frail scraps of verse that somehow didn't sound like a banker. What moved him to his tragic deed no one will ever know, except the great Settler of Accounts, to face whom he has gone.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum.

AN UNCROWNED QUEEN

WHEN George Borrow took his pack of Bibles and his shrewd pen a-journeying in Spain, he went, as he himself says, to "the land of old renown, the land of wonder and mystery, the land which in the day dreams of my boyhood had always borne a considerable share—in short, I was called suddenly and unexpectedly to undertake the adventure of Spain". Curious and quaint indeed were the results of that adventure which, with his observant eye and his positive genius for unvarnished truth-telling, he noted and set down in that most deceptively-entitled and delightful of books, "With the Bible in Spain".

What the Spanish Gypsies were, as seen by Borrow, their adopted brother, in 1842, and what they are to-day are much the same thing, for less than almost any race of the West does the Romany change. Even to-day, were "Lavengro" alive again and his stick fallen towards Estramadura, he might once more ride the white *gras* with the paces of the desert wind, might again spend the night in the empty echoing house of the old sorceress by the gate of

Merida, and listen to her tales of the Corahai in the wild years when she and her *ro* followed the fortunes of the dusky Conquerors of Spain.

To be sure, no ordinary traveller would have seen the things that Borrow saw; and no ordinary label-pasted tourist would see them to-day. Indeed, ninety-nine out of a hundred men might travel a year in Spain, and at the end soundly swear that such things never were. But Borrow, being a speech-friend of the Romany, found harbourage at strange hearths and friends where another man would only have made acquaintance with six inches of cold steel.

The young painter, Edouard Moreud, whose work this year has attracted so much of Paris's fickle attention at the autumn salon, like Borrow, is the hundredth man. Although French-Swiss by birth, he has devoted his art exclusively to Spanish subjects, particularly the Gitanos, or Zincali or Caloré, as the gypsies are variously called. Most of his work is in crayon—black and white with a touch or two of characteristic coloring to give it warmth. One of his best is his portrait of the Queen of the Spanish Gypsies, a study from life, made during a recent sojourn in Spain. All the fire and untamed pride of the Zincali shines out of her jewel eyes—the cruel light of the Gitana skilled in *drows* and poisons,—yet contradicted by a hint of womanly qualities of sweetness, tenderness and love, and the tenacious fidelity of the gypsy. It is such a face as Borrow would have instantly understood—indeed it might well serve as a portrait of Isopel Berners herself—and is peculiarly interesting as a revelation of a curious and free race whose *kalo jib* or "black language" has served to hide more secrets than it has ever revealed.



This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

MARCH PROGNOSTICATIONS



WELL, all the prophets—those delightful people who so arrange their prophecies that they may be read either way and will fit in with anything or everything that might occur—agree in saying that Canadian affairs, shipping, railways, trade of all kinds will be vastly improved this month. Likewise a further bond of sympathy will be exhibited between Canada and the Empire. We are also threatened with accidents and upheav-

als, with ship and railway wrecks and great fires. The life of one of our greatest statesmen is threatened—not by anarchists, but by Nature's processes—in other words, old age. Ireland—disthressful Isle of Saints and disturbers—is to be the scene of a great ruction entirely about the middle of the month—the Seventeenth, of course, otherwise the world remains at peace. A fearful airship accident is predicted towards the end of the month.

Thus the prophets. Let us dissect them. Canadian affairs will improve. A safe prediction for a country that is going ahead with such a splendid rush. The bond of sympathy between us and the Old Mother could hardly be increased—so strong and sincere as it is to-day—but it is a pleasant thing to say, therefore it is thrown to us as a sort of placebo.

Accidents? Alas! these we, in common with every other country, have always with us. The death of some of our "great" statesmen through senility and old age—the marvel is that one or other of these did not succumb long ago. Easy "prophecies" every one of them, for one or other or all are bound to occur.

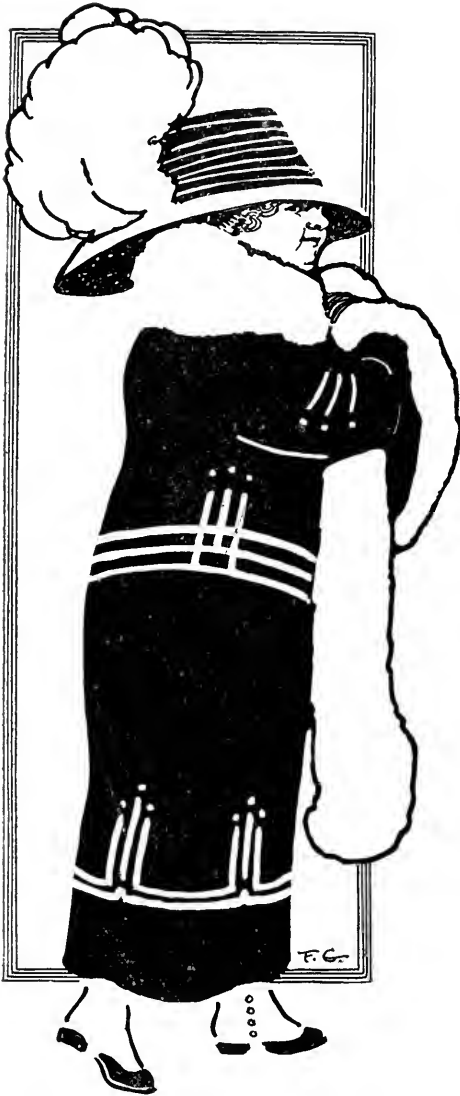
As to Ireland. Why, she would die on the spot if she were deprived of the delight of an odd ruction or two. It is ructions that have kept her alive and green through all the "centuries of oppression" which Tay Pay and his colleagues are so fond of expatiating upon at every public meeting when they are sending the shameful hat round to be filled. As an Irish-born woman, I am ashamed of that beggarly caubeen; I would like to kick a hole in it. Well-filled it regularly is with American and Canadian dollars which go to support in gentlemanly manner

the Parliamentary party of windbags who—as an English lawyer of high standing said the other day to the writer—"occupy the most comfortable

a mere Nationalist carrying the eternal caubeen—not I !

FOOLISHNESS AND FASHIONS

WE women are certainly the funny creatures. A while ago we were tying our legs together with a tight knot—looking for all the world like spanceled goats. We were piling the hair of all nations—China included—on our foolish pates in rats and puffs and curls—a most expensive item of the toilette this, by the way. Then came the bell-shaped extinguisher-hat which, when tilted at one side, hiding an eye, gives a decent woman the expression of a "drunk and disorderly." We swathed our heads when in the house in wide ribbons, which, especially when white, looked for all the world like bandages. Now our hair—all that is left of it—is squashed down on our heads and once more "banged" à la "Princess My" over our eyes. La Mode says that she who most closely resembles a Shetland pony as to coiffure, expresses the last scream of fashion. Last of all—and to women of large pedal endings—most awful—is the edict that "only the vulgar" will wear the high heel. This direct from Paris. Now will the gentlewoman be known by her large, flat feet. Who will have the courage to be a gentlewoman? Only those fortunate women who have exquisitely-formed, tiny feet—a feature which has always been acutely desired by the writer, who is a true gentlewoman in regard to her most useful extremities. Nous autres cannot afford to go heel-less despite the blot cast thereby on our genteel escutcheon. But to console us, let us remember that we are in the height of the fashion of the minute. No one can accuse us of being "vulgar" as to the manner in which we wear our feet, those large, comfortable and sincere extremities of our being. Once, in San Francisco, we saw a Chinaman glance at our boots. There was an expression of pain upon his stolid face, and our heart ached for him—poor fellow!—but what comfortable boots those were ! Our artist will doubtless show you what is meant by gentle-



TILTED TO ONE SIDE, HIDING ONE EYE, OUR HATS
GIVE A DECENT WOMAN THE EXPRESSION OF
A "DRUNK AND DISORDERLY"

arm-chairs in the lounging rooms at Westminster, and have all the whiskey their souls could wish for." Ructions in Ireland ! And why wouldn't there? Sure, cracking heads is to us what cracking nuts would be to anyone else. A Shinn Feinner am I, which means an honest rebel—the individual Irishman for an individual Ireland—but

womanly feet as accepted in Paris at the moment. Be not shocked. Rather extend your pity to the flatfooted but honest gentlewoman who for the first time in her life finds herself equipped—without expense—in the mode of the moment.

DREAMS

THE dream of the passenger on the ill-fated ship "Waratah," who three times saw a figure waving a bloody sword, and in consequence left the ship at Durban, and watched from



"CRANKY YE MAY BE, MA'AM, FOR FACES IS SOMETIMES DECAVIN, BUT OULD—NIVER!"

a hotel verandah her departure on that voyage from which she never returned, has set the gossips going with stories of dreams that proved warnings. Some of these are peculiarly interesting, notably that of Lady Andover, the daughter of the famous "Coke of Norfolk." While staying with her husband at her old home in Norfolk, she dreamed that he had been shot. In deference to her entreaty, yet laughing the while, Lord Andover let the other men go on without him. As the day wore on, the dream became nebulous, and faded a bit from Lady Andover's mind, and knowing that he loved potting the birds, she suggested that he should go out for the remainder of the afternoon.

No sooner had he gone, than the recollection of her dream sharpened, and, uneasy, she went off after him. As she crossed the park, a game-keeper came running with the news that her husband's gun, catching in a hedge through which he was climbing, went off and killed him.

We laugh at dreams, thinking them but fables, ghost-blooms in a garden of illusion. And yet in Sacred Writ

we have it that Abraham, Jacob, Joseph were visited by dreams that were prophetic. We may laugh, but there are occasions when we listen a little gravely to the story of a dream.

The late Lord Portsmouth had once a remarkable tale related to him by an honest and somewhat dull farmer. The man dreamed that a valuable cow had fallen into a ditch and could not get out. He told his wife, but that worthy dame, with a laugh, bade him go to sleep again. Three times the farmer saw his good Jersey disappearing, and uprising, he lit his lantern, and went abroad in the night. He found the cow all right, and was cursing his superstition as he returned. A sound of scraping arrested him, and going whence it proceeded, he saw a man digging by the light of a lantern. The fellow decamped when he heard the farmer approaching, leaving his spade and a big clasp-knife with which he had been digging a long, narrow, ugly-looking grave.

"A queer turn-out," muttered our friend. "What's yon fellow been up to?" Plodding on home, and turning this queer thing over in his mind, the

farmer met one of his own maids. Astounded, he asked her what brought her out of the house in the middle of the night. "I've quarreled with my sweetheart, sir," she said, "and he said as how if I'd meet him the night in yon field, as all would be well again." The farmer retraced his steps with the girl, showed her the grave her lover had dug for her and the clasp-knife with which he would have killed her. How did he know the man who fled at his approach was the maid's lover? The fellow came to the farm house next day and reproached his sweetheart, who, running to her master, told him the man was there. But the rascal had made off. The next morning the Jersey cow was found dead and half stuffed into the grave in the field.

By what are dreams caused? The cynic, or shallow thinker will say by indigestion, the state of the stomach, late suppers, indiscretions in eating and drinking. These cause the nightmare, but the nightmare is not a dream in the cold prophetic meaning of that term. A nightmare is something heavy or appalling that is going to fall upon you or cause you to fall. In a sense, it is prophetic, too, since it warns you to refrain from habits which cause internal disorganization—but, believe it or not, there are dreams caused by the Soul—that strange and ghostly Spirit which, while all that is mortal in us lies prone, lost in the inertia of Sleep—slips out of its unguarded prison, the body, and wanders at will into the strange places and among the strange peoples which your mortal brain has never known, your mortal eyes never seen. Life has many mysteries one of which is dreams. Saith Elihu in the Book of Job: "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men in slumberings upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction."

LONG LIFE—DO YOU DESIRE IT?

I AM looking at the pictures of two very, very old women. One woman is one hundred and seventeen years old; the other, one hundred and twenty-three—and I am wondering why any-

one wants to live long. The faces of both these old women are frightful—they look hardly human. The figure of the younger woman is bent in two. Her terrible eyes peer up at you with a look that would be sinister only that it expresses a dull patience which one finds almost shocking. There is nothing pathetic about the poor bent figure, but everything that is grotesque. Perhaps in this very grotesqueness one may find pathos, but it is a sorrowful figure, a dreadful head and face, sans hair, sans teeth, sans—everything. Some glimmer of the soul yet lingers there, but the door is ajar, and low, low the lights are burning.

The other old woman presents an almost indecent picture—indecent because it was ever printed at all. Her thin white hair hangs in unkempt strings about her ears; her poor face, with its sunken pit of a mouth, hardly bears a trace of humanity. It is like some dreaded mask, some shocking caricature of our human figure. She can neither see nor hear. She has to be fed and cleansed like an infant. Her eyes alone live. They shine out of their caverns with an insane look. What fragment of the Soul or Spirit remains housed in this frail old tenement? What joy or pleasure or knowledge remains to make life precious, living more than a torment to herself? and a grievous trouble to those about her? Grim questions these, but I have in mind an illustration which came under the observation of the writer. A mother, infinitely old—unable to help herself physically in any slight degree, yet mentally alive and even keen, had a spinster daughter who grumbled day and night over the trouble the poor old lady was to herself, the servants, everybody. She used to scold the old creature as she shook her cap straight or butted her into her chair. And all the while the flaming old eyes knew and understood, and what said the old heart that could not die when the aging daughter was hardest and most cruel? Perhaps some curse lay deep there, for assuredly vengeance—biding her day—came fast and full in the after years, long after the old mother had been buried deep

in the mould. The daughter contracted that type of rheumatism which twists and contorts. It has a learned name which would convey nothing to the non-medical mind, but it is a very dreadful form of disease indeed, and does weird things to the human body. In time the daughter became bent in two and so twisted that she had to look up uncannily from below one shoulder. In her turn, her nearest relative treated her as she had treated her mother, only this was infinitely worse, since the poor creature's body was one long pain. What thoughts she had, she held, but once I heard her sigh for the end—a long, sad sigh, a deep, sorrowful prayer for release which did not come until every muscle in her body was crooked and swollen with pain. She died alone in the night, and there was none to grieve save another old, old woman, her sister, who, concealing her grief, went for all time to her bed, and there a week afterwards slipped away, into, I hope, a kinder world.

This is longevity. And yet the papers and magazines teem with questions put to old people as to how they accomplished this beauteous feat of long living. Long interviews with Mr. Carnegie and with Mr. Rockefeller, James J. Hill and Lord Strathcona are printed every now and then. Their habits? Do they smoke, drink liquors, eat meat? And each tells a different tale. Of course, these people are by no means senile or imbecile from age, but do you think they can find a great deal of pleasure in a life which must be bound by stringent rules as to appetite, exercises, early hours and all that? While few of us will agree with Dr. Osler, who would limit business and active life to forty years—by the way, he is a brilliant example himself of what over sixty can do—who would not rather depart when his faculties have failed, when his brain is sodden, his limbs almost powerless, his activities, here at all events, ended? Not a short life and a merry one, but a full life working to the very end, taking pleasures lightly, enduring what comes, and ever with a bit of God's sunshine in the heart, ready to stand upright and answer



"PEAS, YOUR EXCELLENCY, AN' IF I WAS YOU, DIVIL
A WAN AV THEM I'D ATE, FOR THEY'RE
HARD AS BULLETS"

"Adsum" when the Great Schoolmaster calls his poor scholar.

THE SEVENTEENTH

THIS is Patrick's month, and it will not do to neglect the good Saint, for a gentleman he was, as we are often told, so, in his honor, fishing deep into the Pedlar's Pack, we find a few little "trawneens" of stories, small, slimy things—a word here, a jest there, which might serve to off-set, or lighten as it were the various contents of the heavier packages.

"We have heard much of the wrongs of Ireland," the miseries of Ireland, the crimes of Ireland," writes James Anthony Froude, "but every cloud has its sunny side"—and especially every Irish cloud. Who can mingle fun with flattery as well as the Irish peasant? An aged lady getting into a cab in Dublin said to the jarvey, "Help me in, my good man, for I am very old." "Begor, ma'am," said he, "no matter

what age you are, you don't look it." Two young ladies stopped to talk to an old man working in a potato field. Said one to him, "Mick, which of us would you take to be the elder?" "Ah, thin, ache of ye looks younger than the other," said the wily old gallant.

A pat answer to be given by a native of the Emerald Isle is only in the eternal fitness of things. A servant girl came to look for a place. "How long were you with Mrs. —?" asked the lady. "Shure, ma'am, three weeks." "And why did you leave?" "I couldn't get along wid th' misthress; she was ould and cranky." "But I may be old and cranky, too," said the lady. "Cranky ye may be, ma'am," answered Bridget, "for faces is sometimes decaving; but ould, niver!" Biddy got the place.

An Irish servant, having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited about a considerable time for the customary fee, but not finding it forthcoming, he said, "If me masther should say, 'Pat, what did the gentleman give you?' what would your honor have me tell him?"

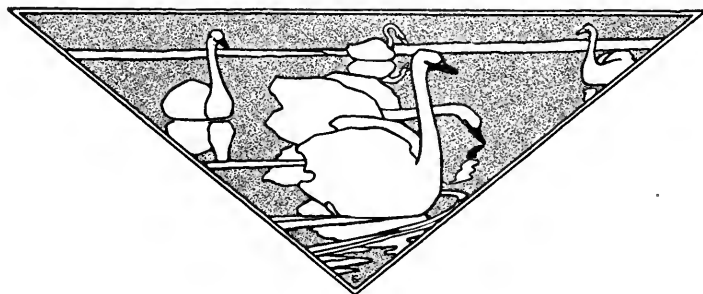
"Old White," one time house-steward of the Mansion House, Dublin, was a well-known character. He had a hot temper and a sarcastic tongue—a very Irish combination—and the Lord Mayor himself often felt the sting of both. White was once guilty of some neglect of duty, and was summoned before his master, who said, "White, I have borne with you in many things, but this complaint goes beyond my power of endurance. I've

just heard it from two members of the Corporation." "Faith," retorted White, "if I believed all that twinty town councillors an' aldermen say about you, it's little I'd think you were fit to wear the gould chain of the Lord Mayor of Dublin."

Lord Carlisle used to tell a story of his experience one time in Galway—my native place, by the way—when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The waiter who was appointed to attend to the wants of the Viceroy was very anxious to please. He passed remarks on every dish which he handed to his Lordship. "Pays, your Excellency," said he, handing him a dish of that excellent vegetable, "an' if I was you, the devil a wan iv thim I'd ate, for they're as hard as bullets." A lawyer, playing cards with some of his friends in the same hotel, dropped a pound note under the table, and discovering his loss as he was going to bed, returned to the room at once. The waiter met him with "Did you lose annything, sur?" "Yes, a pound note," answered the lawyer. "Here it is; I found it, an' begor, 'tis lucky for you that none of the gentlemen did."

Well, here's to her "annyway!" Old Ireland. Wherever they may be, her children passionately adore her. An Irish exile was at dinner in Paris. Someone proposed a toast of "The land we live in." "Aye, with all my soul," cried the Irishman, raising his glass. "There's to poor old Ireland."

Ladies, the Pedlar's Pack is empty.





Robson Black, the well-known Toronto dramatic critic, is in charge of this department in which appears the latest gossip about plays and players, criticisms of plays now on the Canadian stage, and announcement of things theatrical that will fall to Canada's share. The department will be illustrated by the latest photographs of well-known player folk.

GOING UP

IT SEEMED a shame to spread that "highest-flyer" yarn about Robert Street, who, after writing the best seller of the season, entitled "The Aviator," had retired to the town of Lenox, Mass., for one of those "well-earned-rests". But you could safely wager that when playwright James Montgomery transferred his novelist to a sleepy little hamlet, there was some dark conspiracy accumulating under his thinking cap. It appears that Robert's best-seller owed its popularity to a description of a thrilling flight through space in an aeroplane, over which fiction the world of sensation-mongers had gone stark mad. One day Street's best chum, a waggish youth, by name Hopkinson Brown, starts a rumor perambulating in Lenox that the flight described in the book was actually accomplished by the author himself, and that of all dare-devils and death-defying-demons that fellow Street was the most devilish and demoniacal. Brown's tale is coupled with a caution that the author's *modesty* is no less remarkable than his recklessness. Quickly the intelligence spreads, until Street finds himself the object of inquisitive eyes and so many curious attentions that his life in the

place becomes impossible. Fellow guests at the hotel ply him with admiring questions, only to be answered that he knows nothing of aviation, never was an aviator, never pretended to be. This reticence is of course ascribed to the hero's modesty as mentioned by Brown. Just at the moment when he thinks he has repelled his besiegers and gets a moment's peace, along comes Monsieur Gaillard, a genuine French aviator, bringing with him two aeroplanes. The townspeople and hotel guests seizing upon the opportunity for excitement plan an aerial race between the gentleman of the best-seller and the Frenchman. Someone, just to start things going, hires a local character, Sam Robinson, as the "mechanician" for Street's machine. Sam weighs exactly three hundred and fifty pounds, while Robert balances at about one-sixty with daily shrinkages due to horrible premonitions. Bravely but ineffectually the author protests against the clamor for the race.

"I am done with racing forever," he tells them. But they will not be put off with modest withdrawals; Street must meet his rival and uphold the honor of America. In his desperate moments, upon the eve of the contest, his sweetheart urges him to "lick the Frenchman".

"I weel-I-I!" declaims Robert, as only determined stage lovers can "weel".

The scene changes to an open field near the inn. Street is seen seated in an aeroplane. The crowd with a mighty cheer urges him to "beat his own record," and with great sinking of heart he assures them he already has (for the simple reason that he never before even *sat* in a flying machine).

No, Mr. Street doesn't soar through the Massachusetts air-lanes or take even a short whirl up to the second balcony. Neither does Gaillard. The race is called off and the hoax explained. What matter, anyway? Street wins his girl. And if the Man in any show gets *that* far, folks take it for granted they have seen a "drama" and go home with a chloroformed purse.

A WORD REGARDING "CHANTECLER"

LIKE very many coming events in the theatrical world, the novelty of the idea coupled with an aggressive press-campaign spread the name through every corner of the continent. While Paris for a time lionized Rostand and his unique dramatic child, and American milliners, card manufacturers and soda-fountain clerks helped things along by Chantecler inventions, I must humbly predict that the production in which Maude Adams has just been presented in New York will swallow a mint of money with meagre hope of reimbursement. It may reach Canada after a while, but I question the possibility of a "run."

The four acts relate the trials of the barn-yard monarch, Chantecler (the rooster), who gets it into his conceited head that unless he crows each morn the sun will not rise. Many conspirators in his domestic realm try without avail to break through his presumption, but their protests perish like arrows on armor-plate. In the midst of these petty quarrels the hen-pheasant leads him away and convinces him beyond a doubt that, crowing or no crowing, the majestic sun will rise each day. Chantecler takes the lesson stoically, and returning to his kingdom a chastened and humbler fellow, he resolves henceforth to sing each morn

to wake the sleepers who do not know the sun has risen.

But Miss Adams as Chantecler—I cannot do better than quote the lines of W. J. Lampton upon seeing our "Babbie" in a dress of feathers and spurs:

O Maude !
You, you of all, the gentlest,
Most sensitive, refined,
The pink of sweet perfections
In body, soul and mind;
You, you the very essence
Of every dainty thought
And action, out of woman
Most delicately wrought !
O Maude !
Superlatively feminine,
What demon of the drama
Possessed you that you should
Attempt to be a Rooster—
A Rooster, Maude, a ROOSTER !!!
And think that you'd make good !

GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD

THE mania for lionizing burglars, highwaymen and porch-climbers is miserably neurasthenic from any point of view. "Raffles," for instance, was a common arrestable crook who in real life would have had his taffy-locks clipped in St. Vincent de Paul or Sing-Sing. But, being Kyrle Bellew (pronounced Curl Bell-you, if you please, not Curly Ballo or Karl Below), he was hugged to the heart of half a continent. Now comes another: "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," by George M. Cohan and George Randolph Chester, both good workmen in their way, with far more credit to George the Second than George the First.

J. Rufus Wallingford was of that medium viciousness that can smug itself into honest people's confidence by a suit of Broadway tweeds and a face massage. He arrived one day in Battleburg, a rural community, in company with Blackie Daw, his brother-in-bunco, and forthwith began to hypnotize the folks into buying stock in a "sun-engine" company, which was to revolutionize the question of power. As a "feeler" they formed another company, presumably for the manufacture of a covered carpet-tack, a form of fastener that would match the design of the floor covering. As a third manipulation a new trolley line was trumped



MABEL TALIAFERRO

A young and successful star, whose reputation first bloomed in *Peep of the Circus*.

up, the schemers getting an option on a disused right-of-way.

Down flew the little god of Love one day to thwart these amusing designs of dishonesty. Wallingford finds himself falling in love with Fanny Jasper, a pretty little stenographer working at Battleburg, while Blackie turns his eyes fondly towards another unsophisticated child of the meadow. Admitting their burning inclinations one to the other, the "conviction" (or George Cohan's substitute for such) comes that flim-flamming and home-planning cannot legitimately travel the same road. Of the two prizes they choose the most human and inevitable. Now comes the sequel—and it is not so

humorous as to be ethically inoffensive. The knavery of Wallingford turns into a good fat profit. Of course the sun engine could never be expected to work, but not so with these covered carpet tacks which by an unaccountable 'fluke' of public demand, resolve into a potential gold mine. To brighten the rainbow, a railway company, fearing competition in the projected trolley line, buys up the right-of-way from the promoters at a fabulous sum. Rendered rich by this reversal of fortune, they assume the bonds of matrimony; and so concludes this sometimes laughable but forever innocuous preachment.



KATHLEEN PARLOW

A brilliant young Canadian violinist who, hardly as yet out of her teens, has succeeded in charming both Continental and Canadian audiences

GETTING A POLISH

SOMEWHERE in every comedy or farce running in New York at present is an unprogrammed actor, to wit: William Dollar, or more familiarly Dollar Bill. It seems that when an author makes his hero lose a million or his heroine wallow suddenly in golden guineas, he is certain of having a double-barreled theme, guaranteed to split a hickory skull at two hundred feet. Your Tired Business-Man may know or care nothing for the transmigration of souls, but he does know the price of liver-and-bacon. And when a Price is humanized, stuffed with clockwork, and made the task-master of men and women like ourselves, its capacity

for laughter or lamentation is truly phenomenal. Which brings us rather abstractly to "Getting a Polish," written by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, the two gentlemen who described the best Americans as self-confident boors in their plays, "The Man From Home," and "Foreign Exchange" a short time ago.

The curtain is going up!

Here we see the beautiful backyard of Mrs. Jim's boarding house in Yellow Dog, Montana. In this place through many jolly but monotonous years, Mrs. Jim (May Irwin) has kept the prune kettle stirred and the boarders' sox in a state of repair. Her chum on the place is John Blake, one of the large crop of "rough diamonds" that Tarkington and George Cohan assure us are grown only under the Stars and Stripes. It develops that Blake and Mrs. Jim have been working a gold claim between them with but little success. One day the mine gushes forth a ton or two of nuggets—after the fashion of stage mines—and in the elation incident to her new-found wealth, the boarding housekeeper starts for Europe to break down the gates of Society and enjoy the crown of glory. With her go Blake and her two charges, Georgiana and Henry—another pair of spotless Uncle Sammers. In Paris, Mrs. Jim is made the prey of innumer-

able society parasites, who "mark" her as about the most desirable and nutritious thing that ever landed at Calais. She listens to the proposal of one Clinton Van Stuyk, a heavy man, also a New York broker, residing in Paris for the benefit of a dislocated purse, and foolishly consents to become his wife. This angers poor old Blake who, for diplomatic purposes, suddenly pretends a deep devotion to Georgiana. But the latter is engaged to a young American named Kent. One can easily understand therefore how the tangle occurs.

Mrs. Jim arranges for a brilliant society function one evening—the sort of spread that old Blake would describe as "a knockout". But the lines of French aristocracy in their resentment of a bold and silly impertinence from this Yellow Dog person, close in tightly against her. Nobody turns up at the expensive reception, the wholesale ostracism bringing home to Mrs. Jim a realization of her folly. In the following scene with Blake, their mutual affection is for the first time and for all time pledged—and a sadder but wiser pair go back to Yellow Dog.

I gather, apart from the moments of amusement, that Booth Tarkington has a score to settle with Europe. Whether he is campaigning for the American immigration department or "get-

ting even" for some bill of extras in the Carlsbad or Biarritz hosteleries, I have been unable to learn. He most certainly is not in the service of The Drama.

A CANADIAN VIOLINIST

DID you ever hear of the old violin-maker—of Cremona, maybe, or some other craggy bit of Apennine cliff—who went out into the Italian woodlands where the great-leaved chestnuts and shaggy pines clung to the mountain-spurs, and chose his



ALLA NAZIMOVA

A Russian actress of singular grace and beauty, who by her Ibsen characterizations has established a large and select following both in Canada and the United States

violin-wood, masterwise, from the north side of trees ?

True ? Maybe; and maybe, like many another lovely legend, only a fancy of some dreamer's brain. But whether Guarnerius chose his material from the north or the south side of the trunk when he made Kathleen Parlow's fiddle, some centuries since, he could not have fashioned it for a better destiny than to sing under her fingers. Gifted with music—filled with music from her topmost strand of flying hair to the ends of her bow-arm's sensitive fingers, this young Canadian violinist has taken musical Canada by storm.

Born at Calgary, educated abroad, she has in her few short years played before Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace, studied in St. Petersburg with Leopold Auer, and won audiences through all the music-steeped and keenly critical cities of the Continent. This season, after a successful tour abroad, she has returned to the land of her birth, and her musical insight, brilliant technique and imaginative power have gained her a hearty welcome wherever she has played.

The picture of her slim girlish figure at Winnipeg the other night, her violin cuddled under her chin, and her music crying out across the sea of listeners, was one to be remembered long. Guarnerius would have been proud of his handiwork could he have risen from his narrow bed and heard the passionate notes of his violin blending with the singing tone of her favorite Canadian piano on the Winnipeg concert stage. And, listening, one could well believe that beyond the instruments one could faintly catch another music—the music of the patient, steadfast trees on the wind-beaten mountain side, learning through centuries of rack and storm to be violins.

THE CUB

I CAN call to mind only two vaudeville libels on the newspaper man. Both are recent. The black-face comedian coming before the footlights glanced shyly at the tin-woodman and exploded this:

"Wh-wh-what is de difference between a newspaper man and a journalist?"

"Why, how could I know what the difference is between a newspaper man and a journalist?"

"Wel-l-l," drawled the black-face, "a journalist wears a high hat and no sox, and borrows money from—de newspaper man."

That brings us to the third libel on the fraternity, entitled "The Cub," a piece of palatable impertinence, the sort of exposition on newspaper ethics that begins and ends with the emphasis on 'cheek'. This must, however, be construed by the reader as the mildest of criticisms, for if the cub reporter who is the play's hero were not of the don't-care-a-hoot class, nobody would have suffered him beyond the first act.

Now to get down to business. The Whites and the Renlows, two proud families of the Kentucky hill region, were at war over a sow worth less than a dollar-and-a-half. For twenty years this foolish feud has been in existence, accumulating bitterness and vengeful hate which at times registered its fury by a death or two.

This looks like the first chapter of "Ned, the Outlaw," I admit, but in the fabric of the play forms only its historical background, and is described in dialogue rather than simulated in action.

With a desire to investigate the trouble, the Louisville Courier-Journal sends into the troublesome district a cub reporter, Steve Oldham, whose innocence of the danger incurred is his most outstanding qualification. Steve arrives in Whitesburg at the moment that a grand jury, convened on behalf of the Whites, condemns several Renlows to death. Steve, as a member of the community, is forced to take sides, and with neck-saving sagacity chooses the camp of the Whites. As luck, or the playwright, would have it, there steps into the story a pretty young school-teacher, one of the Renlows, and after the manner of cub reporters, Steve falls in love. In such a dilemma, a certain Mister White selects an uncouth maudlin-pated daughter of his sheriff to yoke the newcomer from Louisville for the remainder of his days. That is the gate where the fun comes in. One

evening, at a truce dance, both factions meet at the school-house. The Whites have discovered that the reporter has betrayed them, and in their sanctified, gentle way, threaten to put him to death. But Steve, with that instinct for safety that makes the interviewer fetch his hickory umbrella into the irate politician's parlor,—he packs up his other collar, and scoots for the Renlows. Same luck again. Suspicious of his double play, the Renlows decide that Mr. Oldham is far better writing up the immigration office in Hades, and plan to hasten his change of residence. But with the crafty instinct of all stage reporters, our Cub sneaks out of the difficulty as innocently as he tumbled in, marries the pretty school-teacher, and with magical zeal and overpowering persuasiveness, which only a play-wright could furnish a man in such a raw emergency, he convinces the feudists of their folly in spilling blood and wasting energy over a dollar-fifty pig. And just at the moment of victory, along comes a notice of dismissal from his paper because his stories of the feud were mostly faked. Steve doesn't



DOROTHY CONNELLY

By her daringly accurate and finished depiction of the title part in *Madame X*, she has linked her name securely to Fame.

care. He has his girl, and anyway as he says: "I'm an optimist. If I fell from the top of a sixteen story building, I'd be likely when I reached the fourth floor to say: 'Well, I'm all right so far'."



ODDITIES OF THE GREAT

NAPOLEON never went on a lecture tour.

Julius Caesar did not keep a chauffeur.

Alexander the Great never sat for a photograph in his life.

George the Third was never known to eat grape fruit.

Shakespeare would not use a safety razor.

Goethe would not have a telephone in the house.

Cervantes would not ride on a railway train, preferring to travel by coach.

Christopher Columbus did not take a daily newspaper.

And Adam had a simply unconquerable aversion to having his house photographed by the travelling picture man.

WHICH?

Wanted at once: Salesmen in trunks. Apply fourth floor, Blank & Co.

Should one wear track clothes, or be delivered by the expressman?

A MEAT APPETITE

WHAT are you looking for?" we ask of the small boy who is eagerly scanning the trees and sky.

"I'm watchin' for the first robin," he explains.

"Ah! And will you receive a reward if you are the first to discover the primary harbinger of spring—the feathered songster whose blithe roundelay sounds to us a message of cheer and—"

"Naw!" he interrupts. "Pa said for

me to watch for it an' plug it with my sling-shot, an' then we'd have robin pie for dinner."

WELL—DO THEY?

I wonder if Pineapples get their name because they Pine,

Is the Monkey-wrench a cousin to the Ape?

I wonder if the Judges always think their business Fine?

Can a Horseradish Travel on its Shape?

I wonder if Claw Hammers have Nails upon their Claws,

Will the Missis—ippi never, never wed?

I wonder where it is that the luscious Paw-Paws Pause,

Did you ever see a Bed Spring out of Bed?

AT BRIDGE

"I saw a dreadfully good joke the other day," says the lady who is beginning to deal. "It was about a little girl who was asked what her mamma looked like, and replied that she never saw her mamma, because she was a suffragette."

After the laughter had subsided, the lady next to the dealer said:

"Well, I think a woman's place is at home, and not running around mixing with politics."

The bridge club had an unusually long session that afternoon but the prizes were magnificent.



CANADA MONTHLY



EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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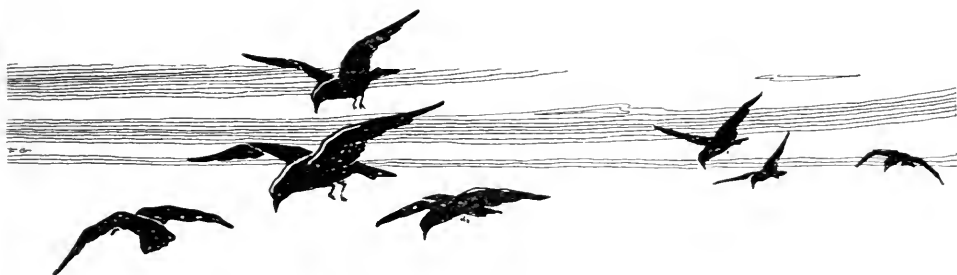
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THE CROWS

BY THOMAS A. DALY

. . . Caw! Caw! Caw!
When last we heard their cry,
These prophesying crows,
They flecked a leaden sky,
South-blown before the snows;
And down the whistling wind
Came winter's woes behind
Their caw! caw! caw!
Ne'er swelled a feathered throat
With half so sad a note.

. . . Caw! Caw! Caw!
The south hath blown them back.
With many a flashing wing
The blue's rain-sweetened track
Is augural of spring;
Again from out the sky
Floats down the raucous cry
Of caw! caw! caw!
But where's the feathered throat
That hath a gladder note?

"I DON'T SEE," SAID NORA WESTEMONDE
CAUSTICALLY. "WHY A GIRL CAN'T COVER
THE ASSIGNMENT AS WELL AS ANYBODY
ELSE,"



Drawing by Percy Edward Anderson to
illustrate *The Scarlet Strand*

See page 412

Money-Mad Farming

By Rex Croasdell

Illustrated with Photographs

I estimate that in wheat and flax alone the State of North Dakota is shipping out each year fertility to the amount of fifty million dollars. The same thing may come true of the farm lands of Western Canada, the conditions in the two countries being identical. No country can continue indefinitely to ship out its fertility. . . . The end must come at last.—PROFESSOR THOMAS SHAW.

AND what is the end! Look over the forty-ninth parallel and see. Soil that yielded thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre

under a too-easy system of agriculture ten years ago, now begrudges a scant average of less than nine; and the Dakota farmer must sweat to get even that miserable pittance. He is simply reaping what he has sown.

Slipshod farming is too often concomitant with cheap land and an extremely fertile soil. There were millions of acres of cheap land in the Dakotas—a few years ago; and the soil was rich. But cheap land served as a good enough excuse for shoddy farm-

ing; "extensive farming," some called it, but "shoddy" fits better and hits harder. Blinded by immediate gain, the hapless farmer could not see the pit

which he was digging for himself. Grain crop followed grain crop year by year; the necessary elements of fertility for grain production were taken from the soil and no return was made. The farmer lived upon his capital, wasted the soil's substance, and wondered in the after-years why production fell off. He ate his pie and kicked be-

cause he could not keep it also. The generation before him had done the same thing in the East. The lesson, graven deep across the barren acres of



PROFESSOR THOMAS SHAW



THE CANADIAN FIELD PEA, A NITROGEN-PRODUCING LEGUME, THRIVES WELL IN ALL PARTS OF THE WESTERN PROVINCES. THIS CROP WAS GROWN IN THE SWAN RIVER VALLEY

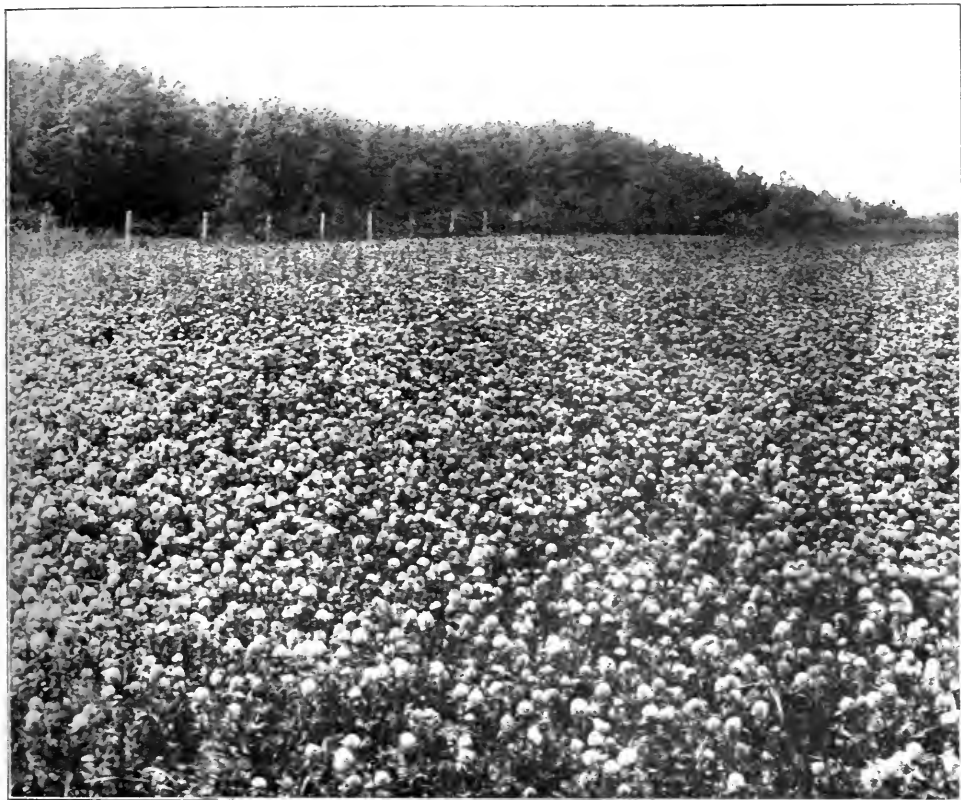
New England's exhausted farms, meant nothing to him or his kind. Does it mean anything to you?

Western Canada to-day has one too many things in common with the Dakotas of ten or more years ago. The one thing too many is the *soil-robber*—a species too often mistakenly tagged as the “pioneer farmer”.

What are you going to do about it? Yes! you, Mr. Canada West Farmer. This is addressed direct to you. You, the man who, in a few years' time, will either be eulogised as a true nation-builder, or derided as a wastrel—a profligate dissipater of your country's wealth. What are you going to do about it? You must not wait ten years to decide. Your neighbors tried that experiment and found it disastrous. The hard-bought experience of others is yours to profit by—if you will. Will you practice methods which will establish in permanency the wonderful fertility of your virgin soil and secure to you bigger net profits each successive

year; or do you prefer to squander your capital riotously now and suffer the pinch of a poverty-stricken soil later on? You may fatten for a while on the one-crop method of robbing the soil of its substance, but that way leads to the husks later on; and there will be no fatted calves to kill.

“But the land is cheap; and we're pioneer farmers opening up a new country,” you say. Gosh Almighty, we know you are pioneer farmers; the enormous saving to you, in the price of land, is your pay for opening up this new country. Go earn your wages! “But there isn't any need for better methods. Our farms are yielding big dividends; and besides, the land is most adapted for wheat growing,” say you. You point to your high average yields per acre—yields produced in spite of the folly of cropping wheat year after year. “What's biting this fellow anyhow?” you ask. I'm simply asking you to put two or three times more money in your jeans every year than



WHO SAYS CLOVER WILL NOT GROW WELL IN CANADA? THIS CLOVER FIELD GREW AND BLOSSOMED LAST YEAR IN MANITOBA. NEXT YEAR THE LAND WHERE IT GREW WILL PRODUCE A DOUBLE YIELD OF WHEAT

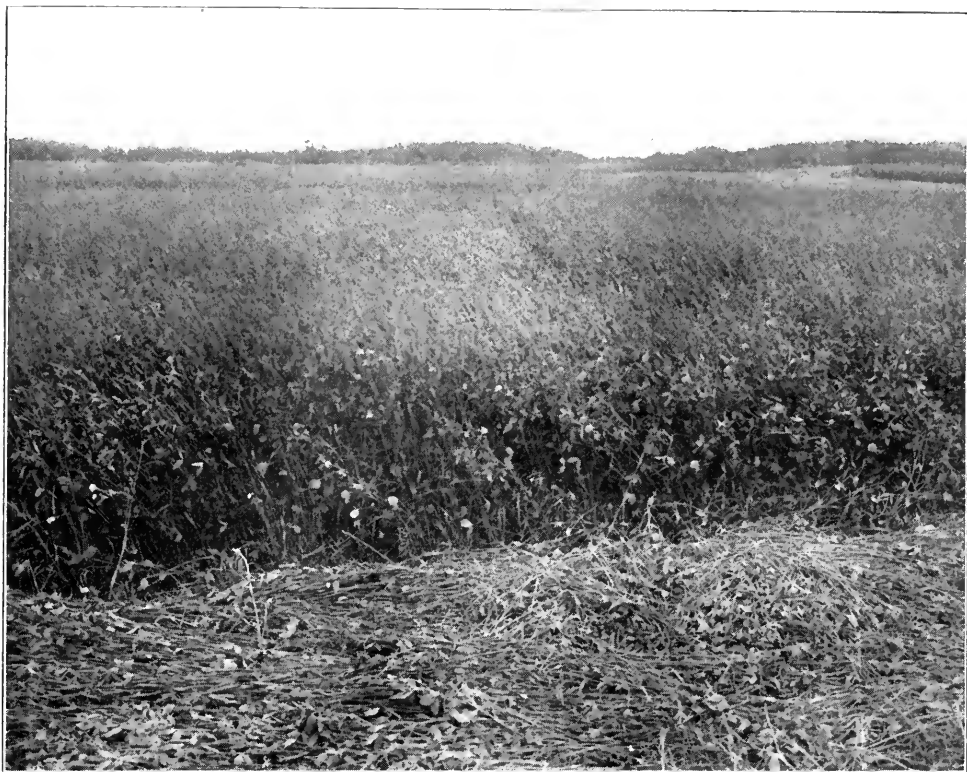
you are now—and to make sure that your sons and your sons' sons will be able to do as well. There can only be one remedy for money-mad farming—many of you are money-mad farmers—and that is a treatment which will clear your greed-blurred vision to see the paths which lead to greater and surer wealth. If love of country and forethought for posterity had any influence on you, the cry of the conservationist would not be heard in the land; there would be no need for his gospel.

The fault with your present system is sheer shiftlessness. You are copying the methods which have resulted in the agricultural bankruptcy of many countries which were once as good as yours. No one can deny that the Canadian West is eminently adapted for the growing of small grains. It would be foolish to contend that the wheat crop is not the axle around which the wheel of western wealth revolves. What is needed is a little more axle grease.

Don't let Prosperity Unlimited be held up by any old hot-boxes.

You cannot grow wheat year after year on the same land without a simultaneous impoverishment of the soil and a consequent diminution of the average yield. In a few years such a course will lead to barren acres and exhausted farms. A bushel of wheat takes about thirty cents' worth of fertility from the soil in which it was grown. This fertility is shipped out of the country along with the wheat but it isn't paid for. Thirty cents looks cheap, but view it in the aggregate. Figure the aggregate out for yourself at thirty cents on the bushel for the total yield last year from the prairie provinces. Millions of dollars look mighty impressive as they grow up from thirty cents under your own pencil's point.

The fertility which is shipped out of the country along with the wheat doesn't represent the total loss by any means. The elements of fertility which wheat



CLOVER AND TIMOTHY TOGETHER MAKE THE BEST SORT OF FODDER. BOTH FLOURISH ON THE PRAIRIES AS THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF A READY-TO-CUT FIELD SHOWS

takes from the soil are just those elements which bind the soil together. Look out some windy day over land which has been cropped year in, year out, for a few years. Mighty dusty, isn't it? The soil *does* "blow" after the money-mad farmer has had his way with it for a few years, doesn't it? That kind of loss might represent many times thirty cents to the bushel.

Yet you can keep all this fertility at home and more along with it; increase your aggregate annual production of wheat from the same acreage; reap richer dividends from your capital and labor outlay; and establish yourself and posterity in a fixed prosperity. How? By applying the axle grease. You don't have to stop the merry whirl of the wheel of wealth to do it. Only a slight modification of your present system of farming is necessary. A rotation crop every fourth year will completely change the complexion of things—and mark this well now, a rotation crop every fourth year is an

absolute necessity if you are to retain for your own profit the fertility of your soil.

Small grains thrive on nitrogenous matter in the soil; they cannot grow without it. It is the presence of enormous quantities of nitrogen in the virgin soils of Western Canada that has given the territory its pre-eminence as a producer of wheat. Wheat is profligate in its consumption of nitrogen. If wheat is grown year after year the nitrogen which it consumes in its growth must be put back into the soil sooner or later. Nitrogen is the first essential to wheat production. The farmers of the United States shipped it away with the wheat from their lands; they are now putting it back on wheatlands in the form of commercial fertilizers at a cost to them of over fifty million dollars per year. Expert chemists estimate the present value of nitrogen as $16\frac{1}{4}$ cents per pound. As far back as the early nineties, eighty billion pounds of nitrogenous material entered into the crea-



THE SAME FIELD AFTER HARVEST. THE FINEST WINTER FEED IN SASKATCHEWAN IN COCKS
READY FOR THE HAY RACK AND THE STACK

tion of one harvest in the United States. *Three Billion and Four Hundred Million Dollars' worth of nitrogen to produce one harvest.* Does it get you? Do you begin to realize why you should begin to conserve the store of nitrogen in your soil? The United States wheat farmer wasted his store of nitrogen; he exported it with his wheat and now imports it at so much real money per pound. You will not be able to buy nitrogen that way. The commercial nitrogen supply is limited. Already a "nitrogen famine" has been predicted. The prediction is soundly based upon a comparison of the present visible supply with the yearly increasing demand. You have many billions of dollars' worth of nitrogen in Western Canada. Keep it there.

If it were shown to you that you could not only retain the priceless stores of nitrogen but greatly enlarge them and at the same time increase your annual production of wheat without breaking another acre or reducing your

present profits, would you do it? It can be done. Easy. See here: wheat takes nitrogen from the soil; clovers, alfalfa, vetches and field peas put it back at a ratio of about three to one. Introduce a nitrogen producing crop into the rotation every fourth year and you've solved the riddle. Now! listen to the howl. "But that means the loss of a wheat crop." It does *not* mean the *loss* of a wheat crop! The cry that proper rotation means a halt in wheat production has no excuse for its existence. It is the simplicity of the crop rotation method which is the greatest obstacle to its adoption. Because the remedy is palatable few consider it efficacious. You can rotate and yet continue to grow wheat each year if you must. Rotate by instalments if you haven't courage or generosity enough to put your land all under a rotation crop at one time. In any case, the rotation crop will so largely increase the yield from the three succeeding crops of wheat that you will never be

able to tell from your bank book that a year was skipped. The rotation simply means a proper preparation of the seed bed for the succeeding grain crops.

Here, listen to this, quoted verbatim from the latest bulletin on the subject published by the Department of Agriculture at Washington:

The Farmer's Co-operative Demonstration Work now carried on in twelve States, employs 375 travelling agents, and has many thousands of demonstration farms. It is proving by results on thousands of farms that preparation of the soil so as to make the best seed bed adds 100 per cent. to the average crop on similar lands with an average preparation in the old way; that the planting of the best seed makes a further gain of 50 per cent.; and that shallow, frequent cultivation produces an increase of another 50 per cent., making a total gain of 200 per cent., or a crop three times the average crop produced on those farms where the plan and methods of demonstration work have not been adopted.

Think of it. *A crop three times the average.* And all you have to do is to make a little better seed bed, exercise a little more care in the selection of your seed, and do a little cultivating. But the seed-bed must be properly prepared. It is more than half way to the production of a three-times-better crop. Remember—*the proper preparation of the seed bed.* Fix your soil so that it is in the best possible shape for the germination of the seeds which you wish to grow in it. You want to grow wheat. You must have a wheat seed-bed.

You know now that the most essential element of plant food for the proper and full germination of wheat seed is nitrogen. You know that the continual cropping of wheat robs the seed bed of nitrogen. You know that you must, from time to time, put the nitrogen back. What you don't seem to know is that a leguminous crop—clovers *et al.*—will put into the soil sufficient nitrogen to give the highest possible germination to three successive crops of wheat. If you do know it, more shame to you for not acting up to the light that is within you. How to maintain and increase present fertility should be your most urgent question. The answer is—legumes. Legumes once every four years will give you an increase of 100 per cent. on all the

between times grain crops. At least five crops for the cost of three in time and trouble. A four years' rotation and general diversified farming is, of course, the ideal system. But this is not a revolutionary article. You are only asked for the half-loaf; and if you give it, there will never come to you a more certain vindication of the wisdom of casting bread upon the waters. You want more money; take it. Take it from the soil which you are now robbing.

Some advocates of the ruinous methods of continual grain cropping may point to the example set by Egypt. They will say, and say with truth, that Egypt has been sowing and reaping the same crops on the same land since before the Exodus without any visible diminution of yield up to the present day. Such advocates will say that their own methods must be right because they have been established by many thousands of years of usage. But they ignore entirely the physical conditions which have made it possible—and profitable—for the Egyptian farmer to continue the one-crop principle interminably. The River Nile overflows its banks every year, flooding all the cultivated sections and depositing in its silt more than a pound of nitrogen to every bucketful of water which the eager earth sucks in. The waters of the Nile contain more nitrogen, in available form for plant food, than any other waters of the earth; 1.7 per cent. is the chemical analysis. If you want to duplicate the methods of Egyptian agriculture, you must also duplicate the physical features which make such practice possible. Put into the Saskatchewan, and your other rivers, a few million dollars' worth of nitrogen a year; erect a many-million dollar irrigation plant, which will imitate Egypt's yearly baptism of fertility; and then cry "What's good enough for Egypt is good enough for us". One money-mad farmer volunteered the information that he knew of farms in England upon which wheat had been grown continually for fifty years and maintained an average yield of 12½ bushels per acre. He didn't know if commercial fertilizers had been



COWS IN CLOVER. A BUNCH OF SLEEK ALBERTA CATTLE IN AN ALFALFA FINISHING-PASTURE GETTING THE LAST POUNDS OF MEAT ON THEIR RIBS

applied. His statement is given to you without confirmation, but there is no necessity to question its truth. The men who work the 12¹/₂ bushel per acre land are only one-third farmers. The average yield from all the wheat-lands of England is 32.2 bushels per acre, an average which has hardly varied for over half a century. The shiftless farmers over there—the one-third variety—like their lazy brethren round about your place, are content with their miserable little yield provided that they can secure it with the expenditure of very little brawn and much less brain. There is some little excuse for the 12-bushel man there. He is, invariably, a poverty-ridden renter with nothing more than a lease-hold interest in the fertility of the soil which he insults by his shoddy methods of cultivation. It is the men who have a self-interest in the conservation of the fertility of their farms, who, by thorough methods get thirty-five and forty-five bushel yields and keep England's wheat average up to 32.2 bushels per acre. You own your farm.

It represents your capital. Are you going to live on the substance or bring up the interest to a profit-yielding figure every year?

Let's get back to the legumes. The methods of Egypt are not practicable here. We're in the promised land now. Why legumes? Because nitrogen *must* go back to the soil. It is of no use looking to artificial fertilizers to make up the loss; you have already learned that there will be no commercial nitrogen in a very few years. Nature has provided an illimitable store of nitrogen in the air; and Nature has also provided a ridiculously simple process by which the free atmospheric nitrogen may be fixed in the soil and made available for the sustenance of growing grain crops. Wheat is the most gluttonous consumer of nitrogen; hence wheat must be fed nitrogen in the largest possible rations. It was the Romans, two thousand years ago, who discovered that a leguminous crop—clovers, alfalfa, field peas and such like—would put back into the soil the substance which wheat demanded for its

fullest growth. They did not ask the reason why, they just rotated clovers with wheat. It was left for that eminent soil scientist Hellriegel to discover the underlying cause which produced the magical effect. In 1886 he convinced the scientific world that the little root nodules which are discernible on leguminous plants are caused by families of many millions of a peculiar bacteria. His experiments proved that the action of these bacteria enabled the plants of legumes to draw the nitrogen from the air and fix a very generous surplus in the soil. The scientific gentlemen got busy immediately. By scientific computation, based on the results of experiments in the field extending over several years, they have established this fact—one crop of legumes, such as red clover and alfalfa, vetches and field peas, will collect from the air and fix in the soil sufficient nitrogen to give three bumper yields of wheat the three following years. Not a stingy twelve-bushel-to-the-acre yield but a great big purse-busting bumper crop, three times hand running. And the fertility of the soil continues to multiply.

Will you do it? Will you preserve for your own profit and posterity's gain the wonderful fertility of your virgin soil? Will you drop out from the ranks of the Shoddy Brigade and become a real farmer, producing real crops, and with a real big bank balance?

There can be no practical doubt about the possibility of growing legumes in Western Canada. Professor Thomas Shaw has been all over the territory between Winnipeg and Edmonton. He has scientifically examined the soils and climate of the districts. He has carried out the same exhaustive investigations in the Goose Lake, Prince Albert and Carrot River territories, and has probed into the soils between Regina and Saskatoon. He speaks with absolute knowledge and authority. He says that the soils of the districts he has examined are adapted to the growth of nitrogen-producing legumes. He states positively that even where the precipitation may not suffice for the fullest growth of red clover, alfalfa will flourish.

The presence of volunteer pea-vines in many districts testifies to the soil's adaptability to the growth of legumes without any inoculation. And even where inoculation may be necessary it is very simple. A few cents' worth of "culture" will inoculate a bushel of seed; and let it here be understood that a series of practical tests have proved that the most certain method of inoculation is by a direct application of the "culture" to the seed itself. Twenty-five cents sent to the laboratory of bacteriology at Guelph in Ontario will bring you enough "culture" to inoculate sufficient seed to sow six acres.

The Government of Saskatchewan is pushing this alfalfa proposition. The Minister of Agriculture will hand you six hundred dollars to spend where, when and how you like, if, within three years, you can show the best ten-acre field of alfalfa in your district. You'll have about a dozen chances at this easy money. There are several thousands of dollars held in trust by the Minister of Agriculture for distribution amongst those farmers, who, by the season of 1914, can show a first-class crop of alfalfa standing on a ten-acre plot. The leading capitalists of the country are backing the Government, and contributions are piling up a tempting looking total of prize-money. The Minister will give you all the details if you'll drop him a note to-night after chores are done.

The thing started this way. The Minister of Agriculture was at a convention of agriculturists in Regina about a year ago. There were a few men at the convention, and somebody—the Minister is suspected—led the talk away from the all-wheat craze and suggested alfalfa as a cure for the evil. The wise men knew you would have to be coaxed, so a subscription was started. Within a few months nearly seven thousand dollars were in the kitty, and the Government announced that entries were open.

Saskatchewan has been divided into four sections, and several prizes will be given in each. There's a chance for big money in it. Do you want to show your neighbor that you can raise stuff

better'n he can? Do you want to call a bet of six hundred to nothing that you can't raise alfalfa that'll make Jan Peterson's ten acres look like a marble slab? Remember, this is no coupon collecting or dot-counting scheme. It is a competition; a Government backed competition to stimulate better farming throughout Saskatchewan. The Government experts know that a few thousand dollars invested in the promotion of alfalfa culture will yield a many-hundred per cent. dividend in increased wheat yields and enhanced land values. Write to the Minister of Agriculture about it. He'll tell you!

As to the value of the clover or alfalfa crop itself—it would almost make the greed-blinded one-crop farmer forget his precious wheat. Clover under decent cultivation yields two tons per acre per crop of the richest and highest-priced hay produced. It yields two crops a year. Alfalfa, requiring much less attention—its cultivation is almost negligible—yields four

or five, a still heavier crop, and may be cut three times each year. Figure out your profits for yourself. Clover or alfalfa hay, fed to stock, makes values on the hoof go aviating; and at the same time reduces the cost of raising beef. If you don't want to raise beef, and all your neighbors are as one-sided as yourself, you don't need trouble about a market for your hay. Plow it under and sell it as wheat next year. This process will double your yield the following year and give you a soil simply saturated in fertility.

Whichever way you look at it, the odds are in favor of rotation. The one-crop-continuously idea is a swindle. You cannot afford to keep it up. You are losing money by it. Others have paid dearly for knowledge which is yours for nothing if you'll take it. Quit kicking against the prickles; let the scales of greed drop from before your eyes.

And, for the land's sake, start rotating.

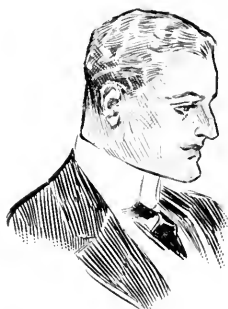
NIGHT

BY MARY GARVIN

A WHIRR of whizzing wings.
 A flash of white,
 A sound of flying things,
 A shaft of light,
 A shadow on the hills,
 A zephyr's sigh,
 Murmur of distant rills,
 Lo! Night is nigh.

Low in the crimson west,
 A greyness creeps;
 Soft, in Cybele's breast,
 The primrose sleeps;
 Myriads of stars appear
 In azure dome,
 Scintillant, bright and clear—
 Lo! Night is come.

The SCARLET STRAND



BY EDWARD B. WATERWORTH
ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

CHAPTER I.

STEVE BRADY, of the Leader, pacing contentedly up and down the long sheds of the station, beside the Pullman in which his valise was already deposited, drew a sigh of relief at thinking of getting away from Montreal for at least a fortnight, and on a sensational news item. Then he removed the cigarette from his lips with a broad grin as he hailed two approaching figures.

"Another city editor has fallen for the story, George?" he queried.

Thompson of the Tribunal smiled back as he and the photographer, John Emmett, divested themselves of a couple of suit cases, a gun case and a photographic outfit, which the porter seized with ardor and carried into the car, scenting a possible paying trip at this fag end of the season.

"Yes," he said, "they fell for it; and they told me to stick to it, too."

He had reached for the open box of cigarettes Brady had extended, half turning to do so. Then all three broke into a laugh. For another figure was coming down the long shed, under the brilliant glare of the arc lights, a toiling boy bringing along laboriously a couple of heavy valises.

"Even the Investigator sends a man out," cried Brady. "Going to take a member of the psychical research society along with you, Swanson?"

Eric Swanson signalled the boy to turn over his burdens to the porter, who grasped them with fervor upon seeing this addition to the party, and smiled genially.

"Pretty soft, isn't it," he responded, "to get a trip out there just this time of the year? Why, this late in the fall, although you have plenty of frost, it's as fine a place to rest as a man would want. Yes, we're all in the same boat, I reckon. By the way, are you fellows going to stop at the Brandt cottage?"

Brady nodded.

"He's given us the keys; and that's the place where the werewolf has been seen," he replied.

"Now, if we only had a man from the Times along," said Thompson, "the family party would be quite complete."

"Maybe he'll come yet," suggested Emmett.

"All aboard, gentlemen," called the conductor, casting a casual glance at the long folding tickets the four had given him, and waving a hand at the engineer, who could be seen leaning out of the cab window far up through the murk of smoke and past the long vista of Pullmans; "we'll get her off nicely on time."

"Well," said Brady, as he glanced over the sleeper, of which himself and his companions were the sole occupants,

"this must be a losing time of the year in the passenger line. And just think, boys, here we are—four men, reported normally sane—at least, we haven't been sent to the county observation ward, taking a trip to work up a mid-century superstition within call of civilization on every hand. I can't imagine how the old man stood for it, though it tickles me to death. I don't think there's anything in it. But even a good newspaperman can make mistakes."

And the rest of the party, being of the same profession, nodded in grave acquiescence, seeing nothing humorous in the remark.

"When a self-made millionaire drops his pet project as Brandt has done, and takes his whole family away from an estate he wanted to make a rival to those in the East, there must be something in the story," said Thompson slowly. "Of course, I don't believe in this rot handed out to us. Yet he isn't a man to get frightened. I suppose we've all got the same facts. He said that, ever since the papers had been making so much fun of the thing, especially about his coming back early, that he wanted the truth stated. And he said we could use his new house up there, where all this has occurred, and camp out in it until we settled it, if there was anything to settle."

The four had drifted into the smoking room, gazing at the lights of the railroad yards as the train rolled slowly through the suburbs, and, although they met on assignments nearly every day, each one recognized by instinct that when men who occupied their respective positions on the staffs of their papers were sent out on what seemed an absurd errand, that the managing editors must have felt convinced that the repeated tales coming from the West were true. Each, with a similar instinct, was guarded in his conversation, their joint mission being referred to in a most general way.

Brady, heavy set and with smooth-shaven, jocular face and sandy hair, looked just what he was—one of the best police reporters in the city. George Thompson, of the Tribunal, rather tall, spectacled, and having the

air of a student rather than that of a really active worker, wiry in frame and possessed of more than the average muscle, could hardly have been recognized as one of the leading political reporters of Montreal. Emmett, also, was known as a good man in his calling. He was medium in build, dark of complexion, and wore an air of lassitude due to his long custom of standing quietly by while the reporter with whom he covered his assignment arranged details. But the others knew that in emergency he could take the initiative as quickly as any man, and that it was because of this quality that he had been selected for the mission.

Eric Swanson was large-boned and powerful, with the clean, babyish soft face and the mild blue eyes of an infant. But he had proved his worth sufficiently to let his associates know what his superior officers thought of the journey on which they were sending him. The other reporters realized this at once, and a more alert attitude was apparent in each.

Newspaper men, turned loose on what they regard as a virtual holiday, and each with a liberal expense account, thaw quickly after an hour in the buffet car. The button to summon the porter was not overlooked, and, after the white-suited waiter had removed the final dishes, the topic of their errand was brought up.

"I don't know whether you fellows have any plans or not," said Thompson, "but I take it we all start from Ste. Louise the morning we arrive."

"Iroquois is the better starting point," responded Brady, ringing for some more Scotch. "it's just around the bay, and the road which leads past Cross Village and beyond that old monastery that used to be there will take you to the point we want to reach after one or two cut-offs. Brandt told me there weren't much provisions in the house, although the cooking utensils were there, and I imagine the place is fitted up in magnificent style, even though he didn't have time to complete it."

"Suppose, as we're all on the same trip, that you tell me what it's all about," said Emmett. "I was shipped

out of the office in a hurry without knowing the facts."

"Well," said Swanson slowly, gazing out of the window as the train flew along, the houses in the farming region showing only a streak of light here and there, until a town was reached and passed, "it's a funny business. Years ago, over in the old country, my old grandmother told me of such a thing. I'd forgotten it in Canada. But it comes back to me now how she used to describe it. She used to take me on her knee and tell me of were-wolves—of ghouls—of vampires—until I would be afraid to go to my room in

the dark. They were kind, the old people. I know they believed it all themselves, and maybe only told us to keep the children at home at dark—for we had no lights in our little town. But now it all crops up in Canada, the most progressive country in the world."

"Before you go any further," said Emmett, "tell me about this were-wolf. I'm supposed to take photos of it, you know."

"Were-wolf or werewolf," answered Swanson, still dreamily, "varulf, we call it; loup-garou, the French say. It's all the same. It's part of the lore of every country. Centuries and cen-

turies ago they thought a man could turn himself into a varulf and then he would prey on human flesh. They always killed a man in those days if

he was suspected of being one. They say in the wild northern forests, in the Middle Ages, that many persons went mad just out of sheer solitude, and I suppose their appearance and their brutish instincts led to the belief. They were always killed when found. But the belief lasted. In this day, there's many a town in Brittany where the child won't put his head out of doors at night for fear of the loup garou. They think it



"BRADY IS RIGHT," SAID SWANSON SLOWLY. "IT IS THE BELIEF AMONG THOSE WHO FEAR THE WERE-WOLF THAT THE BULLET MUST NOT ONLY BE SILVER, BUT MUST BE MARKED WITH THE CROSS"

proof against injury—something infernal. Something that could turn itself back into the shape of a man and go out at night to destroy the unsuspecting."

"What's all that got to do with our assignment?" asked Emmett, impatiently. "I don't see where the loup garou or whatever its name is, would look any different from any other wolf. If we can get the story I'll bet they can get just as good a photo at any Zoo and spring it in as the genuine thing."

"That's where you're mistaken, Johnny," retorted Brady, with the impressive authority of the man who has taken a trifle too much, "they've

got a different version on the borders of France. It's more on the vampire order—an idea that the werewolf takes the shape of a man to fool little children out late—he is strong on kids as an article of diet. They say in Gascony the idea is that he takes the form of a priest—always lame. But he cannot avoid having the hands and the feet of a wolf. So he is always muffled in a long cloak, his fangs show when he talks and he tries to conceal his feet in men's shoes. The encyclopedia I got all this in at the Public Library," he added. "said that the lame priest described was

always seen after nightfall and always 'hripled in the left leg.'"

"Maybe I can make it plainer," said Thompson. "Here's Henry Brandt, who has made his pile and has become interested in forestry—he's the keynote of the story. He has established a big summer home, far out of the usual resort region, north of Iroquois, but around the point that juts out into the lake. I believe you can see the Mink Islands from there. There is tract after tract of stump land that has been cut over. There was plenty of unoccupied land when he bought it, and he bought it all. He's got an immense estate in the rough, and last spring he started improvements on it for the

first time. I understand his house is barely completed. He had the soil analyzed and found he could make experiments in forestry on these big vacant tracts, just as he picked it up touring Germany.

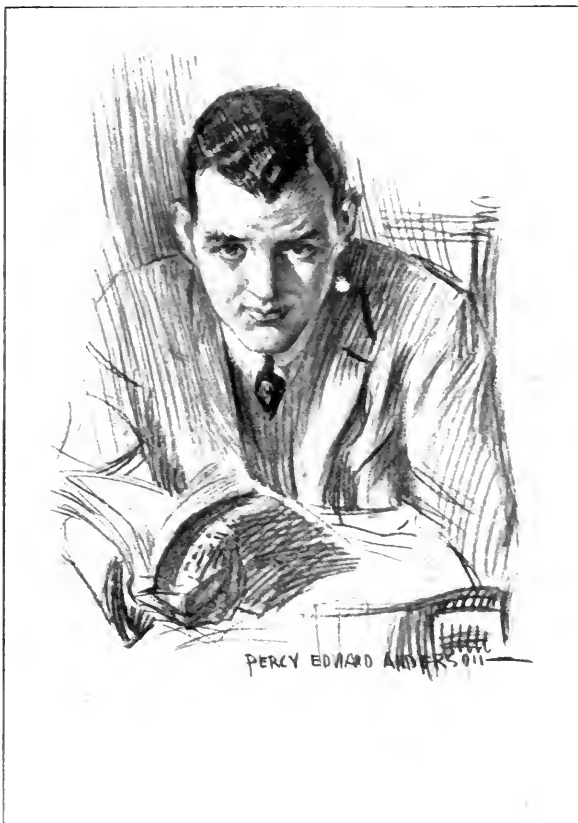
"Now, any region of this size is apt to be wild. This railroad doesn't take us within thirty miles of it. We must reach there by boat or wagon. The little towns, like Indian Village, Cross Village and so on, within fifteen miles or so of there, have lots of Indian residents. Many of them are French-Canadians, although plenty are half-breeds. But they are all

badly scared now. They've the idea too, that there's a werewolf up there. They have been stampeding in from their little houses in the clearings into the villages, at the stories the country correspondents sent in first. I remember wiring back to our man at Ste. Louise asking if he had gone crazy. But there was no changing them. Finally, some papers commenced to handle the story, and we've all had to get busy."

"But what has all this to do with anything in my line?" asked Emmett, impatiently.

"You're to photograph the wolf," said Brady.

Thompson interposed again.



"SUPPOSE, AS WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME TRIP, THAT YOU TELL ME WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT," SAID EMMETT

"The thing's this," he said thoughtfully, "no one believes in these absurd fears of the Indians. But there's something wrong up there. When the sheriff's report was sent from Iroquois to-night, that an Indian man and a girl had been found dead in the thickest part of the woods, miles apart, the editors got busy. We'll find that region pretty barren of Indians, I reckon. And when a hard-headed man like Henry Brandt closed up his summer home a few days ago and came down here, you can see there's something to look into. He says his wife and elder daughter went into hysterics over something they saw one night. He says they were even afraid to drive back the thirty miles or so along the road in their auto. They insisted on going by lake. They said they never wanted to see the woods again. So he brought them down in his motor boat. And when the papers commenced commenting on the matter in a jocular way, he said to go up and look for ourselves. There's something behind it all, Emmett."

"Probably some beast escaped from the menagerie or a big dog who has felt the 'call of the wild,'" said Emmett scornfully.

"There's one reason why the doctors who examined the bodies dispute that," remarked Swanson quietly.

"Why?" asked Emmett.

"Because they say no human hands—nor hands like those of Edgar Allen Poe's gorilla in his story—could have inflicted wounds like those," responded the big Swede, reaching for another match.

Emmett puckered his brows very thoughtfully. Then he shook his head. "Well," he said resignedly, "we'll just have to wait and see. Anyhow, a bit of fresh air will do us all good. I tell you, I was tickled to think of getting away from the city grind for a while."

Brady, in the mean-

time, had commenced to nod his head and show signs of falling asleep in his seat.

"Wake up, Steve; it's time to turn in," said Swanson, shaking him by the arm. Brady straightened himself up, but Emmett made no attempt to move. He simply gazed thoughtfully at Swanson.

"If it's anything wild running around up there, I'm glad I brought my gun," he said.

"It's a fat lot of good your gun's going to do you," broke in Brady sleepily. "Don't you know this kind of wolf has to be shot with a silver bullet, blessed by the priest and sprinkled in holy water?"

"What ammunition firm puts out that line of goods?" asked Emmett



"THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE MISTAKEN, JOHNNY," ANSWERED
BRADY WITH IMPRESSIVE AUTHORITY

satirically. "I'm afraid they won't stand for me shooting silver bullets when I turn in my expense account at the office."

Thompson smiled slightly, but Swanson remained grave.

"Brady is right," he said slowly. "It is the belief among those who fear the loup-garou that the bullet must not only be as Steve describes, but must also be marked with the cross."

Emmett glanced at Swanson with puckered brows. He saw that the superstitions of centuries of ancestors had been re-awakened. And he decided to let the matter go for the even-

ing. Already it was late, and the waiter was yawning sleepily in the corner.

"Well," he said abruptly, "let's turn in, then; Steve is drowsing off again."

Thompson and Emmett, after a brief pondering as they lay in their darkened berths over the strange nature of the errand to which they were assigned, were lulled gradually to rest by the rocking of the car. Only Swanson did not sleep. He had pulled up the curtain of his berth, and, as he lay on his side, gazed out of the window on the grey moonlight. And, as he pondered, with his old Scandinavian recollections stirring within him,

he felt a thrill of something—some feeling which may have been akin to that of his ancestors in the days when such eerie legends as they had been

discussing originated.

"We don't know everything," he said at last. Then he, too, turned over and went to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

IT WAS early in the cool morning that Thompson found an addition to their party. Waiting at Ste. Louise for the local train around the Bay, having decided to eat breakfast at one of the local hotels which kept open even after the "resorters" season had closed, he had

busied himself in attending to the affairs of the quartet.

He had collected the grips, and after receiving the effusive thanks of the porter for gratuities bestowed, the four had wended their way to a hostelry maintained at that time of the year chiefly for the benefit of the occasional traveling salesman. Thompson then turned to see that the baggage was checked on the local train around the Bay. He started to walk through the lobby to the clerk's desk, then stopped in astonishment. For, writing busily at one of the desks along the sides of the big apartment, was a girlish figure which seemed familiar. The brown hair curling over the collar of the light



"THE THING'S THIS," INTERPOSED THOMPSON, "NOBODY BELIEVES IN THOSE ABSURD FEARS OF THE INDIANS, BUT SOMETHING'S WRONG UP THERE"

brown outing suit she wore, the poise of the head, the busy fashion in which she was writing with a pencil instead of a pen, a point which had first attracted his notice, impelled him to pause for a moment. Then he stepped abruptly forward.

"Miss Westemondel!" he exclaimed.

Nora Westemonde, of the Times, glanced up quickly from the pad of paper on which she was scribbling and gave a cry of astonishment.

"Mr. Thompson," she exclaimed, "who ever would have thought of running against you here? Isn't that the proper thing to say under such circumstances?"

Thompson, who had grasped her hand and was shaking it heartily, gazed into the brown eyes that met his laughingly and smiled in reply.

"The minute I saw a young female handling a pencil instead of a pen and, moreover, making use of a copy pad," and he pointed to the block of coarse paper on which she was writing, "instead of the hotel stationery, I recognized a kindred professional."

"Copy paper is surely a giveaway," the girl replied, glancing at the notes she had been writing. "I got in late last night."

"You mean you are going home from your vacation?" asked Thompson. "I haven't seen you around the city for some time."

"Not going home—for the present," she responded. "I took a train from Montreal in the morning, early. I'm here on an assignment."

"What's there to assign to?" enquired Thompson.

She looked at him for a moment in silence, then responded:

"Why, the same thing you must be on. The werewolf story, of course."

"Great Heavens," exclaimed Thompson, "did they send a girl out on a stunt like this?"

"I don't see why a girl can't cover it as well as anyone else," was the caustic reply.

"Oh, I don't mean that," said Thompson hurriedly, "it's simply a case of the conditions. Why, all of us came with equipment for the wilds. I understand the nearest town is far

away—it's thirty miles north of Iroquois, you know. I hear there are no houses in the place we have to visit except this place of Brandt's on a big estate—and I came up with Brady, Emmett and Swanson—we intend to camp out there for a time. We think that's the best point to run down this story. I was just wondering where you would find a base of operations to work from."

Nora bit her pencil thoughtfully.

"I've found this town a base for one bit of news already," she said, smiling. "The conductor of the local train brought word that another Indian had reached Iroquois this morning with more wild tales of what he had seen. I was just writing the story. I have been up since six o'clock," she added simply.

"Well, you certainly get on the job early," said Thompson admiringly. "But is this a 'scoop' I'm hearing of? Or is it common property?"

"Oh, it will be common property before noon," she answered. "The whole district up here has been excited over this thing. For two or three days deputies have been roving around up there in the wilds, but haven't found anything, and scout at the story. I think they have all been recalled to save the expense to the county. You can read that stuff of mine if you want, and send a little of it in. It tells what the Indian said."

Thompson picked up the sheets and glanced over them casually.

"Distinctly saw claws instead of hands — hum — hum — spectre was wrapped in what seemed to be a long black cloak—hum—hum—face not that of a hum an being,—and so on—well," he said, turning to the girl, "I've seen boxing matches where neither man had the face of a human being. And I've seen hands like claws, too. Is there any objection to the other boys knowing of this?"

"Not a bit," she responded cheerfully. "Just go as far as you like. But, tell me, Mr. Thompson, what is your plan of campaign?"

"I don't exactly know as yet," answered Thompson, scowling thoughtfully. "We've decided to go up to Brandt's place. That means we'll

have to buy provisions at Iroquois and go north from there some way. We intend to make Brandt's home our headquarters. But just how we can cover the ground remains to be seen. I've never been in that part of the country."

"I drove up to Cross Village once," the girl remarked, "and it's wild enough in some districts there for almost anything to happen. But I had hardly expected to find that the residents around here were so densely ignorant of the matter. All seem to treat it as a kind of joke. Even one of the clerks I spoke to last night just smiled. He said that was what came of making the Indians be temperate. That instead of drinking whiskey, they drank coal oil or fusel oil and commenced to see things."

An uproarious shout of welcome arose at this juncture as Brady entered and proceeded to shake hands and welcome Miss Westemonde volubly.

Close behind Brady followed the hotel porter, who approached Thompson and addressed him hurriedly.

"You'll have to be quick, Mr. Thompson, if you want to catch that first train," he said; "she's pulling out in about five minutes."

Thompson turned to the girl.

"Are you quartered here, Miss Westemonde?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Why not take a run around the Bay with us? It will be a pleasant trip even if it is this early in the day. Maybe we can map out something on the way over."

It was only a few minutes later that the four were whirling around the expanse of sandhills at the foot of the Bay, gazing out of the windows at the waves as they drove in from the lake and talking about the methods they would have to follow.

"There is only one thing I can see," said Swanson at last. "The four of us, Thompson, Brady, Emmett and myself, will have to divide the region in that country and go scouting about to run this thing down. If Brandt's house is really a kind of storm centre, we might as well camp there. But

where do you expect to stop, Nora?"

The girl played with her pocket-book thoughtfully.

"I didn't know it was so far from Iroquois," she said at length. "I had counted on staying there and running up in a motor boat or hiring a rig each day. But the trip is too long. I think I will have to send a boy up to see if I can't get someone in that region to take me in. I intend to cover the country as well as you."

"What," almost shouted Thompson, "going up into that wilderness by yourself! And to stop with people miles from any railroad, whom you don't know anything about! Why, Miss Westemonde, it's impossible! Besides, to rove around in a district like that, where there are so many Indians and——"

Nora Westemonde interrupted him curtly.

"I'm handling this for the Times, Mr. Thompson," she said, "and I have to follow my own methods in getting there. Of course, I'm handicapped because I'm a girl. But I'm going to try for the story just the same."

"We'll help you all we can," put in Swanson; "but, Nora, this is really too bad a trip for you. Why not wait at Iroquois and get the story?"

"Twenty-four hours later than you get it?" queried the girl, with a smile.

Swanson smiled in reply, but made no answer. Brady changed the conversation by pointing out of the window.

"Even if we are near civilization, does it look as if anything unusual happening up here would be out of the way?" he asked.

One glance out of the window showed what he meant. There could be seen a stretch of hillside and bluff, absolutely bare of big timber, but thickly clothed with a matted tangle of young trees and shrubs, so dense that it would hardly have been possible to force a way through them. One road, as they flashed by, showed itself as a bare line between two heavy walls of underbrush. All could see how, in the darkness of night, any apparition might be deemed possible by superstitious Indians if bursting out upon them from

such covering. And then almost immediately the scene changed. The train was rumbling past long lines of cottages, all with heavily boarded windows and doors, the region which was so gay in summer now abandoned and still. Even the big hotel, looming above, seemed lonely and desolate, although a single caretaker was prowling listlessly about its lawn.

"I don't know whether the wilderness has much on this part of the region for dismal appearance," said Swanson thoughtfully. "I've always believed that there's nothing so desolate as an abandoned human habitation."

"Well, in the meantime," said Brady impatiently, "we'll have to find a place to sit down when we get to Iroquois. We can get gloomy later on."

"Iroquois!" yelled the conductor, as the train came to a stop, reaching its terminus.

Here was another town which showed the effects of lack of summer visitors. The streets were quieter even than the early hour justified, and the shops where curios were sold were all shuttered and obviously closed for the year. Brady glanced around him with disapproval.

"Ah," he said, his countenance lighting up, "here's a hotel over here. Let's get a little second edition of that breakfast."

The hotel furnished a rendezvous where it was agreed a conference should be held at noon to decide on methods of procedure. And to this conference all came with serious faces.

"It's going to be a story, after all," said Swanson, "the farmers are getting aroused now. When a lot of them get to seeing things, it isn't a fairy tale. The Indians are commencing to get into this town now. I spoke to a priest, who has one of the Indian congregations, and he refused to discuss the matter, merely saying that such heathenish superstitions were out of place in this age. Still, I found he was a Greek scholar, and got him talking over were-wolves, and he finally warmed up and gave me their title in the old days and a lot of stuff besides. The Greeks wove them into some connection with vampires—the creatures which

come back from the dead to suck the blood of the living, thereby perpetuating their own unnatural lives. *Lycanthropus* was the word. That's a new angle to the game—this thing of their biting the jugular vein to draw out the life blood."

"What's that about the jugular? Didn't you get that last report?" demanded Brady in one breath.

"No; I've been mostly around the wharves," answered Swanson.

"Well," said Thompson slowly, "when Brady and I met the last farmer arrival, he told us the details of that last death. And the only injury on the body is a small hole in the jugular vein."

The five sat in silence and looked at each other. Then Thompson rose.

"We might as well get busy," he said briefly. And all nodded understandingly. But, seeing the look which passed over the girl's face, Thompson stopped quickly, letting the others walk to the office.

"I hope you'll drop this idea of going up in that region, Miss Westemonde," he said. "There is no place to stay—we'd gladly take you if we could, but—four men with one girl alone, you know——" and he waved an expressive hand, "really, I don't think it's safe for you to go prowling around up there by yourself."

Nora Westemonde showed a slight tinge of color on either cheek and looked at him steadily.

"I'm going to cover my assignment, Mr. Thompson," she said. "Will you be back before you start?"

And Thompson, after an affirmative reply, walked out to rejoin his companions with thoughtfully bent head. Now that their work was fully on, the men went into it with zest. Anticipating a trip through the woods, each had provided himself with a pair of tennis shoes and another of stout leather, together with a suit either of khaki or heavy canvas as their taste decreed. So far as clothing went they were well supplied, for all had brought heavy underwear, suitable for the chill breeze which prevailed at that time of the year on the northern shores. But as they left the hotel, Emmett,

who had been silent throughout the morning, suddenly turned.

"I slipped my little .22 calibre automatic into my pocket when I left," he said, "but this is beginning to look as if I might need something more, Thompson. I think I'll get a good shot-gun before I go up in the woods."

Thompson nodded approvingly.

"If we go roaming about armed with rifles, we'll make ourselves a laughing stock," he said, "but it's perfectly proper to have a shot-gun along for game. Besides, a twelve-bore gun loaded with buckshot is going to make any vampire or whatever it is sit up and take notice if it gets the charge square."

"We'll have to get horses, though," said Swanson. "We can't go about on foot."

After investigation and debate it was finally decided that they should travel to the place in a six-seated wagon, used during the summer for driving the "resorters" about. The livery stable keeper willingly agreed to furnish them with two horses as saddlers, to be returned when they came back, and also supplied them with a driver to take them to their destination. The latter, evidently a man with Indian blood in his veins, shifted his quid of tobacco reluctantly when told of his mission, and went unwillingly to harness the horses.

"You can stay all night, you know," called Brady consolingly. "You don't have to make that long drive back again at once."

"Me?" answered the driver, turning abruptly. "I wouldn't stay up there all night—no matter what you pay. I'll stop, comin' back, at the Blagdon farm. He's cousin of mine. It's ten mile back this way from where you put up."

"Evidently," remarked Swanson, as

they strolled back to the hotel, "this so-called joke is commencing to be sinister even in civilization. That fellow's plainly afraid."

Both Swanson and Thompson were armed with light automatic pistols of .32 calibre, and, as Thompson already had a rifle, he deemed this sufficient.

"I borrowed the gun from Colonel Moriarty," he said, "and it's a new Winchester. It'll shoot hard enough to break any charm that hangs over our mutual quarry."

Brady, whom they found seated in animated converse with Nora Westmonde on the porch of the hotel, was also satisfied with his weapon.

"I left my own gun at home," he said, "but I brought one I borrowed from Sergeant Jerry Horrigan. It's a .38 calibre police model, and I want to be at the rear end of it when it goes off."

Brady's cause for animation was soon manifest. Having been entrusted with the purchase of the provisions, it developed that he had boarded one of the passenger steamers which touched at the docks, on its trip to be laid up for the winter, and had found that the bar which flourished during the summer, had much of its stock still on board. Accordingly he had fitted out the party with several cases of bottled beer, whiskey and an abundance of claret.

"How are we to get all that stuff up there?" asked Swanson blankly.

"I've made arrangements for that," said Brady in lordly fashion. "A couple of these Indians here have a Mackinaw boat. They will take it up by lake for me. They won't agree to stick around, though. I asked them, thinking we might need a guide. They're scared to death of something."

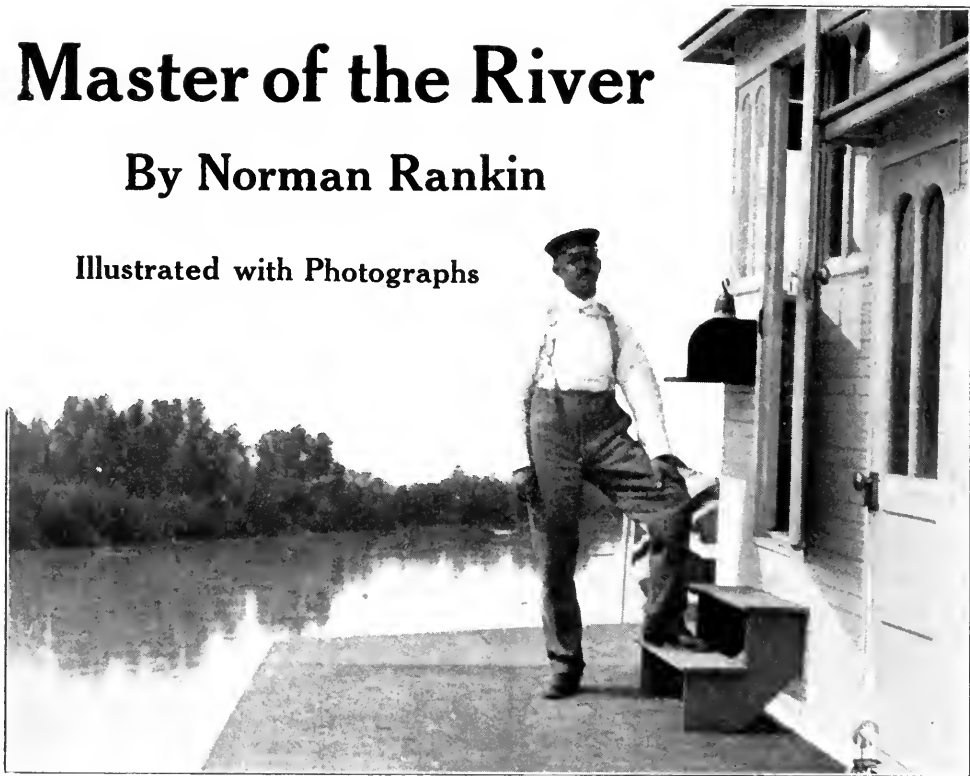
Swanson and Thompson looked at each other thoughtfully.

To be continued

Master of the River

By Norman Rankin

Illustrated with Photographs



SOMEONE was knocking loudly at the door. I sat up and rubbed my eyes.

"Letter for you, sir," said a voice from outside.

"Coming," I replied, jumping out of bed and crossing to the door.

I took the letter and turned it over curiously in my hand. One always does that sort of thing when an unexpected missive is received, and wonders who it is from. Who on earth could have sent this to me? I didn't know anyone in Golden, and no one knew I was coming here. Why, I didn't even know myself until late the night before.

Still perplexed, I broke the seal and slipped out the contents. Two pieces of cardboard fell on the counterpane before me, one, larger, folded in the center like a book and printed, the other, smaller, white and ticket-shaped, with some written words on one side of it and printing on the other. I took up the larger, opened it and read with steadily increas-

ing puzzlement and incredulity :

Str. Klahowya,
Columbia River,
July 8th, 1910.

Dear Rankin :

You are invited to take part in and make a success of the house-warming of the "Isabel" at Athalmer, on Saturday evening, 16th July.

Dancing will commence at 9.30, Mountain Time, and continue till midnight, Honolulu Time.

It is impossible to reach everyone we would like to be present on the occasion, and we would therefore ask you to aid us by including in this invitation friends who may be staying with you, or whom you feel have unintentionally been overlooked.

Yours faithfully,

Upper Columbia Transportation Co.,
Per F. P. Armstrong.

Then I took up the smaller one.

This entitles you, it read, to grub on the "Klahowya." Hold on to it.

On the back of the card were these words:

When you have made this trip, you will endorse Earl Grey's telegram to Lady Grey, Ottawa, which read: "The grandest trip I ever made."

"Well," I ejaculated, as I laid it down, "of all the funny experiences that ever happened, this is the strangest."

Quite by accident, I had arrived at Golden the previous night, having come up from Calgary to meet a friend from the Coast. I expected to cross his train about Golden and to return with him on No. 2. Just before reaching there, however, I had received a wire saying that he had been detained, so, tired and disgusted, I had alighted at the station and gone across to the hotel, to bed. I had been in Golden exactly seven hours, and yet here was a cordial invitation in my own name, to make use of a merry steamboat picnic party up the Columbia River to Lake Windermere. Talk about true Western hospitality! The right hand of fellowship! The Prodigal Father act! The Good Samaritan, and all that sort of thing. Why! These people, whoever they were, had them all rolled into one; they held out both hands.

I had read of the beauty and grandeur of the scenery of the Columbia Valley, and now here was an opportunity to see it for myself in a most delightful manner. Here was a chance to inspect that stretch of fertile valley, river and lake, bordered by the snow-capped Selkirks on one side, and the towering Rockies on the other; to follow the softly-flowing, silver river as it wound its way leisurely northwards, between gently sloping reaches of future orchards, verdant of promise and redolent of hope.

I pressed the bell.

"What time does the 'Klahowya' sail?" I asked the boy, as I scrambled into my clothes. "It's to-day, isn't it, that she goes up with the picnic party?"

"Yes, this morning at ten o'clock," he nodded. "Starts from down there by the sawmill. Big party goin', lots of people. Wish I was goin', too. Guess they'll have lots o' fun; they've got a pianer on board, an' is goin' to dance."

"You tell that bus-man to call here for me," I instructed, passing him over a quarter. "I'm going up with her this trip. Don't forget, now."

"All right boss, I'll sure tell 'im," and he went out, banging the door.

Twenty-five years ago a young man waited for Mr. Robert Kerr, retiring Passenger Traffic Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the ante-room of the latter's office in Winnipeg. Mr. Kerr was then in charge of the company's freight matters, with headquarters at that point. It was in the winter of '86, and the railroad was under construction through the mountains.

"Mr. Kerr," he said, when that official came in, "I've decided to operate a steamboat on the Upper Columbia, and I want to get boilers and engines to Golden City. Can you put them over your road for me?"

"Come in to-morrow morning and I'll tell you," replied the traffic man; "I'll wire Canmore to-night and find out. How'll that do?"

"Right-o," said the other, as he went out. "I'll be around again in the morning."

When the young man called again the next morning, he was informed that the railroad would handle his machinery to Golden City, but that from Canmore to Golden he would have to pay an extra \$100 for engine hire, as the road was not in operation beyond that point.

"All right," said the young man, that suits me. You can look for the machinery to be delivered at the sheds this afternoon."

From Canmore to Golden by rail is a distance of one hundred and five miles. It took the railroad, with an engine and crew of forty men, just six days to haul the machinery. The track was bad and the grade steep, while to make matters worse a heavy snow storm descended and almost buried them. They had to dig their way out, which took some time. But the railroad had contracted to haul the machinery, and they hauled it.

The young man was there, too, and worked with the rest. In fact, he was quite excited at the thought of getting it there, and used to lie awake nights thinking of it. He longed for the day when he'd have his steamer running



PIKE POLE AND PEAVEY ON THE UPPER COLUMBIA

on the river. For two years he had been operating a fleet of row boats, freighting down to the construction camps potatoes which he raised in the fertile Windermere Lake district—a hundred miles up. When he first came into the country, as a chainman with a locating party of engineers, the scarcity of food supplies struck him forcibly, and he decided then and there that when the proper time came, he'd "cut loose" and go into business for himself.

And very soon that time came.

There was plenty of land for the taking, so he homesteaded a tract on the Upper Columbia Lake, packed in potato seed a hundred and fifty miles from south of the line, in Montana, and planted "spuds."

These he brought down the river in his row boats, and sold them at Golden City. They brought seven cents a pound—a fair profit.

This sort of transportation, however, was unsatisfactory. The return trips upstream, against the current, were heartbreaking; the competition by mule train keen.

Spokane was in baby frocks. The Crow's Nest was unexploited. The

Great Northern was only a dream. The bulk of supplies came up from Walla Walla and points in Montana and Washington. From the head of navigation on the Kootenay they were packed overland into Golden City. Three hundred mules sweated on the job.

Golden City—the "City" was cut out by the postal department when it opened an office at that point—was an ambitious, pioneering community. Thirty-five hundred settlers stretched their camps from mountain base to mountain base, across the beautiful plateau. There was irrigation galore from the Kicking Horse and Columbia Rivers, which joined forces just below the settlement.

The people laughed at the young man when he suggested steamboats, and advised him to "come and have another drink." "The river's altogether too narrow," they said, "it's too shallow, too crooked, and runs dry in the fall. Your old barge would be aground most of the time. Don't be a fool. Forget it."

But the young man didn't; he wouldn't. They couldn't "faze" him. He wasn't that brand.

William Mackenzie, now "Sir William," of Canadian Northern fame, then a struggling young chap, operated a sawmill near the city. He had it on lease from the railroad, and contracted with them for bridge timbers. This mill was fitted with an Allis-Chalmers circular saw, with a capacity of thirty thousand feet per day. But William—with that ingenuity which probably carried him where he is now—turned out fifty thousand feet—lumber and slabs. He ran the mill eleven hours a day, and paid his hands \$26 a month.

The young man, whose name, by the way, was Armstrong, grandson of old Captain Logie Armstrong, original pilot in the early days of steamship navigation between Montreal and Quebec, was a typical pioneer; he knew the game and how to play it. He took rough lumber and slabs from the mill, bought nails, oakum and paint, and sawed, hammered, chopped, caulked and painted until he fashioned a boat. Then he christened it "The Duchess," which was an ambitious name for a tub like that.

The Duchess was flat-bottomed and slab-sided, with immense superstructure and projecting decks, and had very much the appearance of an exaggerated parlor match box. It was propelled

by a clumsy wheel at the stern, like an overgrown lawn mower, and would carry unlimited freight: it made five or six miles against the stream, and double that with it.

The keel of the boat was laid on March 26th, and on May 8th, with boilers and machinery securely fitted into place, flags flying and whistle blowing, it steamed away from the landing at Golden City on its initial trip to Windermere. The captain sat on the upper deck, outside the wheel-house. There was a smile on his face and joy in his heart.

True, there were unpaid bills behind in his shipping office, and all sorts of prophecies current as to what was going to happen to the boat when it got up the river, but, as the bills weren't pressing, and the prophecies were circulated by the rival pack-mulders, they didn't count.

Cleopatra travelling the Nile in her gold and silver barge was not half so proud of it as the captain was of "the original Duchess" when she first hit the water trail, inland from the railroad. During the construction of the boat, the Kootenay Indians hearing of it, and being curious, sent a delegation down to inspect her. The report that they took back was that it was



THE FIRST THING YOU SEE AT GOLDEN IS A BIG SIGN-BOARD. AFTER YOU'VE BEEN UP THE VALLEY AND SEEN IT ALL, YOU WANT TO STEP UP AND SHAKE HANDS WITH IT.

absolutely a case of 'white man's folly'—and altogether too big and clumsy to be handled by oars.

One bright afternoon, however, she appeared at Sam's Landing at the head of Lake Windermere. The half-breeds and Indians were astonished, stunned. Then their enthusiasm broke bounds, and in a body of five hundred, they swooped down to welcome her, and pulled her over the salmon flats, on which she had become temporarily stranded.

That day everybody was sweet tempered. Naturally. Sugar, of which they had formerly received only two and a half pounds per dollar, went six pounds. Other necessary and luxurious supplies were reduced in like ratio. There was a grand pow-wow; "What a great Chief is Strong Arm," they sang, "he comes here to make us all rich and happy."

Other and rival steamers spasmodically broke into and withdrew from the service, but through it all—with the exception of two years, when, in '98, the captain got the fever and stampeded to the Yukon, he steadily operated steamers on the Columbia. Like the feline, however, he came back.

In '91, the first mining boom—placer—struck the district. Transportation on the river was congested. Prospectors, adventurers and miners flocked into the valley from all sides. The Honorable T. D. H. Cochrane, now deputy lieutenant governor of the Isle of Wight, who had a placer mine on Findlay Creek, financed a steamer company, calling it "The Upper Columbia Navigation & Tramway Company."

Things drifted on until '96, when the "lode" mining boom struck British Columbia. The following year, '97, Robert R. Bruce, who had bought the Paradise Mine, started the town of Wilmer. It was located on the high land a couple of miles from the northern end of Lake Windermere. Here he established general stores. It was too inconvenient to bring supplies all the way from Windermere. There was no bridge across the river, and horses and supplies had to be transported as best they could. Sometimes—particularly

at flood times—there wasn't any best about it; they simply couldn't.

The Upper Columbia Navigation and Tramway Company were then issuing local stamps for the transportation of mail matter. They were the only corporation or private concern, I believe, to have ever held such a concession.

Bruce's mine, spelled and registered phonetically "the Parradice," was located twenty miles west of the river, in the Selkirk Mountains. There were other mines. The problem was, and yet is—though now delivery is at hand—transportation. "That is the only thing which stands between us and opulence," chorused the mine owners of that district.

During the winter months, when the river was frozen over, the captain used to put in his time hauling ore to the river side, to make freight for his steamer. He hauled it down on hides, a distance of eight miles, and teamed it the balance of the way to the Landing. When the spring came, there were fifteen or twenty thousand bags of ore stacked up awaiting transportation. But it was a laborious, slow and unsatisfactory process.

In '05, the district was thrown into a paroxysm of joy over the announcement that the Kootenay Central was about to lay a line up the valley. The announcement was immediately followed by the beginning of construction at Golden. Everybody smiled. "We are on top of the wave of progress," they said to each other. "Prosperity is being thrust upon us. Things are coming our way."

But the Kootenay Central only graded south some fifteen miles, and then quit. The bottom dropped out of the boom, and the wave rolled on westwards, leaving poor Golden stranded high and dry. The city, reduced to seven or eight hundred inhabitants, promptly went to sleep. "What's the use?" they said, "what's the good? There's a hoodoo somewhere."

As for the valley, it had never been properly wakened up. Now and then, when the cry of "The Kootenay Central" broke loose, it stirred itself a bit, sat up and rubbed its eyes. "That's the cry of 'wolf' again," it wailed, and



LOOKING DOWN ON THE BOW OF THE "KLAHOWYA" FROM THE PILOT HOUSE

drowsily turned over on the other side to renew its sleep. And it's been sleeping ever since.

Now, however, a change has come about. Now it is really awakened. You can see it in the twitching of its muscles and the stirring of its limbs: in the faces of its people, and the traffic at its station.

Such an ebb and flow of travel took place on the river all last summer that the capacity of the little "Klahowya" was taxed to its utmost. Tourists, investors and hunters have followed one another in a steady stream. Half-hearted and skeptical, they went in; rampant and enthusiastic, they came out.

"Every man that goes into the valley," said the captain to me, "is a walking advertisement for the district: an animated propagandist: a convert, an enthusiastic publicity agent."

This was last summer, the summer of 1910. Instead of two trips a week, as at the beginning of the season, the steamer was latterly forced, to three. General traffic was so heavy that she ran day and night. With two big, powerful engine head-lights on either side of the wheel-house, she poked slowly along through the darkest and most difficult shadows.

"Next season," said the captain,

"we'll have an extra boat and run a daily service. I'm going to put the 'North Star' into commission again. She was too big and expensive to run in the earlier days, and was a mistake then, but will just about fill the bill now."

When you drop off the train at Golden to-day, the first thing you see is a big white sign-board staring you blankly in the face:

GOLDEN, B. C.

Gateway to the Fertile Columbia Valley.

One hundred miles of the finest mountain scenery in B. C.

Hunting and Fishing. Timber and Minerals.

Farm and Fruit Lands.

And you have to believe it, for it shouts at you in two or three places again when you get a little further down the road. After you've been up the valley, and seen it all, of course, it's different. Then you *know* it's telling the truth. You want to step up and shake hands with it. I did.

I went up the valley to see for myself, but can't describe the trip and do it justice. It is the future scenic route of Southern British Columbia. All day long, you sail up the silent stream,

between towering, snow-capped mountains and smiling stretches of green and gold. Here and there, tropic-like, the foliage skirts the very water's edge. The branches brush the deck house of the steamer. The stream winds gracefully right and left, then doubles on itself. Pretty homesteads and farms dot the banks. Logs floating down the river skid slantways from the steamer's bows, or bumpingly pass underneath. Up on the edge of the Rockies, to the left, the old trail—now a modern automobile road—steals along. It looks like a thin, white vine on a brown stone wall. You breathe big breaths and thank God that you're alive.

About midday, you reach Spillamacheen, fifty miles from Golden; "Spillamacheen" is an Indian name, meaning "Rainy River." If you're travelling by motor, you lunch there. You'll find an old-fashioned, charming little "Half Way House." If it could only speak, what tales it might tell!

Nine miles further up you pass Briscoe, and eleven miles above, Steamboat Landing.

Whenever there is a box, bag or barrel that some rancher or farmer wishes to ship out or receive, the boat, irrespective of docking facilities, pushes its broad, over-hanging decks to the banks, and delivers or takes on freight, as the case may be. There are no landing charges. No district messenger boy ever supplied the public with a more efficient service than that given to the residents of the Columbia River Valley by Captain Armstrong's steamer.

You're getting close to the mountains by this time, and the river banks rise considerably. Ten thousand swallows have their nests in its clay banks. As dusk settles, you approach Wilmer, and from Wilmer it's only a step to Athalmer.

Athalmer's the mouth of the Windermere Lake. Here the steamboat company offers hospitality on the hotel house boat, "Isabel." It is brightly painted, clean as a new pin, fragrant with hanging flowers—the acme of comfort. Japanese waiters, with soft-soled sandals, minister delicious foods

to your material needs. You sink to rest, breathing satisfaction.

When you wake up, Windermere Lake, clear, blue and charming, shimmers before you. It looks like a tiny drop of quicksilver in the hollow of a big green cabbage. Twenty-five hundred feet above the sea level, undulating, wooded hills roll back to the mountains' base.

Fourteen miles long by a mile and a half in width, its waters are warm and sparkling. You can look into it and see fish playing tag at the bottom. It has a sandy beach, with a gentle slope. You long for a swim.

But there is more than a mere combination of perfect beauty and bountiful nature. The hand of man is adding materially to both. Irrigation has been brought to certain lands in the Windermere district, and vegetables and fruits are blossoming like hot-house roses.

Up in the valley, the Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruit Lands, Ltd., are preparing to offer their irrigated lands to the public. Their project embraces about 45,000 acres, or nearly 100 square miles in all, and, to distribute water over this vast area, the engineers are perfecting a system of main canals and ditches many miles in length. Of the total amount, some 15,000 acres are now ready for operation, and will doubtless be taken up within a short time after they are placed on the market.

The Kootenay Central, under the direction of the Canadian Pacific, has started to build again, this time northward from the Crow's Nest Pass, and south from Golden. Thirty miles of road south from Golden are under way, ten miles having been built some years ago, twenty-five miles being completed between Jukeson and Fort Steele and the new section being an extension through the loveliest part of the valley. Thirty miles of road north from Galloway, a station on the main line of the Crow's Nest Pass division of the Canadian Pacific Railway, were contracted for last year. The opening of a direct line from Golden to the Crow's Nest branch will, beyond question bring in a large influx of

settlers and develop the agricultural and fruit-growing possibilities of the district.

When I came out of the Columbia Valley and again saw Golden's optimistic big white sign looming up on the

sky-line, I didn't grin; I went up and shook hands with it, for I knew it was telling the truth. I had seen for myself, and it was even as my friend Captain Armstrong had said—I had gone in a doubter and come out an enthusiast.

The Hopeless Case of Artabanus Biffle

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," The Great American Pie Co.," Etc.

Illustrated by Peter Newell

THINK around among your acquaintances, and locate the gangly-leggedest, raw-bonedest, sprangle-earedest, sixteen-and-too-big-for-his-age young broiler trying to be a rooster you know—the kind of lad that his mother watches all through company-dinner with a scared, strained sort of look and a piece of conversation all ready to blanket whatever she's afraid he'll bust right out with. Got him? Sure! Pop-eyed, and sort of yalle-haired, with freckles as big as the liver spots on a liver-and-white fox-terrier, sleeves crawlin' up from his wrists and trousers from his ankles, and buttons just as likely as not to be showin' under the edge of his vest. Thinks teacher knows more than the folks, and he knows more than teacher. Just so. By'n'by he meets some girl that takes him in hand and turns him out to grass feelin' like the little end of nothing drawn out fine, and he shrinks down to his natural size and tries to get a job in the grocery store.

Well, that was Artabanus Biffle. Only he never met the girl.

Ever since childhood, Artabanus had been so pigeon-toed that he couldn't put down one foot without stepping on it with the other. The boys used to look behind his ears for callouses when he was in school, he handled his feet so outlandish. His usual pose when not in action was with the left foot on the ground and the right foot resting across the instep of the left foot. If he wanted to use his left foot he had to lift his right foot off it first, and hold the right foot in the air so it wouldn't go back, and hop. But that never made any difference in the amount Artabanus thought he knew. Taking it by what he said, you'd thought they might as well use the dictionary for kindling when he was in school; and as for his feet, they might have been unusual distinctions conferred upon him to set him apart as smarter'n the neighbors.

After Doc. Weaver came to town, with a first-class diploma from the Fishhookton Medical and Veterinary Seminary of Knowledge, he'n Artabanus got quite chummy. There weren't many sick horses or beef crit-

ters for him to doctor, and so he had lots of spare time. As for Artabanus, it almost seemed as if he had at last found somebody he could look up to but then, maybe it was only the diploma. That's what Aunt Rhinocolura Betts said. She said it really made her feel kindo' meechin' herself until she noticed that his name wasn't put in with the same kind of printing as the rest of it, and after that she didn't think the Seminary of Knowledge could have amounted to much not to afford to have their reading match any better'n that.

Anyway, first thing we knew, Doc. Weaver was talking about performin' some kind of operation on Artabanus' feet so he could walk like other folk. All he would have to do would be to cut 'em both off, and sew 'em on straight again. Nobody'd ever performed that kind of operation before, so far as he knew, and he thought it would be mighty interestin'. But Artabanus said he guessed he'd wait. He said he hated to have his name in the papers, and if the operation were successful, it'd be pretty sure to be written up, and if it weren't, why, he'd be in the obituary column, anyway. So he kept putting it off, in his careless way, until one day he got his right foot cut off in his mower.

Doc. Weaver was as pleased as anything when he got to Artabanus, and went right to work sewing the foot on. But that was where Artabanus' conceitedness came in. Doc. was all for putting the foot on straight, but Artabanus wouldn't let him. He said he wanted that foot to toe out good and plenty this time; that he'd worn it toeing in long enough, and as long as it could be put on any way, he wanted it to point out so he'd be sure about it. Doc. reasoned with him, but Artabanus was set, and so it went on as he said.

When Artabanus left his bed, he had two feet as good as ever, one toeing out and the other toeing in. This put his feet in parallel lines, for both pointed northeast, as you might say. The right foot toed out to the right, and the left foot toed in to the right, and there was only one trouble—

Artabanus had to walk in circles, for his feet were always toed around towards the right.

It was a sad sight to see Artabanus coming down town in a hurry. He came in spirals. Sometimes when he was in a great rush, he wouldn't be able to move forward at all—just rush around and around in a circle to the right. If he went slowly and took great care, he didn't do much better—he was always hitting the other side of the street. Time and again, when he was out in his field, he would start for the other end of the field, and, every time, he would wind up just where he started from. Artabanus couldn't help it. He had to go the way his feet were headed. Often, when he was plowing, his team would start straight across the field, and Artabanus would have to drop his reins and circle around back to the plow. It made plowing very slow.

You'd thought that would have been a lesson to any man, but it wasn't to Artabanus. It wasn't more than a year until he lost his left foot just the same way. Seemed as if he never could calculate right where he was going, and he walked plum into the cutter before he could stop. But would he let Doc. sew that foot on the way he wanted to sew it? Not for a minute. He made Doc. slew the left foot around to the left, and when the job was done Artabanus had a stylish pair of feet. Instead of being pigeon-toed they pointed in opposite directions, one northeast and one northwest, as you might say, and Artabanus was as pleased as a child with a new toy. He stood and looked at those two feet with pride in his eyes, and then he cracked his heels together, which was a thing he had never been able to do in his life before. He shook hands with Doc. Weaver warmly, said he would settle his bill as soon as he marketed his crop, and then he started home. But his feet had got the habit of going in the direction in which they were headed, and now they were headed in opposite directions, and by the time Artabanus had taken four steps his legs were spread apart like a pair of compasses. At the



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next step something ripped, and Artabanus came down with a whop! He got up immediately and tried it again, but it was no use, one foot went off northwest and the other went off northeast, and when he had taken four steps Artabanus' legs were spread out like a letter A that had been mashed flat. Nothing Artabanus could do seemed to make any difference. No matter which way he wanted to go, one foot went one way and the other foot the other way, until they could go no further, and then Artabanus would sit down hard. But he looked all right when he was standing still. So he tried walking backward, and his legs crossed like a letter X, and at the fourth step Artabanus sat down hard. It looked as if he would spend the rest of his life sitting down hard.

But Doc. Weaver had been watching him thoroughly, and he suddenly spoke up, telling him to try sideways, and Artabanus tried it. It was successful. So now Artabanus' feet look well, and he can make pretty good speed, sideways, but he shouldn't try to run. We all tell him so; but he will try it. The truth is that man was not made to run sideways. When Artabanus tries to run sideways he looks like the dickens. As near as I can explain it he looks like a Shanghai rooster trying to polka.

It's too bad Artabanus never met a girl who wanted to try straightening him out. I don't suppose he ever will, now, for no Betzville girl would ever risk walking up to the altar with him before folks. I guess Artabanus is just a hopeless case.

THE DAUGHTER

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

WHAT is Love, Mother?
Pain, child, pain!
Sorrow and ache and sting,
Distilled again!

Somebody told me—
Ah, child, he lied!
Follow Love—then, child,
Wish you had died!

Somebody told me!
He, too, is wise.
I'll be back soon, Mother—
Ah, his deep eyes!

After Fifty Years With Job

By Jeannette Marks

Illustrated by C. A. MacLellan



SHE was a gay, benevolent old soul; even her shoulders, old as they were, expressed joy and courage. Yet Cordelia bore not only her own burdens, but those, too, of Job. To Cordelia, one of her own burdens, that of an invalid's couch, was nothing; a whole year spent on her back a mere trifle! It was being gobbled up by Job, who loved her, and whom she had loved and served as a wife for half a century that was her problem. The wretched, hidden thought of her mind was, "How to escape Job?"

When Cordelia was married she was twenty; by the time she was twenty-one she had learned her first profound lesson in human relationships; that, however romantic love might struggle to obliterate all individual distinctions, she and Job remained as individual as the third and second finger of the same hand. Still but a tyro in marriage, Cordelia tried a kind of emotional finger exercise; nevertheless, when Job's second finger went down her third finger went up—indeed, reproachfully as she looked at it, stuck out with a stiff and insolent independence.

Her finger always felt that way on a rainy day when Job could not make up his mind before breakfast what necktie he wished to wear; it felt that way, too, on a sunny day when he invariably changed his tie after breakfast—decisions in which Cordelia's judgment, dazzled by the spectrum of her husband's silken strings, which did not grow duller as he grew older, was questioned to the minutest particular. Their son Ralph never thought of the

color of his tie, but wore the same natty blue the year around.

In spring there were the garden seeds which Job would bring to her to be individually discussed. Instead of dismissing a whole package of seed as either good or bad, he would select one unpromising poppy seed that had shaken down in happy-go-lucky, faraway California, and worry and fuss over the unprincipled nature of California poppy seed, deducing from it all sorts of condemnatory evidence about the citizens of an unprincipled State until his ruddy cheeks blazed, his glossy white hair shook up and down frantically, and he beat the arm of the chair, as if it were some worthy object like the Bible out of which he intended to crush virtue to offset the knavishness of poppy seeds.

Or it might be the grocer's clerk, for Job did the buying now that Cordelia lay upon her back, who delighted Townsend ladies with his silly giggle and hanks of yellow hair. The grocer's clerk had trouble with his memory, for if it embraced cod on Friday it could not hold beans on Saturday, and when he made up his arrears of back orders—he never really forgot anything, it was simply, as he explained to his patrons, that his mind wasn't "what you'd call a handy mind"—these orders burst forth like water out of a pipe from which some stoppage has been taken. As a lawyer Job abhorred a weak memory.

But it was not quite fair of Job to rail so to Cordelia about "drivelling idiots" and "sons of perdition". The memory of the grocer's clerk hadn't been lost, it had been merely mislaid, and as for his smile, it was never intended for gentlemen.

And then, too, Job had, as is sometimes the case with vigorous, fussy, somewhat idle people, a surprising power of forecasting calamity. Before she knew it, Cordelia's warm heart would be in her mouth over the possible fate of some neighbor who, at that moment placidly eating his Saturday baked beans, had no calamity in store for him except an unusually dull Sunday morning sermon. There might not be a cloud as big as a man's hand to be seen anywhere, yet Job, before you could say "Jack Robinson!" would have a cyclone lifting roofs and chimney pots, and it was, to speak in figures, necessary to take to the cellar.

It was Cordelia, and Cordelia alone—Ralph had given it up at the age of ten—who continued to smile at her husband's necktie vacillations, who grew indignant over vicious garden seeds, who believed the grocer's clerk a little more than silly, who shed a tear over tragical fates never realized, who went tactfully into the cellar with Job while cyclones raged over ground, and who believed Job right and a differing neighbor wrong. You see, there was one disillusion which, however much the third and second finger might disagree in action, Cordelia at sixty-nine had never experienced and might never learn.

Yet even Cordelia, with whom the austere apostle Paul could not have found fault as a wife, who submitted herself until Job forgot there was anything else but submission to be expected, even Cordelia, I say, longed at times—oh, how she longed!—to escape from Job. For Cordelia had grown up, not only with a distinct joy in renewing faith in her fellow men each day, but also with a passion for incidental solitude. It had always been so with her; the happiest hours of her childhood had been spent lying on the bottom of a rocking boat looking up at the sky, or reading hour after hour in

a room through which no one passed watching the wood fire flame and glow and fall to ash. What it was Cordelia drew from those hours she could not have told you any more than a child can tell you about its mother's milk.

With the year 1857 Cordelia became Mrs. Job, and lost the acknowledged privilege of solitude. When she had nothing to do Job expected her to entertain him; when she was busy Job watched her work; when she was perplexed Job stood first on one foot, then on the other, to see how she would manage, asked her every other second how she felt about it, counselled her to avoid thinking about it at all, to be certain *not* to worry, and told her he would come in a few minutes from his office, which adjoined the house, to see what he could do.

So even warm-hearted, submissive, frank Cordelia grew canny, furtive in her efforts to get the solitude which she needed as the child needs milk. Ralph understood; there was never any trouble with Ralph from the time he began to shake up dish water in bottles variously colored with shoe-blackening, legal red ink and dentifrice, until he became a flourishing young M. D. But there was Job to be got over; so Cordelia, before Ralph was out of kilts, began to invent means of solitude. While her husband eyed her grudgingly from the front steps, she took journeys into the world, waving Job a jocund farewell. Philanthropy became her platform of solitude. She developed it to a positive mania, till she was known throughout the State as one of the most philanthropic of women. When she needed solitude she fared forth morning, noon and night. "I don't see why," objected Job, "you can't even up your visiting a little. I've not laid eyes on you since breakfast. You can't be expected to nurse the Halligan baby all day long!" It was not the Halligan baby only; very positively it was many other things: the lame back of the Huey family; the mother hubbards of the Bateses; the Ladies' Benevolent; the hungry stomach of the Ransom family; the drunkenness of Tooley; the idleness of the Smiths which meant, that if the

tle Smiths were to keep up the family steam, they must be coaled. Is it strange, since it provided the one blessed escape, that Cordelia improvised upon the theme philanthropy? That to her fertile mind crowded in names, deeds, needs which Townsend had never known? Is it strange that, although the mother hubbards and the Ladies' Benevolent were real enough, the Halligan baby was not yet born, and a hungry Ransom stomach still went unrecorded in Townsend?

And to philanthropy Cordelia added difficulties with her servants. She had the most obstinate, the most impatient, the most slovenly, the most ungrateful servants in the whole city, and they came and went like the fowls of the air. "I don't see why," said Job, "when you get along with everyone else, you need have so much trouble with your servants." Cordelia explained again that she could not be contradicted about cuffs and collars in her own house, could she? and fared forth on a journey to bring back two girls who, she was reasonably sure, would be match and sandpaper to each other before the close of a month.

Gradually, in a world away from Job, Cordelia won for herself a little platform of solitude, where she might stand and watch the pilgrimage of life, and, unjogged by Job's elbow, turn eyes in on her own soul. With pilgrims passing her to and fro, with the roar of great traffic and the vision of great distances, Cordelia, in the spirit of the solitary wayfarer, was at least alone. For years philanthropy served this end nobly and reacted without harm on those she really did visit.

Then had come the fall and the back which kept her a prisoner on a couch, and a catechumen to Job. Those first hours of invalidism were the darkest hours of Cordelia's life. Always to lie in the same place! Always to depend upon others for assistance! Always to be where people could find you, and talk to you, and catechize you! She lay thinking, thinking, thinking. She must have her platform, her thoroughfare of solitude! It was the one thing without which Cordelia did not wish

to live. Finally, one morning, a way out came to her. She would have a balcony built outside her bedroom just big enough for the couch. The pavement across the way should be her thoroughfare, the balcony her platform.

Forthwith the balcony was begun, Cordelia lying so near the edge of the French window that the workmen passed within a few inches of her as they stepped out upon the scaffolding. All day long Cordelia rejoiced in the song of the plane swinging up and down the sweet-smelling plank, saw the shavings catch the sunshine as they fell, and heard every blessed nail driven in by the staunch arms.

The only fault Cordelia had to find with the balcony was that it takes so short a time to build one, and that even the best of balconies will hold so few nails. The only fault Job had to find with the balcony was that it was too small. "Cordelia," he objected, "as long as you are building a balcony, why don't you build it large?" Cordelia murmured something about the weight of the balcony and the strength of the sides of the house. "But, Cordelia," Job insisted, "there'll be no more than just room for you on the balcony. I can't sit out there with you!" Cordelia seemed wretched, then she brightened. "You can sit inside the door." And the plane continued to sing with plans unchanged, and the nails to stud the finished planks.

Cordelia was ready the instant the balcony was finished to be lifted by the carpenters themselves out upon it. There was no time for paint. From the first blessed solitary hours on the balcony her life became one of smaller contrivances than ever. If she were within the room and saw Job start towards the balcony, she called him to her on some pretense. So clever was she in her schemes, excuses and demands that Job submitted to them all. But after this had happened a score or more of times, Job's legal eyes began to search Cordelia suspiciously. Faith in humanity was not natural to him. Cordelia was the one person in all the world whom he had not sus-

pected of an intention to get ahead of him or outwit him. Now he pondered. Didn't she want him to go out on that balcony, and if she didn't, why didn't she? If she did mean to outwit him, had he ever been outwitted by anybody? Was he likely to allow his own wife to get the better of him?

It was scarcely a matter of months since the building of the balcony—it seemed like years to Cordelia—when there occurred that event which made Cordelia tremble for the only solitude she had left. Thus far her passion for some little platform in the world *all* her own had managed to keep the balcony untouched by her husband's feet. But Job, with a legal astuteness upon which he prided himself, had come to a conclusion: *Cordelia didn't intend that he should ever set foot on that balcony.* She wouldn't say so when he questioned her. She didn't look unwilling to please him in any way she could. The big brown eyes, the bigger because the fullness of health was gone, looked at him reproachfully; the hands that seemed so helpless dropped from gestures of amazement to the couch, and Cordelia closed her eyes. Of what could Job be thinking when he asked such questions? Had they been friends all these years only to have such foolish ideas about a plain board balcony? When she was on it, obviously there wasn't room for two; and when she was off it, she supposed that of course Job preferred to be with her instead of sitting like Nannie Beal gaping at neighbors all day long. The balcony was as much his as it was hers. Had she ever made any distinction between them in the uses of her money? As far as she and the balcony were concerned, he was free to do just as he pleased.

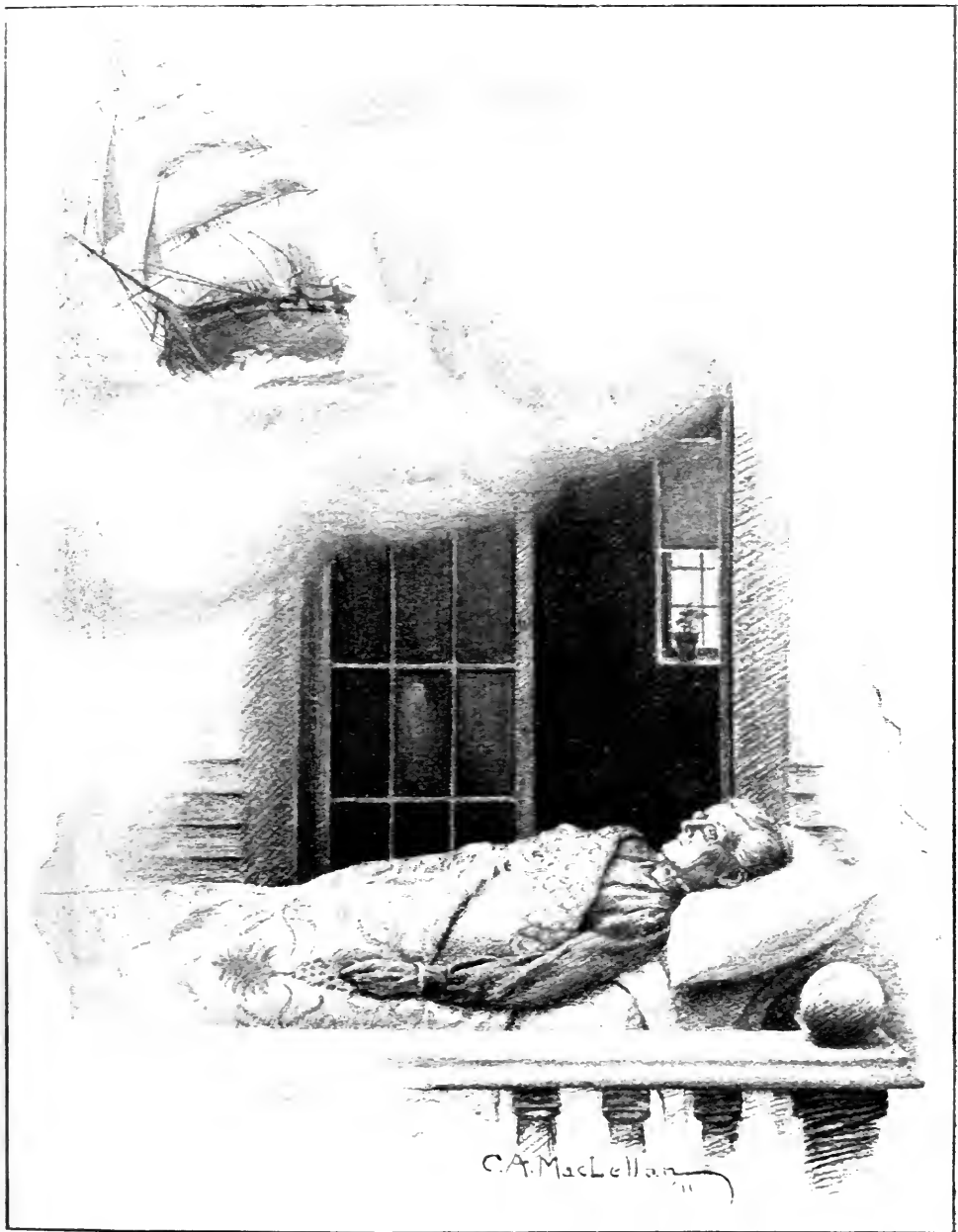
Job listened, his misgivings unrelieved, a legal frame of mind uppermost. "For example," he said to himself, "when Cordelia is on the balcony, I know how she looks from the inside; but I have never observed her from the outside. That may be the *status quo* which will explain everything." As Job's mind worked on this point he forgot his own seventy years and his

wife's sixty-nine. "Perhaps it has to do with one of the neighbors across the way. But," said he, dismissing a part of the suspicion, "if it were the women they would come over to do their gossiping—they always do. Then," continued Job, "it's one of two things: Either something is hidden on that balcony, or it's a man. The balcony is not large enough by a foot's margin to hold anything except the couch, and when the couch is in the room, whatever was left out there would be plainly visible from the inside." Having dismissed women *and* the object, there remained nothing but "man". That was why she had the balcony built so small! Job looked dismally at Cordelia. Had it come to this? Probably it was that inane, bald-headed, old retired minister that sat by the window all day long reading his journals. Job ran a nervous hand over his own bald forehead and looked aghast at Cordelia. To think that it had come to this!

He would himself walk up and down on the outside to observe without being observed, and he would also employ that smart young Irish lawyer, Thomas Murphy, who lived next to the minister, to observe both the minister and Mrs. Job. As he looked again at Cordelia Job shook his head and groaned. Probably this had been going on for years! This was to be the end of a life devoted to her!

Without another question he got up dolefully, feeling, as he left the room, that he had lost the happiness of a whole lifetime, for this was the first suspicion that had not aroused keen joy in Job's naturally quarrelsome nature. He went down on his own side of the street and came up on the other. He rang the bell to Lawyer Murphy's house and was admitted.

In the meantime Cordelia was lying upon the balcony, but she had not seen her husband, her neighbors or the simpering old man to whom in one irascible mind she was already bound by years of covert interest. Instead it was the sky upon which she gazed, upon many a gallant ship, big and little, that sailed there, and on which she travelled her wonder-way over sea



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and far away. And in this same heaven, too, rising above the dingy town roofs, she saw Alpine heights her feet would never climb, vistas her bodily eyes would never see, and heard the fall of running water and tinkling sheep-bells ringing in the distance. She was conscious, too, of the beat of feet on

the street below, of the multitude travelling to and fro on its way to the corners of the quiet chimneys whose smoke wreaths curled towards the evening clouds above. The beat of the city's life was music in her ears; a greeting at dawn, a song all day, a lullaby at night. She was old, still

she wondered if other people could be as happy as she, if they could hear what she heard, if they felt what she felt, if they knew what a joy it was to live and love that multitude, and yet be alone?

When he came out Job's somewhat unexercised heart gave a leap to see that Cordelia had been moved upon the balcony. So she scarcely waited for the room to lose the sound of his voice before she began to gape at that witless old fool! Job ground his teeth, walked to the end of the street and came back on his own side. Sure enough, there was the man just putting down one of his journals and raising the sash!

By this time the neighbors, chiefly out of the windows, were lost in undisguised interest in Lawyer Job's peregrinations. Heads were drawn in only to report to other heads for which there was no room such remarks as the following: "Mother, he's walking up and down still!" "My dear!" in a tone of shocked surprise. "Father, what makes that Mr. Eddy walk the street and look so at his wife's balcony? Yes, she's on it. Do you suppose he's expecting it to come down?" "And her on it?" "No, of course, likely not." "Do you think maybe he's waiting for their doctor son?" "Probably that's it. He's sent after him because of a turn for the worse."

While Job was at the other end of the street, a neighbor slipped across and rang the bell. From the maid Cordelia heard that Mrs. Black had come over to see whether Mrs. Job was much worse. What could have made Mrs. Black think that? She was on her balcony as usual! Cordelia was mystified. Then she turned her head towards the street. There was Job going by and looking up! Quick as a flash Cordelia waved her hand to him.

But Job was not to be deceived by that wave. He was going to step, walk and rest on that balcony if he never did another thing in his life! And he was going to do it now! So in he went and climbed the stairs as nimbly as if he had been twenty instead of seventy. With prescience of some-

thing to happen, Cordelia, who had been wheeled into the room, heard him coming.

At the most uneventful moment Job's upper lip expressed determination. At the present moment it was stiff with purpose.

"Cordelia," he said, "you have some reason for not wishing me to go out on that balcony. What have you got there? I demand an explanation *at once*."

Cordelia's lower lip trembled. "What have I got there, Job? Nothing at all, except—except a little—a very little—hap—happiness."

"Ah!" ejaculated Job. Then it was that minister! Aloud he said, "What are you doing all day on that balcony?"

Whether it was the long continued strain, or what it was, I can't say, but Cordelia was no longer able to answer and her brave old shoulders had shrunk till there was no courage left in them, and her cheeks quivered.

"Cordelia" (Job pronounced each syllable), "Cor-del-i-a, I command you to answer me at once."

Cordelia's big eyes filled with coward tears. "Job, don't," she begged, "it's all I——"

Job cut her short. "I'm going out on that balcony this instant. Your actions are preposterous, monstrous. You are deceiving me, making a gull of your own husband, taking me in for a purpose. I insist upon my right as the head of this family."

Job stepped resolutely towards the balcony, but before his foot reached the sill of the French window, he was checked by a strange sigh. He wheeled about. Cordelia had fainted. Then did Job rush for the maids and for his son. Soon the household was gathered about the couch, and Job was searching Cordelia's face for the first look of consciousness as even a selfish man can look upon the face of the only woman he has ever loved.

Cordelia opened her eyes. "Did you go out there?" she faltered.

It was as if a string had jerked Job's feelings. That was the first thing of which she thought, was it? "Not yet!" he replied curtly, and left the room.

Ralph looked after Job. The father, then, had done something to make the mother faint, but he did not have to ask questions, for in a few minutes Cordelia was telling him her secret from a full heart, a secret she had kept a life long. Ralph patted the hand he held and kept exclaiming, "You don't say! . . . Well, I think you ought to, certainly! . . . What a hermit mother! . . . No, no, dear, I understand. . . . Yes, yes, of course, I understand. . . . It's the one place isn't it, mother? . . . There, there, we'll do something about it!"

"I might die," continued Cordelia, "and, oh, Ralph, I don't want anyone else in all the world to use it."

"Pooh, mother, you're not going to die, not before I'm an old man!"

But Cordelia was not to be comforted. "Ralph," she insisted, "I want a lawyer."

"Goodness, mother! Why, think of father. Professionally it would——"

"I know," interrupted Cordelia.

"But this is the one thing in all my life. I must have it to myself, I must, and no one else shall ever use it! Your father is to be working at court to-morrow morning. Bring me a lawyer, that smart young Irishman across the way."

Ralph watched his mother's face anxiously, his fingers on her wrist. It would not do, with that racing pulse, to cross her. For the time being she must be allowed to have her own way.

So the following morning Ralph sent for the bright-faced lawyer. Cordelia's fainting had been followed by fever, and now she seemed more and more set upon this one thing. Twice in the night Job had tiptoed into the room—for what, Cordelia thought she knew—and tiptoed out again when he heard Cordelia's voice.

Young Murphy coughed apologetically when he saw Mrs. Job. He thought it was Mr. Eddy who wanted him. No, there were reasons why he couldn't do that. Well, he didn't even like to explain; you see, Mr. Eddy had already employed him. Yes, he thought he had a case. A case against what? A case against

the balcony! But the will would be valid if she drew it up herself and had it properly witnessed.

He bowed himself out, cursing his luck, for he liked Mrs. Job and would have been glad to serve her. He didn't believe from the first that that sweet old soul had ever flirted with anyone except her own husband, and if she had *never* flirted even with Job, young Murphy, whose views on marriage were less strict than St. Paul's, wouldn't have blamed her.

"Now, mother, what are you going to do?" asked Ralph.

"Draw up that will," answered Cordelia, finally.

"But, mother, just see what father has done!"

"Is it my fault? He wouldn't let me explain. I won't now, and he shall never, *never* set foot on that balcony! Oh, to think he went and got a lawyer to watch me!"

"But, mother, you made me get a lawyer to draw up a will."

Cordelia would not listen to reason, so Ralph sat him down, papers upon his knee, and the strangest will in Townsend was drawn up. By its terms her fortune was to go to Job, the house and all her real estate elsewhere, provided the balcony, on the first dangerous signs of a dangerous illness, should be torn down. The terms of the will were to be communicated to her husband as soon as any need arose. In the event of failure to tear down the balcony all the property was to go to her son.

"Why, mother," he objected, "I might play ducks and drakes with father's chances."

After the making of the will Cordelia's mind was more at ease. She looked less often towards the balcony, and when Job came in she neither flushed nor paled. Yet there was something in Cordelia's expression which took the spice out of Job's masterful intention of going on the balcony. Instead, he followed his son out of the room.

"How is she, Ralph?"

"Pretty sick, father. Still, she seems quieter in her mind than she did last evening."

"What's that mother's talking to herself about?"

"I don't know that I can tell you now. But it's plain, father, isn't it, that mother doesn't want you to go on her balcony? I think her wishes ought to be respected, especially since she is very ill."

That night Cordelia looked at Job with wide appealing eyes. "It's the one place, Job; oh do, oh please do let me have it!"

"What's the one place, mother?" Job knew, nevertheless he asked the question.

Cordelia attempted a whisper; then she looked towards the balcony to see that no one was on it.

All night they listened to entreating repetitions about "the one place," "the balcony," "Oh, Job, do let me have just that!" She appealed to them both again and again, she stretched out her hands, she smiled, she argued patiently with an opponent who never replied, she begged until Job felt himself the meanest, the most contemptible of men.

The hours of the night went by, slow foot, one after another towards dawn.

About four o'clock Cordelia looked at Ralph and said in a conscious voice, "Tell your father now."

So Ralph told his father.

"But why didn't she tell me?" was Job's first bitter cry.

"Would you have understood? And after she knew that you had turned to Murphy, I don't believe mother or any other woman would have told you."

Job looked miserably at Ralph. For once in his life he forgot to bring in a counter accusation, he forgot to say that Cordelia, too, had tried to employ a lawyer. All that he replied was, "I don't know that I should have understood."

"You see, it's mother's nature to feel that way about some kind of solitude—about the balcony. I often feel that way myself."

"You mean that ever since we've been married she's been wanting to get away from me?"

"There, father, you see you don't

understand! Mother doesn't want to get away from anyone in particular. It isn't that; it is simply that she needs to be alone."

"But I never felt that way," objected the old man, wiping off the tears that were wetting his dry lips.

"That's not the point, father. Mother and you are two different people."

Job hung his head. "You see, your mother is my best friend, I didn't suppose——" Job broke off. "Oh, God!" he cried out, "if she will only get well I will do anything she wants, whether I understand or not."

"Father, I'm sorry, but I promised mother about the balcony. Now, as soon as the workmen can get here, it must begin to come down."

By seven o'clock, when the eastern sun was shining full on the weather-stained boards of the balcony, the workmen were going about the business of tearing it down as quietly as they could. They knew the old lady was ill, and inside they could see Job sitting by the bed, his head hanging upon his chest.

"I thought," said one workman, "when I drove that nail in, the old lady would live ten years to enjoy it. She did seem to set such a store by nails, more'n a small boy."

"What a notion it is teasing it down!" exclaimed another man. "Why doesn't she leave it up so as her husband can sit on it and think of her? He looks in there as if he'd need something to chirk him up when she's gone. A thing like that can be a sight of comfort to a man when he ain't got nothing else."

Inside Job was not thinking of the balcony. His one wish was that he might make her know, might make Cordelia understand that at last he would gladly give her the one place of solitude. Her hand lay in his; soon he felt his fingers gripped tighter. He lifted his head to meet her open eyes.

"What's that?" Cordelia asked.

"It's the balcony coming down." And then Job told her that he knew now how she felt, that he would do anything, everything for her if she

would only get well. "And, oh, mother," he cried out, "I will never, *never* set foot on that balcony!"

Cordelia's eyes filled with tears. This was her Job, the Job she and she alone knew. Is it not strange what miracles a little possessive can work, what beautifying it can do, making a handsome countenance out of a chinless face, cutting off a very long nose till it is just the right length, and softening the squarest jaw of the most inflexible character? At the moment Job seemed to Cordelia the loveliest of men, for these few broken words of his had wiped out the rancor of fifty years.

"Quick, Ralph," she called. "get me that will!"

"Now, mother, you——"

"Fetch me that will instantly!"

Cordelia grasped the will, tore it through several times, and then

said, "Now, stop the carpenters!"

"Old lady getting better?" asked the surprised carpenters, pleased with the good news, and with no thought for the day's work they had lost.

"Well, mother, you do look better," said Ralph, coming in.

Cordelia was patting Job's hand, which she evidently considered more important than replying to her son.

"Mother," said Job, "of course you can have that place to yourself, and I've given my word about not going out *on* that balcony, but, mother, what *makes* you feel that way?"

"There, father, not another word of questioning," said the son. "Mother must be left alone now."

But, contrarily enough, Cordelia's soft brown eyes snapped sparks. "I don't want to be left alone," she contradicted. "Your father shall stay here with me till I fall asleep."

ON THE TRAIL

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

CHEER up, pardner,
Slack your tump-line,
Never mind the irksome things.
Do your duty;
Look for beauty
In the tasks the long day brings.
Cling to youth, bo,
Youth and truth.
When the trail is tough and rough
And the grub is down to beans,
When the pack gets full of nails
And the brush saws through your jeans,
Think of apple trees back home,
With their branches all in bloom,
Think of roses running wild
In a never-ending June,
Think of—Sure, I'll chop off, bo,
But pal, old pal,
Cheer up!

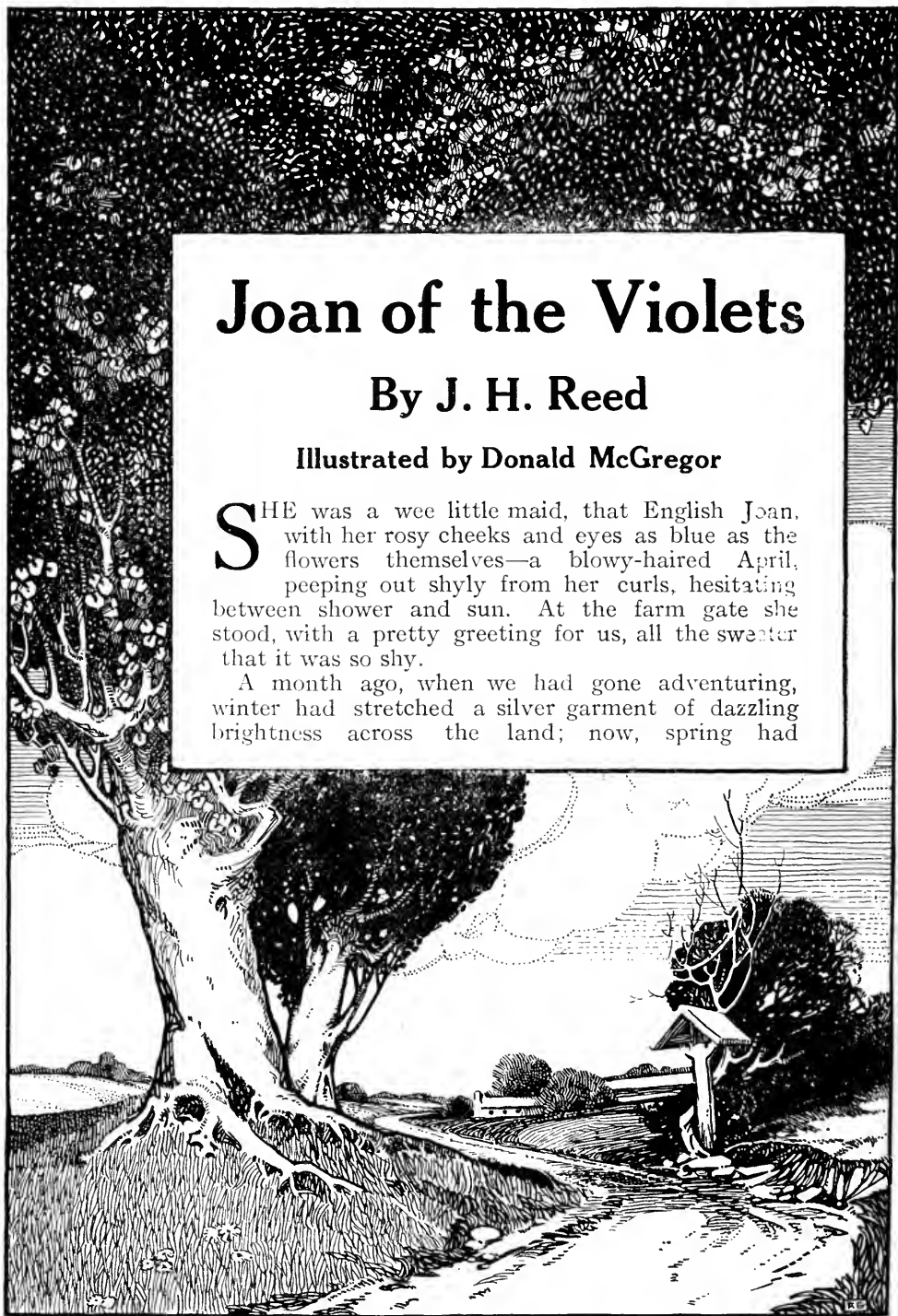
Joan of the Violets

By J. H. Reed

Illustrated by Donald McGregor

SHE was a wee little maid, that English Joan, with her rosy cheeks and eyes as blue as the flowers themselves—a blowy-haired April, peeping out shyly from her curls, hesitating between shower and sun. At the farm gate she stood, with a pretty greeting for us, all the sweeter that it was so shy.

A month ago, when we had gone adventuring, winter had stretched a silver garment of dazzling brightness across the land; now, spring had



donned her green mantle, which, under brilliant sunlight, reflected varying shades, telling here of winter oats and wheat, where the dark green blades covered the fields, and there a tender hue proclaimed the uprising of the blades of barley. Although one color predominated, there was no monotony, the varying shades of green giving life to the landscape. Purple light hung over the distant hills, and then, running under steep banks starred with primroses, we reached the farm. Looking down the valley before turning in to rest, the sky was intensely blue, the stars radiantly bright, and naught was heard save spring laughing in the rippling brook and the night call of the owl, assuring the farmer that, as he was on the alert, there was nothing to fear from the little enemies to his crops—so long as he was there all would go well.

Morning brought long golden rays of sun through the farmhouse window to waken us, music of thrush and chaffinch for matins, and downstairs a vista beyond our breakfast table where Joan and her small sister, busily engaged in some housewifely task, put serious heads together, their little wise faces beautifully absorbed in their play.

After breakfast we set about to see the familiar occupations of the farm. On the surface of the great bowls of milk in the dairy was floating cream of a dark yellow tinge. In many of the farms hereabouts, where only small quantities of butter are made, the churn is not used; its place is taken by the butter-tub. This is circular, about eighteen inches in diameter and eight inches high. Two of the staves on opposite sides are continued upwards for four inches, and they are pierced to form the handles. This is the mode of making butter. The cream is placed in the tub, and then whisked round and round by the cool hand of the dairy-

maid. By this circular movement it is gradually transformed from smooth cream into clots of greater consistence. This April weather is favorable for the task. In about five minutes or more, a quick turn, a sudden whisk round, and the buttermilk lurking in the mass is suddenly discharged, and, wonderful sight for city eyes, the butter is there. Little now remains to be done—only rinsing in cold water and pressing to drive out what buttermilk may remain; then, after weighing and moulding into shape, the butter is ready for use. The deft fingers, supple, strong wrist, and the finely-moulded arm form a far more interesting butter-making machine than the commonplace, monotonous churn, with the revolving barrel, which anybody can turn. Our tub has seen service for half a century; it shows rich coloring in the wood, but its staves are not enfeebled, nor are any wrinkles seen. It is good for use for many a long year yet.

But house and dairy, be they never so pleasant, have small attraction



THE FINE OLD ELIZABETHAN MANOR-HOUSE IS NOW OCCUPIED BY A FARMER WHO PRESERVES IT WITH LOVING CARE



"OH JOAN, I CANNOT SIT DOWN, FOR THE VIOLETS ARE EVERYWHERE"

against hedgerow and field on such a silver and gold day. Presently Joan and her elfish sister, grown friendly for the nonce, volunteered to show us even that

" . . . bank whereon the wild thyme grows,
Where cowslips and the nodding violet blows,"

and out of the farm gate we go, ready to greet Titania herself, should fortune favor us with a glimpse of her majesty.

Although the flowers are not yet in great variety, there are masses of spring bloom everywhere. On a woodland bank by the farm gate hundreds of the lesser periwinkle adorn the slope. On the trailing stems, amid the dark-green egg-shaped leaves, they form a pretty picture, with their little flowers of purplish blue and rim of white around their mouths. A meadow was simply crowded with daisies, the yellow disks and white ray florets all turned to greet the morning sun. Crossing the field later in the day it was curious to see the transformation; the white flags were all furled and the crimson night-caps donned until the morrow's dawn. By the banks of the rill which chatters down Bicknoller Coombe pale primroses hung in thick clusters. Quite in the centre of the bank a tall gorse rose in golden bloom, like some stern schoolmistress, all prickles and starch, keeping the meek-faced flowers below in order, although the sternness was softened by the sweet tinge of color which hung around. A footpath ran by the edge of a field of winter oats, and amid the dark-green blades the veronicas made quite a splash of beautiful blue among the corn. Behind the big barn is the water-course which brings the stream from the corner of the copse at the far side of the meadow to turn the wheel which provides the power so useful in grinding corn or cake and cutting chaff or timber. The overflow forms quite a pretty cascade as it leaps down the rocks with musical roar and is broken into foam. In the narrow strip of grass by its side the butter bur flourishes. Around thick, hollow stalks, above six inches high, are numerous branching stems, bearing flower heads, with dense masses of

small, pinkish-purple flowers; the tubular florets on the outer edge are tinged with white.

It is curious to see these cone-shaped masses all among the grass, with no visible leaves of the plant to which they belong. Perhaps they began life early, for fear the leaves would get a start first and hide their beauty. When they are fully grown, these leaves—dear to children in their play—are the largest seen on the banks of the stream. They are a yard in diameter, and their name, petasites, is from a Greek word meaning a covering to the head, or umbrella.

But the sweetest of all were the masses of white and blue violets; they were abundant everywhere. In one copse they clustered amid the hazels in such profusion that our little maiden plaintively complained aloud: "Oh, Joan, I cannot sit down, for the violets are everywhere!"

Many of the villages around the Quantock Hills lie in sequestered, wooded valleys. Away from the main roads, the life must be quiet and uneventful. Springs are abundant, and brooks flow through many a main street, laughing merrily as they glide by thatched cottages and gardens, many of them gay with homely old-fashioned flowers. On Easter Monday we had a delightful drive to one of these old-world villages. Although but a short furlong from the main road which runs from Holford to Stowey, in summer it must be quite lost behind the trees and hills which shut it in from the eyes of passing strangers. Dodington is one of the smallest of the Quantock townships, and its population varies little as the centuries pass by. The houses are few—hardly more than at the end of the 18th century, when Collinson wrote of its four-score villagers—"Dwellings being so rare, most of them are thickly crowded with inhabitants."

The Dodingtons must have been a restless, fighting race. One, John by name, was fined 40s. for his part in the insurrection of Perkin Warbeck. Edward Dodington was with Admiral Howard's fleet when he was cruising in the Channel on the lookout for the



A QUICK TURN OF THE WRIST, A SUDDEN WHISK AROUND, AND, WONDERFUL SIGHT FOR CITY EYES, THE BUTTER IS THERE

Spanish Armada. When the enemy hove in sight he wrote to the Lords of Queen Elizabeth's Privy Council. This was dispatched to the Right Honorable Lords on

Her Majties Spetial Sarvice.
Hast post hast,
For lyffe hast,
Haste post Hast.

and, lest the messenger should incline to tarry by the way, a gallows was drawn outside the letter to quicken lagging footsteps.

Cruel Sir Francis, of the Stuart times, was a Royalist. When King Charles was at Bath in 1644, he was dispatched to capture the home of a Mr. Arundel, of Frome. The garrison fought gallantly for a time, but yielded on the promise of quarter being granted. This promise was shamefully broken, and Sir Francis hung fourteen men, besides "abusing men, women and children most inhumanly." When the Royalist cause was lost he fled to France, where he sold knives and buckles to keep him from starving until a French widow took compassion on him, and they were wed.

Another John Dodington joined the Prince of Orange for the defence of Protestantism.

The fine old Elizabethan Manor House is now occupied by a farmer, who preserves it with loving care. Passing through the barton, the porch is reached by a double flight of steps. While awaiting our intelligent guide, we note the curious giant's head, with a child in his mouth, over the doorway. The baronial hall, with its open oak roof, is in excellent preservation. The corbels are adorned with angels, and at the farther end is a chimney-piece bearing the date 1581. Below the frieze is the motto: "Support thy patrymonic." On either side are monsters, half human, half lion. In the glass are armorial bearings; in one of the quarters are three bugles, referring to the holder of the manor, who was Forester of Exmoor.

From the earliest dawn the woods and hedgerows are full of bird-music—

With rival notes
They strain their throats
To welcome in the spring.

Many of the smaller songsters have arrived, and the thrush and blackbird are singing all day long love tales to their mates, little dreaming that their sweet songs give the clue to the nest below. On Good Friday the swallows came, and a few days after the cuckoo "told his name to the hills." The smaller birds are building, and there are many advanced broods of blackbirds and thrushes. A family of the latter looked over the edge of their home amid the dark, glossy ivy leaves on the edge of the orchard. So strong were they that they seemed quite impatient to be gone, on travel bent, to explore the greater world outside. They were quite fearless, and when stroked only opened their yellow throats expectant for the luscious worm. The advance guard of the lesser birds were in a niche of the garden wall. Their nest was snug, warm and rainproof, and here were five little fluffy mites, carefully tended by a mother robin, who from a bush near by anxiously peered at the strangers who were interested in her young brood.

On our last afternoon a chaffinch on the wing was pecked by a passing rook, then dropped from the sky and plumped amid the straw. His little heart throbbed quickly beneath his rósy breast. We petted and soothed him and soon he lay quite still. After a while we let him fly again. It was but for a few yards, fluttering earthwards. In a minute or so he closed his eyes, and the lovely bird was dead.

It was a glorious Easter time; the land was full of gaiety and joy. On the hills, the free sweet air was life-giving. It was good to roam on "Quantock's airy ridge." We were only sorry that all too soon we must bid good-bye to "Joan of the Violets," and return to the crowded city again.

The Woman Who Lost Waterloo

By
Arthur James
Smith

Illustration by
Gordon Stevenson



"YOUR EMPEROR IS A CRUEL MAN," SHE SAID.

OUR PATH had for some time taken us through a deep wood, and now, after steady tramping for miles, Heaven knows how many, into the blackness and gloom of the forest, the guide suddenly came to a halt, so abruptly that we, who had been walking steadily and grimly along in single file behind, almost cannonaded into him.

"What now?" I exclaimed, "how do you explain this? You have led us into this place, and now you stop in the very centre of it. Where are we, and where do you propose to take us?"

My comrades, Desmond, the fat Englishman, and Leblanc, paused expectantly when I had finished, and we all waited for the guide's reply.

"For the second time in my life," that individual answered, "I am lost in this cursed forest. Once before—"

"No, no, we want none of your former experiences related here," I exclaimed, impatiently, while my friends mur-

mured their assent. "But tell me, where are we, and when shall we proceed to our destination? Have we engaged you to lose us here, or show us the castle, as you promised?"

"Alas, sir, I know not, any more than yourself, where we are, and as for the castle, it might be on the other side of the world for all that I know about it."

"Well," I said, "how far had we tramped into the wood before you discovered that you were lost?"

"For some time, sir," answered the man. "We have been wandering aimlessly around, and must be at least ten or twelve miles from our starting place. I cannot tell where we are, but surely, sir, this road leads somewhere. Why not follow it?"

"Why not, indeed?" said Leblanc, but I turned upon him sternly.

"Are you not able to see that you encourage this infamous proposal?" I said, with a look that must have made

Leblanc tremble. "Follow a chance road when we trusted a capable guide to bring us through the forest!" I went on, with fine scorn. I might have added more, but Desmond, the Englishman, spoke, slowly and heavily.

"Well, tell him something else to do, Mosheur," he said, or perhaps grunted. I had always detested his abominable mispronunciation, but this time I felt that his suggestion was so good that I hated the man. I never could succeed in effectually squelching this piggy, self-satisfied Englishman, no matter how fierce my look. Then Desmond and the guide moved on. Leblanc walked with them, and I had, perforce, to follow or be left alone.

It might have been ten minutes later, when we, striding along in silence, began to notice that the path showed signs of recent use, and, upon rounding a sharp bend, came unexpectedly within sight of a small hut, set back in a clearing, and probably at a distance of a quarter of a mile from where we stood. We stared at this apparent phenomenon, and Desmond was the first to speak.

"There must be somebody living here," he remarked, calmly, and as he spoke our attention was held by the sight of a figure moving about in front of the hut. We approached rapidly, and I could soon see what the person was like.

It proved to be a man of about seventy or seventy-five, very erect, his snow-white hair falling on his shoulders, and clothed in a very carefully brushed and kept uniform of an officer of the Legion of Honor in the French army. By his appearance I knew that he had once held a commission in the famous Old Guard of Napoleon Bonaparte. Our party advanced within twenty yards of the clearing before the veteran came forward.

"You have chosen a strange path, gentlemen," he said, addressing Leblanc and myself, and merely glancing at Desmond.

"The path is not of our choosing," I replied, "but one into which we were led, not by our guide, but by circumstances utterly beyond our control.

Now that we are here, I fear that it will be necessary to trouble you for shelter for the night, as it would be a very difficult matter to find our proper path at this hour."

"You are welcome to any hospitality my poor dwelling may afford," answered the old soldier, and so saying, he turned and walked into the hut, closely followed by the four of us. The interior was one large room, the floor uncovered, save for a few rugs, a rough bed, and some simple pieces of furniture. But on the walls hung old weapons, muskets, swords and lances, half hidden among a profusion of tattered flags and banners. Our host noticed the curious glances we directed towards these, for he drew himself even more erect than ever as he said :

"Ah, my trophies excite your admiration. They have known some stirring times, years ago, those silent friends. I could tell you —. But I am a poor host, keeping you in talk like this," and he began, refusing our offers of assistance, to prepare a meal.

After we had partaken of the veteran's fare, we sat around a cheery fire, watching the flames crackle from the logs and brush we had gathered. The veteran sat where the light played but little upon his rugged face and silvery hair, while we reclined upon the rugs that were drawn closer to the blaze. Thus, though we could hear his voice, his personality which we had already been taught to love by his kindly actions and soldierly courtesy, was only conveyed in his tones. Even Desmond, visibly won to the old man, had not lighted his horrible pipe, and waited as eagerly as Leblanc or myself for the narrative the veteran had promised us during the dinner. A strange reverie, probably the influence of our environment, seemed to have fallen over us as the evidences of the mighty past had overpowered us.

"If you had known the Emperor, my guests," began the veteran, "it would be easier for you to understand why a man would give his blood, and all that he loved, for him. But, even if you had known our little, fat, round-

shouldered man, with the wonderful eyes and smile, it might be harder to understand than it is now. Who knows? How we loved him! Every man in all his unconquerable legions was ready to die at his bidding, and while we gave the world those great lessons in warfare, a smile from his grim lips was reward enough for any desperate venture. But I am garrulous. I love him too much, perhaps, and can only implore the pardon sometimes due old age in thus digressing from my story.

"Few of those men live now, who marched over Europe with the Grand Army, and loved him. The conquerors now have nearly all mouldered in the grave, victims of the only power our Emperor need ever acknowledge as a rival—Time. It alone could prevail over his genius. But, with such a man to talk about, how is an old man to get along with his story? I will begin my narrative, friends, with a terrible and shameful confession. I, and I alone, am responsible for the fall of the Emperor! How I suffer, every day, every hour, every minute, only God and myself can know. Oh, the shame of it! The man whom we loved as no mortal was ever loved before, whom we followed from Egypt to Waterloo! When I think of it I wonder how I can ever face his cold, grey eyes in the world to come.

"The Allies had entered Paris, and our little grey man had been banished to Elba, for the world knew him well, when one day the news reached France that he had escaped, and was then on his way back to complete his conquest of the world! How the nations trembled! And how we, his soldiers and lovers, rallied to his side! In ten days, as you know, he was at the head of France and one hundred and fifty thousand of the finest veterans Europe has ever known.

"We lay in front of Frasne on the morning before Waterloo, exhausted from our long fight with the Prussians. But we had routed them, driving their army before us in all directions, and now it only remained to crush the English and their Iron Duke, Wellington. It has been said that the Em-

peror made a mistake when he did not fight at Ligny on the day before his downfall, but those who say such things, poor little minds, do not understand that even the Grand Army was not made of stone, and twenty hours of terrible hardship and fighting will weaken any mortal man. If these critics could confront the Emperor, and speak to him, with the cold eyes upon them! They would cringe. But it was early on the morning of the last day that I was ordered to repair at once to the quarters of our colonel. He was a most gallant fellow, this colonel of ours, but, as I felt my sabre clanking against my spurs, twisted my mustaches, and knew that any uniform fitted to perfection, I could not but think that certain of the under officers had their charms as well.

"My boy," said the colonel when I entered his room, 'the Emperor has asked for you. He wants to see you at once.'

"For a moment I was too astonished to speak; then I could only say:

"The Emperor? Why, colonel, what would he want with me? How does he know that I even exist out of these thousands?"

"Our Little Corporal knows much, Lieutenant Marchand," answered the colonel. 'But I should advise you to lose no time. The Emperor does not usually care to be kept waiting.'

"So I was forced to hurry on without one word of explanation, and a few minutes later was admitted to the Emperor's presence.

"Napoleon was alone, and was glancing through a pile of papers when I entered. It was the first time I had ever been alone with him, and you may guess how I trembled. A heavy frown had settled on his pale face, and as he stood there, bent slightly forward, the dark hair tumbling over his broad forehead, and that singular glare in his harsh eyes, I must confess that I almost knew fear. Evidently something had annoyed him, for he muttered unintelligibly, and his plump hands whitened with his grasp on the papers. When he looked at me, it was as though a bavonet had entered

my brain. But I stood at the salute, stiffly, and after a moment the Emperor's face softened a little. He knew that I was a veteran, and they say he always liked a dashing officer.

"Have you heard of Madame Laval, lieutenant?" he asked suddenly. His voice was cold and hard.

"I have, sire," I answered.

"And what have you heard, monsieur?" With these words his voice became softer, and took on almost a soothing sound.

"That she is an unscrupulous adventuress, sire," I answered.

"Nothing else?" inquired the Emperor sharply. An icy fear clutched my entrails, for there had been more in our camp rumors.

"It has been whispered, sire," I faltered, for I knew that it was useless to lie, "that Madame Laval holds certain influences over you, and——"

"My halting tongue framed no more syllables. Like an infuriated beast the Emperor sprang at me. His eyes appalled, no less than the cold rage depicted upon that white face. He was terrible in his rage, a thing inhuman, and his hands moved as though they would strangle me.

"*You face me and repeat this!*" he cried. 'Have you followed my campaigns only to learn petty scandal about me? Is that the regard you have for your Emperor? What, I could——' There his voice broke into a horrible splutter and hiss, and I shrank away. Then I felt a return of courage.

"Sire," I cried. 'Sire,' my heart throwing the life into the cry, 'let me speak. You have no more faithful follower than Henri Marchand in all your ranks. I have shared in your victories from the Egyptian Campaign. With my troop I have pursued flying squadrons of Austrians, Prussians, Belgians, Italians, and shattered the infantry of every nation in Europe. This affair you forced me to mention is trivial, whether true or not, and should not bring a veteran and his leader to words. Hear me, and pardon the liberty I take.' I stopped, astounded at my own boldness, and saw that the Emperor was looking at me with a curious smile upon his lips.

He stood thus for a moment, then advanced and laid a hand upon either of my shoulders. Oh, the ecstasy of that moment!

"Lieutenant," he said, in a soft voice, 'I believe you. But,' removing his hands and walking away a few paces, 'I did not send for you to discuss this matter. To-day I fight my last battle for France. If I lose, all is lost, and if I win it will not be necessary to fight again. Listen intently to me, lieutenant, for you are going to be of immense service to France this day.'

"And to you, sire," I cried, aglow with delight.

"Yes, to me," murmured Napoleon, but his face hardened again. 'Wellington has retreated until he thinks his position secure. But without Blucher the English are defeated.' He was silent for a time, and in this space I stole a look at my leader. His face, I noticed, looked old and haggard. Could it be that Time was overcoming him? At Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, Mont-merial, he had looked younger, somehow. My heart grew heavy when I thought that perhaps his tremendous expenditure of energy had weakened and aged him thirty years before his time. Had he not lived under a terrible strain of mind and body, and was it not reasonable to suppose that he might have only half the allotted time of human beings on this earth? But he resumed:

"Lieutenant, this is what I want you to do.' He bent on me his whole gaze, as he spoke in a low tone. My mind was overpowered, and I listened as a man might to his Deity.

"You may depend upon me, sire," I cried, when he had finished.

"My veterans have not fought with me in vain," said the Emperor, in so low a voice that I could scarcely hear him. Then he turned quickly upon me.

"Go now, and show France and me that confidence was never yet misplaced in my soldiers," cried he. I strode to the door, saluted our leader, and passed out.

"A great army lies, as an animal utterly exhausted, when worn by

fighting and marches. So it was an easy task for me to slip away unobserved by my comrades. Some might have insisted upon accompanying me, for the soldiers of Napoleon were ever alert for an adventure. But I was out beyond the lines, and Bibette was speeding along the cursed Belgian roads before they had a chance to notice anything. I gave Bibette her head, for it was only a few miles out, my destination, and we sped along. The rain had fallen heavily the night before, and Bibette's hoofs splashed in the puddles and mud. Nearly an hour's riding, part of it through a clump of thick woods, and partly past tilled fields, where Bibette was called upon to shake off a group of horsemen who gave chase for a mile or so, brought me to a house I was riding for. It was an old farm-house, without a sign of habitation, and around it grew a small wilderness of uncut brush and thicket, as though the place had been neglected for years.

"Dismounting, I led Bibette almost to the high porch, and clanked up the path to the door. No attempt had been made to fasten the house, so I simply threw the door open, and strode in with my sabre drawn. It was as I thought, for the place was empty. There were a lot of rooms in the old structure, and from one of them, of a sudden, I caught a slight sound. It was a voice, I thought, and a woman's. I moved towards the room, and words became more distinct.

" 'Then you are lost, and beyond all redemption,' a woman was saying, in a voice that would have been charming but for the sternness in it.

" 'Lost, madame, lost? Why do you speak this way?' said a harsh voice. I started for it was the voice of my Emperor, Napoleon! There was a silence, and in that interval I stood utterly at a loss.

" 'You know why I speak thus, sire,' answered the woman's voice. There was more humility in it now; but that was natural, for who could stand in the presence of our Emperor and not be awed?

" 'Stop, woman. I will not listen to more of your idle prattle. I would

deal with men, not doll-faced women,' replied the Emperor in his cold voice. 'One of my officers, Lieutenant Marchand, is hurrying to this house, and may be here——'

" 'Sire, I am here,' I cried, and in a moment was at the door of the room.

"Within the apartment the Emperor stood, with the mud from the road fresh upon his riding boots, facing a woman who was at once as beautiful and defiant as any I have ever seen. Napoleon frowned on the woman, whom I instinctively knew to be Madame Lavalle. On him her beauty had no effect, for there was anger and power in his look, and I saw Madame's face clear when I appeared. But women were not sorry to see Henri Marchand when he served Napoleon, my friends.

"The Emperor scarcely glanced at me, then went on, coldly:

" 'Lieutenant,' I sprang to the salute. 'Madame Lavalle will remain here to-day. You will stay, and insist upon her keeping this room.'

" 'And miss the battle, sire?' I could not help saying. He turned to me again.

" 'Lieutenant Marchand, I seldom speak twice,' said he, with that appalling calm rage. I saluted, and said no more, but I longed to return to the army. However, the Emperor had spoken. Without another word he left the room, and I could hear his impatient step through the house—then a door closed, and I knew that he had gone.

" 'And now, friends, I am going to make a shameful confession to you. It is one that makes my cheek burn, even after half a century. Madame and I had stayed in that room until late in the afternoon, scarcely exchanging a word, while my very soul ached for the battle. The terrific booming of artillery and a faint roar told of the terrific combat. It came to our ears throughout the afternoon, and with each burst of sound I could see Madame wince, and I, friends, could have wept. But I must tell you what happened.

" 'Madame, who had been silent for a long time, spoke.

" 'Lieutenant, your Emperor is a cruel man,' said she.

"Men of his genius seldom allow the interests of any other to stand in their way, Madame," I replied, coldly.

"But you are not cruel, Lieutenant," and she smiled at me for the first time.

"I obey the Emperor's orders, Madame," I returned, inwardly flattering myself that I was not to be caught by a charming smile. Too many—but that is another tale.

"I left my horse tied out there," resumed Madame, pointing out behind the house. "Would you, lieutenant, go and take the poor animal to some shelter?"

"Madame," I answered, "I shall always be happy to be of service to you. But before going, I shall be obliged to fasten this door, unless you will give me your parole."

"It is given, lieutenant," replied Madame. But I took the precaution to lock the door. I was out, like the credulous fool that I must have been, possibly three minutes, found nothing, and remembering my promise to the Emperor, ran back to find that Madame had disappeared! Yes, the room was empty. I could not think, could not control my brain, when this awful fact confronted me. Madame had escaped, and that after the Emperor had trusted me to watch her. It maddened me, this reflection. I rushed at the walls, for she had not gone by the door, and beat furiously upon them in my passion. But they were strong, those walls, and well made, so that for some time I could not find the secret door which I knew must exist.

"While I still worked frantically, I heard a horse galloping on the road in front of the house, and rushed to the door in time to see Madame riding away, just turning once to wave a mocking farewell. It was useless to attempt to catch her, for her horse was fast, and she was far down the vile road before Bibette started in chase.

"My friends, I am nearly at the end of this story. Less than an hour later I was at Waterloo. But Fate had been too strong even for the Emperor, and the Prussians had joined Wellington. I saw the last charge of the Old Guard, and rushed into the fight eager to die. It was not to be, and soon after I was swept away in the retreat.

"Madame Laval had, I learned after, played an important part in the Emperor's plans. But she had become jealous, or angered at his coldness, and had given the signal to the Prussians to advance, and rescue the English. How it was done I never knew, but her presence at some point must have been necessary at a certain time. No wonder Madame was nervous!

"So that, my friends, is the way I, a trusted officer, lost Europe for the Emperor. You know the rest, of his return to Paris, and the shameful exile to St. Helena. I need not repeat it now. Every day since then, my friends, I have mourned, have cut myself off from my fellow men, for I am not fit to mingle with them, and have, for I cannot resist the impulse, worn on the anniversary of that day, my old uniform. I disgraced it, but it is all that I have left of the Grand Army and *him!*"

We, Desmond, the fat Englishman, Leblanc and myself, left the veteran next day, but the memory of his agony and his pitiful story will always remain with me. When I returned to Paris I told the old soldier's story at the club, and it was then proposed to bring him to France, for very few of Napoleon's veterans could at that date have been living. I, who had known him, even for a short time, knew that he would never return to France, but would live his few remaining years there in the forest with his grief.

Builders

By the Sea

By Bonnycastle Dale

With Photographs by
the Author

ALL along the northern Pacific Coast, where the tide sets in among the rocks and the sea-gulls breed among the seals, from the Columbia to the Aleutians, a curious race of Indians dwell. Evidently of Oriental extraction, the Kwakiutl—note the odd and characteristic click, so common in the dialects of the coast—pick up a precarious and, it must be admitted, odoriferous living along the shelving beaches and treacherous currents of the sea.

It was on one of these beaches, strewn with all the flotsam and jetsam of a thousand storms, that we met an old chief heroically wrestling a canoe from a hard red-cedar log by means of a rasp rudely transformed into an adze. Great piles of logs from tempest scattered rafts surrounded him, lumber from deckloads listed in some heavy blow, timbers from the hulls of forgotten ships, laths, shingles, boxes, barrels, twisted scraps of iron once wrought with human hands, and at our feet as we walked, its delicate platinum wires still uninjured, its frail glass still unbroken, an electric-light bulb. Yet there in the morning sunshine, among the wreck of the giants of the sea, the old man wrought at his slender craft, using a pattern that has been the same for perhaps a thousand years, and that will defy the Pacific rollers where their greater brethren head gladly in for shelter when the winds of the world are abroad. The



FULL SPEED AHEAD IN ROUGH WATER

sunlight flashed upon his muscled bronze arms, and sparkled on the rude blade. Fritz and I moved forward with a salutation.

Gradually we came to know him, and to have in some wise a friendship with him, though he spoke only the "old people's tongue" with a smattering of Chinook, the lingua-franca of the coast which is compounded of English, French and Spanish into a queer rattling jargon that serves the stray traveller when a meal or a



A WOUNDED GREAT BLUE HERON AND A HUNTING DOG IN THE BOW OF A NATIVE HUNTING CANOE

direction is in question. He had put many weeks of labor on the canoe he was building, and looked forward to many more. Past his ninetieth year, verging well on the century mark, every blow counted, every stroke fell true. Each morning he began the day with a sunbath, ate a breakfast of fish or flesh, washed down with a drop of rancid whale or codfish oil, and accompanied with batter cakes baked in the white-hot sand. Then he trudged off with his adze, and slowly—oh, so slowly!—formed from that obstinate log the canoe his mind had designed. All day long he toiled without food or drink. At sunset, his feet crossed the homeward trail; off fell the rude clothes, and the last rays flashed from his shoulders as he went out into

the sea. After his dip he returned to his house for food and sleep. So his days passed, and daily before our eyes the canoe slowly grew.

To understand these coast tribes aright, you must divide each tribe according to language, and then subdivide according to dialect. The unskilled lump everything with a red skin under the vulgar title of "siwash," which in the Chinook means simply "Indian." Chinook is the ordinary inter-tribal means of communication, but each sub-division has its own peculiar, clicking, deeply guttural language, and when the prospector or other traveller comes across an Indian who does not talk the Chinook, strange difficulties sometimes arise.

For instance, a prospector of my acquaintance making the inside route in his Fraser River boat came across a lonely Indian house in a little cove of an island. Anchoring and going ashore in his punt, he shook the rude door, and was answered only by a faint crying, like that of a puppy. Opening the door and entering the dimly-lighted low-raftered room, he saw a boy lying beside the strangely contorted figure of an old man, and moaning softly.

"Chah-co-yah-wah?" he asked in Chinook.

"Cole! cole!" (cold) the lad, shy as a sick animal, moaned.

"Cold?" said the prospector. "Ita-mika cly—sick tum-tum?" (Why do you cry? Sick stomach?)

"Cole! cole!" the boy repeated

"Hyas kwass."
(Very much frightened.)

"Yah-kachope?" asked the prospector, questioning if the dead man were his grandfather.

"Na-wit-ka!"
(Yes). "Cole! Hyas kwass!" cried the boy, and with that he broke into a torrent of frightened screams. No wonder the poor little mite was almost frenzied: the old man had been dead almost a week, and only the raw sea-lion meat beside the door had kept the child from starving; as it was, he had had to fight for even that with the rats.

The prospector dug a hasty grave. In an hour the old man was buried, and preparations were completed for their departure. Only one thing of value remained: an

engraved and carved square of metal, a piece of copper, greatly prized by the tribesmen, who are organized into secret societies, whose sign of authority are these copper squares. The prospector picked up the metal, for which as many as five hundred pairs of blankets would be a fair exchange among the Indians, and said to the boy:

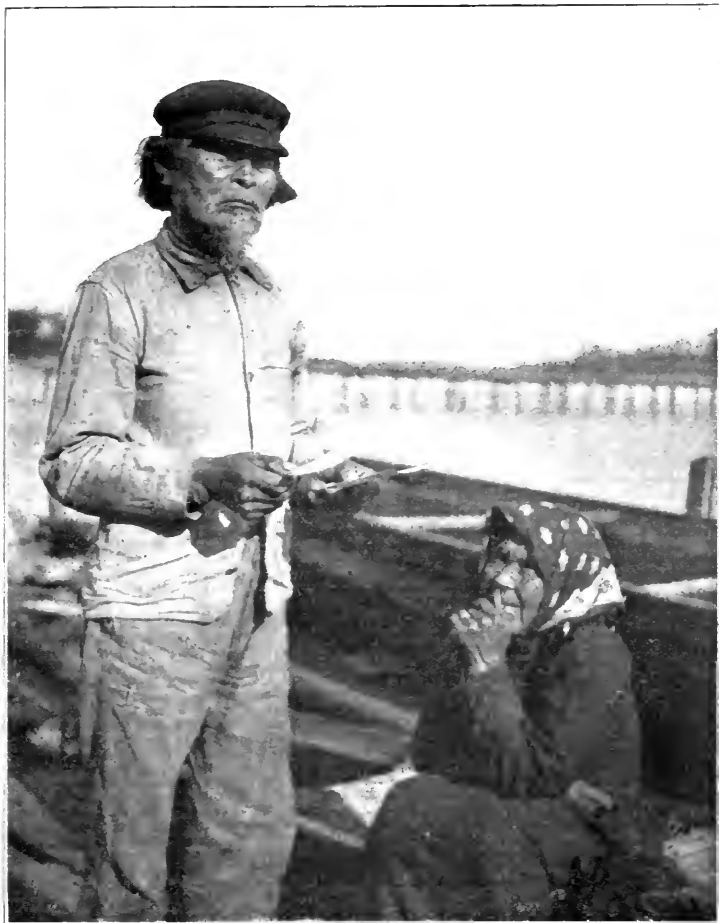
"Chaco!" (Come).

But the boy would none of him.

"Gok-watse-taglis!" he cried. "Gok watse-taglis!"

Now, this was no Chinook, but one of these incomprehensible Indian tongues, and the prospector was at a loss. He could not understand the lad; and yet it was very evident that

whatever "Gok-watse-taglis" was, it was something the boy considered indispensable. He tried signs, persuasion, and even laid hands on him, for time pressed, and he must go; also he must take the boy, for no one else might come for days, and there was no food. But the lad wriggled out of his grasp and ran frantically, pausing occasionally to repeat "Gok-watse-taglis" in distress and despair. The prospector had a nimble pair of legs, and finally ran him down, carrying him out to the Fraser boat in strong arms, and lashing him snugly with a rope to prevent his leaping overboard. It was not till months afterward, that the prospector, having given the boy over to a male relative, and almost having



THE ANCIENT CANOE-BUILDER AND HIS FOURTH KLOUTMAN WIFE
EXAMINING OUR "GHOST-PICTURES" OF HIMSELF

forgotten the incident, learned what "Gok-watse-taglis" meant. It was a plea for the last tribal rites over the body of his dead grandfather. "Burn the house; burn the canoe; burn everything!" it meant, and who knows how much of a tragedy it may have been to the boy?

But to come back to our canoe-building chief. Slowly we learned, partly by speech, partly by observation and inference, something of his history, and one day he told us, in a swift, low current of Kwakiutl and Chinook and English, a curious tale. It is impossible to render it intelligibly with any reference to his manner of speech, therefore I translate into ordinary English the story of how he took the bear for his totem. Remember that while these tribes have no Manitou they have for each family or clan a spirit, the representation of which is used as a crest on blankets, on totem-poles, in carvings on cedar chests, and the like. Also each man of a family may have his own private totem.

"Before you white men came here, and only your sick men are white men, my father and his father had a great village clan. It would take ten canoe builders ten years to build all the canoes we had on the beach. Our village broke up into many fishing villages, and my father wanted to get them all back. So he sent canoes far up the arms of the sea, up into the mountains, and he sent others to all the islands in the sea where my people dwelt. Then we made fine blankets of cedar bark, long ropes of cedar bark. Then we built a great potlatch house of cedar boards all split out with stone axes and bone wedges. We gathered berries and pressed them into cakes. We gathered much sea weed and dried it. We dried herring's eggs, we dried clams and threaded them on thin cedar sticks. We dried salmon and squid," (the Devil Fish of the nature fakirs) "We made long lines of sea-lion sinews and we put bladders on them and harpooned many seals and sea-lions. Then we followed the bladders and picked up the dead ones. We made mighty nets of deer sinews and kelp

and cedar bark, and drove the elk and deer and bear into them and killed them with our stone axes and our mussel shell pointed harpoons. Our boys killed ducks and geese with blunted arrows. Our young men put up great nets and caught canoe loads of flying sea fowl. We caught great loads of oulican (candlefish) and dried these so that they would burn and give us much light. We filled the big wooden vessels of water and threw in hot stones and boiled the halibut and the cod and red fishes. With long rakes we took many canoe loads of herrings; these we dried in the sun and in the smoke houses. Then we soaked them in whale oil to make good food, all for the great feast of my gathering people.

"Now the women took feathers and hair and cedar bark and made many blankets. We killed nearly all the old dogs and put their hair in the blankets, too. Now great heaps of baskets were made out of willows and weeds, baskets that would hold water, cedar baskets to carry loads of food in. The young men carved with shell knives and knives of stone many food dishes and cedar food boxes. All the canoes were now away inviting all my people and I went out to find my spirit.

"I went out into the forest alone as far as I could go in one day. I had a kelp bulb of whale oil, a stone knife and a cedar stick. I threw my cedar blanket off and walked naked. Soon I saw a great eagle. It flew down into a low tree and put its open bill near my face. I ran about the tree. The bird stuck its bill through it. I wedged it there with the cedar stick and climbed on the eagle's back. I made it fly away with me to its nest, away up near the sun. I took of the feathers of the nest and the down of the young birds and made me a blanket for I was cold. Soon the bear called up from the woods below for me to come down, as the eagle would tear me in bits to feed its young with. So I took the young by the neck and we fell slowly down to the woods. Now the old eagle followed me and I threw away the bulb of oil. It made a great

lake and the eagle had to fly around it. Soon I threw away the cedar stick, and it made a great woods to hide the bear in. Then I threw away the stone knife, and it made a great mountain for the eagle to fly over. Then I hid in the woods and rubbed myself with hemlock bark, and the bear taught me a dance and the song of the bear, and I learned it and went home and danced it around the fire in the big house before the old men; and then I was made a member of the secret society; and the bear was to be my totem, and the bear song was to be my song, and the bear dance my dance, and I have never



THE "VALDES"—ONE OF THE GREAT RACING CANOES OF THE COAST INDIANS

That was the last we ever saw of him. With the conclusion of the tale we paddled away from the flotsam-strewn beaches, hearing the dull bite of the adze and the low rumble of his crooning voice humming the Song of the Bear. The great war canoes passed back and forth before us between the



NETTING SEA URCHINS IN THE SHALLOWS—A GOOD EXAMPLE OF A TWO-MAN FISHING CANOE

again killed a bear. So all my people came from the big swift rivers of the mountains, from the islands of the sea, from the coves of the sea shore, and watched me dance the bear dance, and heard me sing the bear song."

The old sunken-cheeked chief sang again the refrain of his great life event—the choosing of his totem and the admittance into the secret society—"Nan-ulla lek lax-o" (In the magic of my body I found the bear).

carcass of a stranded whale and the shore. The odor was almost unbearable to us, and yet in a canoe that passed us, laden with blubber, one little urchin in the bow was serenely resting on a pillow of the decayed meat, and cheerfully lunching off one end of it.

We looked back, pausing in our stroke. On the beach the old chief bent again over his task, his bronze arm rising and falling to the rude

rhythm of the clumsy adze. Beside him, on a prostrate timber, sat his blue-handkerchiefed klootchman, or squaw, watching alternately the labor of her man and the departure of our canoe.

As we swung dippingly around a

bend that shut off the ancient canoe-maker from our view, we saw, resting on the top of an isolated rock, the last chapter of the story—a weather-rotted skeleton canoe, containing bleached and rotting bones.

THE GATE OF THE SINGING WINDS

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

OH, it's far by the road of the curving downs
 A-scent with the fresh-ploughed loam,
 There lies the gate of the Singing Winds
 Where April gets her home.

And it's merry, oh, merry, the trooping Winds
 That sing on the winding road,
 And light of heart are the early Winds
 That dance with their flower-bud load.

It's near, so near to the shingled roofs,
 And the cow that lows in her stall,
 But never a lover of fire-lit rooms
 May measure or find at all.

The baby comes back from his meadow play
 With a smile on his dimpled mouth,
 When he tries to tell of his day-long play
 With the Singing Winds of the South.

The boy goes out in the dewy dawn
 Where the early violets hide,
 And he comes with a strange, shy look on his face
 But he tells not where they bide.

The seal of their kiss is yet cool on his lips,
 And their breath in his mist-wet hair;
 The Singing Winds of the South are sweet,
 And follow wherever he fare.

But it's merry, oh, merry, the Singing Winds
 That dance on their grass-grown way,
 And light of heart are the early Winds
 That open the buds of May.

The Second Wrestler

By Floy Campbell

Calcutta, India.

June 15th, 1910.

To Mr. Taylor McChesney.

Toronto, Ont.

My dear Mr. McChesney,

You will, I know, be interested in hearing that I have at last run across three examples of that type of Japanese portrait work in wood-carving which we were discussing when last I dined with you. There are two warriors, life-size, in full costume of the seventeenth century, and one wrestler, naked except for the loin cloth. The work on all of them is admirable, and the coloring wonderful. The figure of the wrestler is even more realistic than usual, the details being worked out with a precision, an anatomical nicety, that no other nation has ever approached. Every vein, every tendon, is shown, and only the exaggeration of the attitude, the ferocity of the expression, and the perfect immobility of the figure convince one that it is not a living man who stands there.

JOHN DEWITT BERNARD swung around in his chair, and regarded the treasure of which he had just written. He did not look at the room; that was sufficiently familiar to him—a great barn of a place, by no means Indian in character, though planted in the midst of Hindustan. It was merely his store house, his office while he was in the city, and his lumber room at all times. The bare, white walls were pierced with a few high windows. There were two doors, the large front entrance and opposite a smaller one at the back. On the floor were neatly folded piles of rugs, cabinets of small carvings and gems, portfolios of prints, bits of priceless “junk” of all sorts; for John De

Witt Bernard was a collector of curios for museums and for men of wealth.

Just now he was again studying his latest acquisition, the precious Japanese carvings. He rose and went to them, touching the curiously wrought dresses of the warriors, richly painted and inlaid with gold and colored wood, their hair, which, contrary to all accepted European canons, was real; and finally wheeling into the light the one wrestler that he might glean upon the perfect work, the finish and expressiveness of it. With his finger he followed the line of the tendons on the outstretched neck. His eye dwelt, with a connoisseur's satisfaction, upon the distended veins, the glaring eyeballs, the hideous grin of hatred that distorted every feature. The very nails on the toes that gripped the earth as the man lunged forward were, he noted, carved and finished with an impossible exactness and a consummate anatomical knowledge. Yes, they even retained some trace of the polish so skillfully applied by that long dead workman. McChesney would be pleased with such an example of craftsmanship; he must be. Now, if the second wrestler could only be found—for there were certainly two of these figures, as well as two warriors. Bernard sighed as he returned to his desk.

You will find the statues in an excellent state of preservation, he continued his letter, indeed, considering their age, the color and condition of the paint and the soundness of the wood is almost a miracle. They must have been in——

The hot silence was suddenly broken by the sound of running feet outside. The door was flung violently open, and shut with a bang. With a startled exclamation Bernard dropped the pen

on the open letter, and swung toward the sound, facing, to his amazement, Okama, his own confidential man; Okama, the quiet and discreet, sleek and well groomed Japanese boy he had picked up years before on his Oriental wanderings, had cared for and educated and made into a machine for his own use, with a Western brain under his stiff black hair, Western shrewdness and coolness behind his narrow calm eyes, and Western college trained muscles amply filling a suit of custom made clothes that would have hung loose on most of his countrymen and required an upturned cuff at ankle and wrist.

"Now, what's up?" inquired John Bernard, testily. He had always delighted in the one Oriental trait of his most useful protege, a quiet and impassive manner; and in the man before him, shaking in the grip of a black rage, he scarcely recognized his boy.

"I have killed a man." The boy leaned against the closed door, breathing heavily.

"What? What? In heaven's name, why?"

"He insulted the spirits of my ancestors."

"Insulted the——" John Bernard sank back, speechless.

"The spirits of my ancestors," Okama completed the sentence quickly. He had become entirely calm now.

"And you—you—killed him for that? For that! Good God, man, I thought I had made you over into a Canadian. Here I've taught you and trained you all these years——" he looked helplessly at the boy.

"Still—I am Japanese. And now—they come to take me."

"You'd better get out then, and get quick. There isn't a corner in here big enough to hide a mouse."

"I cannot go. They have seen me enter, and they have surrounded the house."

"What the devil made you come here then?" said Bernard, with some heat. "You're caught like a rat in a trap. There's not a thing I can do to help you. Not a thing." And his eyes roved anxiously around the bare room.

"I know a way, sir. I can yet escape, if you will write, and look not around either as I go, or as they search. So you may say you know not where I went, nor what means I took to make me safe."

"I'd do anything to help you out of the scrape, and you know it. I can't see your drift, but here goes. I'll not turn for half an hour. Now go. Quick! I hear steps."

Bernard swung to his desk again, and took a fresh sheet of paper, crumpling the ink-blotted one into a ball.

Calcutta, India,

June 15th, 1910.

*Mr. Taylor McChesney,
Toronto, Ont.*

He began again. There was a steady rustling behind him, somewhere in the big room. He wondered what kind of a hiding place Okama could construct, and whether he dreamed for a moment that a shelter of the rugs, or of the embroidered robes, would go unsearched. The rustling ceased. A rap sounded at the door.

"Come!" called the master of the place.

It was the expected trio of policemen. A murder had been committed, the murderer, followed by the police, had been seen to enter this house, and had not been seen to leave it. They begged the privilege of searching.

"You can see everything in the room with one glance," said John Bernard, "but search; by all means, search. There are only two exits, as you see, both leading out-of-doors. No closets, no alcoves, no garrets, not a curtain nor a trap door. But search."

"You saw the man we're after?"

"I saw him."

"Is he still here?"

"Now, look here; I don't know a thing more about that man than you do. He was here. Where he is now I can't say. I've told you to search. Go ahead. Turn the whole shop upside down if you want to; haul over everything in it, and hunt every corner, but don't bother me. This letter's got to go to-night on the outbound mail. Drive on, now—only," he added sharply, as he heard the unmistakable tap of iron on wood, "don't touch those

statues. They're priceless, and if you damage them, you'll be in the hottest water you ever struck."

"I—I beg pardon, sir; it was an accident. We'll not touch them again. Careful, Bob. Turn the draperies over there—"

The search went on, with the sound of unfolded cloth, the dragging of rugs, and the moving of cabinets to look for possible hidden closets. John struggled to remain silent and impassive in this hunt for the boy he had trained, and grown to need so much that the need was almost affection.

At last, standing in the rear doorway, one of the searchers shouted to the watch outside:

"He's not here. Have you seen him leave?"

"No. He must be there."

"I say he's not. Ye can come and see."

John was sorely tempted to turn in his chair, but held himself with an effort, and continued his letter.

These are very remarkable carvings, as you may know from the above description, and I am only waiting until my search for the second wrestler is successful to sail for Canada.

Behind him, voices were raised in hot dispute.

"He must ha' passed you in some disguise, then."

"Just what he's done," thought Bernard, with a thankful leap of the heart, "that's what he was rustling back yonder—a costume——"

"He did not. Never a soul passed that door. You've not looked here proper."

"Hunt for yourself, then. We've turned every rag of a rug or curtain, and re-turned it. There isn't a crack in the walls or the floor, and not a thing hanging on the walls but them two or three suits of clothes, and not a stick o' furniture to hide behind, but the little cabinets and them wooden figgers. I tell you there's no other way. He's got out in one of these dresses; hasn't he, sir?"

"That's possible," said Bernard, without turning; "indeed, highly probable, but I can't say with certainty. He left while my back was turned."

"He never left at all," said the man from outside, positively, "unless he left invisible. I tell you, nothing in any costume whatsoever, or in no costume whatsoever, has passed that door since I got to my place."

The men stood silent and irresolute for a moment, looking over the bare room.

"I've heard of them as could go invisible," said one of them at last, in a low, awed tone; and John Bernard felt the roots of his hair stir, for faith in the occult is breathed in with the air of India. But the leader of the searching party stopped his men sternly and angrily.

"He left before ye got to your posts, ye fools, and ye want to get out o' the blame for yer beastly slowness. Well, it's sure he's not here. Come, we've got to search the town now. Thanks to you, sir; and beg pardon for any trouble."

As the door swung behind the officers John Bernard swung around in his chair again, and looked about the great room. For a moment, while he listened to the dispute of the men, he had been sure that Okama had found some secure disguise in the rich assortment of costumes there; and he still felt that to be the sanest explanation of his escape, although his conviction was shaken by the declaration of the watchers that nothing had passed the door. He knew their chief was unjust in accusing his men of lingering on the road to their posts, for he had seen them outside even as he talked with Okama.

One of them had hinted of men who could go invisible. He, too, had heard such stories, and, like many intensely practical men, he had a reverse side to his nature, visionary, and dyed deep with many-colored superstitions. Was it possible that Okama, with the revivifying of his Orientalism, had suddenly discovered in himself this power? Hide he could not; and they swore he had not left the building.

"Hello!" cried Bernard, suddenly.

There in the shadow under the high window, facing its double in the light, stood the desire of his eyes, the second wrestler. Line for line the bodies

corresponded—the straining muscles, the starting veins, the toes of the left foot, on which the weight was thrown, convulsively gripping the earth, the ferocious face, with the glaring eyes, and the distorted grin of hate.

And then, as John DeWitt Bernard

looked, and rubbed his eyes, and looked again, unable to realize this strange fulfillment of his dream, suddenly the statue gave way, crumbled into a heap of exhausted flesh. The strain of continued and perfect immobility had been too much for Okama, and he had fainted.

THE PILOT

BY CY WARMAN

ON ST. LAURENT I'm pilot, me, an' tak' de beeg shep down,
 An' I know plantee familee w'at's livin' all aroun',
 An' some can't speak it, English, do' he's got good Scotch nam'
 Because he's gran' pare's fadder's gran' pare's fight here on Montcalm.

I can't help say, sometam'; "too bad dose fellah w'at is King,
 Can't mak' som' kine peace-parliament," but dat is 'noder ting,
 Mabee it's right, de sodger said—I t'ink Napoleon—
 "Le bon Dieu help de armie mos' w'at's have de mos' bes' gun."

Dere's wan t'ing, an' I'm always proud for see it on de sky,
 From batteau on de St. Laurent, w'en we are sail it by,
 I'm always look for see dat, w'en de river's nice an' still—
 An' dat's de monument of Peace w'at's stan' dere on de hill.

An' all de peep'l—ever' wan she's pleased for see dat dere,
 Because, me frien', dat's 'noder t'ing you're not see ever'where,
 Dose fellah, dey be fightin' dere for many many mont's,
 An' den dey're have one beeg bataille an' bot' line up at once.

Den sodger fin' nice Canadienne an' kiss de tear away,
 Com' on de church an' hol' de han' an' mak' de maree.
 Den Frenchman, Scotchman, Englishman an' ever' one she's free,
 An' all shak' han' an' go to work for mak' de gran' countree.

The Pedlar's Pack



This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

THE AWAKENING

*When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned
again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where
springs
The first flower of the plain.*

*Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they jail, till, to its autumn
brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.*

THE old earth has turned in her sleep. Half awake, she lingers abed, listening to the first springtide noise of winds and rivers. But the birds are calling in the northern woods, and in her deep bosom little spring flowerets are stirring. Days of silver and gold, rain and sunshine, are upon us, and Nature is thinking of that pretty green gown of hers and the little chaplet of flowers she will bind presently across her shining hair. All the world is rejoicing. The robin bursts into song before the sun lifts his golden crown over the edge of the world; the city sparrows, weary of their monotonous winter chirp, introduce new notes into their little spring song, while their kinsman of the white crown utters his three plaintive calls followed by a little

trilling aria of joyous notes. All about, the little streamlets, loosened from the ice and frost, gurgle with a pleasant murmuring. The woods are as yet bare, but the trees are pregnant with swelling buds, and here and there from under the carpet of pine-needles and brushy tangles, peeps a trail of green vine.

There is a strange enchantment in one's first walk through the woods in early spring. The step is lighter and more springy than was its wont a month ago, and the eternal joy in the resurrection of things—that amazing miracle of youth and freshness and Love renewed—which occurs at every spring of the year—sends a little current of gaiety dancing through the heart. How good everything feels! How fresh! How new! Lovely old world, after all, despite pessimists and grouchers and those unfortunate humans who are always worried.

The dust and noise of cities is far from us, here in the quiet spaces. Afar off, are they, and the things that have filled our lives, and which are but of very small account to those by which we are now surrounded. A walk up the breezy uplands, then down to the deep pond on the other side where the frogs are fluting, and where among the withered sedges that line its edge

the red-shouldered blackbird is calling in her queer bird-whisper "Chut! Chut!" Now and again a little wind shrills through the stiff rushes, and the frogs stop their singing, until one who has arrived at the distinction of a croak, gives the word of command, and the orchestra tunes up again. All the gentle stirring of spring is here growing more vigorous every hour. The pussy-willows are waving their silvery catkins. The woods seem full of echoes and rustlings, of noiseless noises. The wind sighing in the pines utters a subtle music which reminds one of Keats' fine saying that the poetry of earth is never dead.

"And then there crept

A little noiseless noise among the leaves

Born of the very sigh that silence heaves."

THE HOUSE OF MANNING

QUEEN MARY, when Princess of Wales—and no doubt at the present time, too—had many a gown built for her by the famous old Manning House in Dublin. To speak of this ancient shop for a moment—it is a regular curio-house of relics and gifts of Royalty. The portraits of many British sovereigns hang on the walls in the little narrow, dark old rooms which no inducement would prevail upon the head of the great firm to change. Their very quaintness is their charm, though the fitting rooms devoted to Royalty and the "haut ton" are large and well lighted. There are odd corners filled with valuables of every kind. From shadowy places you get gleams of the shimmer of gold and silver and faint rose. The management is justly proud of the many medals won at various exhibitions, and of other beautiful prizes.

The head-woman of the dressmaking department—a dignified lady in a trained black satin gown and long gold chain—told the writer of the occasion when Her Majesty was being fitted for a wonderful gown for some Indian fête or other assemblage. This forewoman, with her assistants, accompanied by the manager and head of the

firm, was commanded to come to London, and there the gown was fitted. It was literally sewn with precious gems, diamonds and pearls, rubies and sapphires, and while the women were busy at their work, two detectives stood in the room behind a curtain, four others remained on guard outside. The Princess stood patiently for more than an hour, offering no suggestion but the one, through her lady in attendance, that the collar should be very high and fit very snugly.

"The Princess is very particular about her collars," said the fitter, "but though we have made many gowns for her—especially of Irish poplin, of which she is very fond—we never had a dress returned for alteration." It is reported that Queen Mary is ordering several gowns of this fabric for her Coronation and its festivities.

How funny it was about Queen Alexandra and her dressmaker one time, and how very distressing it must be to be a royal person sometimes. Their Highnesses ought really to be sent into the world provided with a fur or feather outfit warranted to last.

Imagine yourself—as the French say—being "tried on" and never being allowed to address directly your dressmaker. The Mistress of the Robes, who is always a Personage, and who probably knows next to nothing about gown-building, is the one to whom the Queen must confide her woes.

"Our sleeve is a little tight here," sayeth her Majesty, indicating a spot below the elbow.

"Her Majesty's sleeve," echoes the Personage in lofty tones, "is rather tight just below the elbow."

"Her Majesty's sleeve," exclaims the head dressmaker, in a tone of extreme hauteur to her five or six underlings, "is unduly narrow below her Majesty's elbow."

"There's a pin sticking in our person below the belt," says her Majesty, humbly.

"A pin annoys her Majesty somewhere below the waist-line," repeats the Personage in a freezing tone.

"A pin perforates her Majesty's underclothing, just below the royal stomacher," says the head dressmaker

in a calm and haughty voice. "See to its instant removal."

And all the time the pin is sticking in the Queen.

MORALS AND RED HAIR

A RED-HAIRED GIRL in a recent novel gives this exposition of her true feelings to her dearest woman friend: She—the red-haired one—had been in love with a young lieutenant whose prospects would have been wrecked had she accepted him. Fortunately she declined. But he, after the manner of men, almost immediately engaged himself to another woman. And the red-haired one, being human, feels a trifle bitter about it.

"Nauseous, is it not, Monica? And so superfluous! In the first place, why need I be fond of him? I have been fond of other men, half a dozen, more or less—more, I fancy. One forgets. In sentimental songs a woman loves once. But nature has made no remarks on this subject, I believe. Nature is not sentimental. And the poets? Never mind what they say. Just watch what they do. If you find the One, and he finds you, that is luck. But if you do not, you make your little tentative excursions. Men tell us we are womanly when we love but once. Men! They have told us a lot of things to make life comfortable for themselves.

"Monica, I don't mean to excuse myself. I have knocked about a good deal, you know. That is what happens when you are an orphan, have red hair, and three uncles. Instead of finding the One, I was always finding some other woman's One. I never went to stay a few days in a country house but



"THERE'S A PIN STICKING IN OUR PERSON," SAYS HER MAJESTY HUMBLBY

somebody left in tears—I, or somebody else, it matters little which. My hair, I suppose. I loved once and forever when I was sixteen; twice and forever at seventeen and a half; thrice and forever shortly after. They all married rich girls. I never met very good men—not very bad, but not good, mediocre. I never met a woman I trusted until I knew you—not bad women, but conventional, cowardly, mediocre. I think I've not done anything very bad, but heedless, reckless, stupendously rash things without number. Mean? Well, I don't know; rather malicious, when women weren't nice to me. . . . And what makes me wicked is to see how holy the girls feel whose mothers marry them off well, girls who have no temperaments, or tongues, or red hair, and to whom men don't make love except on a good commercial Basis."

Of course, she did not forget. Women rarely do. It was only her little attempt at seeming clever, she was airing the modern epigram that women love to indulge in. Epigrams are hardly wholesome. Are we losing the old wholesome grasp on life. I wonder?

Women in the old days loved and were forgotten, and set aside for someone else, but they didn't scathe their male admirers and their female friends with epigrams. They just shrank within themselves—dear

gentlewomen—and bore the hurt in secret. At times, they too, being human, forgot in a way—for a woman always carries dead rose leaves in her heart—and they married and bore children, and busied themselves in household and nursery ways and lived serene and sweet, and—if one might say it—virginal lives, and died and were buried and had marble tombstones erected over them, recapitulating their virtues. Such women were like the pot

pourri in Sevres jars. But I don't think, somehow, they had red hair.



"I LOVED ONCE AND FOREVER WHEN I WAS SIXTEEN,
TWICE AND FOREVER AT SEVENTEEN AND A HALF,
AND THRICE AND FOREVER SHORTLY AFTER"

BLIND JUSTICE

THE wreck and ruin brought about by the band of looters and robbers who apparently controlled, of their own sweet will, the institution lately known as The Farmers' Bank, has caused widespread horror, indignation and despair throughout Ontario. Not merely men, but thrifty country women whose poor little scrapings have been earned through years of hard work and deprivation, have lost every cent they had. As one farmer, sixty years old, said to his wife, "We are where we started on our wedding day, Mary. Everything we have is gone and the old place will have to go to meet the demands." She could not answer him for the sobs that strangled her throat, and the tears that raced down her old face. Hundreds of country people have been ruined. It was like robbing children to rob these honest people

whose money was so bitterly earned.

And what does Travers, the arch-criminal, the ex-manager, get? Six years, sans hard labor, in the Penitentiary. Six years, lessened perhaps

by two—if he behaves himself. This certainly seems inadequate punishment for the crimes of forgery, falsifying accounts and straight stealing. The money of a whole country-side—the earnings of a lifetime of toil and sacrifice was squandered by this man and his uncaught (so far) associates—in high living, rich wines, splendid establishments, fine cooking, motors, steam yachts, and marble baths sunken in the floor and reached by marble

steps—such baths as the old Roman senators had in their houses. Canadian plumbers could not set up these magnificent fittings, these hidden faucets and white marble arrangements, so they were brought from New York to the private palace of the ex-manager of the ex-bank. Along with all this, there was the "fancy-dressed" butler, the chauffeur, the house attendants. Grown trees were planted round the estate; saplings would take too long to grow. Then there had to be trips to New York, to Syracuse, to England. On a salary of five or six thousand, the man Travers lived at the rate of twenty thousand. And all this with the stolen money of the good farmers of Ontario.

And, for all this, six years—without labor—in Kingston Penitentiary!

Is it not time to take the bandage off the eyes of Justice?

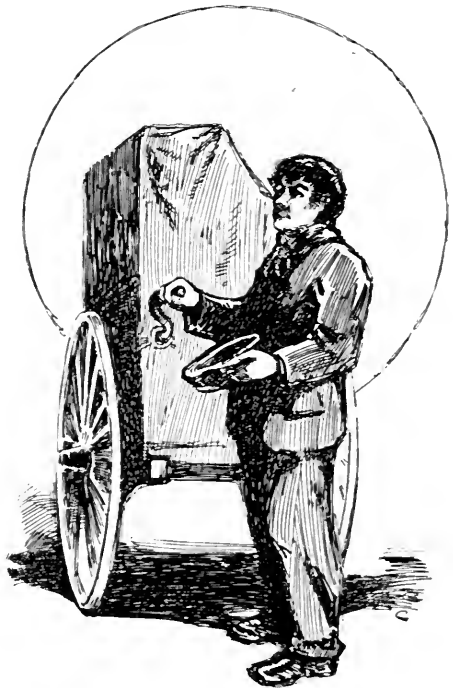
NERVES AND NOISE

NO doubt the poor street musician has to live like the rest of us, but there are moments when he causes

murderous thoughts to arise in one's breast. How merrily he winds up his desperate instrument of a morning just under your window and pours out "rag" and "sentimental" from "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" to the latest "heart" ballad. The voice of the complaining sluggard is lost in the cheerful racket of the one-band man. That terrible travelling piano is a little mine of noises that go off in the most explosive manner. A demon would appear to live in it who, while pounding out bass with his boots, dashes madly up and down in little rills and rivulets in the treble, and at the same moment compasses the feat of crashing out mezzo chords—with four pairs of hands, presumably. There is a vindictiveness about the travelling piano that is appalling. The dreadful machine appears to revel in "Lucia di Lammermoor" to the measure of an Irish jig; it laughs at Wagner and pounds out "Wise Old Owl" immediately after a deadly attempt on "Die Abendstern." Then it cheerfully offers you Mascagni in rag-time, and winds up with an attack on "Faust" that makes you wonder why Mephisto—in his own interests—does not retaliate. Not content with regaling you before breakfast with Carmen in curl-papers, it trots back in the afternoon and implores you—in your busiest hour—to "Come Rest in This Bosom, My Own Stricken Deer." What a bosom to rest in, to be sure! And at sun-down, just as you are settling down to read that last delightful book—here is the demon again grinding out with joy a delirious "fantasie" on "Traviata," or groaning the "Dead March." The grind-organ is an instrument I would like to have all to myself in the back garden for an hour or so—merely to see what is wrong with its inside. It makes the way to salvation a peculiarly hard road to travel, being conducive neither to charity nor prayer.

And yet—how many millions of people there are who are not alone indifferent to noise but who rather enjoy it? "Rest? Rest?" cried the jansenist Arnould. "Have I not all eternity to rest in?"—which query, of course, you will answer according to your own

particular belief. We are leading what is called "the fuller life" these days, and this kind of existence abounds with noise. It is the young man who is leading the fuller life who bangs his door over your head and lets heavy boots fall from a height of many feet upon the floor of his bedroom. He cannot realize the mental condition of the wretched milk-sop—as he would call him—below, who is capable of being worried by the sounds of life. The world of to-day is crowded with men and women whose feeling towards noise-makers of all kinds is one of tolerance if not benevolent neutrality. In spite of the nervous troubles that are said to be on the increase from the high pressure at which the life of to-day spins, the real sufferers from noise—from the street cries, the street music, the squeaks and groans of cars rounding curves, the whistles and cat-calls of street urchins—are those who lead se-



HE TROTS BACK IN THE AFTERNOON AND IMPORES YOU IN YOUR BUSIEST HOUR TO "COME REST IN THIS BOSOM, MY OWN STRICKEN DEER"

dentary lives, and who usually belong to the literary or quasi-literary classes, and who, therefore, being in the minority, are merely unconsidered human trifles.

Grafting On Galicia

By Henry Schiller

Illustrated with Photographs



HENRY SCHILLER

country was divided among Germany, Austria and Russia.

Until fifty years ago, the Ruthenians were serfs, the Polanders owning all the land, but in 1848, a revolt resulted in a division of the land, the owner keeping one-third of his property, and the remaining two-thirds being divided among the serfs.

This division satisfied the people at that time, but with the increase in population, the land has been divided and sub-divided to such an extent, that it is cut up into plots of three, four and five acres each so that it is almost impossible for a man wishing to invest in a large amount of land to obtain it in one unbroken district. many of the landowners having property scattered over different parts of the country.

Until last year, only landowners could vote; now, the right of franchise is granted to every man over twenty-

THE little Austrian province of Galicia once belonged to Poland—in-
deed, Krakow was, at one time, the capital of the Polish Kingdom, while in the reign of Maria Theresa the

one years of age, although votes run in proportion to the amount of land owned; that is, a man who owns a great deal of land has a whole vote; the second-rate owner has half of a vote, and all other votes count only as a third. There is continual friction between the classes. The Polanders rule the country—they are the *Szlachta* and they treat the lower classes as though they were still serfs. The common people have been fighting for ten years to get some of the government offices under their control, and there will surely be a revolution unless some decisive action is taken soon.

The offer of one hundred and sixty acres of land in Canada to each homesteader is a very great temptation to the Galician, as many of the largest landowners in his own country do not own much more than that. An old Galician, in speaking of the tide of emigration to this country, said, "The Bible says the day will come when horseless iron wagons will transport our goods to another country."

The country, both in physical formation and climate, is very like western Canada, so that the Galicians find themselves at home in this country, only they are a very sociable people, and they do not like the long distances between farms. At home, they live in villages and go out to their farms to work, so that their evenings are spent in social intercourse.

Many who have come to Canada, and have made a certain amount of money, have then returned to their own country to buy farms there. The competition thus engendered has raised

the price of land all over Galicia, a unique result of the Canadian immigration policy.

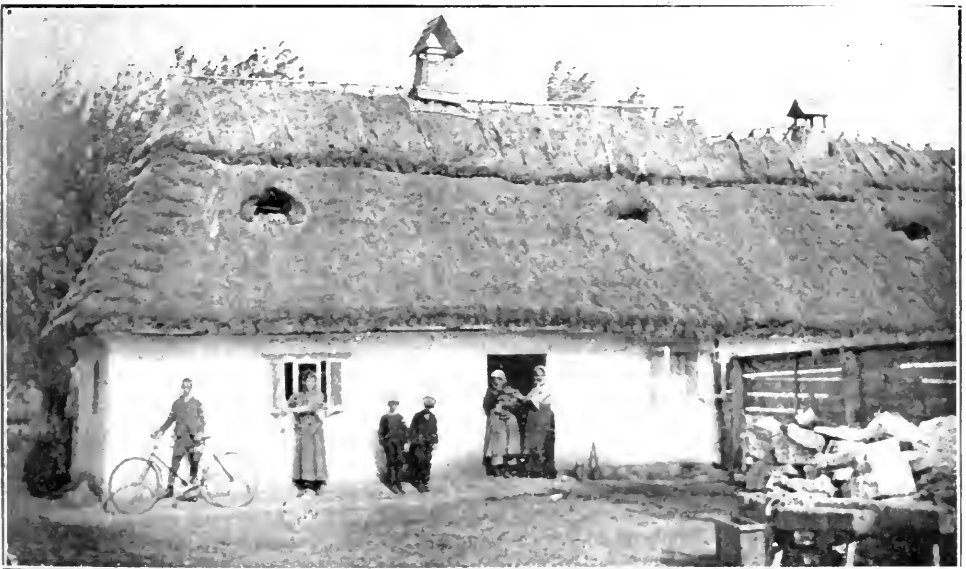
In Galicia the only way to make a living is by agriculture. If a man has no land himself, he must work for someone else and for this, in the busiest time of the year he gets one kroner, or twenty cents a day, while in slack times, he gets only one-half that amount.

The soil is fruitful and produces wheat, tobacco, corn, rye, potatoes, fruit and vegetables of all kinds. This is fortunate, for the Galician is a vegetarian, only eating meat twice a year, at Christmas and Easter. His staple article of diet is mush, made out of corn flour, but on holidays and Sundays he eats a special dish called *peroha*, a sort of pie in which the paste is made of rye and the filling of cheese and potatoes. 4

Holidays, moreover, are frequent, for there are one hundred and seventy in the year, including Sundays, and on these days no work whatever is done. They also have two fairs on 'Saints' days: one at Lasckow on the third of July, and the other at Orinien, near Lemburg, a month later.



LIFE SITS LIGHTLY ON THE GALICIANS



AN OLD FARM HOUSE IN GALICIA



IN CANADA THE CHARACTERISTIC GALICIAN BUILDING HAS UNDERGONE A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER. THEIR BUILDINGS ARE MODERN AND SANITARY



THERE ARE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY HOLIDAYS IN THE YEAR ON WHICH NO WORK WHATEVER IS DONE

The Greek Catholic church prevails throughout the country, although the Roman Catholic religion is strong among the higher classes. Every fork or cross road has two crosses dedicated to some Saint, and each of these crosses must be saluted when travelling. On Sunday afternoon, they have dances on the grass after church, when affairs

are run very much in the manner of an old-fashioned Quaker meeting. The women stay together at one side of the lawn, and the men on the other. When a man wishes to dance, he calls his chosen partner by name and she comes to him.

It is at these dances that weddings are announced. On the Sunday after-

noon preceding the ceremony, the bride elect attends the dance, kissing the hands of her friends who give her their blessing and promise to be present at the wedding.

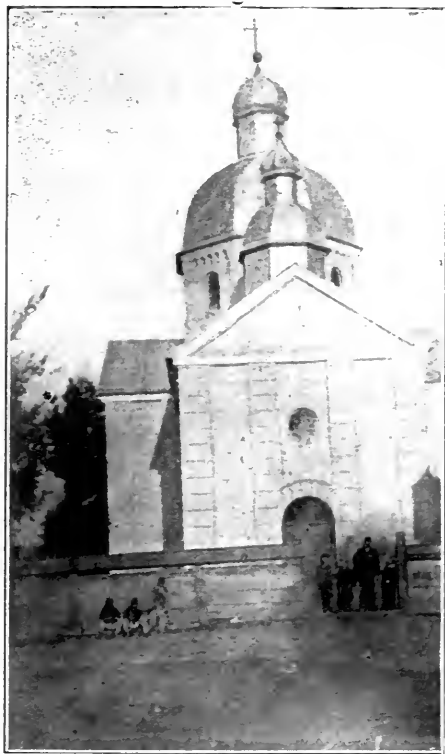
The nuptial festivities usually last about three days, the ceremony taking place about four o'clock in the afternoon of the first day, and the rest of the time being spent in dancing, feasting and drinking.

The liquor rights were controlled entirely by the *Szlachta* or nobility, until about twenty-five years ago, when they came under government ownership.

A man obtains selling-rights for a stated territory from the government, and that enables him to erect as many shops and open as many selling-places within the limits of that territory, as he desires. This law is in force now and will obtain for five years, when a change will probably be effected as the present system of license-laws is peculiar to Galicia and prevails in no other country in Europe. The only spirituous liquor manufactured is whiskey, made from potatoes and aniseed, which retails at two *kritzer*, or one cent, a glass.

The sale of tobacco is also a government monopoly, and all the process of growth is under government direction. Engineers are appointed to oversee the amount sown and the amount cut, so that none may be stolen. Each village

has a warehouse, and a certain day is appointed each year on which the tobacco must be delivered. Most of it is made into cigars and exported, the Galicians themselves using cigarette tobacco brought in from other countries.



THE CHURCH HAS A CURIOUSLY EASTERN AIR

The railways, too, are owned and operated by the government, the fares being much cheaper than Canadian rates, although the trains are good and quite as fast as ours.

The oil-wells, which are very extensive, are controlled by the Standard Oil Company.

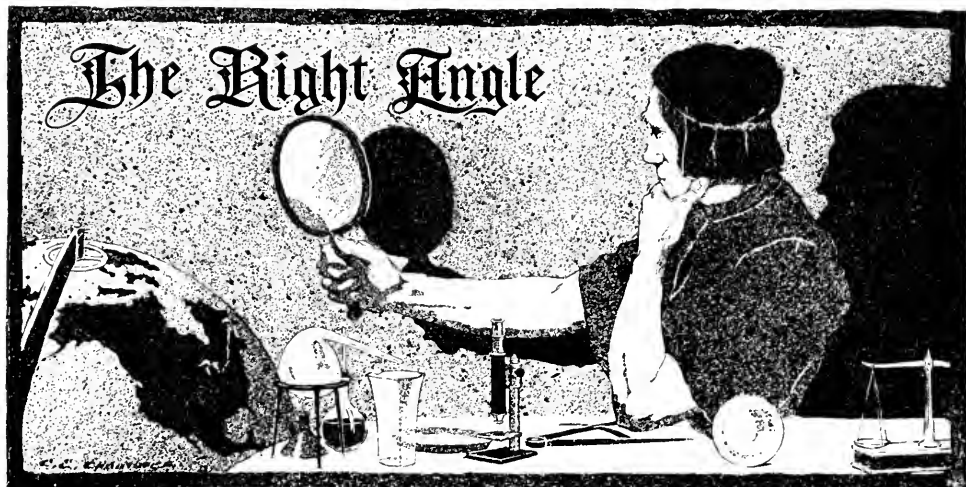
One half the people cannot read or write, but they are most courteous. The writer changed some money for a man who apologized for counting it, saying, "Even found money must be counted."

The Galicians are very musical, and one of their songs about Canada runs like this:

Hej Canada Canodeczker Jakaten te Hur-
udlewa
Ny Jednaho czolowika to z zinke roczela
U Galicye hirka zete
Hidit do Canada Panom budete
Yak we tam budete bidowate
Wacze Dite budut Panowate.
which translated is:

Oh Canada, Oh Canada, how fertile you are,
Not one man you have separated from his
wife.

In Galicia it is hard to live,
If you go to Canada you'll be a lord.
And if you should have a hard time at first
Remember your children will live in leisure



REAL RECIPROCITY



EMERSON HOUGH

EMERSON HOUGH came into our office the other day to talk reciprocity, with an article in his overcoat pocket and a twinkle in his alert blue eyes. As it turned out, he did most of the talking, and when he said good-bye, the article "Real

Reciprocity" was on our desk, and we wore a contented grin that would have made a Cheshire cat envious.

Down on the other side of forty-nine, Emerson Hough is known as a writer on economic questions whose words it is well to heed. When he sharpens his goose-quill and starts out for abuses, gentlemen in power at Washington hunt for their umbrellas and thoughtfully measure the climbability of near-by trees. Probably you remember the little whirl he had with the weather bureau not long ago, in which the cold-wave artist experienced a frost harder than he ever prophesied for the Michigan peaches. Mr. Hough's satire has a knack of biting home.

Innocently enough, his story on "Real Reciprocity" starts out with the

good knight Juan de Smette, who went a-sailing to "ye Indies" for the glory of King Alfonse, and who relates, in the ancient idiom of the early voyagers his experiences and the real reciprocity which he didn't get. There is something of a parable here. With unsparing hand, Mr. Hough pokes fun at the institutions of the United States and the reciprocity that any visiting stranger is likely to secure from such gentlemen as ye "Cacique T. Shonts," "ye great Kynges John and Pierp." and other rulers of "ye Indies."

Canadians reading our May number may laugh over the sorry plight of the good Sir Juan and his "shaiv-tail mewel," but the joke has an edge and the laughter is seasoned with reflection.

"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER" PÈRE

IT was on the old Etruria, almost the last trip before she was taken off the New York run, that Montague Glass's father got away with the honors of the smoking-room," said W. D. Eaton the other day when a discussion about the "Potash and Perlmutter" stories had arisen, and somebody had flatly declared that in them the Jew had been given his first and only true representation.

"It takes a Jew always to give you a real picture of 'Abie,'" he went on. "Montague Glass is a Jew himself—a clever New York lawyer—and nobody ever was more surprised than he was when he got his first check back like

the echo from a gun. He had merely described the Jew as he knew him—which was the real reason why the stories caught on. I don't know him personally, but, as I was saying, I met his father in the Etruria. He lived in the smoking-room all the way across—an unobtrusive, all-for-business Jew who never opened his mouth. He drank with everybody, smoked with everybody, laid low for good bets in the pools on the day's run, and listened with both ears. It was a clever bunch of men, and good songs and stories were all over the place every minute.

"One of the funniest cut-ups was a man named Couture, who came aboard at Liverpool full of Scotch and sunshine, and stayed in that cheery condition all the way over. He was friends with everybody from the first—that is, with everybody except Glass. He made several unsuccessful attempts to draw Glass out, and about the sixth day he got after him, and told him there'd be some broken Glass aboard if he didn't loosen up.

"'You've listened to all the stories,' he said, 'and heard all the songs, and laughed over all the jokes we've been getting off for you, and you've never opened your face except to put something in it. I won't stand for it any longer. You've got to tell a story or do a dance or sing a song or go overboard. It's up to you. Spiel!'

"The smoking-room backed him up. Glass was treed. 'But what will I do, gentlemen?' he protested. 'I have no voice, I cannot sing. I have none of those funny stories. I never yet in my life have learned to dance. But,' he added, 'I made up a conundrum since I came on this ship and heard all you comedians makin' a competition. I don't want to go overboard. Will a conundrum do?'

"'Cough it,' said Couture.

"And he did: 'What,' said he, 'is the difference between a man and a turkey?'

"We thought it over singly and in collusion. Nobody got it. Finally we put it back to Glass. He grinned clear round to the back of his neck, and nodded his head.

"'You don't stuff a turkey with chestnuts till he's dead,' said he.

"And so far as I know, that was the sole literary success of Montague Glass's father."

"THERE'S A REASON"

ABOUT all a man ever knows of women's fashions is the bills. Bonnets and shawls, we are creditably informed, have not been worn since the day when the bell-crowned hat and baggy trouser were sported by the beau. Yet nine men out of ten when suggesting that their womenfolk don their outer wraps will say, "Put on your bonnet and shawl, Peggy," a command which "Peggy" obeys without a visible smile.

According to Mlle. Yvonne Coutu, however, there is one fashion that has made a perceptible impression upon masculine Ottawa—the fashion of small hats and long pins, projecting an insouciant half-yard or so beyond the outermost confines of "transformation." Mlle. Coutu is Lady Laurier's social secretary, a wee little mite of a lady who plays Unrelenting Cerberus and comes down like a thousand of brick upon the Persistent Person who tries to see Lady Laurier without sufficient authority. Her English is so broken as to be in little tiny pieces, and the following story which she told at a tea recently is a story of a tragic masculine awakening to the advantages of the hat-pin fashion.

"An' you know," she said, "a gentleman, a frien' of mine, sa-ays to me the h'other day. 'Why do you ladies wear dose small hats an' dose long peens?'

"An' I sa-ay. 'Well, we 'ave to protect h'ourselves.'

"An' he sa-ays. 'I should think so! The h'other day I was talking to a lady, an' I take her in my arms to keess her, when sacré! something sting my cheek—so! "Ah-ha!" say the lady. "Monsieur, when we 'ave h'our 'ands in ze muff, we mus' 'ave 'ands on ze head. Voilà!'"

And little Mlle. Coutu twinkled knowing bright eyes with the air of one who understands innumerable secrets.

Some wise man has remarked that a

woman's hat is anything she chooses to put on her head. Perhaps; but after that revelation, it looks to the masculine mind as though after all she might have a reason.

PITCH

THAT Apostle of the Strenuous, and only living ex-president of the United States, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, said in a recent address:

"Distrust any man who either praises or blames capitalist or laboring man, big corporation representative or small man in a mass. Make up your mind that they are all about like ourselves, that they contain good men and bad men, and that it is our duty to stand for the good man whether he be the head of a great corporation or the head of a union, or neither."

The reformer who takes all corporations to be fair game any day in the week sometimes has cause to regret it.

Last February Hampton's Magazine published "Cassidy and the Food Poisoners," an article by Cleveland Moffett, in which the writer arraigned the Standard Oil Company, charging them with several unpleasant things in connection with the Philadelphia candy adulterations.

Unfortunately, Mr. Moffett went a step too far, and his article appeared in type without having been thoroughly verified. Next thing Mr. Moffett and Hampton's knew, they had a \$350,000 libel suit served up with their breakfast coffee. The biter was bitten in a soft place and that arch anathema of the reformer, the Standard Oil Company, was on the right side of the fence. Author and publisher had to back down, as the two following letters show:

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE.

66 WEST 35TH ST.
New York.

January 31, 1911.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY, 26 Broadway,
New York:

Dear Sirs:—In the February issue of Hampton's Magazine, there was published

an article, written by me, entitled, "Cassidy and the Food Poisoners". In that article I referred to the investigation of Mr. Cassidy, with respect to the manufacture and sale of impure candies in Philadelphia, and made the statement that your Company manufactured and sold impure material which went into these candies and that, when the various dealers were arrested and fined, at the instance of Mr. Cassidy, your Company paid the fines.

Upon investigation, I have ascertained that your Company was in no way connected with the transactions referred to and I hasten to retract in the fullest manner all charges made against your Company, and to express my sincere regret that I should have fallen into this serious error.

Yours truly,
CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

January 31, 1911.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY, New York City.

Dear Sirs:—Referring to the foregoing letter of Mr. Cleveland Moffett to you, we beg to state that we are convinced that Mr. Moffett was in error in his statements with reference to your Company. We greatly regret that this error should have been made. It is the desire of Hampton's Magazine to be accurate and fair in all things. In our March number we will publish this letter and the foregoing letter of Mr. Moffett.

Yours truly,
BENJ. B. HAMPTON,
President.

All of which goes to show that pitch sometimes sticks to the hands that deal with it.

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

WE HAVE had many pleasant comments on our March cover—you remember the Red One?—and a double-handful of inquiries as to the name of the artist whose brush was responsible for the pretty girl among the plum-blossoms. To Mr. Hugh Stuart Campbell is due the credit for her, and it was through an error that his name was omitted from our March index.

It does our editorial heart good to have our readers "come across" and tell us why they like CANADA MONTHLY—or why they don't. If you have any notions either pro or con, write and tell us. You know, we're making the magazine for you.



THE RED CROSS PRINCESS

PRAISEWORTHY amateur productions are few and far between—their presentation usually causes financial stringency in the pockets of the backers and over-swelled heads on the shoulders of the principals in the cast. If one believes in the exception that proves the rule, much credit and praise should be accorded the producers of the latest military operatic success, "The Red Cross Princess," which was produced recently on the stage of the Princess Theatre, Toronto, under the direction of "National Theatrical Attractions," a company of Toronto gentlemen who believe in the encouragement of new playwrights and composers.

In this particular instance, the needed encouragement was more than justified in that the production was an immediate success, literally, musically, and lastly, but far from least, financially. The music was written by Mr. J. Ernest Lawrence, and the libretto by Mr. Ambrose T. Pike, both composer and librettist being Toronto boys. Any Broadway show would feel proud to hear its tuneful melodies so enthusiastically whistled on its "first night." The true critics of "peanut heaven" picked up the strains and called for encores of "Moon, Moon, Moon," and other airs equally catchy in quick succession. An augmented orchestra under the leadership of E. R. Bowles acquitted itself well, and even the

scenery and stage settings in general were designed and painted in a Toronto studio.

The theme of the piece is a story of love and war written around German municipalities of mythical geography. The music is full of military swing and dash and contains ballads of delicate sentiment and topical humor. The company of seventy-five people included Ada M. Shields, Thomas A. Ross, Charles H. Downey, James D. Broomhall, Mildred Martin, Campbell H. Duncan, Muriel Buckley, Frank Secretan and Eldridge Stanton.

The production is concrete evidence of the progress which Canada is making in home-grown music and drama; and we hope that "The Red Cross Princess" will lead to bigger things, both for the young composers and for Canada.

A RAFFLES WITH MORALS

DID you ever love a rascal? As E. W. Hornung pictured "Raffles," it was impossible to help it. Thief, crook, gambler, yet withal a gentleman; a boyish-hearted spirit that rolled life under his tongue with appreciative zest, that risked everything on the next turn of the wheel without the flicker of an eyelash, that was so entirely unmoral as to be beyond all judgment by ordinary standards, "Raffles" was lovable in spite of all the better judgment of a convocation of Presbyterian ministers. The man who, out of sheer deviltry, "lifted" the



CAMPBELL B. DUNCAN AS DR. HENKEL IN
The Red Cross Princess

Melrose diamonds under the nose of Captain Bedford; who serenely walked past the guards of the Tower of London with the priceless Jubilee Cup hidden under his tall hat, kept it on his mantel-piece for a week and then returned it to the Queen "with the compliments of one professional to another"; who baited Scotland Yard as an old and cynical dog-fox plays pussy-wants-a-corner with a panting pack of hounds, walked into your heart and sat down there to smoke a Sullivan within the first half hour of your acquaintance.

After this, the spectacle of "Raffles" standing gracefully centre and uttering

sentimentally moral reflections about the salvation of a good woman's love is lamentable indeed. Kyrle Bellew does his best with the role, and it is unnecessary to say that his work is carefully finished and mellow in tone, but—it is not our "Raffles". This man who bids shamelessly for Lady Ethel's sympathy, who has moral regrets, who gazes wistfully and obviously back into the "might-have-been," is not the engaging and unrepentant scoundrel who lent to ugly thievery the redeeming grace of adventure, and took an abbot's ransom with the insouciant relish of a small boy robbing an orchard. We can but wish Mr. Bellew a better role in which to display his urbane and polished comedy—his sense of humor has not the salty tang for the amateur crackman.

The company supporting Mr. Bellew is well-balanced, and the play moves smoothly. Miss Gladys Hanson does the part of "Gwendolin" vivaciously and with unstudied grace; Frank Connor as "Bunny," is a good foil for "Raffles", and as "Captain Bedford" Frank Westerton says "Damn!" very well indeed. It is good melodrama, and the audience likes being thrilled.

But, as you sit in your orchestra chair wondering what "Raffles" would say could he behold his counterfeit presentment upon the boards, you can almost see him turning to Bunny with a mischievous twinkle of amused deprecation and regretting for the first time his misdeeds.

CALVÉ'S REAL AGE

"TELL her real age? Never! Never!!! Never!!! C'est effroyable! Ces bêtes Américains! Quelle horreur!"

Forced by an unyielding immigration inspector at San Francisco to give her real age, which years ago got stuck at twenty-four and ever since has refused to rise higher in the tube, Mme. Calvé and Signor Gasparri, her youthful husband, threw several excitable cat-fits at the Golden Gate the other day, when they arrived on the liner "Chiyo Maru," from Japan.

If the diva was not tired at the overtures of the interviewers, she was before she passed through the ordeals

provided by Uncle Sam as a greeting for distinguished travelers. The immigration inspector glanced at the sheet made out for Mme. Calvé by the steamer's purser and saw the age. Throwing his eyes on the song bird, the inspector said forty-four was nearer the mark, and forty-four went.

Further embarrassment came to the singer when the inspector insisted on her real name, and to add to her discomfiture the quarantine officer ignored the diva's request that she be saved from vaccination. But the fates were against her, and she was compelled to join the line to the surgeon's office. She was vaccinated, and the surgeon thinks it will take.

"HUMOR" OR "HUMOUR?"

THE English music hall artist has his own troubles when he comes across the Atlantic to amuse the vaudeville habitués of the States. A fine example of the permanency of error is the standard, brass-bound, orthodox American belief that the Englishman can't see a joke, far less make one. In spite of the contrary evidence furnished by some of the English classics, this belief is the average American's one best bet. Much of this delusion grows out of the different words used in the two countries, of course, and doubtless the average Londoner holds the same notion as to the American's funny-bone.

Anyway, it would have done an Englishman's heart good to listen to the puzzlement of two young Americans when George Lashwood was at his funniest the other night. Mr. Lashwood's songs are well sung and delivered with plenty of ginger, but although the two young men heard the laughs, they couldn't get the point. It was something about an old lady who sat down on a needle, but arose with a smile and walked down the aisle and called for the aid of the beadle.

"Hey?" said one. "I didn't get that. I thought a beadle was some kind of bug. Can't be that here. What is it?"

The friend scratched his head. "Gee, you've got my nanny!" he confessed. "I thought a beadle was a dog. Never



MURIEL BUCKLEY AS COUNTESS STOLZBERG IN
The Red Cross Princess

could see this English humor, anyway."

Not all of Mr. Lashwood's songs are so English, however. As a young swell, he carolled about how he had celebrated his birthday until he couldn't find his house, but walked and walked looking for the number. To save shoe-leather, he explained that this year he had taken the number with him, and this time all he had to find was the door to which the number belonged—a joke that the audience seemed to think was good enough for any nationality. All his sketches are done in character, and are clever depictions of London life.



MARGARET LAWRENDE WHO HAS MADE HER HIT AS ELSIE DARLING IN *Over Night*

CROSS PURPOSE COMEDY

"I'll be hanged if I do"—certainly a title of Willie Collieresque pattern with the character of the comedy quite in accord with its exaggerative sound. Willie Collier is not hanged if he does or if he doesn't, although his desperate state at one moment of the play is

enough to justify any gruesome apprehension.

It is morning and the son is up. Percival Kelly, beloved child of Hiram and Mrs. Kelly, shifts with halting step across his bedroom floor, realizing that "little affairs" the night before demand too much from the morning after. He

determines to start life anew, and decorates the walls of his conscience with good resolutions written in pink ink. With a start he realizes that he had an engagement for that very forenoon—somewhere—and with someone. But for the life of him he cannot recall place or name. He puzzles hard, but it is of no avail.

The door swings open—enter Hiram Kelly.

He has come to remind Percy of his engagement. What engagement? asks the erring son. A mere nothing, answers papa, except that Celia Sinclair, his betrothed, has been awaiting him at the church for several hours to proceed with the marriage ceremony.

Enter Celia Sinclair with her much flustered, much angered mother and brother. Celia walks up to Percival; in tones of mysterious confidence they talk with each other and unfold the surprising fact that the postponement of the marriage was deliberately and carefully planned, for Celia is in love with someone else, and Percival has obliged her by "forgetting" his own wedding. Not being aware of the plot, however, Mrs. Sinclair expostulates upon the outrage, while the father of Percy, equally heartbroken, orders the miscreant to leave town. For that purpose he gives him \$10,000 as a nest egg, wherewith he must honorably establish the name of Kelly amongst the crags and creeks of Nevada. So off goes Percy with his bag of money and a Chinese valet.

It is not long, however, before trouble looms in sight, and totally to his surprise he is placed on trial for life, charged with robbing a stage coach. As the evidence pours in fatal to Percy, the news is suddenly flashed into the court room that a rich vein of gold has been discovered on the prisoner's claim. In the excitement of the general stampede to share in the find, the jury forgets the charge of stage robbing and turns the man loose to enjoy his new fortune. He at once starts East with a trainload of friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson and daughter Bonny—emphasis on Bonny—for, as the story goes, she soon is transmuted into the

apple of Percival's eye. Their intimacy is nicely maturing when Mrs. Sinclair, badly advised, insists that the young gentleman carry out his engagement to her daughter. This naturally stirs up an old fire under the hero's feet, and his Nevada sweetheart determines to abandon the rogue to his fate. This is the way the scene winds up:

Exit Mrs. Sinclair. The room is left to Percival and Bonny. With a little burst of bravado he steps up to her:

"Will you marry me?"

"No."

With the gesture of a Daredevil Dick, he draws a murderous pistol and leveling it at her head, cries: "Hands up!"

The helpless heroine obeys instantly.

Stepping boldly forward, he folds both arms about her, and smoothly administers the kiss that tells sufficiently the story of their future.

FROHMAN'S ENGLISH SUCCESSES.

WHEN Charles Frohman came back to New York with the smile of a cat with cream on its whiskers, and the rights to thirty or so English and Continental successes in his suit-case, he thought that for the next season or so he had success climbing a tree and shrieking for help. But the taste of the theatre-going public on this side of the water is not to be forecast, and the actual truth of the matter was that most of his much-advertised successes failed before they had more than opened their eyes and gazed on Hoboken.

"Frohman is always looking for something new just like something that's been tried before," said Wilton Lackaye, commenting on the collapse of "The Little Damsel," one of the much-heralded thirty, a little while ago. "It reminds me of the time he took a company to London and put on a play at Daly's. He spent all kinds of money on the thing, but it lasted about two weeks before the house went dark.

"When the leading man, who fortunately had enough to pay his passage back to New York, got home, somebody asked him what had happened. 'Huh,' he said. 'Small profits and quick returns.'"



DIFFERENT

"THAT'S an odd idea," says the husband.

"What is?" asks the wife.

"This Turkish trousers style that is announced."

"Turkish trousers?"

"Yes—loose, you know, and baggy, and full, like Turkish trousers."

"Well, for goodness' sake! That isn't a new style?"

"Sure it is. The papers are full of it. It's the latest style from Paris—loose, baggy, flowing, Turkish trouser effect."

"Of all things! Well, what won't they do next?"

"That's what I say. I suppose, though, it'll catch on at once."

"Nonsense!" she exclaims. "What man would want to wear such ugly things?"

"Oh, it isn't for the men. It's the new style in skirts for women."

"Let me see the paper right away, dear! Well, how odd, and yet how artistic. I must call up my dressmaker at once and see if she can give me any time next week. I'm not going to let Mrs. Gimbam be first with this, like she was with the hobble skirt."

WANTED: A PERFECTLY KIND HOOKER

"HOOK y' up? Yas'm, Ah shuah will," said Jim, of the Toronto-Sarnia run, to a solitary matron in the sleeper's dressing-room, who had struggled to reach around under her right shoulder-blade until she was in despair.

"One o' them side-winders, ain't it?" he went on, skilfully closing hook and eye. "Ah knows evah way a lady's dress goes on, jes' f'om hookin' up de ladies on dis yere run. If evah Ah loses mah job as po'teh, ma'm, Ah tell yo' what Ah'll do—Ah'll jes' hire out as a lady's maid, *wif* expe'iunce."

NOT HEARTLESS

"HE is such a cold, stern, unemotional man," we say of the gentleman who has just left us. "Is he really as heartless as he appears?"

"Not at all," explains the other person. "The doctors have taken his appendix, half his liver, part of his stomach, one lung, his spleen, and so much else that really about the only thing he has left is his heart."

■ OH, MISS SPRING!

O MISS SPRING, ef yo' want to come en sing

Des mek yo' bow en staht right now

Ez glad ez anything!

Nemmine de snow dat stays

Ner de col' en windy days,

But swing de do'—yo' welcome, sho'!—

En come in anyways!

O, Miss Spring! Ef yo' ready fo' to bring

De johnny-jumps erroun' de stumps

En bluebirds on de wing,

Nemmine de shiv'rin' trees,

But wake up all yo' bees

En apple bloom dat shake puhfume,

En come dess when yo' please.



CANADA MONTHLY



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SPRING FANTASY

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

FRAIL, wistful children of the velvet night,
Fluting among the dimly moonlit pools.
Thrilling with spring in the sweet-scented dusk.
Listen, Beloved, where they call and call:
"Sweet! Sweet!" The answer comes, "Sweet!
Sweet!" again.

I hush my very heart to hear, and thou,
My love, beneath my softly staying hand,
Pausest beside me. The sweet passionate thrill
Runs cool along our veins; the drowsy chirr
Of an awakened bird; the soft slow drip
Of rain-wet leaves; the faint mysterious stir
Of tiny ferns uncurling, leaves aroused,
Sap in the trees, grass in the woodland ways,
Fill the cool night with music. . . .
. . . . All the world's
A lover with free music in his throat;
Hear'st thou, Beloved? Lips on soft yearning lips!
Kiss, and then kiss again, and still again
Till all the world reels, and thy scarlet mouth
Is all the world, and all the world is mine.
There are no words but kisses, and no thoughts
But other kisses in the throbbing night.
The hylas calls are kisses; each young leaf
Trembles and stirs and opens to a kiss. . .
. . . . Give me thy lips!



THE LETTER FELL FROM HER TREMBLING HANDS. SHE FELT COLD -OF COURSE SHE
WOULD ALWAYS FEEL COLD- -HER SOUL WAS IN ITS WINDING SHEET

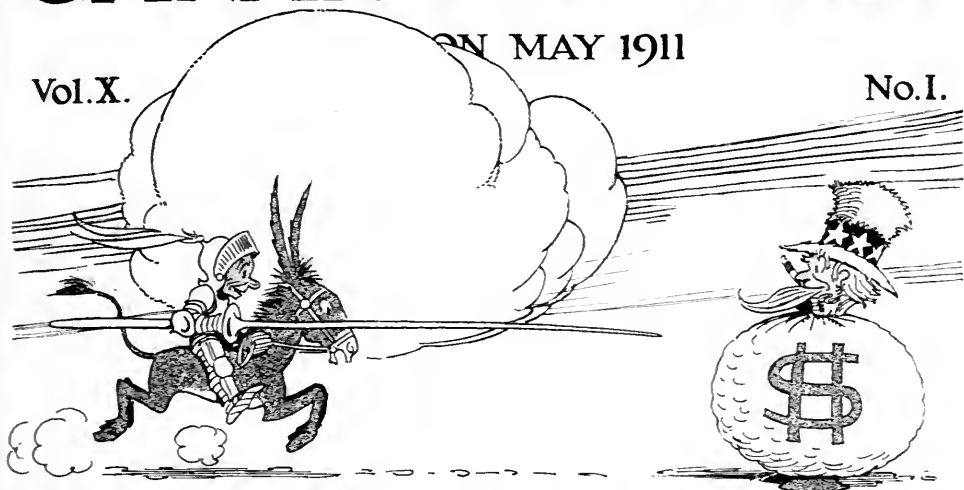
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CANADA MONTHLY

Vol. X.

MAY 1911

No. I.



REAL RECIPROCITY by EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble"
"The Sowing" etc.

Illustrated by Ffox

Chapter ye 1st.

IN YE year Four Thousand and Eleven and Four, word came to ye Kingdom of Hys Sovereign Majesty King Alfonse, yt beyond Seas, in ye Lande between New Spayne & New Jersey & between ye North Sea & ye South Sea was a strange Folk yt was Heethens, & yt hadde Mutch Golde. Soe now I, Juan de Smette, of ye Baronie known as Scottville, a Noble of birth, didde Goe to Hys Majesty & sayde to Himme: Good my Lord, ys is Dedde Easy.

¶What mean ye Good me Knight, sayde Himme to Mee, and prithe, what is Toward?

¶Mutch is Doynge, Good me King, sayde I to Himme, for Loe! are many Heethens with mutch Golde & ye Bizzness of good Kingys is for to Convert ye Heethen for and, if ye Heethen

have ye Pryce, soe Mutch ye better for Themme yt carry ye Gospell, sayde I to Himme. Whereupon I didde Wink ye Eye to Himme alsoe, butte Discreat (Meanynge to Convert ye Heethen! & Alsoe ye Golde).

¶Ye King not understanding of Thys, I sayde to Himme, more Especial, Good me King ye Heethen nead ye Gospell & We nead ye Money, soe it seemeth right for us Exchange ye two. & with two stout Ships I forsooth ben Able to carry out ye Gospell & bring Back ye Golde, which in my Eyes seemeth Excellent Good. Alsoe I doubte notte I fetch ye fulle treatie of ye Reciprocitie. Whereat I didde winke ye two Eyes to Himme: and Presently ye Good King didde Smyle to ye Breadth of about two Spannes & sayde, Of a truth ys is Excellent Good! Verily ye shall Have ye two Stout Ships & ye Powder &

Bawl; & for yt ye Goe among Foreign Parts & heethen People, look Well yt ye take Along at Leaste one Copy of ye Scriptures, for noe Man Knoweth what may Happen.

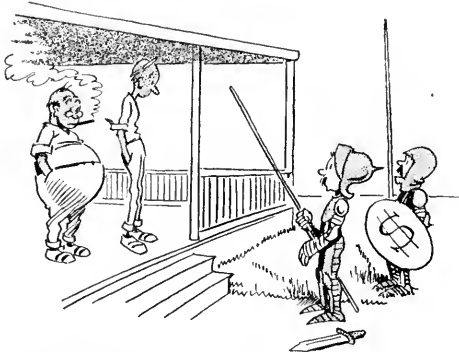
¶Soe thenne I set Foarth.

¶*Laus Deo.*

Chapter ye 2nd.

¶Now we Sayled to New Spayne. which is by ye South Sea, & thenne didde Pass uppe ye Coast to ye North along a Land yt was Inhabited by Heethens butte Thease being Poore we didde not Tarry among Themme, althoe They didde make mutch Divertysements to draw us Ashoar, butte we in no Wise made Answer, being out for ye Goodes. Soe now at Last we come to a Plaice where were many Men yt didde Dygge a deep Ditch at a Plaice where ye Coast was moast Narrow & which was yclept ye Isthmus of Pannama. Prithee, good Sirs, we didde ask of Thease, what do ye Hear a-dyggyng so Wyde & Deepe, & sayde Themme to Uss, Go wan, thatte ye know Notte ye Canal de Pannama. Marry Goode Sirs, sayde We, What is ye Canal de Pannama & They made Mirth at Uss.

¶We asked of Thease, How long, Think ye, to be a dyggyng of ye Canal



SOE NOW WE KNEW WE WERE COME AMONG YE HEETHEN, BUTTE THEMME DID HAVE ASPECKT SO DEFOARMED YT WE FEARED TO SEEK TO BRING THEMME INTO YE TRUE FAYTHE

de Pannama, Whereat Themme made Mirth against Uss yet Agayne and sayde Themme, Prithee, come ye Back Agayne in about Two Thousand Years & Mayhap by Thenne it may Percolate a Fewe!

¶Soe now We knew We were come

Among ye Heethen, butte Themme didde have Aspeckt so Defoarmed, yt We feared to seek to Bring Themme into ye true Faythe, althoe we now ben Assured thease hadde mutch Golde, else didde They not Dygge Two Thousand Years and still Guess, soe we asked Thease who was Their Head or sovereign Cacique, & Agayne They didde make Merry at Uss & some sayde T. Shonts, and some sayde T. Rosenfeld & some Goodhals, and others sayde a Cacique of ye Heethen yt was yclept Taft. Yette others made merry & sayde yt ye True Boss was Theodore, ye Heethen King, ye same hight T. Rosenfeld. Yette Others sayde yt They would be Danged (in Heethen Speech) iffe yt They knew who was ye Real Boss or whatte it was All About. Butte sayde They, It be a Glorious Deede of yt We be well Assured.

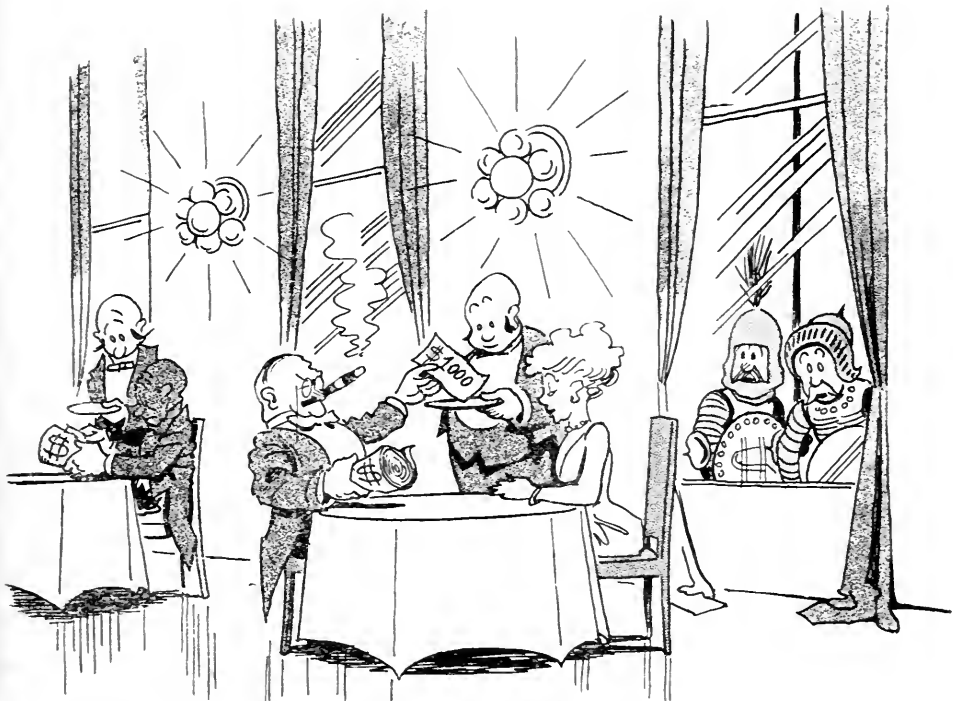
¶Heare gat we noe Reciprocitie.

¶*Laus Deo.*

Chapter ye 3rd.

¶Soe now We sayled to ye City of ye True Cross & There didde take ye Shaiv Tail Mewel to ye City yt is ye Cappital of New Spayne, wh is withyn ye Provinces back fromme ye Sea, & wh is sayde to abound in Golde & now Come upon an Heethen yclept Jo Bayley who woar a Golde Studde in hys spyke-tale Evening Cloathes wh didde Show Himme to be a Heethen, & thenne we didde Soak Himme Abounding Mutch, & departed for other Parts, & soon didde meet yette other Heethens & of Themme slew Four Hundred & Fourty-nine to ye Glory of ye Faythe & ye Renown of yr Sovereign Majesty Alfonse, butte hadde no Golde yette from Themme & were Soar Displeased.

¶Now, being Well Assured yt They would hereafter Attend ye Service of ye Christian Church, thereafter We now didde make our Course Afoot with ye Intent to Goe into ye Province of ye Heethen King Theodore, who was esteemed in thease Parts to use Golde for ye Boyler of ye Steme Heated Castles in wh ye Heethen were reputed to Dwell in thoase Provinces. & one day as We journeyed to ye North we didde Taik Captive a fayre Mayde, yt hadde None too much Cloathes for



IN YE SAYDE CITY OF PITTSBURGH WE FOUND THERE MUTCH GOLDE, BUTTE ALSO PASSING
HARD FOR US TO SEPARATE FROM YE HEETHEN

ye Grayce of Godde, butte who was Fayre to looke Upon & who sayde to our (respeckful Enquiries) yt She ben One of many Brydes Pro Tem of ye Pittsburgh Millionaires, whom We not in ye Leaste onderstand, butte She mayde Merry with Uss and sayde We were folk of small Wit or we didde know yt all Pittsburgh Millionaires were of ys fashion of Deedes, & We didde ask Her what Golde was in thease Provinces & She mayde reply, No Man might Measure Itte, for Thatte, sayde She, I didde not yette see ye Bottom of ye Pyle, or I didde skip You can Bette. At wh manner of speach we marvelled Mutch, butte Knowing She was a Heethen didde not putte Her to ye Sword, She a-sayinge She would now marry a Cacique of ye naim of Nat Goodwin. Soe she didde goe foarth agayne to ye Province yt is called Pittsburgh, ye wh We doe Think is in New Jersey. Butte yette we had no Golde.

¶As yette founde we noe reciprocitie withal.

¶*Laus Deo.*

Chapter ye 4th.

¶Soe now we mayde Journey farre to ye North, a space of many months, on ye Horse & ye Foote & ye Shaiv Tail Mewel, & came into ye Province of Chicague, ye Saim Innhabited by strange & unseamly Heethens of greate Stature & of mutch Kine & alsoe of mutch Golde, butte we feared to begin ye Conversion of ye Saim to ye True Faythe for They were of so greate stature & warlike Manner of Speach, as thatte We should chase Ourselves, or Gette to Blazes Out (or to Whatte Place Evil Doers dwell), ye like & and many other strange Speaches ye wh We didde not onderstand in ye Leaste. Butte We sette down in ye Bookes ye Doyngs of ye Heethen for ye Glory of Hys Sovereign Majesty King Alfonse.

¶Now one of thease Doyngs is where Many of thease Heethen gather together of a day yt is called Giving Thanks; for on ys Day they all come together for greate Gaims, being Joyful thatte They have not ben despoyled of other Heethens, & of thease Gaims thatte one called Feet Ball is ye

graytest of themme in wh Eleven of their Warriors meet Eleven other & seek to Kick inne ye Fayce of ye other Eleven or as many as May Be. For the Seeing of thease Gains They have high Playces made. & to thease Playces come Heethen from many Provinces, oftentimes to ye Number of Fourty & Four Thousand, or Mayhap more, soe greate Joy have Thease to see ye Fayce kicked inne. And ye While ye Fayce be kicked inne, loe! a greate shouting very doleful ariseth from all ye People on ye high Playces. Now inne this warfare many be Killed & lose ye Arm or ye Legge, yette it is acclaimed greate Honor soe to be maymed, & thatte ye Warriors may be payde ye Gait Man doth take ye Piaster or more from All who come thither and ye Pyle of Piasters at ye Gaim be High as any House in New Spayne.

¶ We of ye True Faythe did Pause at ye Gaim of Feet Ball a Tyme, being accounted something of Warriors Ourselves, butte certain of Uss being by Chance upon ys field of Battle at ye Tyme those yt kick in ye Fayce were Running after one yt had ye Leathern Ball of other Warrior Thease came swiftly upon Uss & didde overthrow Uss & walk upon Uss soar, thoe we had Armor of Proof & were goodlye Men at Arms, yette didde thease Heethen bend our Armor & treat Uss soar & didde kick Uss off ye Ground of ye Gaim with many of Uss soar Wounded & like to die from ye Hurts. Such among Themme is ye Gaim yt is called Feet Ball ye wh They account a most Christian Gaim, thoe it be Far from Sutch. Butte here We got no Golde, soe We set foarth with ye Shaiv Tail Mewel yette further to ye North & ye East, toward ye Province wh is yclept New Jersey.

¶ Now inne yt Plaice as we were well Assured all Men had Golde even as ye Millionaires of ye Citty of Pittsburgh, also do practyce ye Faythe of Pollygamy & many other Heethen Practyces, & alsoe do Rob All who come. Now, seeing yt this was ye Custom of ye Province wherein we now were come, We fell upon a pedlar Man, the same Blind in 1 eye, & having Thirty Cents of ye Realm upon hys Person, & Himme

we robbed after ye Fashion of ye Land, butte didde Push inne ye Fayce of ys Man for yt he had butte Thirty Cents. Marry, oure first Reciprocitie yette not mutch!

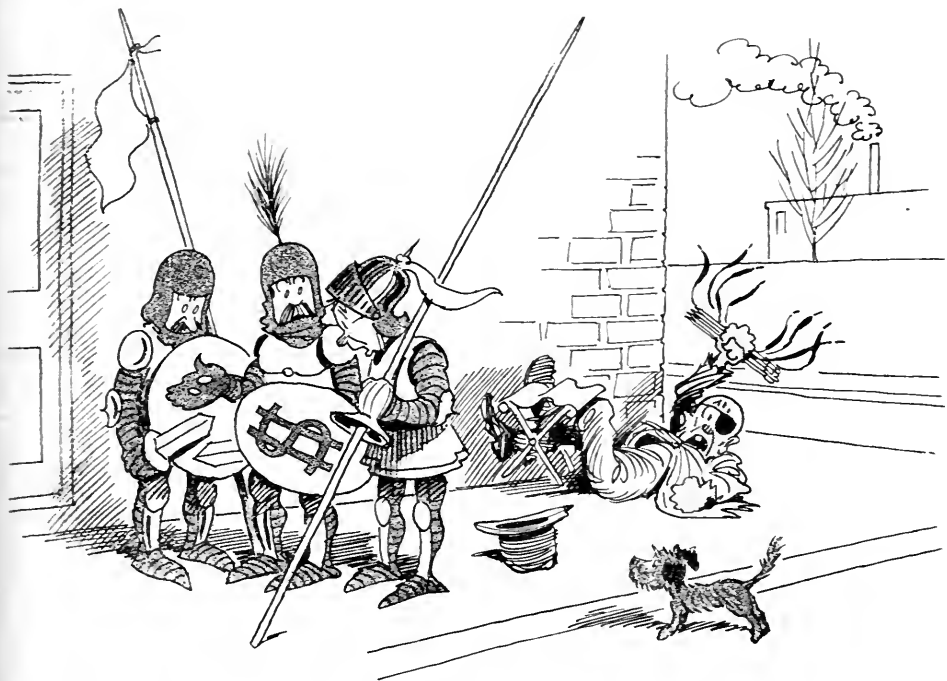
¶ *Laus Deo.*

Chapter ye 5th.

¶ Now atte ye Citty yt is yclept Cleaveland in ye Province Ohio they didde have King Taft ye First, & ye Last & many other Kings for itte be a King Producer from Way Yonder, so sayde Themme to Uss—there in yt Part we didde find many strange Customs of ye Heethens, ye wh doe make me Pause to tell, soe strange They be & soe hard for ye Christian Folk to believe. For in this Province all ye Folk each Year make ye Tithes, butte ye Nine parts goe to ye Kings and ye One part stayeth to Encourage ye Plane People to Doe Itte Agayne!

¶ Ye Manner in wh They doe Itte is this: They have a greate Heethen King, ye saim a Most Christian King by their story as well, & this King he be Passing Rich in Golde from all ye Provinces of this Land. Ye Plane People maik Gladde to carry Himme ye Golde wh they find, noe matter how Mutch soever itte be, at wh We didde marvel very mutch atte ys way of Doyng yette soe it is. All Golde yt is found is brought by ye Plane People to ys greate Heethen King, ye wh is yclept ye Goode King John & Many doe hold Himme far More Greate than ye Heethen King Theodore, wh is ye King (in naim) of all ye Tribes & Provinces, or ye Cacique Taft, ye wh is mutch a Frende of ye King Theodore.

¶ Ye Goode King John doth own all ye Boats & Steam Wagons (for soe They goe About) & all ye Ice & ye Fire & ye Light & ye Ayre & ye Ground & all Manner of Things yt grow upon ye Ground, & whenne He asketh yt One be made Sub-King, soe He is Forthwith made Sub-King. Ye Goode King John owneth also ye Houses wherein ye Plain People inhabit, & all ye Shaddows of ye Plane People, & ye Tobacco & ye Chewing Gumme & ye Hair Oil & likewise ye School in wh Plane Folk would send their Children for to learn to be also greate Kings.



WE FELL UPON A PEDLAR MAN, THE SAME BLIND IN ONE EYE & HAVING THIRTY CENTS OF YE REALM
UPON HYS PERSON, & HIMME WE ROBBED AFTER YE FASHION OF YE LAND. MARRY,
OUR FIRST RECIPROCITY, YETTE NOT MUCH

Also He owneth ye Toothpick after ye Meale & ye Meale before ye Toothpick (all butte ye Meete, for other Heethen own ye Meete, althoe all thease cry out yt it is False & accurst to say thease Things be soe). Yette all ye Tyme They have them soe ye wh seemeth to Uss most Strange & Ungodlie butte soe it is. These Heethens be well nigh too Deep for Uss & whenne We would separate Goode King John from some Part of hys mutch Golde, loe! He was Hard to Separate, & We ben cast out. Soe now we fall upon a Other Plane Man yt seemed to Uss Easy, & would rob Himme after ye Fashion of thease Provinces, butte loe! Himme didde Smyle at Uss sadde, & sayde, Loe! ye Goode King John gotte to Me First! Soe thenne we sette forth from ye Citty of Cleaveland seeyng Itte was N. G. For and one made Question. Did ye finde ye Reciprocity. Soe made we answer, I trow nit.

¶ *Laus Deo.*

Chapter ye 6th.

¶ Now, having conquered ye Country from New Spayne to ye Province of ye

Lait King yt was called Andy ye First wh is in ye Citty yclept Pittsburgh, we arrived for a Tyme in ye sayde Citty of Pittsburgh & found there mutch Golde butte also Passing Hard to Separate from ye Heethen. Now in ys Citty be many Millionaires & thease be Passing Gaye soe it seemeth sometimes, as is spread Abroad, althoe of thease Things we wot not other than We didde hear from ye Fayre Mayde yt was Prisoner far to ye South of thease Parts.

¶ We gotte no Golde hear, soe now We set forth for ye Province of New Jersey, being right well assured yt in this Province layeth ye Towns yt is yclept ye Seven Citties of Cibola (wh. is to say, ye Plaice of Easy Money). For loe! in New Jersey been many towns, also states.

¶ Now ye Passage of ye Mountains with ye Shaiv Tail Mewel was mutch Travail, for now we ben all mutch put to Itte for to eat, having dwelt with these Heethens many Months & yette gotte small Golde, for yt ye many Kings hadde all ye Golde befor We didde come thither. Butte after mutch Wandering in strange lands We didde come

to ys Province of New Jersey & were soar at Heart & mutch cast down, for hear alsoe was no Easy Money (for us). Neather was any Golde free-milling. In ye Stead was one Tall House & on Itte many Naims, & thease Naims stood for ye Tribes yt didde own ye Golde & at Tymes came thither Thoase needing Money & didde write their Naims on papers, saying how mutch Money They needed, & loe! the Plane Folk didde give Themme Money as they hadde wish; Butte not in New Jersey.

¶ Soenow We were soar Distressed not onderstanding thease soe mutch as We didde think. Now We heard perchance yt in ye City of New York whis not many Days March of ye Shaiv Tail Mewel from ye Province of New Jersey, was mutch Golde for All, soe now We set Foarth.

¶ Butte whenne We mayde Journey to ye City of New York, Itte was no Easy Money for ye Wanderer with ye True Faythe. Mutch Golde didde We see, alsoe ye Drunken Chinamen, & many Strange & Heethen Spectacles & Dances & ye like sutch as may not be Tolde in godlie Parchment, & althoe mutch Golde was there We gotte butte little for yt whenne We fell upon ye Plane Folk & despoyled Themme they Laughed Uss in our Beard, saying, Ah, ha ha, & loe! ye Goode King J. Pierp hath ben hear First. Ye saim J. Pierp is One of ye Kings in ye Provinces hereabout, althoe there be Many who say He is no King soe greate as ye Goode King John, for yt althoe ye King J. Pierp owneth ye Earth, ye Goode King John owneth also ye Waters under ye Earth & maketh ye Light of this! We heard of War to be between thease two Kings (& ye Plane Folk to do ye Fighting in ye War).

¶ Now, being mutch Cast Down at having no Golde of thease Heethen, We even taik ye Shaiv Tail Mewel for ye Journey to ye Provinces of Those yt are called Brothers, for yt They dwell in Brotherly Love alway. Now, whenne We were come thither, loe! many Plane Folk were running about & some hadde a Rope. Marry, goode Sirs, sayde we, whatte doe ye hear, & They mayde answer We doe butte hang a Councilman & Legislatorre or soe & whatte is

yt to Youse? & Some were for pulling up ye Street Railways & some for pulling down ye Gass House & ye State House & Others for doing many other Things, butte soon ye Plane People didde cool down & go about earning moar Money for ye Goode Kings John, J. Pierp, & Others, to witte, Dittoe, Dittoe.

¶ Marry, good Your Majesty, thease be a Strange Folk & none like Themme in all the World. Butte yette We gotte no Golde, none being Loose, & We were of a Mind to Journey to a Province named Washington after a King long since dead & forgot & who mayhap was butte a King in ye Dreams of ye Plane Folk & not really a Man as Thease. There we were assured was mutch Golde & many Kingys of many Provinces & hear also once dwelt ye Heethen King Theodore, ye saim who was a-dygyng of ye Canal de Pannama, and ye Cacique yclept Taft, and ye mutch great King wh is Yclept Jocannon. Soe farre no Reciprocitie In ye Indies hereabout is ye saim like ye Handel on ye Jugge.

¶ *Laus Deo.*

Chapter ye 7th.

¶ Now, all ye Folk in thease Heethen Lands wist not They be Heethen butte ever cry aloud at all Manner of Tymes: Loe! Taik ye a Look, for we be ye Greatest People in ye Whoal Wide World, & none be Like Uss! Ye wh I be well disposed to say is ye Truth, for althoe thease People have soe many Kings who rob Themme ever & taik away all They have, none the less They have no Grouch butte Like Itte, yt They thus ben Robbed.

¶ Of Churches They have butte Few & Few go therein, althoe there be many Priests with ye Brass Band & ye Minstrel Show & other Divertysments to lead Themme intoe ye Churches; butte ever They doe stand without ye Church & all ye Whyle lift up ye Voice & cry out, We be the Greatest People on ye Whole Wide World. Now They have a Religion, butte itte is notte like to Ours & is Heethen, for They worship whatte is yclept ye Industry, and ye Priests of ys They naim ye Captains of ye Industry, & thease be thoase They

bow down to & worship exceeding. thoe We thought not mutch of thease Priests by ye Looks of Themme, & sought notte to Worship as didde Thease.

¶Now This City yt is called after ye ancient Heethen Godde Washington is ye Head Playce where all ye Worship of ye Captains is mayde. & hear be many Captains thatte (in jest) are sayde to speak for ye Plane Folk (ye wh They never Doe). Hear in their Ruling is yt wh is yclept ye Senate. all therein being Rich from whatte is yclept in this speach ye Graft. Of thease none care for the Plane Folk save once in each Six Years (whenne atte ye Senator loveth ye Plane Folk Exceeding Mutch!)

¶Now, some Kingys be hear from many Provinces ye wh are not soe greate as ye Kingys of ye Senate, & some of Thease be yclept Dubs, sometimes Insurgents, butte Marry, we found not whatte they gayned by insurging, for that over all Thease ruleth ye Heethen King Jocannon, ye same moast Profayne.

¶Himme, ye Heethen King, We were well disposed to see, for yt We found ourselves strange in thease Provinces & notte apt at separating of ye Golde from ye Plane Folk as was ye Custom of ye Country, & he being King might tell Uss ys soe We might taik our Share of ye Graft as didde thease Kings, Senators & Dubs, as each may best be called in ye Speach of ye Land. Whereatte he made Mirth at Uss & mutch Profayne Speech. Marry, sayde He, itte is easy when thatte You Know How. In my own Case, I need only to Disguise myself as one of the Plane People, so thatte I rob the Plane People with ease, & so Mutch do they like this, they Call me ye People's Friend.

¶Ye Cacique Taft didde gnash his Teeth at thease Kings of ye Provinces, yt they didde not doe in ye Way of Washington or Lincoln or ye other Heethen Goddess of ye Past. Butte ye Senate most Especial sayde to Himme, Loe! who is Boss and to whom belongeth ye Spoyl of ye Plane People? Althoe he gnashed his Teeth many sayde yt ye Senate was holding ye Services of their Worship. (Thease Services be to Bow Down before ye One

yt hath ye most Pyle of ye Money of ye Plane People. Himme they worship ye Most.)

¶Ye Cacique Taft sayde to ye Plane



IN YE PROVINCE OF NEW JERSEY WAS ONE TALL HOUSE
& ON ITTE MANY NAIMS YT STOOD FOR YE TRIBES
YT DIDDE OWN YE GOLDE

People, Waitte till yt I gette this Tariffe and ye Plattformme ye saime. Either I do this or I gette goode reeasons for not doying Itte. (Butte many sayde to Uss yt he would gette ye Goode Reeasons for not doying itte.)

¶Now a True Religion there is none in all ye Land save only thatte they call ye Golde & thatte they call ye Graft & thatte they call ye Industry. Ye Captains of ye Industry be their Priests & forsooth ys be their Religion, & a more Strange & Mutch Crazed Heethen Folk was never found between ye South Sea & ye North. Ye Heethen Cacique Taft could no more give Uss Counsel for to gette Golde than Any we hadde bespoak befoar ys Tyme. All he could say was yt We should fall upon Any we found as didde Thease Others, & taik whatte they hadde, & thank ye Fortune if none of thease Kings hadde gotte to Themme first (as hadde soe many Tymes befallen Uss).

¶Soe now we found Thease Heethen dwelling without any Law & without

any Religion, in Madness & Sorrow & much Opprest of many Kingys, althoe They go about Shouting They be Free & ye Greatest People in ye Whoal Wide World ye wh is butte a Jest soe Far be itte from ye Holy Truth. In thys Blindness forsooth We left Themme dwelling, all despoyled & exulting in Itte, all Sad butte a-shouting They were Merry, all without Hope (althoe ye Cacique Taft sayeth yette there shall be ye Hope), yette all crying Aloud, Loe! we are the Real Goodes!

¶Butte of the last I prithee to say, Those who would win Glory & Great Fortune & save Souls for ye True Faythe, Goe not to America, for in those Parts thease Things may notte be done, since thatte soe many Kings be there ahead, and ye saim have gotte to ye Plane People first. Neather didde we carry ye True Faythe, nor didde We Brake offe ye True Golde,

nor any moar Reciprocity than yeone (1) Handel on two (2) Jugges, and seeyng thatte We could taik nothing else, forsooth we didde taik Ship for Home.

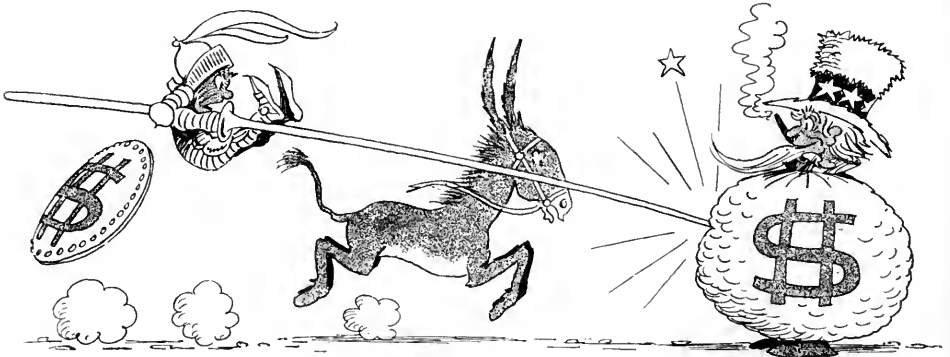
¶*Laus Deo.*

¶Done at ye Royal Palace of ye Goode King Alfonse in ye Year of Our Lord Four Thousand & Fourty-seven, set in ye Scroll by ye Goode Monk Gonsalvo of ye Expedition into ye Heethen Lands in ye Indies & between ye South & ye North Seas. & sygned by ye New Seal of ye Order given Me by ye Heethen Caciques as ye Emblem of thys Heethen People & so sealed, in token of ye Humble Discoveries herein set Fowrth.

¶*Laus Deo.*

JUAN DE SMETTE.

(\$ SEAL \$)



VIGIL

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

Four! clanks the grim old clock across the square,
 Though at the window there is not a ray.
 I have lain here a thousand thousand years
 Without you. . . . God! Will it not yet be day?

That Three-Cornered Problem

By Hildric Davenport

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

THE flaming logs in the fireplace cracked in a vivacious, chatty fashion, and busily cast flickering shadows into the restful room. They enlivened and gave animation to all their neighbors, save the animate ones, who were tense and unsmiling: a man and a woman to whom a crisis had come.

"What I have told you," said Paul Sheridan, "cannot have been a surprise to you."

"No," Eleanor Randolph answered, quietly.

"Well, then, why——"

"Because," she interrupted, "can't you understand that everything is so—is so—so difficult, when the time really comes?"

"Then you don't love me, Eleanor?"

They stood facing each other. She looked at him steadfastly. "I do love you, Paul," she answered slowly; "but," and drawing back at his advance, she shook her head.

"Well, dear, I seem to be answered, and yet I am not. You say you love me; why, then, should you want to put me off? Why do you refuse to come to me?"

"Because I must have time," she pleaded. "I must think——"

"Eleanor, you must have thought about it. You know what's in your heart. Don't keep me waiting."

She turned from his outstretched arms.

"Do you want to test me or yourself? Which is it?"

"It is not that. Believe me, Paul, I am as sure of myself as I am of—of my life." And the tears were in her eyes.

"Dear little girl," smiled he, "yet surely you can't doubt me?"

"I do not doubt you now, but," she hesitated, then flashed at him intensely. "How great is your love? Will you always love me? Always, no matter——" She stopped short. He looked at her curiously, and she turned her head and hid from him the piteous torture in her eyes.

"No matter what?" he demanded, trying to read her face. She evaded him. "What is it you fear, Eleanor? Tell me."

"Oh, nothing, Paul," she said unevenly. "just time—and life—and the cruel things that separate men and women."

"Now, listen to me. You are tantalizing and mystifying me. You know, you must know, that I have loved you for a long time. You say you love me. Then why do you hesitate? Why is it so tragic to you? It seems so simple to me, dear."

"Simple!" she whispered. "Simple!"

He went on, his voice eagerly resonant.

"The time has come when I can't endure things as they exist any longer. I must have you all in all; you must be everything to me; you understand? I must possess you—or——" He turned away. "You aren't fair to me!" he exclaimed impetuously.

"Paul," she pleaded, "come to me again and I shall answer you."

"Well, dear, when shall it be?"

"Just a week from to-day."

"At the same time?"

"Yes, at tea time."

Her voice sounded dull, lifeless—she shivered and knelt in front of the

fire and held her cold hands toward the warmth. He came closer to her.

"Please don't touch me—I can't bear it," she faltered.

After he was gone, she rose and crossed to the piano, sat down and struck one crashing chord, and her arms dropped to her side as she sank over the keyboard. Convulsive sobs, hard and dry, shook and racked her. "O, God!" she moaned, "what shall I do, what shall I do?" And the embers smouldered, and the twilight descended grayly.

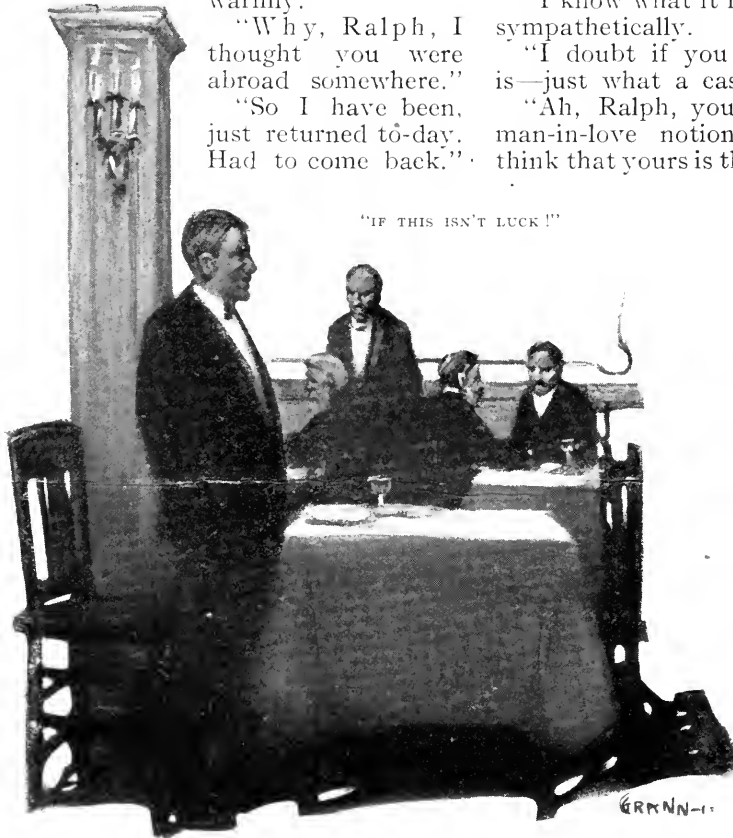
* * * * *

Three evenings later Paul was dining alone at his club. Time was hanging heavily and he was impatient for the long week to pass. He was dallying over a solitary demitasse when a man approached his table. Glad recognition leapt into his eyes, as they fell upon Ralph Huntley, a long-time friend. "Hello, Paul," cried Huntley, "if this isn't luck!" They grasped hands warmly.

"Why, Ralph, I thought you were abroad somewhere."

"So I have been, just returned to-day. Had to come back."

"IF THIS ISN'T LUCK!"



His voice sobered. "I couldn't stay away any longer."

"Well, sit down and tell us all about it. Meanwhile, what will you have?" Huntley did as he was bid, Sheridan ordered drinks, they lit cigarettes and glanced at each other.

"You don't seem any too fit, old man," ventured Sheridan.

"Well, we had a rough passage out, and I am still on my sea legs. But you're a bit seedy yourself, aren't you?"

"Oh, I'm all right—just have some worrying matters hanging fire; that's all. Tell me about yourself. What took you away? What brought you home? I was out of town when you went, you know."

"Well," Huntley sighed wearily, "the same cause took me over and brought me home—a woman. She has about dominated my life for a year or more, and she owns me, body and soul."

"I know what it is," cut in Sheridan sympathetically.

"I doubt if you do know what it is—just what a case like mine is."

"Ah, Ralph, you've just the usual man-in-love notion; I'll wager you think that yours is the most stupendous and amazing affair that has ever befallen a mortal."

"I wish to God I were the usual man in love". He paused, and his thought switched. "Paul, can a man sidestep his fate? That's what I've been trying to do, but to remove my person from Canada to Europe hasn't helped. The ocean between hasn't changed things. I've tried to forget her, but —"

"What's the trouble? Doesn't she love you?"

"I don't know; I haven't asked her. I wanted to keep the knowledge from me even if she loves me, for the instant I know that she does the struggle is over—I am powerless to resist—and I have resisted about as long as I can. Damn it all," he broke out suddenly, "I hate a whining brute, but I've got to talk about it or I shall go mad! I don't know what to do. I came back to go to her, and I can't, and I know I must. It's been the devil of a fight all along—a clash between my heart and my —my conscience. There you have it. She has," his voice sank and his lips twitched, "she has, a—a past, for want of a better word."

"My God, man, and you want to marry her!" Huntley nodded. To Sheridan's gasp of astonishment, he replied:

"You don't understand. She is a pure woman." The other shook his head dubiously. "She is. I met her on the continent two years ago at a certain resort. She was there with a man, a consumptive, who was at that time almost dying. She interested me and appealed to me because I recognized her as a Canadian, and because the whole circumstances of the case were so sad. One could see the man had been a magnificent specimen of virile masculinity before the crucible of the damnable disease made him the wasted wretch he then was. At first I thought she was his wife. But the truth leaked out and people left them alone. Gradually their friends melted away. I had become very fond of them, and stood by them, and was glad of the opportunity; I knew that the end might be at any

time, and it was all so awful to her. Her devotion to him was wonderful. Their love for each other was absolute, and there was no taint of sin in it. If you could have seen them, have known them as I did, you would understand; you would have seen nothing but the pity, the sadness of such a world-obliterating love. She sacrificed everything to him—even her very life itself was literally menaced. It was the purest relation I have ever known between a man and a woman. Love sanctified it." He stopped. His cigarette had gone out: his drink was untouched. The tender grace of a day that was dead was upon him, and his face had a wistfulness in it. Sheridan spoke softly; Huntley started as one awakened from a dream, and with an obvious effort, hurried on with his narrative.

"I had known them about three months when he died. She was utterly alone, without a friend. Not one of the women extended the slightest evidence of sympathy. What devils

"HELLO, PAUL!"



respectable women can be! I did everything for her, attended to the funeral, looked after legal matters. She was well off and did not require any assistance in that way. One day she told me their story. They had been boy and girl sweethearts, had always loved each other, and finally they became engaged. Their engagement was broken off for some family reasons, I gathered. He married a rich woman. When tuberculosis developed, his wife left him. Three years before his death, Eleanor met him in Europe; she remained with him constantly until the end. Then she went to London for a time, and about a year ago she came back to Montreal."

"Eleanor," repeated Sheridan. "Is her name Eleanor? That is a coincidence—I will tell you about it later."

"I didn't mean to mention her name. Yes, it is Eleanor—Eleanor Randolph."

Paul rose quickly and turned his back upon his friend. Mechanically he hailed a passing waiter. His face was papery white, his eyes had a horror in them. He felt a suffocating sensation—his breath seemed to catch. The waiter hurried up. "Two brandy-and-sodas," he said in a hard voice that he did not know. He turned about and sat down heavily. "It seems close in here. See if you can raise that window." Huntley crossed to the window and put it up. He resumed his seat and looked keenly at his friend. "I say, Paul, I'm afraid you're all in; how do you feel?"

"I'm all right now. It's just a touch of heart." He smiled stiffly. "Go on with your story."

"I'm about at the end of it. After Burton's death, Eleanor showed me unconsciously, in the pathetic abandon of her grief, the intimate side of her nature, her inner hidden self. I had never known a woman in the same way before. I fell in love with her, and I shall always love her. But, Sheridan, does even love justify a man in giving an honorable name to a woman who, though ever so pure in reality, is branded by the conventions

and laws of society? Ought he to make her the mother of his children? for the truth will get about inevitably, and they, in their turn, will be marked. You can look at it coldly, dispassionately, and consider all the circumstance. What would you do? Remember that I have tried to do without her and I can't; that I love her, that my life is a hell without her. Would you marry a woman about whom you know what I know about Eleanor?"

There was a long silence. Paul's eyes lowered. Then he broke the stillness, speaking slowly. "That is a very great problem. I don't know how to answer it."

Huntley did not reply at once. There was something in the other's voice that puzzled, annoyed him, he didn't know just what it was; he was dissatisfied with the answer. Sheridan had not seemed responsive, comprehending; in some vague way he felt that his friend had failed him. He half expected his reply to be in the negative; half hoped it would, and then he would have argued, defended his position—or what he knew his position would ultimately be—he would have fought for Eleanor—he would have convinced Sheridan as he longed to convince the world.

Paul rose to his feet carefully, like an old man. "Huntley, I have to go home and turn in; I am done up," he said. Having promised to look each other up, they exchanged rather constrained farewells.

Sheridan was too stunned for coherent thought. He seemed to move automatically like a man hypnotized. At last he found himself in his rooms. He sat far into the night trying to answer Huntley's question.

The gray dawn of the next morning looked in upon the wide open, weary eyes of two men and a woman, who were all trying to solve the same problem.

* * * * *

Eleanor Randolph spent three thought-crowded days and nights, and had come to no conclusion. Her heart and her conscience were at variance and unreconcilable. It was no

moral contradiction in her nature that held her back from a confession to Paul. Her eye was singularly acute to distinguish right from wrong; her sense of honor impelled her to tell him, and her every decision to do so was rewarded by a short period of calm peacefulness, which was, however, always frightened away by the horrible dread of the loss of his love. She believed self-immolation on the altar of an exacting standard of morality to be an attribute of man rather than of woman. She knew it probable that a man of Paul's temperament would cast aside an erring woman whom he loved, though in doing so he tortured himself.

Most hearts can no more encompass love than a garden fountain can encircle Niagara. Eleanor's was one of the rare souls in which a great affection had found an abiding place. Her love for Paul was all-consuming. As she looked back upon her life with Burton, she saw what prompted her sacrifice to him; an intense pity for his suffering, an agony of regret and sorrow for his dreadful fate aroused her strong maternal instinct. There had been little of sexual attraction save that which clung to the memory of an immature passion; above all was the fact that no other man had come into her life, that her heart was empty.

On the afternoon of the fourth day Eleanor sat in front of the fireplace watching the grotesque and irregularly patterned designs in the redly smouldering logs as they took on familiar faces and scenes. She saw a lone grave in Europe and the tragedy of a death—and a life—haunted her. The ringing of a bell interrupted her thought. She went to the window and looked out into the street. It was tea time. She questioned if it could be Paul; a week is a long time, she thought. Her heart thumped; she heard a man's voice. Yes, it must be he!

Ralph Huntley was shown in. The sight of him brought back Burton as from the grave. Eleanor wondered bitterly if the dead man would ever cease to come between her and the living one. Her greeting was forcedly

pleasant. Huntley put down her manner to the embarrassment of an awkward memory which he knew he must provoke. They were both relieved as a providentially timely tea tray was brought in, and with it naturally came light persiflage, the inevitable accompaniment of its tinkling appurtenances. After a while the tea and the trivialities became exhausted simultaneously; the maid removed the tray, and Huntley, with a sentence, brushed aside the light conversation.

"Eleanor, do you know why I have come back to Montreal?"

"No, Ralph, unless it be that all good Canadians return to Canada."

"Of course, naturally, but I came back to see you." He leaned toward her quickly, his eyes were eager.

"Eleanor, I love you."

"Oh, Ralph," she cried, startled; "I didn't know, I didn't think you cared for me that way. You are my friend—and what a friend you have been! I can't think of you in any other way."

"But you must, for I love you and I want you—I must have you." His eyes dark with the ardor of desire, he bent close to her. She shivered apprehensively.

"Yes?" And he read a question in her frightened eyes.

"Heavens, Eleanor! Don't think I mean that! I want you for my wife." He tried to draw her to him; his breath came quickly; his blood was on fire for her; and not a doubt was in his mind; there was rather an element of dread that she might surrender too readily to him, for his particular demon had tormented him with the assurance that marriage meant established respectability to a woman in her position. "Eleanor," he reiterated, "I want you to marry me."

"What," she gasped, "knowing what you do?"

"Knowing what I do, dear." And her heart leaped within her with a great gladness. This man, with the knowledge of everything, would make her his wife—so might another. She was silent; it was a silence of thoughts of Paul, not of the man beside her

whose voice soon recalled her to him.

"Don't you care for me?" he asked anxiously. She shook her head. She knew that she should feel and show gratitude for the nobility of this courageous lover, yet his very assurance that a man can forgive so much made her anticipate a like capitulation on Paul's part; therefore, her refusal of Ralph was all the more absolute. "You care for me as a friend, don't you?"

"Yes," she nodded.

"Maybe it is too soon to expect you to love—too soon after poor Burton." She winced. "I often think," he went on, "that human souls must be exhausted, depleted, after such overwhelming love tragedies. Yet time, the kindly reconciler, heals us all. Give yourself to me, dear; I feel that my passion must compel yours, and I shall be content to wait." He took her hand, but she withdrew it quickly. To a woman passionately in love with one man, the touch of another is physically repulsive. A pained look came into his eyes.

"What is it, Eleanor, dear, have I offended you?"

"No, Ralph, you have paid me a very great compliment; I thank you for it, for its generosity. As a friend I love you, and always shall, but I can't any other way. I'm so sorry—so sorry."

"But you will after a while, dear, when you realize how terribly I care, how I long for you, how I have wished for you every day and night of this empty, dreary year." She stopped him.

"Ralph, I can't let you go on; it is useless."

"Why is it useless? Is it still Burton?"

"No."

"Shall you never marry?"

"I don't know. I had better tell you everything. I am in love."

"What!" He started to his feet. "Another man! And is he going to marry you?" She shrank as from a blow.

"I don't know," she answered faintly.

"Does he know?" demanded he. She drew in her breath.

"No," she breathed. A horrible hideousness of agony was in her white face. The rage of jealousy hardened him.

"And you think he'll marry you?" He laughed harshly.

She rose to her feet swiftly, goaded beyond endurance. "What right have you to catechise me?" Her great eyes flamed furiously.

"Forgive me, Eleanor," he begged in a broken voice. "I didn't mean to say what I did; God knows I would not hurt you. I can scarcely realize it all; it is so unforeseen." He paced up and down the room. "Eleanor, I can't meet your eyes and tell you what this has cost me—how I have fought against my love. What poor creatures of convention we are! What puppets in the clutch of man-made laws! I know that you are the purest woman in the world, yet I have fled you as I would a plague." He came and stood before her; white-faced they looked at each other. "Is this to be the end?" his desolate voice entreated her. There was a helpless look in her pitying eyes.

"Yes, Ralph, this is the end of love between us, but friendship——"

"Friendship is impossible. You are good to offer it, dear," he said gently, "but it can't be; it could never satisfy my hunger. . . . I must go away again." He was absentmindedly turning the leaves of a book which he had picked up idly. He unconsciously read a superscription; it caught his attention—"Eleanor—from Paul Sheridan." She saw his start of surprise.

"What is it?" she asked. He held the book toward her.

"Do you know Sheridan?"

"Yes, do you?" Instantly his evening with Paul at the club came into his mind.

"Is he the man?" A dread was in him.

"Yes, he is the man," she replied coldly. In a flash it came to him that he had told Paul her story. The book fell from his nervous fingers. "Sheridan!" he said thickly, "Sheridan!"

She looked at him wonderingly.

"Why should it not be Sheridan?"

He disregarded the question.

"He does not know—you haven't told him? When did you last see him? This is Friday. Have you seen him since Wednesday?"

"No," she answered, "but," bewildered, "why do you ask?"

"Because," he returned, his words falling heavily, deliberately, "on Wednesday night I saw Sheridan and talked to him, and I told him about you—I told him everything." They were standing facing each other. At his words she lurched forward, and he would have caught her, but she waved him away, and with a great effort, steadied herself. At last she said violently.

"How could you—how dared you?"

"Listen, Eleanor. I did not know that Sheridan knew you—he did not betray himself—as I live, Eleanor, I did not know."

"Well," she sighed, sinking into a chair, "it does not matter, he had to know. I was going to tell him myself, and it was so hard—so hard! Maybe I should thank you for sparing me the task."

"Poor little, brave little girl! You know that I would never knowingly do anything to harm you, dear. You believe that, don't you?" She nodded, and smiled wanly through her tears. He came close to her.

"So this is the end?"

"I am so sorry, but you must always be my friend. Promise me that, Ralph."

As the door closed on him she knew that he had gone out of her life forever, that she had lost a rare thing, a splendidly magnanimous love. A crushing forlornness fell upon her; she flung herself upon a couch and distractedly watched night descend. As the blackness shrouded her she was afraid—it seemed a symbol of the winding sheet of her soul.

Time dragged interminably for three people. To Eleanor the forced inactivity of suspense was well nigh unendurable. Her relief that Paul knew was effaced by her dread of the effect of the knowledge upon him. She knew him to be essentially an idealist of the

deep poetic nature which idealizes all that it loves. Intuitively she dreaded the shock of his disillusion.

He had made no sign. True, she had begged him not to return, but, woman-like, she wished he had disobeyed her.

At last the appointed day arrived. It was early spring, and the misplaced June sun shone boldly into Eleanor's windows. A few daring stragglers of pioneer summer birds perched gaily upon her leafless trees and sang shrilly at her as she busied herself, preparing all the little trifles that pleased Paul. The story of the day gladdened her. She took it as a good omen and went about happily humming Paul's favorite songs. Tea time pending, she ordered a log fire, tea à la Russe, and toasted English muffins, smiling all the while a trifle bitterly at the feminine ability to attend to everyday affairs while tragedy hangs over one as by a hair. She rang for her maid. "I am at home to Mr. Sheridan, and to no one else," she said.

"Yes, Miss," and the maid withdrew.

Eleanor could not control her restlessness. She moved uneasily about the charming room. She was very pale and her fine eyes glowed with a tragic light. The week without Paul had been a torment. The sound of a bell startled her. She faced the door fearfully, her heart pounding like a hammer. The maid entered with a letter. It was addressed to her in Paul's firm, characteristic handwriting.

"Is the boy waiting?" she asked hoarsely. The maid looked at her inquisitively. "No, he said there was no answer." "You may go," her mistress said, dismissing her. Eleanor tore open the sealed envelope in an agony of haste. She read:

"I am going away; I don't know where. You know why I am leaving you. Because I must, I am choosing a savorless existence; God knows how I shall get through it! While life is in me I shall love you with the one great passion I have known; I have no hope of being released from that torture; No woman can ever supplant you. You satisfied my every desire—you filled the lust of my eye with your

beauty; of my ear, with your dear voice; of my mind, with your intelligence; of my soul, with your spirituality. You are my complement—the other half of me—all life will be incomplete without you.

"I cannot now, but I may some day

be able to adjust myself to things as they are. Good-bye, dear, and God bless you.—Paul Sheridan."

The letter fell from her trembling hands. She felt cold—of course—she would always feel cold—her soul was in its winding sheet.

PEOPLE

BY W. D. NESBIT

OUT of the highways and byways and over the valley and hill,
The people come trudging forever through mansion and market
and mill;

And some of them laughing and singing with never a bother or care,
And some of them bending and bringing a burden of shame or
despair—

But always and always and always, forever they come and they go;
And what is the good of a question of something we never may know?

All over the world are they trudging, by mountain and desert they
fare,

And each feels the lure of a summons that bids him to journey some-
where;

The one knows the lash of the master, the one knows the urge of a
deed,

The one goes with aimless intention, the one walks as one in the lead—

But what is the why and the wherefore, and how do the peace and
the strife

In all of these people commingle? Ah, that is the puzzle of life.

The years are the highways and byways down which trudge our
hurrying feet—

And you and I helplessly tread them as do all the folk in the street.

By morning and noontide and twilight and under the marvelous stars

We march and we plan and we battle, we wound and we garner our
scars,

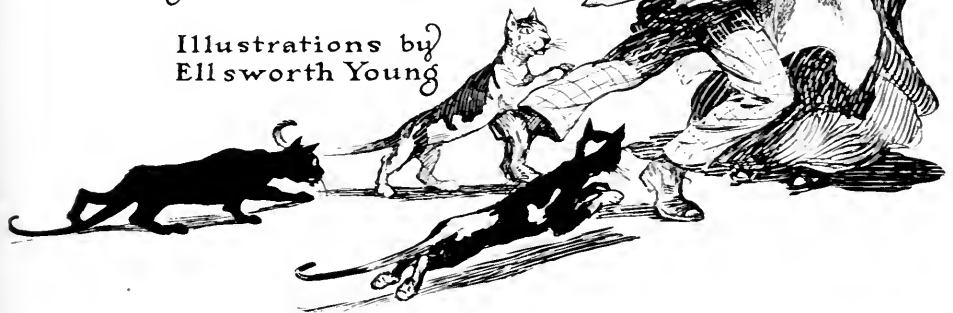
But whence have we come? Do we answer? And whither with all
do we go?

And what is the gain of a question of something we never may know?

The Cats That Looked At Cohen

by H.M. Egbert

Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young



WHEN Dr. Ivan Brodsky first began practising in the New England country town which was my home, there were many who looked upon him with disfavor, and even actual dislike. This was not surprising in a community where to the present day there lingers a dread of the powers of Darkness which may be traced back to the influence of Puritan ancestors who firmly believed in witches, sorcerers and others of that ilk, and visit with the severest penalties of the law all such unholy dealers in black art. For Brodsky, it soon became known, did not confine himself to the surgical and medicinal limits of his profession. The man was indeed a scientist of the highest order and extraordinary intellect, and from the start made a great impression on me. We became very friendly, in fact, our acquaintance ripened into the closest intimacy, and I was thus enabled to witness some convincing examples of his skill in handling certain psychic phenomena. That his investigations had resulted in his acquiring an almost uncanny knowledge of the workings of the spiritual world and its reactions upon the realms of physical life could not be denied. Yet

the clever Polish physician was not gifted with mediumistic powers, nor did he advance any such claim. Nevertheless, it is certain that his unusual attainments enabled him to cure obsessions and overcome the powers of evil in many cases where distinguished, but conservative, members of his profession had failed.

In the course of time, however, much of the opposition which had grown against Dr. Brodsky passed away, as people became aware of the really wonderful cures he wrought—cures for which the physician's sound reasoning faculties and common sense were as much responsible as the exercise of any occult power. One morning, going to Ivan Brodsky's office outside the hospital, I found him listening to a little man who was jabbering in an excited manner. Seeing me, the Doctor cut his interlocutor short peremptorily.

"There is a humorous aspect even to psychical affairs," he said, waving back the little man, who was upon his feet again, pouring forth a flood of what I, from my German studies, recognized as Yiddish, a mediæval corruption of that language. "I'm afraid there will not be much more medical work for

me to do now that my fame as a necromancer has spread broadcast up and down the land. What do you think this fellow wants me to do? To cast out cats!"

Recognizing the familiar word, which appears to be much the same in all European languages, the little man was upon the scene again instantly.

"Sit down!" roared Brodsky, turning upon him.

"I will not sit down," cried the little man. "These cats—they come from everywhere, they eat my wife's sausages she had fried—all, all our supper was gone yesterday and to-day——"

Ivan Brodsky advanced toward him, took him by the shoulders, and looked into his eyes intently. "You will not sit down, my friend?" he asked gently. "Then stand!"

Actuated by the same spirit of contrariness the little man moved back to his chair and seated himself. An instant later he was upon his feet with a howl of dismay. He looked at the chair, he searched as though for a pin, once more essayed to seat himself, and sprung up again with a scream of anguish.

"Stand, now," said Brodsky, laughing heartily. "And be silent, or I will take your speech away."

Thoroughly scared, the little man remained standing, shifting from one foot to the other, and gazing at Brodsky much as a whipped spaniel might regard its master.

"A very simple principle of hypnotics," said the Doctor to me with much amusement, "but it adds not inconveniently to my prestige among these folks. It is the same principle as is used by the Indian juggler who makes the mango seed apparently sprout into a tree before the eyes of his audience. But, as I was saying, I've come down in the world. It's a far cry from casting out spirits to casting out cats."

I waited in patience for the story.

"I must tell you," said Dr. Brodsky, "that I am in some repute as a necromancer among the Jewish population of this place on account of a little experiment I once performed—well, never

mind that. But you've heard of the Kabbalists?"

"The Jewish miracle-mongers who undertook to practise magic by means of the Kabbala?"

"Their book of secret rites. Yes," said Brodsky. "They were greatly feared for their knowledge of certain simple tricks of psychics, such as calling in the services of those elemental spirits, or Jinns, as the Arabians name them. As a matter of fact, any modern necromancer could give those old fellows points. Well, you may not know that there still exist Kabbalists among our Russo-Jewish immigrants. There seems to be a famous miracle-worker in this town, by name Solomon ben Yankel, whom, in a moment of misguided zeal, these people expelled from their synagogue as a wizard. Naturally, being human, he wants his revenge, and he appears to be working a modern version of the ten plagues of Egypt upon our friend here, who is president of the congregation. Now," he added to the visitor, "sit down and tell us what he has done to you."

Very gingerly the man seated himself, and then, delighted to discover that his normal powers had been restored to him, he burst into voluble exclamation.

"My name is Gershon Cohen," he said, "and I am president of our synagogue, which consists of nearly fifty members, the most Orthodox in town. We never fail to fulfil all the commandments of the law. We wear broad phylacteries upon our arms at prayer and we celebrate each festival on two successive days instead of one, and we fasten small scrolls containing the Ten Commandments upon our doorposts to drive away spirits of evil, as Moses commanded."

"Continue," said Ivan Brodsky.

The ghost of a smile hovered upon his features, and I thought I could read what was passing in his mind. Brodsky was the son of a Jewish father and a Polish mother; he was thinking of his own early days in the ghetto of Warsaw, and recalling the, to him, meaningless, yet not to be forgotten, ceremonies of the past.

"This Solomon ben Yankel is the cause of all our misfortunes, curse his red hair!" cried the little man excitedly. Then, glancing at Brodsky's own head-covering, which was of a decided auburn tinge, he stopped short in confusion.

"You see, the prejudice against red hair exists everywhere," said the Doctor to me. "One day I shall write a treatise explaining its origin. Go on, Mr. Cohen."

"This Solomon ben Yankel is a maker of praying shawls, phylacteries, and mezuzoth, as we call the door scrolls," said the little visitor. "As you may know, these scrolls, upon which the Ten Commandments are written in a microscopic hand, are enclosed in hermetically sealed glass tubes and nailed to the tops of the doors. I have built a new house recently, and so, wishing to throw business in the way of

a member of the congregation. I went to this Solomon ben Yankel and asked him his price and what reduction he would make upon a dozen—there being twelve doors in my home. 'Three dollars apiece,' he had the impudence to answer.

"What?" I exclaimed angrily. 'Impudent one, I can get them for fifty cents. Moreover, on twelve the reduction must be great.'

"There will be no reduction," answered Solomon ben Yankel. Are you the president of the synagogue, and do you not know that it is written, 'Thou shalt not add to nor diminish one jot or tittle from any of my Commandments'? How, then, can I make any reduction? I will let you have the twelve scrolls for thirty-six dollars,

and cheap at the price, considering that I write them myself, and certify that they are correct."

"At that I lost my patience. 'There is a poor traveling peddler in town, seeking communal relief,' I replied. 'and he will make scrolls, tubes and all, for fifty cents apiece. He seeks alms to take him on his way to Jerusalem,

where he hopes to lay down his bones. From him will I get my scrolls.

"At this, the red-haired one became purple with wrath. 'Go, then, and buy from your traveling peddler, if you think his work is better than mine,' he shouted.

"Dr. Brodsky, I am naturally a man of quick anger. Had I not reflected I should have laid him low with a blow of my fist. But just as I was about to strike, my good angel whispered in my ear. 'Hold, Gershon Cohen,' he whispered. 'Art thou not president of the synagogue, and the

most Orthodox in the town? Remember how slow to anger Moses was. It would ill become the president of the synagogue to use violence upon the body of such an one.' So I replied slowly and scornfully.

"It ill becomes you to disparage such a holy man," I replied; 'you, a wizard, who are reputed to make use of enchantments for raising the dead.'

"He put his flaming head against my own.

"Thou hast spoken rightly, Gershon Cohen," he answered. 'And I will raise spirits against thee so that thou shalt curse the day thou wert born.'

"At that I went away and laid the matter before the members of the congregation. 'Thou shalt have no wizard



"GO, THEN, AND BUY FROM YOUR TRAVELLING PEDDLER," HE SHOUTED

nor necromancer among thy people,' said Moses in the Commandments. So we cast him out until such time as he shall repent. Moreover, he was forbidden to make further scrolls or phylacteries or prayer shawls. He was present while we debated and walked out laughing, putting us to shame. The very next day thieves broke into my store and stole two sacks of potatoes. When I met Solomon ben Yankel I taxed him with working witchcraft upon me in this, and he laughed again. But nobody would purchase his scrolls or prayer shawls, so by and by he came to ask that we remove the ban, and, when this was removed, for lack of evidence in his repentance, he vowed a speedy vengeance upon me. Next morning he walked right into my store, bold as brass, followed by three cats.

"His aspect was so terrible that I dared not molest him, and he walked through my house, from door to door, laying his hands upon the lintels, and smearing his palms against them and muttering imprecations. Before I had recovered from his appearance he was gone—but the cats remained. My wife chased them away. Next morning she found seven in her kitchen, rubbing themselves against the door. They had stolen the dinner and were devouring it. And so it has gone on three days," said the little man, spreading out his hands hopelessly. "There is an army of cats around my house; we find them in every room, rubbing themselves against the doors under the holy mezuzoth, and I know they are spirits of evil. So I have come to ask you to banish them, lest worse befall us."

"To-morrow be here at the same hour," said Brodsky, "and I will direct you what to do. Go home and rest in peace. If any cat accost you, say nothing."

When the little man was gone, with some reluctance, Dr. Brodsky turned to me, laughing till the tears rolled out of his eyes.

"This Solomon ben Yankel is evidently a man of fine humor," he gasped. "Of all the things he might have done, to send a plague of cats! Fancy the

good housewife beset with them in her kitchen!"

"Do you suspect him of having charmed them there from their homes?" I asked. "Or has he created them?"

"The act of creation is the ultimate power of the occult to be acquired," said Brodsky. "It can only be done in the dark, and for a few moments, as in rarely authenticated cases at seances. No, to create life and send it about its business away from the creator is practically an impossibility. I strongly suspect we have the working of some simple charm such as is known to many primitive folk and recorded in folklore. Well, this is a humorous interlude in our investigations."

I shuddered involuntarily, remembering more gruesome experiments which it had fallen to Dr. Brodsky's lot to perform.

"Now," he said, "when two medicine men get together the first thing that they do is to measure each other up. I must pay a visit to this Solomon ben Yankel."

I was considerably disappointed that Dr. Brodsky did not invite me to accompany him on his mission, but, knowing that he did not care to be questioned, I made no sign of my chagrin. He had requested me to call for him half an hour before Gershon Cohen's arrival on the following morning. Arriving there, he plunged promptly into the subject.

"Well, I've seen this Solomon ben Yankel, this terrible, red-haired demon, he said with a hearty laugh, "and I must confess my sympathy is largely with the necromancer. You see, for all that Gershon Cohen pretends it is a religious quarrel, the matter is really economic at bottom. For years Solomon ben Yankel had enjoyed a harmless reputation as a dealer in white magic. Young folks consulted him about their love affairs; old people went to him with their marital troubles. He eked out a harmless existence by the manufacture of implements and accessories of prayer. Now this Gershon Cohen goes to him and calmly demands that he reduce the price of

his mezuzoth from three dollars to fifty cents apiece, at the same time threatening him—this I learned yesterday—with the loss of all the community's trade unless he acceded. Naturally Solomon loses his temper. As for the cats, the explanation is a simple one, like all simple things, a surprising one. It is one of the commonest of all spells. But here comes Gershon Cohen to the door. Now my friend, by the exercise of a little diplomacy, I hope to cure him of his cats and to restore to Solomon ben Yankel his occupation."

"You told me to come at this hour," cried our excitable visitor, bursting into the room. "I may sit down, what?" Gingerly he seated himself, with many comical expressions reminiscent of his experience of the preceding day. "And now you will come round and cure me of my affliction? Ah, all night they howled under my front windows. I have not slept—"

"Gently, friend," said Ivan Brodsky. "These things are not remedied in a day. It takes time."

The little man's face fell. "Time? How much time?" he muttered. "I tell you I am sick from want of sleep, and— Ach, Gott! last night they got into the ice-box, and when my wife went after them with a broom they flew at her and drove her from the kitchen. First they take our food, then they take my house away—"

"Yes, yes, but all that will soon be over," said Brodsky sympathetically, though I could see by his shoulders that he was shaking with suppressed mirth. "To-night is the third night after the full moon, is it not? Good. Otherwise you would have had to wait a month longer. Do you know the

Lutheran cemetery at the north end of the town?"

"Yes," said Gershon Cohen eagerly.

"To-night you will go there alone toward the hour of twelve. You will enter by the large gate and proceed to the open space of ground by the north wall. There, under the tall pine tree, you will perceive a cluster of wild herbs. Pluck as many as you can

between the beginning of the first stroke of the hour of twelve and the end of the last. Take them home secretly, make a distillation of them over a fire, and bathe in the concoction, allowing yourself to dry by the process of evaporation. Then shut yourself up in your own room until I arrive in the morning, and above all else, say not a word to your wife as to the purpose of your actions, or the spell will be broken."

The little man's face had been lengthening visibly,

until it was a study for a painter.

"Never since I was married have I been out at night alone and not told to my wife where I went," he cried. "She will give me no peace hereafter. And if I shall tell her afterward that I went to the graves of the dead Lutherans she will think I lie to her."

"Very well, my dear sir, then keep your cats," said Brodsky suavely.

"No, I will go," cried the little man. "There is no other way?"

"No other way," said Brodsky, shaking his head sympathetically.

The little man arose and stumbled out of the room, his hands clapped to his head despairingly. When he was gone Brodsky sank into a chair and went into an ecstasy of silent laughter.

"Your instructions savor of *Macbeth* and the witch scene," said I, much mystified. "What is this herb that



"HE WALKED THROUGH MY HOUSE, MUTTERING IMPRECATIONS, WITH AN ASPECT SO TERRIBLE THAT I DARED NOT MOLEST HIM"

must be plucked in the churchyard at midnight?" "A secret remedy," said Brodsky, chuckling. "Patience, my friend, and by and by I will explain everything. And now, while Gershon is pondering upon his bath, let us get busy on that section of the brain of our orangoutang."

On the following morning we set out together for Gershon Cohen's new store, which was located at the end of the town, just where the wider intervals between houses and plots of unoccupied building ground indicated the approach of the country. At the door a woman, evidently the little man's wife, encountered us.

"Help me, help me, Doctor," she cried, clinging to Brodsky's arm. "My man is mad, stark, raving mad."

"What's the matter, Mrs. Cohen?" asked Brodsky.

"Last night he disappeared from the house, the first time he has been gone in fifteen years. Just as I was about to call up the police department and ask them was he murdered, he comes back, at half past twelve, and tells me he has been walking for his health. Then what think you he does? He lights the furnace and makes hot the water and takes a bath. A bath, at one o'clock in the morning! So I waited at the bath-room door. 'Gershon, Gershon,' I pleaded, 'say you are not mad.' There was nothing but the splashing of water. All at once he opens the door, dashes past me, and locks himself up in the bedroom. I have not slept all night. He will not answer me. Save him, Doctor, save him!"

"He'll be all right soon," said Brodsky cheerfully. "Where are the cats?"

"They've all gone into the bath-room," shrieked Mrs. Cohen. "Hundreds of cats—red cats, blue cats, yellow cats, black cats, white cats—all, all there, sitting on the bath-room floor. I locked the door. I dare not go near them. I have driven them away and they come back, they fill the house. It is the work of Solomon ben Yankel," she concluded, bursting into tears. "Curses on the wizard!"

"We'll soon rid you of your cats

forever, Mrs. Cohen," said Brodsky kindly. "And as for your husband's insanity, I may tell you that he is acting under my instructions. The cats are all in the bath-room and cannot get out?"

"See," cried Mrs. Cohen, leading us to a small window at the rear of the house. "Stand on that water-pipe and look!"

We climbed up and peered in. I had never seen such a sight in my life before. The room was swarming with cats; there must have been some two dozen of them, and they were acting as though possessed by those spirits that the red-haired Solomon ben Yankel was accused of calling from their abodes. They scrambled about the bath tub, they rolled on the floor, they rubbed themselves against the walls, biting and snarling and acting as though under the influence of some over-powering emotion. Brodsky rubbed his hands.

"It's working; the charm's working," he said. "Keep the door locked, Mrs. Cohen, and meanwhile I will go to your husband."

The woman led us to the bedroom, knocked, and called loudly:

"Gershon! Gershon! The Doctor is here to cure you from being mad. Gershon, open the door. Answer me, Gershon!"

There was a sudden noise inside and, a moment later, the door flew open, Gershon Cohen, very white and terrified, standing at the entrance.

"Thank God you have come, Doctor," he cried. "Ah, the cats! They waited at the bath-room door; when I came out they flew at me as though I were the arch-enemy of all cats in the world. They want my life. I am doomed, unless you save me. They are evil spirits from hell."

Ivan Brodsky looked up meditatively toward the top of the door. My eyes followed the direction of his own. Just where the door set into the framework at the top I caught sight of a small tube of glass, enclosing a minute fragment of white paper.

"Gershon Cohen," said Brodsky solemnly, "what is that?"

"The scroll of the Commandments,"



HE FLEW FOR THE CHURCH YARD, HIS LITTLE LEGS TWINKLING OVER THE GROUND

cried the little man. "The scroll which I bought for fifty cents from the poor peddler who is now on his way to lay his bones in Jerusalem, and the cause of all my calamities."

"Gershon Cohen," said Brodsky, more solemnly still, "how can spirits of evil enter a house where there are mezuzoth fastened upon the doors?"

The little man stood stock still, his eyes dilating.

Ivan Brodsky reached up with his stick and knocked the tube from its fastenings. It fell, the glass splintering on the floor. Gershon Cohen staggered back, amazed and horrified at the sacrilege.

"See," said Brodsky, taking the scroll from the broken tube. He held it out. In place of the neatly written, microscopic Hebrew characters was a series of dots and crosses.

"Gershon Cohen," said Brodsky, "you are the author of your own troubles, and your avarice has caused them. You thought to save a few paltry dollars by buying your scrolls cheap from some wandering peddler. You might have known no scholar capable of writing them would sell them at the price he named. More than that, you have wickedly taken the bread out of the mouth of Solomon ben Yankel. You have sinned and you must suffer for it."

"What shall I do?" cried Cohen miserably.

"You will confess your crime to-

morrow before all your congregation. Then you will readmit Solomon ben Yankel to the community. Lastly, you will purchase from him a dozen new scrolls at three dollars apiece."

"Yes, yes. I will," cried Cohen. "But take away the cats."

"You yourself have brought them here, and you alone can remove them," said Brodsky solemnly. "They are the sins you have committed; they are sins of avarice. Each cat represents fifty dollars that you have deprived other men of."

In spite of his terror Cohen's thoughts wandered. I knew what he was thinking of. He was estimating the value of his sins in terms of cats at fifty dollars apiece.

"You will go to the front door of your house," continued Brodsky, "and wait there while I open the door of the bath-room. The cats will run out and follow you. You need have no fear; they will not hurt you. You will walk at a steady pace toward the place in the Lutheran cemetery where you plucked the herbs. There you will burn this scroll"—he picked the parchment from the ground and handed it to Cohen—"and pronounce the prayer for forgiveness of sins. Then turn round quickly and return home. The cats will remain in the churchyard. Come!"

He led the trembling man to the door of his house and left him there. He opened the bath-room door. In-

stantly, with a leap and a scramble, a huge white cat flew from the room, hesitated one instant, and made for the little man, followed by a score or two of others—tawny and grey, black, white and tabby. There must have been cats from all sections of the town. The little man saw them coming, a wild shriek burst from his lips, and he flew for the churchyard, his little legs twinkling over the ground; while cats of all shapes, colors and sizes followed beside him. Then Brodsky collapsed into speechless laughter.

"Was it really necessary to go through all those ceremonies and rites?" I asked him, when we had got back to his house.

Brodsky turned upon me, his eyes twinkling.

"Don't look a gift horse in the mouth," he cried. "Haven't I rid his house of his cats?"

"Dr. Brodsky," I said, "I am begin-

ning to suspect you of being a humbug."

"Pshaw!" said the Doctor. "If I had assisted him without the elaborations he would never have appreciated the work I had done for him. And besides, he deserved to be punished for his attempt to take away Solomon ben Yankel's means of livelihood."

"Then you confess that you are a fraud," I said. "And I strongly suspect that this is a put-up job between Solomon and you."

"What was it Cicero said the Roman augurs did when they met each other in the streets?" asked Brodsky irrelevantly.

"They were supposed to wink," I answered.

"Just so," said Brodsky.

"But how did you get rid of his cats, and how did Solomon bring them there?" I asked, still baffled.

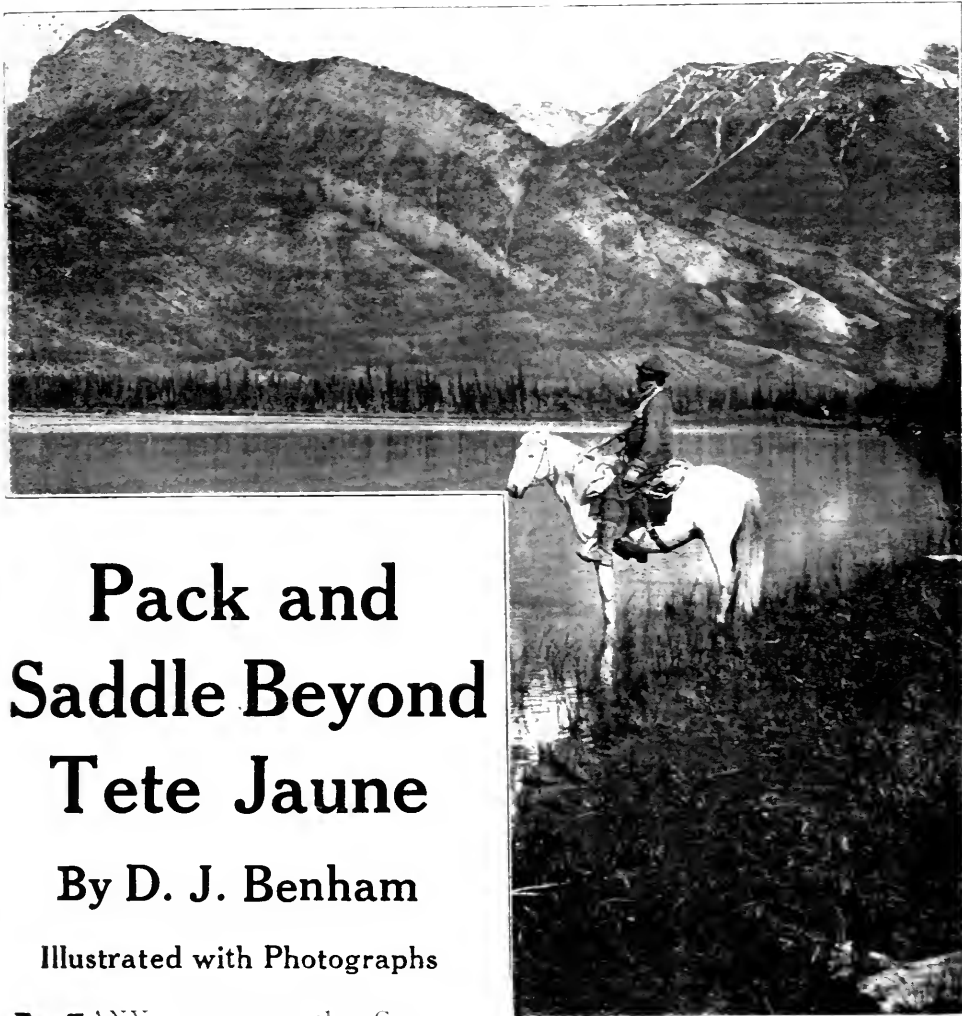
Brodsky looked at me amusedly. "Catnip," he answered.

THE SEA

BY CY WARMAN

If I had too much money, money that I couldn't use,
I'd spring a new philanthropy that would be joyful news
To seven million babies (if such a thing might be)
Whom I'd round up and I'd lead down to the sea,
And let them cool their kick-kicks in the sea.

And with them all lined up there and holding hand to hand,
Their happy faces shining like sunlight on the sand;
Angels would ope their windows (if such a thing might be)
To see so many, sinless, by the sea,
And watch them cool their kick-kicks in the sea.



Pack and Saddle Beyond Tete Jaune

By D. J. Benham

Illustrated with Photographs

MANY years ago the Government of Canada wisely inaugurated the policy of establishing great national parks within the Rocky Mountains, thus guaranteeing to the nation in perpetuity a sense of absolute ownership, and a free, untrammelled access to the beauties of their priceless heritage in that mighty Alpland wherein little Switzerland, the famous playground of Europe and the delight of mountaineers, might be lost. Those vast park reserves have been designed to become the playgrounds of America—alluring resorts for recreation for the people wearied with the strife of the street and the beaten path of life—sanctuaries to which those burdened with care or broken in health may re-

THAT OLD FUR-TRAIL HAS BEEN THE BIRTHPLACE OF MANY A TRAGEDY AND MANY AN ADVENTURE

pair and find that elixir of life, which only benignant nature can impart.

The mountain regions of Canada may lack the poetic romance and the old world picturesqueness of the Alps, but their savage, untamed grandeur and almost illimitable expanses make them unique among the ranges of the world. Under the park regulations, their solitudes are safe from the invasion of the profane and vulgar, their magnificent steep slopes from the raucous grind of the cog-railway, and their virgin forests from the axe of the lumberman, which serves the double purpose of preserving the primeval purity of nature and of assuring a permanent water supply to



THE LUXURY OF A HOT BATH AFTER THREE HUNDRED MILES IN THE SADDLE IS SOMETHING PLUNGED IN, ENJOYING A HOT SPRING DIP WHILE

the vast wheat fields of the prairies which soon must be the bread-basket of the British Empire.

A priceless asset has thus been vouchsafed to the young Canadian nation—an heritage in which there will be a justifiable national pride when it is properly appreciated, and the magnificent but neglected Canadian Rockies shall have assumed their proper place as foremost among the great scenic areas of the world.

The first of these national parks were named Rocky Mountain and Yoho, the former known now around the world because of the natural beauties tributary to the great sanatorium at Banff, and the latter because of the majestic grandeur of the Selkirks which are upreared within its confines. These two parks, however, include but a comparatively insignificant area of the vast Alpland which is practically an unknown wilderness beyond a narrow strip possibly ten or fifteen miles wide on either side of the main line of the C. P. R. Here, how-

ever has been found scenery so magnificent as to attract the sight-seers of the world in ever-increasing numbers, and bring them back again with each recurring season. There, too, has been found sufficient scope for the army of cosmopolitan mountaineers and the Alpine Club in their strenuous sport, unfolding as it does each year some new wonder, some fresh delight, some added charm.

Beyond this limited area contiguous to the railroad and accessible to civilization, the mountain regions of Western Canada have been practically a sealed book, unknown and unexplored except by the nomadic hunters, or the transient prospectors. Now, however, the defiant ranges of the north are to be pierced through the Athabasca Valley and the Yellowhead Pass by two other transcontinental railways, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern, which run side by side through that wonderful natural avenue of commerce. New tourist areas will be traversed by those roads, immense,



YOU MUST EXPERIENCE TO UNDERSTAND. LIKE ONE MAN OUR PARTY PEELED OFF AND ABOVE US ON THE MOUNTAIN-PEAKS A SNOW-STORM RAGED

unnamed, unmapped and unknown, but which are believed to be the climax of all that is rugged, massive and majestically beautiful in the Rockies.

Here, also, the Government has established another mammoth park and forest reserve, which embraces within its generous confines 5,450 square miles of territory, comprising all the vast region within the water-sheds of the Saskatchewan and Athabasca Rivers, and extending east from the great divide to the foothills. This will be known as Jasper Park, perpetuating the name of the famous old post of the fur trade, the ruins of which will be one of the principal points of historic interest in the reserve.

Formally taken possession of in the name of the people of Canada by H. Douglas, of Banff, Commissioner of Dominion Parks, it is an established fact, not a tentative project. Mr. Douglas went there prepared by reports to view magnificent scenery, but so impressed was he that he freely admitted that half had not been told.

There are scores of lordly peaks which must always maintain the respectful attention of the enthusiastic mountaineer. Among these are Mount Alberta (13,500), the second highest and one of the most beautiful elevations in the Canadian Rockies; Mount Geikie (11,000), Mount Brown (9,050), Mount Hooker, and the chaste, symmetrical and lofty Pyramid (9,000), whose lonely eminence overhangs the ruins of Henry House, and haunts the pathway to the Great Divide. Just beyond the summit lies the delicate range, appropriately named the Rainbow Mountains, overlooking the glaciers of the headwaters of the Fraser, and culminating in beautiful, defiant Mount Robson (13,700), the most lofty peak of the Rockies, "a giant among giants and immeasurably supreme." But although this most interesting Alpine region lies beyond that invisible line where water runs either to the Pacific or the Arctic, it is practically at the threshold of those who visit the park, and to all intents and

purposes it must remain a part of the scenic area which will charm the explorer and the tourist. The equipment and guides of the park will always be available for explorations there.

To effect the formal occupation of Jasper Park it was necessary for Commissioner Douglas and R. H. Campbell, Superintendent of Forestry, with a party of which the writer had the pleasure to be a member, to make the arduous journey of nearly 350 miles by pack train over the long trail that leads from Edmonton to the Yellowhead and beyond.

That old trail is an historic highway of the fur trade, the explorers, the prospectors and the hunters who have followed its dizzy deviations amidst the dreary wastes of muskeg, tamarac and jackpine swamps since time almost immemorial.

If that old trail could speak, what stories it could tell! It has been the birthplace of many an adventure, the scene of many a tragedy. Over it journeyed the indomitable explorer, Thompson, who discovered the noble river which bears his name beyond the divide, and who was mainly instrumental in humbling the hopes and crushing the ambitions of the founder of the Astor fortunes as a fur trader by the capture of Astoria; Alexander Henry, he of melancholy fate; Sir George Simpson; Dr. Hector; Sir James Douglas; Gabriel Franchère; the great Mackenzie, whose name is indelibly associated with western and northern explorations; as well as a score of other intrepid, adventurous spirits who assisted in laying the foundations of an empire under the setting sun. Over it, too, surged a portion of the struggling mass of humanity in the stampede to the Cariboo when all the world went mad with the stories of the fabulous wealth in the golden sands of the Fraser. On foot or on horseback they went, carrying their picks, their shovels and their pans from far-off Fort Garry, lured on by the phantom gleam of gold—a few to wealth in a realization of their hopes, many to disappointment and some to a tragic death amidst the hardships and privations of that terrible tramp across half a continent.

Later it was traversed by the Government and Canadian Pacific Railway engineers, who sought the route for Canada's first transcontinental railway. Now in many places it has been worn deep by the constant travel of nearly two centuries, while elsewhere it has been entirely obliterated by the ruthless advance of the railroad grades and the wagon roads of the freighters.

Travelling by pack train is always slow and tedious, but in this case it was also painfully monotonous. For a hundred miles before mountains are sighted there is a succession of muskegs, spruce swamps, poplar bluffs, plantations of Labrador tea, and vast areas of fire-swept country. However, there was always something to break the monotony, either in noting the activities of railway construction, the jingling bells of the ponies or the vivid, voluble profanity of the Indian packer. It has been truly said that you have to swear to drive pack horses successfully, and our packer was a good driver. But you had to swear at them in Cree, French or patois, emphasized by a club, and the bigger the club the better the results obtained. That packer's language was "a real eddication" to anyone who felt his adjectives growing commonplace or lacking in originality.

From an eminence in the valley of the Athabasca (Mistahay Shallow Seepee), the Great River of the Woods, as it is known by the Crees in distinction from the Saskatchewan (Mistahay Peashallow Seepee), the Great River of the Plains, we obtained the first splendid view of the mountains. Though they were easily thirty-five miles away, their battlemented heights, castellated towers, ramparts and beetling precipices, over which occasionally frowned a snow-turbaned giant, appeared to be in the tangible just-beyond. They rose transcendently beautiful through their shimmering, gauze-like veil of prismatic, hazy colors, with a strange admixture of dreariness lent by the bare, treeless slopes of the serrated peaks which were silhouetted against the clear, blue western sky.

The valley which was our objective point was plainly discernible in the shadow of Roche Perdreux and Roche

Miette, the grim sentinels who eternally guard the pass. Those grand old warders can be discerned and recognized from the very limits of vision a hundred miles eastward, owing to their peculiar formations. Roche Perdrix is an outstanding landmark, beckoning on the traveller to the wonders beyond. In it a long range of pinnacles, pyramids and peaks terminates abruptly in a sheer precipice so clean-cut that it might have been split at a single stroke from its fellow on the other side of the valley.

Five imposing peaks, bearing the picturesque names of the old traders, Roche Perdrix, Roche Miette, Roche Ronde, Roche Jacques, Roche Suette, and a sixth called Bull Rush, are ranged in almost a complete semi-circle, enclosing a stretch of valley which might properly be described as an amphitheatre, in the centre of which reposes Brule Lake, a shallow, treacherous expansion of the Athabasca River.

When we saw it, all Nature was at rest, and the goddess of fairyland reigned supreme. The sun was just setting, burnishing the mountain tops with golden shafts. A few ethereal, vapory clouds floated lazily in the blue.

Then as the sombre shades of evening, with their violet haze, crept up to the last pinnacle of the gleaming, glittering snowy helmets of those colossal guardians of the pass, the softer, silvery sheen of the full autumn moon stole like a benediction of nature upon her handiwork.

Ten miles south of this point, in a secluded little valley of a tributary of the Riviere de Violon the park commissioner definitely located a series of excellent mineral springs, boiling out of a mountain 4,200 feet above sea level, and 1,200 feet above the surveyed lines of the railways. The water in one cluster of springs which have been used by the Indian hunters for many years has a temperature of 116 degrees Far., or three degrees hotter than those of the famous sanatorium at Banff; while the other set have the remarkable temperature of 125 degrees. They are very highly charged with mineral properties.

Immense coal deposits were seen in this locality, some of the outcroppings showing seams over thirty-five feet thick. Indeed, for a stretch of several miles the Riviere de Violon seems to have cut its channel through a veritable mountain of coal, though we had no means of correctly estimating the depth or the value of the deposits.

In the vicinity of Jasper Lake the commissioner met a party of celebrated English Alpiners, who were returning from an unsuccessful attempt to scale Mount Robson. In the party were Messrs. Hastings, of Bradford; Amery, of the London Times; Priestly, and Mumms, the last named gentleman being the famous manufacturer of champagne. They had all spent several weeks during the past summer in attendance at the annual camp of the Canadian Alpine Club at Lake O'Hara, and were also familiar with the Selkirks and other leading scenic sections of the mountains further south. Being asked to make a comparison between the two sections, Mr. Hastings, speaking for his party, said: "There is really very little ground upon which to make a comparison. I regard the Yellowhead country as being far superior in scenic beauties to anything in better-known districts south of the Line. Everything here is on a larger and grander scale. The mountains are higher, more majestic, imposing and rugged; the Athabasca River is more beautiful than the southern rivers. In fact, everything is on a more magnificent scale, for Nature has been lavish in the distribution of an extravagance of beauties. I shall never regret nor forget my journey through this beautiful pass."

The valley of the Athabasca here rivals the famous vale of Avoca; and we christened it the "Meeting of the Waters," which is aptly descriptive of it. Between Roche Jacques on the south, and Roche Suette away on the north, the Athabasca, like a thread of silver through the green foliage of firs, winds into Jasper Lake, which lies embosomed in stretches of forest seemingly at your feet. From a southerly direction, away towards Mount Dalhousie, and between Miette and Jacques

the Rocky River comes foaming on its remarkably straight and tempestuous course into the Athabasca. From the north, and directly opposite the Stony River careers down over the base of lowering Suetie to the confluence, just at the head of the lake, while the site of Jasper House, which can be discerned away in the distance, lends a touch of genuine historical romance to that charming scene where three waters meet.

As we lingered to admire it, a storm suddenly burst upon Suetie and extended across sections of the intervening valleys, while over the Maligne range all was serene, and the sun still kissed their hoary summits above their mantle of clouds.

From the base of Miette the trail hugged the Grand Trunk Pacific survey across the shifting sand dunes that gird Jasper and Fish Lakes; and for twenty miles it led between ranges where the peaks rise in almost monotonous configuration and height, uniform, naked and brown, save where the grey ghosts of a dead forest stand marking the pathway of the terrible fires which denuded these slopes in years gone by. But gradually the shaggy massiveness of Roche à Bonhomme emerged from the haze that overhangs its fellows, and upreared its battlements above the clouds, with a peculiar wing like the ridge of a house running far out into the valley. We passed under its brow to Moberley's ford, where a number of half-breeds bearing that historic name reside. Here we were regaled upon real potatoes and dried mutton of the mouton gris (big horn), a bill of fare which was truly delicious after our simplicity of menu and semi-starvation on bannock and bacon and beans for over a fortnight on the trail. We had eaten so much of the latter staples that some of the party, like Drexler, began to fear that a rind was growing on their immortal souls. But, like the hero of the Spoilers again, they were able on this occasion to look "them vittles full in their disgusting visage and say 'sit there, darn you, and watch us eat real food.'"

Shortly afterwards we pitched our

camp at that furthest outpost of settlement, "Swift's," as the homestead of the kindly old squaw man and squatter, who is the presiding spirit of the Yellow head, is affectionately known to everyone who travels that trail. It has been a hospitable refuge for the wayfarer for seventeen long years since the owner, E. J. Swift, located in the beautiful and fertile Caledonia valley, far beyond the outmost fringe of civilization. It has yet to be said of him that he ever turned anyone away hungry if he had food to divide. This was the main objective point of the journey, as it was surmised Swift would be able to place the commissioner in possession of much of the information he desired.

Four miles beyond Swift's home, in a natural park where the base of the truncated Pyramid rises in a series of terraced benches from the Athabasca, lie the ruins of Henry House, once an important post of the Northwest Fur Company, which was built by Alexander Henry, who afterwards perished by drowning at Astoria, which he had assisted in capturing during the war of 1812. Soon after the amalgamation of the Hudson's Bay and Northwest Companies it was abandoned as a trading post; but was converted into a cache for the supplies for the Government engineers and surveyors in 1870, only to be demolished and disposed of with the valuable contents when the survey was finally abandoned.

The southern aspect from the ruins of Henry House rests on the main range of the Rockies, where mighty Mount Geikie towers aloft, sharp and inaccessible, until his hoary peak is lost in the clouds, 11,000 feet above. To the south-east of Mount Geikie lies Simpson's Pass, over which Sir George Simpson journeyed to the Columbia, and in which region of perpetual snow and successions of glaciers is the real source of the Athabasca, though the turbulent torrent which drains them at first hand, sweeping away through its rocky gorges, is known as the Whirlpool River. In Simpson's Pass there is a peculiar freak of nature described thus by the illustrious explorer whose name it bears: "The relative position of the opposite waters is such as to



WE HAD EATEN PANNOCK AND FACON AND BEANS FOR OVER A FORTNIGHT, AND THERE WERE IRREVERENT MEMBERS OF THE PARTY WHO BEGAN TO FEAR THAT A RIND WAS GROWING ON THEIR IMMORTAL SOULS

have hardly a parallel on the earth's surface; for a small lake, appropriately known as the 'Committee's Punch Bowl,' sends its tribute from one end to the Columbia and from the other to the Mackenzie." This peculiar lake is surrounded by a committee of giant peaks which are plainly discernible from Henry House, hence its peculiar name. Its basin lies directly upon the height of land in the main divide of the

mountains, and thus its waters run both ways. From the easterly end the Whirlpool River, as stated already, surges down across the smiling Buffalo prairies to a junction with the Miette River, a few miles south-east of Henry House, where the latter runs down from the height of land in the Yellow-head Pass, and there in their junction the mighty Athabasca is born.

At this interesting point, the railway

surveys, which have previously skirted the north bank of the Athabasca for many miles, take an abrupt turn to the west into the valley of the Miette, up the gentle slopes of which they proceed over the great divide about forty miles beyond. The summit consists of a level stretch of prairie with a decline as gradual as the ascent, so gentle, indeed, that the mystic line where water runs either to the Pacific or the Arctic may be crossed unnoticed.

The site of Henry House, owing to its commanding position amidst those points of interest, rich Alpine scenery, beautiful surroundings and historical connections, may be chosen as the location for the modern hotel which will be erected in the Park as soon as possible. It would undoubtedly be a charming town site. However, old Jasper House, with its picturesque situation on Jasper Lake, and its even greater historic past, is a rival for this distinction. The commissioner of parks also visited the latter and carefully noted its advantages. Mr. Douglas was grievously annoyed to find that the ancient cemetery at Jasper, wherein repose the remains of many of the traders, trappers and others connected with the post in the long ago, had been desecrated by ghoulish passers-by, who had utilized the rude picket palisades which had at one time surrounded every grave, as kindling for their camp fires. He at once decided that henceforth the graveyard would be maintained sacred from such unhallowed hands, and that it should be restored as far as possible. Even though the names of those who are sleeping the sleep of eternity out there in the wild, lonely wilderness have long since been erased from the wooden tablets, it must always remain a central point of interest to those who journey through the pass.

Mr. Douglas also decided to have a steamboat placed upon the river, to run between Brule Lake and the headwaters of the Athabasca, linking the principal points of interest by a pleasant optional route. The work of constructing a series of necessary trails is already begun, huts for the use of

mountaineering parties are being erected, and everything done to make the park interesting and attractive to the people of Canada, and for the thousands of tourists who will be enticed here by the beauties of nature.

Game wardens and fire rangers have been appointed and are on the ground, to patrol the park and enforce the regulations. A detachment of mounted police has also been sent in to strengthen the hands of the other officials in the discharge of their duties, especially in the suppression of poaching by the half-breed squatters who have already ruthlessly slaughtered the game. Among the wardens is Mr. Swift, who will be an invaluable officer owing to his knowledge of the park and his great interest in the wild life of his mountain home. The game has been terribly depleted, but as the park is a natural breeding ground for the mountain sheep and goats, it is confidently expected that those timid and beautiful animals will now rapidly increase. There are also fine herds of elk, moose and caribou in the wooded sections, while the grizzly, brown and black bears also abound.

The Caledonia valley has a really delightful climate, and one surprisingly equable for the latitude of fifty-three in which it lies. The high ranges on the north protect it admirably from the severe winter winds, to such an extent, indeed, that at Swift's ranch the cattle and horses range out all winter with excellent fodder. The summer seasons are long and decidedly warm, though never very sultry. Wild fruit grows in luscious profusion, and the wild flowers in season are said to be so beautiful and varied in species as to constitute the valley a veritable paradise for the botanist. It is little short of marvelous how the small wild fruits cluster amidst these dainty flowers which everywhere deck the prairie. At the time the Government party visited the valley, they saw at Swift's potatoes, which had been sown on May 8th, but which were still perfectly green on September 24th. The weather then was balmy and summerlike, and the writer had the unusual experience of

picking a handful of wild strawberries in the vicinity of the camp. Only the most tender garden vegetables showed any trace of frost at that time, and we were informed that the season was in no way unusual. Raspberries unrivalled for flavor even by the domestic varieties, strawberries large and juicy, gooseberries, six different kinds of blueberry, currants, high and low bush cranberries, a rare species of luscious dew berry, cherries and other kinds of wild fruit simply abound there in season, especially in the valley of the Miette River leading up to the summit. Cultivated fruits have not yet been experimented with there, but surely there is a great future ahead of such an industry where nature is so prolific.

Before leaving this pass it might be interesting to note how it came to receive its peculiar name of Yellowhead, while some of the earliest records speak of it as the Leather Pass. The term Yellowhead, however, dates back over a hundred years to a time when the Northwest Fur Company was pushing trade into that section of the mountains. Indian hunters were difficult to secure and retain, and men who combined the ability to trade with the instincts and the courage of the voyageur were a necessity. They therefore imported a number of stalwart Iroquois hunters and trappers, and among these was a gigantic half-breed with flowing yellow hair, from which he became known to the Indians of the west under the sobriquet of "The Yellowhead." He was stationed in the Athabasca Valley, and extended his operations over the summit, as is evidenced by the Tete Jaune Cache (the cache of the Yellowhead), near the headwaters of the Fraser, where he was in the habit of collecting his furs.

About thirty-five miles east of the entrance to the valley when on our homeward journey, we crossed over the height of land between the Athabasca and the McLeod Rivers, taking a different trail from that which we

followed going west. The altitude of the ridge of the water-shed here is really remarkable, being 4,640 feet above sea level, or 916 feet higher than the summit of the Yellowhead Pass.

Away to the south stretches a billowy expanse of evergreen, where stands the only tract of virgin forest which has escaped the ravages of the fire fiend in all that vast area. It apparently occupies this entire portion of the valley of the McLeod, running about forty or fifty miles in a southerly direction, and west to the base of the mountains. Looking over this vast undulating green, it is possible to view at a single glance an unbroken chain of mountains where the first ramparts of the mighty battlements of the Rockies is thrown up from the prairies, and which extends over 130 miles along the sky-line.

When we saw it for the first time, the eastern slopes of the mountain were wrapped in an ethereal, violet haze. The peaks were lustrous in a fiery glow, or resplendent with delicate shades of pink where the departing rays of the setting sun had lingered to say farewell. From flaming crimson to rusty brown, from brightest gold to palest yellow, from deepest red to faintest pink ran the color scheme until the eye almost bewildered. The western sky was a revel of riotous colors of departing day such as can be seen only on the roof of the world.

Gradually a transition, soft and artistic, merged those fervid hues and reflections into the shades of evening until night threw her mystic veil over nature, recalling my companion and myself to the fact that we had lingered too long, and that the pack train, with camp and supper, were miles ahead. Then, as the low-sailing orb of evening arose over the eastern horizon—realizing that we were gazing upon that vista for the last as well as the first time—reluctantly and regretfully we turned our horses' heads and plunged down into the sombre forests of the valley of the McLeod.

The SCARLET STRAND



BY EDWARD B. WATERWORTH
ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

SYNOPSIS

Several mysterious murders having occurred in the North Shore woods, the Montreal papers, attracted by the report that the Indians believe a werewolf responsible for the tragedies, send reporters to investigate the story. Swanson, Thompson, Brady and Emmett, with one woman reporter, Nora Westemonde of the Times, go after the story together. Under the chaperonage of Mrs. Lawson they install themselves at the big Brandt estate, whence the Brandts have fled, the entire countryside being practically depopulated in terror of the mysterious "Thing That Limps," and new tragedies being of almost daily occurrence.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"**I**T probably would be just as well to send our provisions that way," said Thompson. "They'll get there quicker than if they were hauled. How's the list of stock, Steve?"

After Brady's list had been overhauled and numerous deficiencies supplied, including matches, butter, candles and other items he had left out, oversights for which he warmly pleaded exemption on the ground that he had bought three corkscrews—the party made ready to start. But it was the grocer they visited—taking Miss Westemonde along, as all felt for the girl on account of the fact that she now fully realized the enterprise on which she was embarked—who furnished an inspiration.

"If the young lady wants to go along," he said in a low tone to the men, while Miss Westemonde stood disconsolately staring out of the door, "why not take Mrs. Lawson, who used to be housekeeper up at Mr. Brandt's, with you? The old Indian they left as caretaker of the place got scared and skipped out. Mrs. Lawson's an honest

woman, and anyone can tell you she'll take care of the girl. Mrs. Lawson had planned to go up and open the place with her husband, but he's away just now. She'll be glad to get back if some men folks are around."

For a moment the four gazed at each other. Here was a competitor, it was true. But a glance at the girl as she stood by the door decided them. Alone, they knew she could never go into the wilderness with safety, and with newspaper ideas and ways of looking at things, they did not care how others might view the unconventionality of the proceeding. Thompson nodded his head and Swanson did likewise.

"We'll ask Mrs. Lawson," said Thompson. Then he turned to the others, for the first time violating his newspaper code of ethics.

"Boys," he said, a trifle shamefacedly, "this is going to be a hard tussle; one's as likely to get scooped as another. Suppose we all work together and swap up our stuff?"

And Brady, with his eyes fixed on the girl at the door, nodded silently, knowing what he meant.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. LAWSON, a woman of fifty, with a generous figure, smiling face, and hair streaked with grey, readily agreed to take up her part of the mission when Thompson finally located her at the house of a relative on the edge of town.

"Why, I'll be glad to go up with the young lady," she exclaimed. "You know, I was housekeeper at the place just before my son was taken sick. My husband's up with him now, at Minitawa. The boy's coming around all right though, and I didn't want to go up there among those Indians and in that wild district all alone. Old Joe Respey, who was supposed to be caretaker there, got this same fright in him that the breeds have, and I hear he's left the place just as it stands. He had a cottage near the house. Now, I'm thinking that we owe it to Mr. Brandt to see his property's looked after, even if a lot of drunken breeds do go about talking nonsense."

It was Brady, however, who, while Thompson was arranging details with Mrs. Lawson and settling on the terms of pay, learned another piece of news. He had stepped into a hardware store to replenish his stock of cartridges, and the proprietor had taken a keen interest in his mission.

"There's too much testimony comin' in for this to be idle talk," he said, as he wrapped up the three packages of 38's Brady had bought, "and I don't know what to make of it. There's no doubt about these Indians being scared. They believe firmly that it's a ghost or something. But the fact is that one of my cousins came in yesterday and is goin' to stop with my wife. She lives up that way and can't stand the talk. She hasn't seen anything, but you can't blame a woman, or a man either, for gettin' nervous 'way out in the woods there. Now she's told me somethin' that seems funny. Each of these Indians found dead had a little hole just on the side of his neck—that was all, except marks on the throat—and even the doctors can't say where those marks came from. My cousin saw the bodies."

"Wasn't there anything around to show what did the killing?" asked Brady eagerly.

"Well," responded the storekeeper, passing his hand slowly over his forehead in perplexity, "I can't say there was. There was some marks in the sand near where one body was found, but they didn't show nothin'. No one could tell what they were."

"What did they look like?" demanded Brady.

"I can't say, myself," was the answer, "for I've never seen 'em. But they tell me they look more like the marks of a big dog's foot than anything else. Besides," he continued, "when Mrs. Brandt left the place she was in hysterics. She kept sayin' somethin' about the thing that limps. She said she saw it from her window. I didn't exactly catch what it was she saw, but it must have been somethin'."

"The thing that limps," repeated Brady to himself, as he walked slowly back to the hotel, "and there's an item in the encyclopædia about the thing that 'hirples on one foot!'"

There was little delay in making arrangements for the final journey. Nora Westemonde, accepting the new conditions with alacrity, was provided with a horse from the same stable at which the men had secured their team. Moreover, it was decided that two horses should be taken along as saddlers for the men. The big gray horses finally fastened behind their vehicle clearly showed by the collar marks on their shoulders that they had been in harness during the summer. But the animal provided for Nora was a neat looking bay Canadian horse, small in build, but tough and wiry.

"He'll go all day under light weight," the livery man remarked as he attached him beside the other horses.

Brady had providently placed a few bottles of beer, carefully iced in a small tub, in the rear of the vehicle. Mrs. Lawson's report showed that there was plenty of food for the horses at Brandt's establishment. And she also made one remark which was noted.

"If you want to ship the bottled goods Mr. Brady has got in a Mackinaw

boat with two breeds in charge," she said, "you'd better bid them good-bye. You won't see the goods or the breeds or the boat either, again. The minute they get around the point those breeds will go after the cases, right away."

"You're right, Mrs. Lawson," agreed Brady cheerfully. "I can believe that. What's the matter with one of us going up with the boat?"

This seemed the way to solve the problem, and Swanson was picked to make the trip. His blue eyes grew dreamy with faraway thoughts.

"Years ago," he said, "I can remember the boats we used across the water. And I've always been fond of sailing. Sure, I'll go."

So when the party had driven slowly up the back bluff of the town, they gazed out on the bay and lake before them to see the little Mackinaw schooner, with their provisions and Swanson aboard, slowly rounding the point under the management of the two breeds. The driver stopped his horses for a minute to give them a breathing spell, and glanced casually around at his passengers. His Indian blood showed strongly in his dusky skin and high cheekbones. In the long vehicle, built with three seats, Mrs. Lawson, stout and comfortable, occupied the rear with her belongings piled about her and Nora by her side. In the middle seat was Thompson, critically interested in the surroundings at which he gazed through his glasses, with Emmett languidly smoking cigarettes beside him. Brady occupied the seat beside the driver.

"You've got a long drive," remarked their Jehu, as he glanced at his watch, "and you've got a hard deal ahead of you. I don't know what it is—but there's somethin' up here we don't know about."

"We'll get to the Brandt home early to-night," remarked Nora.

"An' I'll be gettin' on the back trail as quick as I can," interposed the driver.

Brady, with the idea of arriving at the root of the superstition which evidently affected the man, questioned him to no avail. He relapsed into the stolid indifference of the half-breed at once and merely shook his head.

"Don't know," was his reply to almost all questions.

Brady, finding it impossible to get any information from the man, shrugged his shoulders and turned his attention to the others in the party.

"From what I hear," remarked Nora Westmonde in some perplexity, "I can't tell whether this is supposed to be a werewolf or a vampire. All the accounts say it looks like a werewolf—whatever that is. But the fact that the jugular vein has been pierced in each of the cases of those Indians who were found dead makes it seem more like the vampire theory."

"What was the vampire idea?" asked Brady.

"Oh, it was another of those old-world superstitions," answered Nora; "it was supposed to be a dead person, whose soul was lost, and who came back to earth from the grave preying on the blood of living human beings. The general idea was that it was a corpse that came back to life after nightfall."

"This is getting interesting," said Brady thoughtfully. "We'll all be vampire editors of our respective papers when we get back, I guess. We'll be expert at the game. But there's one point the storekeeper mentioned to me that seems to cut some figure. That is, it looks as if there might be some land grabbing scheme up here. He said many of the Indians were so scared that they have left their homesteads and are willing to sell them for practically nothing."

The driver turned slowly in his seat.

"They don't commit murder just for that," he said, "and besides, the only person who's bought any land in the last year is a Chinaman."

"A Chinaman?" repeated Brady in surprise.

The driver nodded.

"He got his placelast year, long before these things started," he said, "and he's never tried to buy more. He's just got a little farm and a fellow with him helps him to work it. Those Chinese sure do put in work, though. Their fields look as if a dozen men were out there. But he's never tried to buy any more land. They tell me he's a quiet enough fellow who never disturbs

anyone. The man with him looks like a half-breed Chinaman. They just raise their crop and don't bother anybody."

"Why did he come 'way up here?" asked Brady.

"Don't know," answered the driver, turning to his horses again; "he said he wanted to get a farm where the land was reasonable."

They had driven at a slow trot beyond the line of farms and were now passing through the woods. On one side the lake still shone, glimmering through the deep tangle of underbrush which fringed the cliff. On the other side of them stretched the forest, badly ravaged by the axe, but still presenting tract after tract of the younger timber that seemed to grow all the more strongly because of the heavy trees having been thinned out. In some of the spots through which they passed glades were in view where the trees almost met overhead and where a gloom hung over the road, even in the bright rays of the sun, that recalled the cloister of a church and its shadows. Nora Westemondé looked down the long expanse of trees and shuddered at the absolute stillness of the region, which was broken only by the faint sound of the wheels as they ground through the sand and the patient plodding of the horses' feet.

"Just look at the gloom," she exclaimed. "Ugh! It's almost sepulchral! Do you know, if I believed in such a thing as a werewolf this would be the place I'd expect him to jump out on me."

Brady shook his head smilingly.

"Not my idea of it at all," he said. "I'd pick a region like that we passed through just after leaving the Springs. Thick underbrush on each side—nice,



"EACH OF THESE INDIANS FOUND A BEE HAD JUST A LITTLE HOLE ON THE SIDE OF HIS NECK—THAT WAS ALL. MY COUSIN SAW THE BODIES!"

well-lighted road with the sun beaming down—wild cherries and sumach on each hand. Sort of Little Red Riding Hood effect to all the surroundings. Then, the wolf would pop out sort of naturally."

Emmett stirred himself for the first time.

"That isn't my way of seeing it," he said. "Look at this stretch we're coming to!"

Before them was an expanse of several acres where some forest fire had played havoc. The scorched skeletons of what had once been trees loomed up thickly on their right. Under their bare branches lay a tangled mass of timber, blackened and charred like the timber still standing. No sign of any underbrush or vegetation showed anywhere save at the edge of the road where a few weeds were struggling to eke an existence out of the sand.

"That's the kind of a place I think you'd find the wolf," Emmett remarked

"and it's about this kind of a place that he'd jump out on poor Little Red Riding Hood."

"What would any intelligent child be doing cruising around this way?" retorted Brady. "The kid in the fable was going to see her grandmother. If the grandmother had been camping out in a region like this she'd have been burned up along with the rest of the scenery."

So, with light talk and remarks intended as witticisms, they proceeded on their way. But the further north they got the more evident it was that there was something indefinable in the air. Their driver got more moody and sullen at each mile and kept glancing uneasily about whenever they passed through the thicker tracts of the woods. When they finally turned away from the lake and commenced driving through a long stretch of woods where the gloom was more intense, his nervousness became apparent. He kept glancing at Thompson's rifle, which lay against the seat beside him, and finally, in a shamefaced way, which showed that he knew the subterfuge would be recognized, suggested that the Tribunal man take it out of the case and load it.

"We might run across a rabbit," he said, in embarrassed fashion.

Thompson smiled back at the women on the rear seat, but silently slipped his rifle out of the case, snapped a clip into position with five cartridges inserted, and held the weapon on his knee.

"If any rabbit comes in view," he said, "I'll expect to see a look of surprise on his dead countenance when I pick him up. He'll wonder what has broken loose. That is, the two halves of him will. A gun as powerful as this will simply cut him in two."

It was not much longer, however, before the occupants of the vehicle commenced to realize that there was something besides laughter in the situation before them. All along the road, as they kept drawing near to the half-breed villages, they met little groups of breeds slowly plodding towards Iroquois and civilization with their scanty possessions on their backs. The doors of squalid little cabins,

sagging open and disclosing the barren interior, left no doubt as to what had been done with the homesteads. They were evidently quitting their homes in a body. But questions elicited nothing. One old man, plodding slowly along with a tattered quilt, containing household utensils, over his shoulder, merely shook his head and mumbled something when Brady tried to question him as to why he was leaving the district.

"He said something about the loup-garou," remarked the driver, after Brady had given up the attempt to question the man and the team had gone ahead.

Once a halt was made for refreshments. The driver, evidently with reluctance, pulled up his team near a spot where a spring bubbled up beside the road and Brady's store was overhauled. He had placed cans of sardines, crackers and cheese under the seats of the vehicle, and the informal meal was eaten to the accompaniment of much laughter and conversation. One point, however, made Brady scowl thoughtfully. As they were in the midst of the repast, the sound of hoofs stamping along the sandy road were heard, and an old Indian and his wizened squaw came driving around a bend toward them, evidently bound for Iroquois. The nervous fashion in which the Indian pulled up his horse at coming unexpectedly upon the party, made the Leader man knit his brows. And he frowned even more thoughtfully when the wagon drove on, the old Indian declining his hospitality.

"I've covered lots of assignments here and in the West," he said, "and it's the first time in my life I ever saw an Indian refuse anything. There's something to this story, all right, if it can get on their nerves that way."

Then he climbed into the vehicle and the driver, impatiently flipping his horses with the whip, drove on toward their destination.

CHAPTER IV.

IT WAS late that afternoon when the driver pulled his team to a walk, and turned through the gate to the big

estate owned by Brandt. For the last mile they had been driving through row after row of young trees, planted thickly on either side of the road, which the driver briefly explained were the forestry nurseries of the owner.

"He's been importing some of the foreign kinds of trees," he said, "and he's going to try them out on soil like they used to grow in across the water."

Nora Westemonde, gazing at the dense mass of shrubbery presented by the young trees, most of which still kept their leaves in spite of the lateness of the year, turned to Thompson with a half-whispered comment.

"Doesn't it look desperately dismal?" she asked. "We've brought the breath of the Black Forest over here with those trees. Do you recall the legends about the Forest we read as children? And now, in a civilized age, we've found the same old superstition over here."

Brady broke in promptly.

"I'll teach you to use a gun, all right," he said.

They were driving near the edge of the bluff as he spoke, and Nora smiled slightly.

"Do your horses shy?" she asked the driver, who had commenced to urge them on.

"No," responded the man curtly.

The girl opened the little handbag which hung at her belt and produced a light .22 calibre revolver, with pearl handle and ornamental gold monogram on the stock.

"It's a small calibre," she said quietly, "but it's a good make. See that log down there in the lake? How far is it from here, Mr. Thompson?"

"About fifty yards. I should say," he responded.

"That's the distance at which the national revolver championship is decided over an eight-inch bullseye," she remarked. "The end of that log is about twelve inches across. Now watch."

She raised the little weapon and fired, the driver pulling up for an instant. In spite of the motion of the vehicle, her shot struck the water within a few inches of the log. Taking more careful aim when the vehicle had

stopped, she used the double action of the revolver and a shower of spray flashed about the target until the last shot, when a tiny bit of bark, whirling in the air, proclaimed it had been hit.

"Good work," shouted Brady, noting the make of the arm with approval. "Even if it's small, Nora, you're sure poison with that little gun. You can take care of yourself, I reckon. And if you run across the werewolf, he'll think the biggest kind of fleas live up here in these woods if you get to pumping lead at him."

"I don't need to be taught shooting," said Nora. "I've been to the Gun Club meets too many times. I worked on the police range, too, and Sergeant Horrigan taught me how to shoot fairly well. Charley Driver—you know him, Steve—lent me that revolver of his. I bought this one before I came up here."

"Well, we're all loaded for bear—or wolves," said Brady cheerfully. "But that must be the house before us. I reckon we'll have to wait for Swanson to get here."

But he miscalculated the powers of a Mackinaw boat under a high wind. Long before they reached the drive, which led to the front of the mansion, they could see Swanson below them on the stone breakwater. He was supervising the unloading of the boat, and Brady smiled with approval at the sight.

It was only a journey of half a mile more before they reached the main drive. The party glanced around with curiosity, inspecting the premises which were to be their quarters for the time. All around the place was evidence of the hurried fashion in which the caretakers had left, and Mrs. Lawson snorted indignantly as she looked at the grounds. Before them was an immense cottage, evidently containing at least twenty rooms, but built, like most cottages of the "resorters," of wood. The rear and side windows, that could be seen on their approach, were closed with the heavy wooden shutters used to protect the glass in winter. But the housekeeper gave a shriek of indignation when she saw one large, heavily boarded piece

of framework lying on the brown lawn.

"That Respey's no good," she said. "That's the shutter for the front window. Why, that window cost so much that I can't say it! And he's run away leavin' it uncovered!"

The newspaper contingent smiled hopefully. This was beginning to look as if there was something in the air for them. When the guardian of a post such as this, which showed every mark of affluence and would undoubtedly have been listed as a "soft place to work at by any caretaker" as Brady put it, left his post, some news must be afloat. As they drove slowly around the narrow road which led to the front of the big house, Nora could not repress an exclamation of delight. "Isn't it beautiful?" she cried.

In spite of the unfinished condition of the place, due to work having been abandoned both in the nursery and on the buildings in the rear of the structure, the big house, painted dark red, with its gables of a rich brown, looked very inviting. Its immense front window was unshuttered, and this, combined with the fact that the other windows were mostly covered with the heavy wooden shields, made the building itself seem somewhat desolate. But nothing could offset the natural beauty of the scenery.

Nearly one hundred feet below them, over a sheer bluff down which a flight of steps had been built, lay the lake, the artificial breakwater of natural boulders on which Swanson was at work in no way marring the view. To the north, a long expanse of rolling waters could be seen. Slightly to the south, the lighthouse on one of the smaller isles could also be discerned. The face of the bluff, left in its natural tangle of underbrush and thickets of sumach and wild cherry, was of a warm brown hue, relieved here and there by a splash of brilliant red, where some of the leaves were turning earliest to their autumn hue. All over the place hung the scent of the stunted firs, and pines were clustered in a network along the declivity, until not a spot of soil could be seen. The white stems of the birches, evidently carefully planted around the house for

ornament, made a welcome break in the color scheme, which did not seem sombre despite its dark shading, while behind them waved the grove of young maples, which was the variety of trees selected by the owner to be planted nearest the residence. Over it all blew the crisp breeze—a breeze just tinged with a hint of winter, but still simply a tonic in the sunlight. All knew it would be chill after dark, but, to their lungs, accustomed to the air of the city, it was as nectar. When they alighted before the big porch, not even the desolate appearance which always attaches to a vacant house could spoil their appreciation.

"Why, the air up here stirs you like wine," cried Brady; "which reminds me," he added, casting a glance down the bluff, "that there are a couple of cases of stuff down there I don't want hurt." And he disappeared over the top of the long flight of stairs.

"I guess it's up to you and me, Emmett, to open up the joint," said Thompson cheerfully. "I've got some keys."

But Mrs. Lawson had reached her home territory and there was no delay. She promptly opened a side door and ushered them in.

"I've got keys to all the doors," she said, "and even if the place had been closed," she said, with an air of pride, "that's the handsomest room in this part of Ontario."

"I believe you're right," said Emmett thoughtfully.

As in many another cottage of the shore, the entire lower floor had been practically taken up for one vast room, into which entry was made directly from the porch outside. At the end was a long gallery, extending directly across the room, which was reached by a flight of stairs at one end and from which, at the opposite extremity, another flight led to the upper story. Windows were on every side, but most of these were heavily shuttered, just as Respey had abandoned his work when he became infected with the common fear that was spreading through the neighborhood. The heavy rug still lay on the waxed floor. The piano, a slight cloud of dust marring



PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

TRADY'S DARK BROWS CONTRACTED AS HE NOTED THE AIR OF PROPRIETORSHIP,
WITH WHICH SWANSON TURNED NORA'S MUSIC.

its veneer, stood silent under the gallery. At one side, a small dining-room led to a passage into the nether regions of the house.

"The kitchen's back there," said Mrs. Lawson, with an air of proprietorship. "Mr. Brandt wanted it as far away from the main room as possible. You see how this house is built. It's like a sort of horseshoe."

Although her description was vague, the others understood. From either side of the house two wings extended back into what seemed to be the gardens of the establishment, projecting directly behind the structure. The front room practically filled the entire lower portion of the house which fronted the lake. And the view from the window was so magnificent that even the quiet Emmett whistled.

"It's the greatest I ever saw," he said simply.

"Wait till we take some of these shutters off and I'll get the close air out of here and the place redded up," said Mrs. Lawson, stirring busily about the place with the outraged dignity of the housekeeper who had found things in chaotic condition, "I'll show you how much better it can look."

"It's beautiful now," said Nora.

Thompson, who had been peering through his spectacles at the book-cases let into the walls, their leaded Gothic windows in perfect keeping with the general atmosphere of the room, under whose ceiling antique lamps depended from every beam, nodded in genuine enthusiasm.

"Here's one of the best illustrated and typographically most perfect editions of Shakespeare ever put out," he said. "Why, that set's worth——"

He was interrupted by the noisy advent of Brady and Swanson, each aided by a stalwart breed, carrying a case of beer, which was slammed down on the porch and another trip made for a second relay. The Norse blood in Swanson was showing. The battle against the waves, as the speedy Mackinaw had slipped through the lake, had brought color into his cheek and the twang of the air was in his blood.

"I'm pleased with this assignment," he said, his blue eyes sparkling and

with a broad smile on his face, "but I can't get those Indians to stick."

"What's become of our driver?" asked Emmett in perplexity.

In fact, the man was nowhere to be seen. Only in the still air of the place the faint gritting of the wheels through the sand could be heard as he hurriedly departed down the grove of young maples. Their saddle horses were tied to a tree and Thompson walked over to care for them.

"I reckon he's going back to that place he spoke of," said Emmett; "but after driving thirty miles he ought to give those horses a rest. He says he's got to go back ten miles."

Swanson, who had just climbed the bluff again with the last sack of provisions over his shoulder, silently pointed to the lake. The Mackinaw boat was sailing away from the breakwater, the half-breed boatmen drawing up the jib and putting on all sail.

"They wouldn't even stay for a little tip," he said, "and I offered them a drink, thinking they'd like it after their work. They got me up here in great shape."

"Refused a drink?" said Brady, who had come carefully up the steps with a wooden case of small bottles in both arms.

There was no reply. But he set the case down carefully and looked out over the lake, voicing the thought that was in everyone's mind.

"There's something in this story, after all," he said, "for I know breeds."

Beyond nods of agreement no sign was given by the others. But all set to work with a will to make the place fit for their use.

"There's no use taking off the upper shutters," announced Mrs. Lawson, "unless you want to use the rooms. I'll do all the cooking back here in the kitchen, and I reckon you ain't particular where it's served. You might eat just there. I was thinkin' of takin' the two adjoining rooms upstairs for the young lady and myself. You gentlemen can sleep down here. But I don't see no use in takin' down all the shutters if you're goin' to leave in a few days, maybe."

"It's all in your hands, Mrs. Law-

son," said Brady cheerfully. "Now let's get supper."

It was their first night in the wilderness, and also their first break from the regular routine of newspaper work in many weeks. The supper was prepared by all to the accompaniment of uproarious mirth. Brady was sent to bring in wood from the large pile stored in the barn, and a roaring fire was soon blazing in the big brick hearth, the chill air making it acceptable. Mrs. Lawson, aided by Nora, opened the assortment of provisions bought by Brady, shrieking with laughter over the assortment.

"It's a good thing there's plenty of supplies left in the place," remarked Mrs. Lawson, as she went through the cupboards with a practical hand. "There's a lot of those things the ladies used for their Welsh rarebit suppers here. We'd have a nice time living off canned lobster and bottled pickles, like you bought, Mr. Brady."

But even the informal nature of the meal was in keeping with the situation and all ate heartily. Mrs. Lawson discovered a barrel of flour and promptly made hot biscuits. The bacon, fried crisply, proved appetizing to the last degree. Even the canned lobster was welcomed.

The evening wore on, but not slowly. It had been decided not to start any official quest until the next day, and with common consent "shop talk" was avoided. Nora sat at the piano and played some of the older airs, Swanson showing a surprisingly good tenor voice and showing much interest in Nora's preferences. Thompson followed with a classic and Nora herself contributed some of the older songs. The lamps, hung from the varnished beams above, cast a dim lustre over the group of young people below. Brady glanced at them, his dark brows contracting as he noticed Swanson's air of proprietorship in turning the leaves of Nora's music. But with characteristic insouciance, he spoke lightly of practical things.

"It's a good thing some coal oil was left here," he said. "I overlooked that in my purchases. Of course, there's

no electricity up here. But we may need a lantern if the werewolf gets to prowling around."

When Mrs. Lawson proposed making a Welsh rarebit, all looked at each other and smiled.

"It's just nine o'clock," said Thomp-



"IT'S A GOOD THING THERE'S PLenty OF SUPPLIES LEFT IN THE PLACE," REMARKED MRS. LAWSON. "WE'D HAVE A NICE TIME LIVING OFF CANNED LOBSTER"

son, after the light meal, "but I'm ready for bed."

Nora Westemonde turned as she reached the gallery above them and smiled at the men below.

"How long has it been since any of us has been in bed at nine o'clock before?" she asked, shading the candle she carried with her hand, the faint light and the red glow of the fire below bringing out her brown hair and clear cut profile in deep relief against the shuttered window behind her.

"I haven't been to bed before four in the morning for a dozen years," said Swanson thoughtfully. "Still," he added, as he bowed good-night to the slender figure above him, "even though we may get some unpleasant surprises, I like this assignment."

To be continued



The Miracle of The Flame

By Barbara Ballantine

Illustrated by F. D. Schwalm

"**H**USH, little pigeon! Baby-boy Michael still sleeps!" warned Tekla, as four-year old Bertha ran across the floor of the spotless little kitchen. "Mother will wash the dishes and Bertha shall wipe them like a great big girl."

They had just finished their dinner, and as Tekla cleared away the few dishes, she glanced about the neat little sod house and thought happily of the good luck that had followed her and her man, Stefan, since they had left far Ruthenia and come to Canada, where no man was oppressed. Only two years had passed since they had taken up their homestead, yet here already was this fine house, the busy clock ticking merrily on the wall, the array of scoured pots and pans, the gay geraniums potted on the window-sill, and, peacefully asleep in the clothes-basket beside the stove, Baby-boy Michael, the pride of Tekla's mother-heart.

"Tell me a 'tory, Muvver," lisped Bertha, dish-towel in hand.

"Yes, babee, I will tell you how in the old land we were very, very poor and the overlord took all we could make. But here you and Baby-boy

Michael will have red hats and gold rings and much to eat, and perhaps Vadder will grow many good crops and some day you will go on the school at Winnipeg. Perhaps, little Bertha, you will be rich lady, or perhaps not; but always you will be free."

But little Bertha's eyes were turned from the story and out of the window. Tekla tickled the little one's shoulder playfully, and she turned laughing.

"See, Muvver, see! The big dark comes."

Leaning over, Tekla followed the little girl's eyes. Dark and ominous, a bank of black covered the western sky, and before it ran golden flames crawling upon the ground. It was the dreaded prairie fire, the terror of the farmer, and Stefan was far away in the oat-field, not to be back for hours. With a cry Tekla leaped to the basket and snatched up her baby boy.

"Come, Bertha, my baby, we must run. The big fire comes to catch us. Quick! Be Mother's brave girl. We must run to father."

Desperately she clasped little Michael to her breast, and holding Bertha's hand, ran across the brown grass towards the distant oat-field. But the fire was swifter than the little stumbling feet, and looking back Tekla saw its hungry gaining. Then it was that she cried aloud, in a hoarse raucous voice of fear,

"Stefan! Stefan! Stefan!"

There was no answer. Stefan was too far away. If she could only reach him they could carry the two children down into the slough, and standing in the water, save them from the flames. Behind her the growing tongues of fire licked hungrily at the stubble, drawing

nearer, nearer. She ran faster, until little Bertha, stumbling over a stone, fell and sobbingly begged to be carried.

No, no, loved one, no! Mother must carry baby. See, she cannot carry two babies. We must run to father."

But Bertha could run no longer, and Tekla, straining a double weight to her frightened breast, staggered on. Once she paused and looked back. She could not see the house now for the smoke, and she felt the hot breath of the flame. Sobbing, she stumbled on. At last her strength was spent.

"I cannot go on! I cannot!" she cried aloud. "Oh, God in Heaven, pity me and save my babies! Help me! oh, help me!"

And then a thought flashed through her mind. One chance remained. If she could gather her babies under her petticoats, and then when the fire was upon her leap back into and through it, she would perhaps be burnt, but surely the good God would perform a miracle and let her save her little ones.

Full of faith and strength, she snatched off her heavy skirts and rolled little Bertha tightly in them, wrapped

Michael in her heavy shawls, and stood waiting, facing the blinding flame.

She had not long to stand. With a roar, it was upon her. Gasping, she rushed headlong into it, throwing herself upon the ground, and sheltering the trembling children with her strong young body. With an exulting bound the flame passed over them, and rushed on, across the prairie.

Across the blackened plain came a haggard, muttering man, crazed with terror, crying upon his wife and his children, and stumbled over a heap of smouldering rags. With breathless horror he recognized the still form of Tekla, huddled in a blackened heap. He knelt beside her, shuddering and calling to her in his native tongue. His only answer was a faint, low wail that came from beneath her body, and Stefan tore at the bundled clothes with maddened hands. There lay the unconscious, but breathing form of little Bertha, but the baby looked up and smiled.

Tekla's miracle had happened—the miracle of the flame.

RECOGNITION

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

I SAW him with familiar, stranger face.
 The grave and absent brow, the seeking eyes.
 That looked too sad for sorrow, gazing out
 In wistful search across the roaring town
 As if he saw the mountains' purple line
 Where he had played and dreamed his golden days.
 I think he found a slim wood-spirit couched
 Among the frail white sorrel in the moss,
 And followed her wan beckoning through the pines
 To lose his soul in seeking. Still he harks
 To hear her footsteps in his silent heart
 Peopled with her remembrance, and he speaks
 Half-hushed that he may hear, and wistfully
 Pauses between his words, and looks again
 To see her moving through the fragrant aisles.



EDITORIAL NOTE.—When Mr. Croasdell was preparing his series of three articles on “Money-mad Farming,” of which this is the second, he wrote us: “Proper seed selection should be general, but it—ain’t. A good article could be wrapped around seed selection and proper preparation of the seed bed. You know we told the farmers in the first article that they could increase their crop to three times the average by attention to these two points. If they’d select their seed and prepare their seed bed they’d simply smell o’ money come harvest-moon.” We wrote in reply: “It’s just because proper seed selection isn’t general that we want to tell the farmer about it. Why not make one of the articles on precisely this subject?” The following article is the result. What Mr. Croasdell has to say is its own proof.

IT WASN’T very far from Brandon; and he looked like a typical Western farmer: but I’ve prayed every day since I met him that he was an abnormal species, peculiar to his own poor pinched-looking quarter. He was about to haul away the last load of the season’s crop to the elevator.

“And what’ll you do with these tailings?” I asked him.

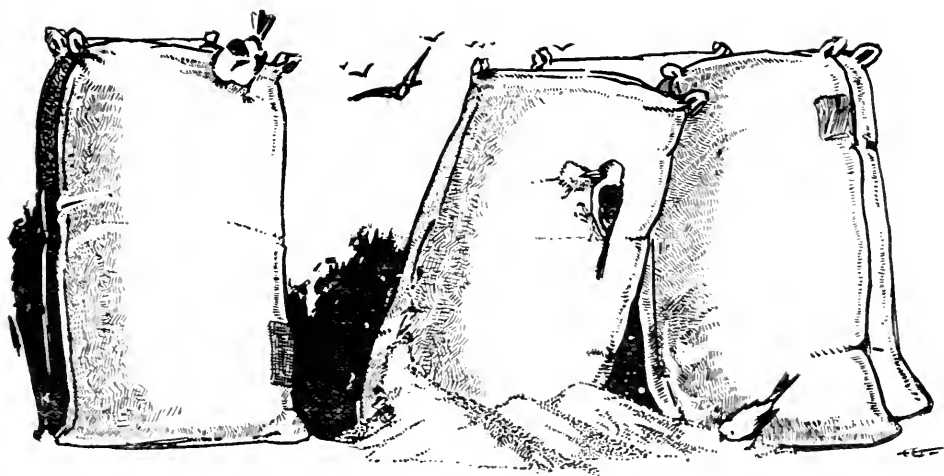
“Oh, seed and feed,” said he.

I looked for the words to choke him.

“Seed?” I questioned, thinking perhaps I’d mis-heard him, and ready to apologize for the offence.

“Yep, seed. Coming?” was his laconic reply.

I drove with him to the elevator. I gathered that he had been offered a chance to sell out and was thinking seriously about doing it. Crops hadn’t been any too good the last couple of



years, and he reckoned he'd do better up in one of the new districts. He blamed every blessed thing under the sun for the depreciation in his crops but the seed and his own methods of cultivation. I commenced to enlarge upon the necessity of seed selection and the proper preparation of the seed bed; but I guess he was thinking of the deal he was about to make. He didn't hear a word of my harangue.

I left him at the elevator and boarded the train, which had just then pulled in. In the smoker afterwards, I pondered over the wonderful ways of such men as he. Wonderful? No, pitiable. We had in Western Canada, the greatest tract of fertility—remarkable fertility—that had ever been given to land-hungry people. Within the last few years the country had astounded the world with its wheat production; its development of agriculture; and its ready response to the labor of the pioneer. Every other man could recite crop statistics covering the country's history; could spin inspiring yarns of wonderful successes; and could give you a line on "something good." And yet, 'way back there half an hour, was a man who used *tailings* for "seed and feed." I suppose he'd have watered his cattle in a stagnant slough and washed his buggy with well water.

I spoke to other farmers. They waxed eloquent on rural telephones, the labor question, tractors and such like: but seed?—oh, they put by a few bushels after the clean-up each year. Most casual thing in the world, don't you know.

Upon what does this country's prosperity primarily depend? Get right down to the bed rock. Why, *seed*, of course. "As a man soweth, so shall he reap" is as applicable to the soil as the soul. I'd like to see that text painted—in red—on every drill in the country, now and ever afterwards. You cannot reap a thirty-bushel crop from land sown with last year's shrivelled tailings, any more than you can gather figs from thistles. And talking about thistles. How can you expect clean weedless fields if you do not sow clean weed-seedless seed?

The whole country is up in arms against the increased cost of living. On whom do you put the blame? I put it up to the farmer. The cost of living is a reflection of the cost of bread, and the cost of bread depends upon the supply of wheat and the supply of wheat depends more than you think upon the vitality and plumpness of the seed from whence it springs. And the vitality and plumpness of the seed is up to the farmer. How about the weather? Yes, the weather has something to do with it. Figure on the weather when you're making your seed selection. That's the answer to the weather bugaboo. The weather is the

farmer's family cat; it is blamed for everything.

Good farming—and by that I mean an intelligent application of the scientific principles that the Government Experimental Stations and Agricultural Colleges are daily expounding for your benefit—will, to a remarkable extent, overcome the most adverse conditions. If you plowed properly last fall; have kept your farm clean; have sown good strong seed; and have cultivated sufficiently to provide a good mulch or dust blanket to conserve moisture—then, but not until then—you can go and tweak the weather man's nose.

AS A MAN SOWETH, SO ALSO SHALL HE REAP

I met a farmer last year, up near Swan River, who understands all these things, and who—having more sense and energy than many other men—profits by his knowledge. His most lively concern is about his seed. He had two hundred acres of the cleanest looking wheat I had ever seen; and he expected to thresh thirty-five bushels to the acre. He was a conservative man—the kind whose “expectations” are always more than fully realized. I asked him about seed, and he took me over to his seed-bin. It was a five-acre plot sown to seed that he had selected from the best of his last year's production. I asked him where the original seed stock had been bred, although I had already made a pretty near guess.

“Four years ago,” said he, “I started in to secure a strain that'd just suit this particular locality. I had sixty acres under Red Fife and I selected the parent stock right from the field. I spent a few hours each week in the field and staked out each plant showing large heads well filled and which looked likely to mature early. I was pretty fortunate in my selection, and each plant that I'd staked out matured at the same time—three days earlier than the general crop. I'd been looking for larger kernels than the ordinary and wouldn't take anything that didn't come up to what I thought was about right. As it was I got over a bushel of seed from that bunch and I threshed it

out by hand. I sowed that seed on a small separate plot the next year and did a little extra cultivating. I weeded out every plant that didn't head out and mature to the standard, and I guess the results paid me for what bit of trouble I'd had. I'm going to keep this up; in fact, I'll have to. My neighbors are asking for seed and I've more orders than I can fill.”

“But how did you find the time to put in all this extra work,” I asked him, thinking of the many excuses I'd heard from other men about the rush of the season.

“Well, son,” said he, “I guess I'm a bit of a crank about seeds, and maybe I didn't notice it. But I reckon I work my land 'bout as good as any other man 'round here, and even at that I managed to do this field work without losing any flesh.”

I knew a little about the theory of seed selection, but this was my first introduction to the practical end of it. We sat up late into the night while he expounded the principles of his practice and the following morning—it was a Sabbath, I remember—he top-dressed the evening's lecture with a field demonstration.

Here is the Swan River man's gospel; and may it work out your agricultural salvation. Every locality has its distinguishing peculiarities. Each farmer must strive for a solution of his own particular problem. He must evolve a



I ENLARGED UPON THE NECESSITY OF SEED SELECTION AND THE PROPER PREPARATION OF THE SEEDBED; BUT I GUESS HE WAS THINKING OF THE DEAL HE WAS GOING TO MAKE

seed which will just fit conditions on his own land. The method is simple and there is very little additional labor to it. There is bound to be some little experimentation, but the Government will gladly help with that. There is at least one experiment station in your Province. Write to the Superintendent of the place nearest to you. Give him the fullest details of your local conditions that you can scrape together and tell him that you are a pure seed convert looking for new light. The Superintendent will advise you as to the best standard variety for you to base your selection work on, and, if he

has any available, will send you a small sample of absolutely pure seed upon which to start. Whether you get it from the Government, or get it from some member of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, you must start the seed plat with absolutely pure seed. Remember, you are working for the evolution of a seed which will exactly fit the peculiar conditions of your own farm. This can be accomplished; it is no new-fangled notion of a hair-brained visionary. It has been proved possible by countless experiments continued for very many years. And the work is easy, costing very little time and less money.

BREEDING THE SIRE OF YOUR SUCCESS

When you have secured absolutely pure samples of a few different varieties of grain, chosen because of their adaptability to your own peculiar conditions, sow these seeds in a special seed plat. You should choose a particularly clean and fertile piece of land for this purpose. When sowing the grain stop up about every eighth spout in the seed drill so as to facilitate walking through the standing grain later in the season. Your seed plat may be only the size of a small truck patch the first season—it's always just as well to start these things modestly—unless, of course, you have

a plus percentage of enthusiasm and energy. During the growing season, go through the seed plat about three or four times and take out all plants which do not show signs of reaching the ideal condition you have set out to establish. If you have sown more than one variety keep each variety distinct and separate. Make careful notes of the qualities displayed by each, and towards the end of the season you should be able to decide upon the particular variety which is going to do you the most good. If one variety shows distinguishing merit, be courageous and dump all the

others. Selection calls for judgment, but don't let your judgment be of the vacillating variety, hopping first from one to the other. Start

out with a definite idea of what you wish to accomplish, then sail ahead and accomplish it. You will find it easy.

THE KIND OF JUDGMENT THAT STAYS PUT

Having discovered the best variety to work from, your next step is to establish a definite "strain" of that variety which will do better on your own farm than upon any other part of the country. You know the difference between "strain" and "variety"? The term "strain" as applied in this sense means a special sub-division of one of the many standard varieties of cereals. The establishing of a particular strain through field selection calls for rather close work. On your periodical inspections of the seed plat, look for the special plant manifesting in a marked degree those qualities you wish to incorporate in your ideal seed. If you want early maturity, larger kernels, harder grain, and larger heads, maybe, look for the plant showing unmistakable signs of all these. In nearly every field of grain or seed plat there will appear at least one plant showing marked adaptability to the peculiar local conditions. Mark this plant, and concentrate upon the propagation of its particular species. This plant is to be the sire of your success.

If you have done all these things well—and any farmer of average intelligence can do them well—you have put your agriculture upon a permanently successful basis. But make no mistake about the parent plant. Be sure that it has all the qualities you desire. Thresh the seed carefully by hand, and during the winter select the very best seeds from the mass. From this point on a little child can achieve success. You can sow the bulk of the seed remaining from the seed plat, that is, the seed produced by all but the one plant selected, in the general crop. The seed for the sire of your own strain—*your very own strain*—should be sown separately the first year and carefully cultivated each year until it produces sufficient seed for sowing your entire crop. Always stick to the seed plat;

grow your own seed; don't import it from outside and risk the possible introduction of plant disease, noxious weeds and other abominations.

Listen to what Professor S. A. Bedford says in "A Word of Caution from the Manitoba Agricultural College":

The Field Husbandry Department of the Manitoba Agricultural College has been analyzing for weed seeds, and testing for germination, samples of seed grain sent in by farmers and seed merchants. Up to date over seventy-five samples have been analyzed and many of these have been found to contain such a large amount of noxious weeds that the grain is considered unfit for seed purposes. A large number of these samples are from grain that has been shipped in from outside points, and consequently some of the weed seeds are new to the Province. One sample of oats, received from a consignment shipped to a town in Central Manitoba, was found to contain the following noxious seeds in one ounce of grain:—2 wild oats, 3 stink-weed, 2 Canada thistle, 6 ball mustard, 6 American dragon-head, 47 wild buckwheat, 9 pepper grass, 22 lamb's quarter, 50 pig weed and 5 wild sunflowers, besides 13 kernels of barley and 9 of wheat. While this is possibly one of the worst samples received, still many others contain enough weed seeds to make the wise farmer discard them as unfit for seed. It is not only weed seeds that have to be guarded against, but also the low germination ability of the grain. A large number of the samples tested, especially the oats, were found to be weak in vitality, only germinating about 50 per cent. One sample from Southern Manitoba germinated only 32 per cent., and of these only 21 per cent. gave a vigorous growth. In view of the above facts, the College would caution the farmers not to sow imported seed until it has been analyzed and tested.

Above all things, adhere rigidly to the selection principle each year. As the seed increases and multiplies, and your seed plat grows larger, continue the field inspection work. A few degenerate plants will show here and there; pull them out. Work always for the uniformity of the strain and in a little while as your seed plat grows larger you will find a delight in viewing the uniformity of its appearance, and,

as the resulting seed is introduced into the general crop, your fields will be the show place of your locality, and your bank balance will be the envy of all your neighbors.

This seed selection business sounds mighty formidable. "It'll cost too much time," I can hear a lot of you say. "And it's like all the other new-fangled notions," a few of the doty ones among you will croak. Time? You can seed the seed plat in a few minutes; about six hours spread between July and September is all the time you need to devote to the field work of selection; and the hand-threshing and final selection is done when most of you are looking around for some club to kill time with. As to the new-fangledness of the notion—it's older than Christianity. The Romans advocated seed selection to improve the strains of wheat; and your Old Testament promulgates the principles of selection. Go tell

your Granny it's a "new-fangled notion."

But age isn't always the surest test of the practical use of any "notion." There is one old-fangled notion—it was first advanced by Columella shortly after the Christian era—that has cost the farmer many thousands of dollars and has resulted only in the fattening of the farmer's exploiters. This is a slap at the old mistaken theory that the importation of new seed from a foreign country or far-off locality is desirable when diminished yields *apparently* point to the "running out" of the local grown seed. It is a fanciful theory and the danger of it lies in the fact that it sounds good. But the idea is only sound in the cymbal sense of the word. Any noise rings true to a certain class of farmer as long as it puts the blame of diminishing yields upon any other cause than his own, lazy, slipshod methods of cultivation.

PROPER CULTIVATION AND PURE SEED THE ANSWER

Write to the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa about this; refer to those men of sterling merit who are superintending your own Province's

experimental farms, read up the records of all the intelligent researches that have been made into this subject; or, better still, experiment for yourself



"FOUR YEARS AGO," HE SAID. "I STARTED IN TO SECURE A STRAIN THAT'D JUST SUIT THIS PARTICULAR LOCALITY"

and you will find that locally developed seed is the most reliable—always. The importation of seed, contrary to being beneficial, is in most cases positively dangerous. Most of the weed-evils and plant diseases affecting this country *were imported along with foreign seed*. Is it worth the risk? The mass of evidence supporting this fact would fill several volumes. You can get a library full of authentic records by writing to Ottawa if you are at all incredulous. But mark this *fact* well—the theory that imported seed is better than that grown locally under proper conditions—is pure piffle of the first water, and is based on opinion only, not upon well ascertained facts.

If you must buy seed, and unless you have been making some kind of intelligent selection heretofore that course is desirable, see to it that you purchase seed from a reliable source. The Secretary of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association at Ottawa will give you the name and address of some enlightened seed-grower somewhere near your own locality who can 'unish you with *pure seed grown locally*. Start right, with the "variety" most nearly adapted to your own farm, and work towards selecting and establishing a "strain" of that variety which is

absolutely adapted to your own farm lands.

But don't overlook cultivation. Good, strong and pure seed is half the battle; proper cultivation *and* pure seed puts the enemy to rout and will establish you in the kingdom of prosperity. No one can lay down a definite

system of cultivation to fit the peculiar needs of every locality. The principles of proper agriculture are general and must be known to you; the proper application of those principles best fitted for your individual need are easy to learn. Wake up to the opportunities for advancement that are being offered daily without cost by the different organizations throughout your own Province. Get the habit of using the machinery that the Government provides freely for you through its Department of Agriculture and Experimental Farms. Write to the Minister of this Department in your Province—and, if you'll follow one-quarter the detailed expert advice that you get you'll have the banner farm of the township.

And just so's to fix it in your memory while you still have your slippers on, take down the Good Book and look over the sixth verse of the ninth chapter of the second letter Paul wrote to the Corinthians.



"I SPENT A FEW HOURS EACH WEEK IN THE FIELD AND STAKED OUT EACH PLANT SHOWING LARGE, WELL-FILLED HEADS THAT LOOKED LIKELY TO MATURE EARLY"



ON THE FORESHORE

BY GEORGE F. CLARKE

SOFTLY, gently, blow little wind,
Sweet with the salt of the sea,
One little kiss to the man I love
And one little kiss for thee—
Baby asleep in the cradle deep,
And my man away from me.

Blow little wind, the words I love
Over the calm blue sea;
Tell him the baby's cheeks are red,
She's sweeter than honey from toes to
head,
And she's resting now on my knee;
Baby asleep, baby asleep, child of thee
and me.

Blow, little wind the thoughts I think,
So full of love when the day is o'er;
For my man will sleep on the deep
to-night,
While I bide here on the shore;
Blow, little wind, you know the rest—
Baby asleep on her mother's breast.

Blow, little wind, that I pray each day,
As I watch the sun lift out from the sea,
That God will bring the good ship home,
And my good man back to me;
And my baby lisps from the land of
dreams:
"My good papa to me."

My Dear Conductor



By Mary M. Finn

Illustrated by Gertrude Spaller

I SELDOM think of myself as Carola Cavendish, my real name, you know, for I am nearly always called "Queery," bestowed on me as a mere child for reasons still obvious father says.

I am fifteen years old, and up to recently have led a somewhat commonplace existence. I guess if *you* had five brothers and red hair you wouldn't think life was an empty dream. Well, I've my features, as grandmother says, and they might be worse.

Something has happened lately, however, that has broken the monotony of my life. It began like a novel but the climax has proved a dismal failure.

One morning about six weeks ago, I arose at—well, not when I was called. In my haste to be at school on time I dashed out of the house still fletcherising some quaker oats and minus my purse. I had just missed the car Elmira Jones takes or she'd have loaned me a nickel. When the con-

ductor came to collect my fare I blushed. It's not becoming for people of my shade of hair to blush. My locks are of such intense auburn that on cold days in school the girls warm their hands on them. I told the conductor I did not have the amount requisite for a seat but if he wouldn't mind, could I please stand, as I'd be fearfully late for school. He was just too sweet. He said, "Don't stand; there are plenty of seats," raised his hat and rang in the fare. Well, he was lordly looking. He had a sweet long nose, darling brown eyes, and a duck of a smile.

As I was leaving the car, I said to him, "Sir, it was kind of you to be so considerate of a lady in distress. I've taken your number and will mail you my fare." The funniest thing happened in school. I did a sum in arithmetic, and the answer—wrong as usual—was 2444. That was my conductor's number!

That evening I wrote him a note on

Anita's best monogram stationery and sent it in care of the Street Railway Co. I said in the note:

MY DEAR CONDUCTOR:

I am the young lady who rode on your car. I enclose five cents to pay for my fare. I wouldn't like you to be out of pocket on my account, as you may have a family to support, and if so every nickel counts. If you care to acknowledge the receipt of this, address your note to Miss Angela Cavendish, 1070 South Highland Avenue.

You see I had to sign it a name commencing with "A" on account of the monogram, and if I signed my sister's the reply would go to her. I do so love to have things private with a flavor of mystery, don't you? I asked Katie, the parlor-maid, to keep my letter for me, and when she said she didn't like doing underhanded things, I threatened to tell that she kissed the Jones' coachman—and she did, too.

I dreamt sweet dreams of No. 2444 all that night. I could not seem to get him out of my mind. I could see his curly eyelashes perusing my scented note. I wondered if father would give him a position in his office. His nails had a positively manicurey look. Oh! but then he might be married!—no, I guess not, he had looked single. I had half a mind to confide in Elmira but she's very childish and has never loved that way, and so couldn't be very sympathetic.

The next two days it rained and Thomas drove me to school, so I never even saw a conductor, to say nothing of mine.

Three mornings elapsed before Katie handed me my note. When I tell you that I got perspirey and shaky on receiving it, I am telling the simple truth. I used to wonder what thrills were; now, I've had them and they are sort of electric quivers that make you have a big damp, palpitating lump in your throat. When my strength returned, I opened it and read as follows:

MISS A. CAVENDISH:

Dear Madam,—Your kind note received, but there was no money in it. (Horrors! I had forgotten the nickel!) However, as I have no family to support, and not having as yet arrived at the state where "every nickel counts," I beg that you will not bother

your pretty head (the darling, my pretty head!) further about the matter.

Respectfully yours,
LORIMER STANLEY.

Lorimer! My Lorrie! What a pretty name—Mrs. Lorimer Stanley! Thank goodness, my hair is Titian. What nice writing it was. Really, no ordinary conductor.

Every spare minute in school I read and re-read my brown-eyed Lorrie's note. I slept with it under my pillow and in the morning awoke weeping, having dreamt that my hair had turned black, but no, there it was, a beautiful curl of flame over my shoulder, and I actually kissed it.

Behind my desk cover in school I penned this note, not neglecting to put in the money:

MY DEAR MR. STANLEY:

I was much embarrassed to find I had omitted to enclose the money in my letter. At any rate, I am glad that you were not inconvenienced. Thanking you for your kind reference to my hair, which up to now has been a blight, I am,

Sincerely,
ANGELA CAVENDISH.

Promptly the next morning came another note:

DEAR MISS CAVENDISH:

Your note of yesterday with enclosure at hand. How sorry I am that you have gone to so much trouble. Having no family cares, and my route being finished at five-thirty, I sometimes walk out in your part of the city. Perhaps I might see you in your window when I next pass.

Very truly yours,
LORIMER STANLEY.

Wasn't that exciting? Certainly my Lorrie was no bashful lover. I gave a squeal of joy and danced up and down till I remembered Anita was asleep in the next room, and then I subdued my joy a few shades. Anita is a perfect shrew when she's waked up before she finishes what she calls her morning beauty sleep.

I haven't told about Anita, have I? She is the only other girl in the family, and I think Mother must have spoiled her when she was little. Anita and I are not exactly friends. Of course she's my sister and all that, and members of the same family should bear with each other's idiosyncrasies, as Father says, but it does seem to me as if Anita didn't

need to consider me quite so much of a child. I am as tall as she is already, and quite as intellectual.

Something's been the matter with Anita, though, ever since she came back from this last visit, and I don't resent all she does because I think she has a broken heart, and of course people with broken hearts can't be expected to be their natural selves. She's been awfully cross ever since she got home, and one afternoon when I went into her room to borrow her turquoise matrix pin I found her crying over an old dance programme, with her eyes red and her nose all swelled up. I'd have sympathized with her if she'd given me a chance, for I was just crazy to know whether or not her heart was really broken, or if it was just another fuss with some of what Ned calls her "regular trailers," but she flew up and stuffed the programme into her dress and gave me particular fits for snooping. So I was calm, but dignified, and departed after telling her that her face looked like a plate of tomato soup. But now I think I understand. If Lorrie should disappoint me, I should feel just like Anita. Though I hope I should have the strength of character to keep my sorrow hidden from the world.

Anyway, I could hardly wait until study-hall to tell Elmira about Lorrie. I felt that I must have someone to confide in, and I was just obliged to leak it out to her. It was too much for one young mind like mine. To my surprise, she seemed to divine my feelings, and oh! didn't she envy me. I showed her my note from Lorrie, and she was simply wild about the way he crossed his t's, and I was going to ask her to come over and help me watch for Lorrie that evening, but just then Miss Duncombe moved my seat for whispering, and I couldn't discuss it any more. You can imagine the state of turmoil my heart was in for the rest of the day. I know I translated "steamer trunk" into "mal de mer" in French composition class, and Mademoiselle said that I was utterly impossible, and wrung her hands. But then she's always wringing her hands about something, so it might just as well be me.

I never met an afternoon that trailed out as long as that one did. I was just crazy for it to get five-thirty. I did my hair over three times, so it would look fluffy and pretty, though mother wouldn't let me wash it, because she said I'd been sneezing and would catch cold. As if a little sneeze meant you were catching a cold. It really annoys me dreadfully to have mother treat me just as if I were six years old, when I'm almost a young lady. Elmira Jones is two months younger than me, and her mother lets her wear her hair on top of her head sometimes, and her best dress is quite long.

With a clean pocket handkerchief and my nose glued to the window, at five-thirty sharp I saw Lorrie glide by. He was not in his uniform and looked very swell. I waved and he bowed.

The next afternoon I had Elmira up to see him. She hid herself in the draperies so he couldn't see her. When he came in sight, I told Elmira to look. Everything sort of happened at once. My sister, Anita, who must have been at a window beneath, and have seen him raise his hat to me, thrust her head out and called to him. I nearly fainted into Elmira's arms. She said in an awe-struck tone, "He's crossed the streets and is coming in". Well, we heard voices down stairs and then silence. Elmira staid as long as she could to comfort and to see what would happen next. Finally she simply had to go home and I went down to supper feeling like a limp rag.

To my surprise, when I reached the dining-room, there he was! He bowed and I blushed. He was very friendly to all the family and seemed to have met them before. Anita was making goo-goo's at him and seemed sort of joyous. Brother Ned said all of a sudden:

"Father, you ought to congratulate Hollister, he's just got into our frat. Had to go on the cars as a regular conductor for a week and do various other difficult stunts."

I swallowed the wrong way, sort of choked and mother sent me out of the room. I lingered near the door and, to put it inelegantly, "rubbered". At last I heard father say, "So Anita and

you have made up, have you? I thought you were never going to recover from this last mad, Anita."

"We certainly have, sir," asserted the deceitful Lorrie. "I was passing, and while bowing to your youngest daughter in an upper window—"

"To Queery?" put in father. "I didn't know you and she were pals."

"Oh, yes. I'm her dear conductor," I heard the wretch say. You can imagine how I felt. I could just hear the blushes crackle up and down my back, and if I could have done it, I'd have throttled him cheerfully. But he went right on.

"She and I have been corresponding for a week, over a nickel that I used to pay her car-fare when she'd forgotten her

purse, and I'm awfully popular with her. I'd never seen her but once or twice, and my having a mustache threw her off the track completely. She didn't know me at all, and was awfully formal to her future brother-in-law. She signed herself Angela. Funny little sprite Queery is, isn't she?"

"Let's see the letters," said Brother Ned, with a hideous grin.

"Sure," said Lorrie, and do you know that beast actually took out my letters and the nickel and peached the whole thing. And if I'd wanted to



"I TOLD ELMIRA TO LOOK AT HIM, AND THEN EVERYTHING SOMEHOW HAPPENED ALL AT ONCE"

throttle him before, I could have burned him at the stake by that time.

They all roared out laughing, and after they got all through with me, father asked again, "But how did you make up with Anita?"

"Well, when I bowed to Queery, Anita was at the parlor window," he explained, "and thought I was bowing to her. So she called me in, and—say, Anita, you tell the rest."

"Not for a million," she said back. "Come on, it's time to go if we don't want to be late at the show."



"THAT BEAST ACTUALLY TOOK OUT MY LETTERS AND THE NICKEL
AND PEACHED THE WHOLE THING"

"All right!" said Lorrie. "I don't want to make you blush about it, Nan. But I wish you could have seen

Queery's face when she came into the dining-room to-night and saw her dear conductor in our midst. Oh, I got handed a lemon, all right—you could have made a pitcher-full of lemonade out of her expression without using a squeezer."

So then they all roared again, and I slipped unobtrusively up to the second landing while Anita was putting on her pink evening coat. After the door closed upon them I strained my ears to hear what mother would say.

Then, after he and Anita were gone, father said to mother, "Well, Mrs. Cavendish, Queery is coming on a bit, hey?" "I can't get over it," answered mother, "I must put her into Miss Woodruff's at once. It's the strictest school I know of."

Could anything be worse than that for a really pitiable story? I'd never look at that homely idiotic thing again even if he does marry Anita. I'd like to scrunch him. My pillow will tell you, if you don't believe me, how I sobbed my disappointment into its very feathers. To think my almost romance proved to be the lowest type of tragedy. Here I've gone and engaged my sister to the hero of my girlish dreams and here I am watching my wardrobe fairly leaping into the cavernous trunk that's to accompany me to that ogreish school.

My brother thinks it's a corking good joke on the kid. Oh! if I only hadn't gone and told Elmira.

My Partner Jim

By A. A. Strachan

I MUST acknowledge that Jim did it under protest.

Jim was a regimental dog, and had no sort of use for anyone who did not wear a red tunic. He had been brought up at the barracks and knew every bugle call as well as any trooper of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. When the bugler went to the parade ground, Jim punctiliously followed him, and while he sounded, the puppy squatted on his hind legs and imitated the calls to his own entire satisfaction. When the dinner bugle pealed across the grounds, Jim was always first at the mess-room door, and his day ended with "retreat" as regularly as the sun went down.

So you can see that when I took my discharge from the service one April of the nineties, and filed on a bush homestead some distance north of the North Saskatchewan, it nearly broke Jim's heart. Fond as he was of me, I don't believe that I could have persuaded him to follow me to the homestead if I had not brought my old regimental tunic along, and worn it at intervals to satisfy his doggish mind. For weeks after we settled down he moped, only reviving at any slight indication that I might be going to take the trail out. Then, such a tail-wagging, such agonized whines and yaps, such yanks at my trouser-legs, such coaxing runnings ahead on the track and barked invitations to quit this foolishness and go back where he considered we both belonged. But I was obdurate, and at last, finding that I had no intention of quitting, Jim became reconciled to exile. For a long time, though, he seemed to miss the sound of the bugle more than anything else; and each day, about the hours of "veille" and "retreat," poor Jim would squat on

his stumpy tail and howl his heart out to the Saskatchewan sky.

Except for Jim, I was practically alone, my nearest neighbor being six miles away. I had chosen the bush country because I preferred to have wood and water about, and felt that there were more ways in which I could earn my living in such a district than there were on the prairie, where your homestead is a piece of dirt with a piece of sky on top that's too far away to keep you warm in winter. I had been in the country for ten years, and knew it as a member of the Northwest Mounted Police must; was acclimatized, had friends in Prince Albert, and liked the semi-hermit life that I elected to lead. I was resolved to go it alone. So Jim and I got right down to brass tacks.

The first thing I did was to get out a set of house logs and a load of dressed lumber, doors, windows, etc. The logs I cut near my own land; the latter I had to haul thirty miles from town. Before the first snow flew my house and stable were finished. I had dug a good well, broken ten acres, and had a liberal supply of firewood on hand. A team of horses, together with a couple of heifers, comprised my live stock. Jim was my society.

My first winter on the homestead was a very mild one. Snow did not fall to any extent until Christmas. I had some weeks' excellent shooting, and there was a good supply of ducks and other game frozen in my meat box, which, together with a moose I had killed after the first snow, was sufficient to last until the thaw came in the spring. After snow-fall I devoted my attention to trapping and fishing. I had a line of traps through the woods about five miles from my

shack, where I managed to capture some valuable furs. I also collected many musk-rats, which were worth about twenty-five cents a skin, and had not only enough fish for my own use, but sold nearly a hundred boxes during the winter to an exporter who came out from town and bought my entire catch for spot cash.

Winter fishing on Trout Lake, about ten miles from my homestead, is not a very sportsmanlike occupation. You simply stick up a tent on the ice, cut a hole and shove in a net. The fish come readily to this ventilator, are caught in the net and either dragged out of the water by a pair of paddles resembling snow-shoes or pulled out by hand and thrown on the ice, where they soon freeze solid. This latter mode is far from pleasant, as anyone who has tried it will testify.

Between fur and fish I realized a nice little sum for my winter's work, and was able, when I went to town in the spring, to lay in supplies to last me all summer and greatly to increase my stock of cattle and implements. I not only cropped the ten acres I had previously broken, but broke and disked ten acres more that summer, besides putting up a new log stable large enough to accommodate two teams and the head of cattle. It was while engaged on this building that I met with the accident that, but for the intelligence of Jim, must have cost me my life.

Before, however, I come to that part of my narrative, it is necessary to explain how I was situated, and why I was residing on the land that summer, as, of course, it was only necessary for me to live on it six months in the year. I had done so well during the winter that I did not find it necessary to hire out or take a job in town, as many have to do. For the benefit of those who, like myself, are not overburdened with ready money, and have to make their homesteads keep them, or rather, to find other employment in the intervals of stipulated residence, it may be interesting to give a few details of how to make a living in the bush country.

The homesteader with a team, in the bush country during the winter, cuts

and hauls fire-wood to the nearest town or hay to the lumber camps, where he will always find a ready sale. Railroad ties are also in great demand, and provide very remunerative employment for those who are not afraid to work. A permit, of course, has to be got from the Government for cutting timber for any purpose, and certain small dues have to be paid, except when the lumber is cut on the homesteader's own land. This can be secured at the nearest land office.

There is a mistaken idea that the land in the bush country is unfit for cultivation. Where the lumber companies have their limits, those miles upon miles of spruce and jack-pine, the land, of course, is not suitable for farming, but in many districts—where my homestead is situated, for instance—there are hundreds of quarter sections of as good land as any in the west. Poplar is the only timber handy but five or six miles in any direction took me to the lumber country. I had over one hundred acres of as good farming land as I could wish, the remainder being hay and poplar bluff, and during my second year I wanted to break all I could so that during the next season I would be able to raise a good crop of oats, for which I knew I should find a ready market at the lumber camps.

As before mentioned I wanted, also, to build an addition to my stable, and some weeks were spent in cutting the logs and hauling them where I wanted them. A log building, as everybody knows who has attempted it, is not an easy undertaking for one man alone. The cutting, hauling and hewing of the logs is no very difficult matter, of course, but when you come to hoist them one upon another, you will wish you had someone to handle the other end.

I tried to get help but was disappointed, and, not to be beaten, determined to try it alone. One afternoon I had got pretty nearly to the last log and was congratulating myself that the worst of the job was over, when, without any warning, the rope I was using suddenly snapped, and the log I was working on fell, crushing my

left leg beneath it and pinning me helplessly to the ground. For some minutes I was so stunned by the shock that I did not realize what had happened. A thousand fantastic thoughts flashed through my mind, and I opened my eyes to find my faithful dog licking my face and uttering little gasping, whining noises which I remember thinking at the time sounded like a child crying. I felt no pain, but was powerless to move; the heavy log held my left leg as in a vice, though my right was free, as were also both arms and hands. Yet I was held in such a position that all the strength I could muster failed to move the log half an inch. Whether or not my leg was broken I could not tell until the log was removed. How that was to be done I did not know.

My first impulse was to "holler."

Then came to me with a new meaning the Scriptural verse, that "it is not good for man to be alone." I realized that I was very much alone, and the chances of anyone coming to my assistance were as one in ten thousand. I had not seen a human being for many days, my homestead being some miles off the trail that led to the lumber camps, and I had no near neighbors. I shuddered as the thought gripped me that I might lie there until I starved to death, a prey to the prowling wolves, against whom I was powerless to put up any kind of a fight. As this dreadful thought struck me I glanced helplessly around. My axe lay some little distance away. If I could only reach it, but I might as well have tried to reach the moon. Suddenly I thought of the dog; poor Jim was sitting on his stumpy tail, looking into my face and whining. I had taught him to fetch and carry, to bring the ducks I had shot out of the water, and at this he was as expert as any retriever. If I could only get him to bring the axe within reach! I patted his head and he leaped upon me eagerly, uttering sharp little barks of joy. I pointed towards the axe and told him to fetch it. He ran off at once in the direction indicated.

"Good boy!" I called, "the axe—fetch it, Jim!" He ran round in a

circle for a while, then, seeing my whip, which I had thrown beside the wagon when I unhitched the team, he pounced upon that and carried it proudly to my side and dropped it. "No, no," I cried, "go back—the axe, Jim—fetch it, good dog!"

Away he trotted again and brought one of my gauntlets, which lay right upon the axe handle. I sent him back again with a cuff on the ear; he took the axe handle between his teeth and dragged it a little way—dropped it and came bounding back with the other gauntlet: I was so disappointed that I hit the poor animal over the head with the butt of the whip. He gave a little howl of pain, and retreating some distance, sat down with such a reproachful look towards me as cut me to the heart. Then I called him to me again, petted and stroked him for a while, and went through the motions of chopping with an axe, but for a long time he did not seem to understand. I kept pointing and shouting, "The axe—fetch it," when all of a sudden he bounded away with a loud bark, seized the axe handle, and dragging it inch by inch, dropped it at my feet. Getting to a sitting posture I soon made the chips fly, while poor old Jim danced around me barking with delight.

It was not long before I had cut the log in two as near my imprisoned leg as I dared, and it was then an easy matter, using the axe handle as a lever, to pry it free. But my plight was still a desperate one, for when I tried to move I found, as I expected, that my leg was broken a little above the ankle. I had a smattering of surgery, having been well instructed in "first aid to the wounded," which is part of the education of a mounted policeman, and this stood me in good stead in this emergency. Having the axe I was able to fashion a few rude splints which, by the aid of strips torn from a "boiled shirt" which, fortunately, I was wearing at the time, I contrived, but not without considerable pain, to set and bandage the fracture. This having been accomplished, I essayed to crawl towards the shack, which stood at no great distance; but the pain I endured in the passage forced many a groan

from between my set teeth, Jim licking my hands and face every time I was forced to stop from pain and exhaustion. At last, however, I managed to reach the door and crawl within. My cot was a low wire spring affair, and I just managed to drag myself to it when, for the first time in my life, I fainted.

How long I remained unconscious I do not know. When I awoke the moon was shining in at my open door and poor old Jim lay asleep by my side. It must have been cold with the door wide open, but as I did not feel it, I must have been very feverish. I know I longed for a drink of water, but was quite unable to move. My left leg felt as if paralyzed, and I lay there on my back until daylight trying to figure a way out. I must have help or I should undoubtedly "cash in," as they say in the west. For that purpose it was necessary to get word to town, or to someone who could come to my assistance. But how was I to send word? That was the puzzle, and again I felt that "it was not good for man to be alone."

Then I thought of the dog. Jim had already saved my life once, could he do so again? I resolved to try him—it was my one and only chance—and so, when it was light enough to see, I found the back of an old letter and the stump of a carpenter's pencil in my waistcoat pocket, for I had not been able to remove my clothes, and managed to write and sign an appeal for help, describing my condition and the location of my homestead. This I wrapped in a piece of my torn shirt and tied the packet around Jim's neck, fastening it to his collar in such a way as would readily attract attention, yet at the same time not be likely to come loose. In such an event, though, I verily believe the intelligent brute would have taken the packet in his mouth and laid it at the feet of the first person he met. I did not doubt that help would come; if my appeal was received even by an Indian, he would be sure to take it to the nearest agency or police post, even if he did not understand a word of the writing. I had very little hope, of course, that my four-

footed messenger could be made to understand what I wanted him to do, but I had no other resource.

Before driving him away I repeated, often, the two words "George" and "home," at the same time pointing through the open door in the direction of the trail for town. George was my old troop chum, and was about as fond of the dog as I was.

For a long time I could not get Jim to leave me until I sat up in bed, pretending to be very angry, and threw my boots at him. Then he trotted away a few hundred yards, stopped and looked back expectantly, but when, instead of calling him back, I again yelled "go home!" in the fiercest tone I could assume, he reluctantly started on, and finally disappeared from my sight.

For a long time I expected every minute to see my faithful companion poke his head into the door again, but as hour after hour went by and there was no sign of his return, I was forced to the joyful conclusion that he had indeed understood what was wanted of him, and was really on his way to bring help.

How I got through that terrible day I do not know. I had had nothing to eat or drink for thirty hours; my head was aching fit to split, my throat was parched and burning, and I knew I was in a high state of fever. Looking back afterwards I believe I must have been more than half delirious. Darkness settled down, and I knew the dog must have gone on or he would have been back long ago. Then I racked my brain trying to figure out how long it would be before help could come. Towards morning I thought I heard a dog barking in the distance, but put it down to a disordered brain, for my head continued to ache most dreadfully and my tongue seemed too large for my mouth. Then I fell asleep, and dreamed that poor old Jim was sitting upon my chest crushing the life out of me. In my struggle to throw him off I awoke. It was broad daylight, and the first object I saw was Jim standing on his hind legs with his forepaws on the edge of the cot, licking my face as he used to do when he thought it was

near "reveille" and time for me to get up. But my joy at seeing him was turned to fury when my eyes lighted upon his collar. There was my poor appeal for help tied around his neck just as it was when I sent him forth, and, as I wrenched the packet away, almost choking him in my rage, I dealt him a blow with my shut fist that stretched him senseless on the floor.

I was mad with fever or I never would have done it. I sat staring at the packet in my hand and was just about to tear the paper up and cast it away when I noticed the writing was in ink and in a neat clerkly hand, whereas I had written with a broad carpenter's pencil. For a moment, in my delirious condition, I was lost in wonder at this transformation, then all of a sudden the truth flashed upon me. Tremblingly I smoothed the

paper out, and this was what I read: "Cheer up, old chap! We are starting to bring you help as soon as we can round up the doctor. On the off chance that he may reach you before we do, I am sending this back by old Jim.—George."

"My God!" I cried with anguish, as I reached over and gathered the poor dog up in my arms and kissed his cold muzzle, "poor old Jim! You saved my life twice in forty-eight hours and I rewarded you with the only angry blow I ever struck you!"

When the doctor and two mounted policemen drove up an hour later, they found me delirious with the dog in my arms licking away my tears while I kissed and cried over him like a child.

I need only add that I got well and secured my patent in due time, and that I would not part with old Jim for his weight in gold.

ROSA'S PARRAKEETS

BY THOMAS A. DALY

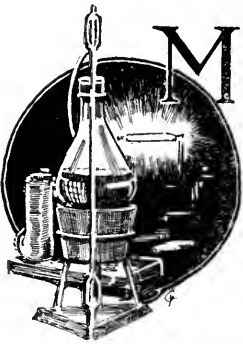
ROSA, weeth her parrakeets, tal da fortune een da streets.
 Geeve her fiva cent an' see w'at your fortune gona be.
 Leetla birds so smart, so wise, seet een cage and weenk deir eyes;
 Seettin' een a row dey wait teell she ope' da leetla gate.
 An' she tak' wan on a steeck, keesa heem an mak' heem peeck
 Fortune card out weeth hees beak.
 W'at dat card ees say to you mebbe so ees gon' com' true.

Som' day, mebbe, I weell see w'at my fortune gona be.
 Eef I could be parrakeet dat she eesa keess so sweet.
 I am sure I would be wise, jus' for lookin' een her eyes;
 Mebbe so I be so smart I find fortune een her heart:
 Dat's a kinda fortune, too. I could weesh ees gon' come true.



This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

A WONDERFUL WOMAN



MADAME CURIE, the wonderful woman physicist, has one of the very sad faces of the world. It does not express that which we usually call "sad"—a face with down-dropping lines, a countenance filled with woe. Rather is it an intense, weary little face, lit up from the soul that speaks through eyes that are faded, that are neither blue nor grey, but just drab. How, you may ask, can faded eyes light up a countenance? I cannot explain, but that is the impression one gets from a close study of her face. A little, faded, pinched face, with an immense, a secret sadness, and a glow as from some inner fire expressed upon it. Madame Curie is as cold in temperament as she is drab in hair and eyes. She is small and of an exceeding thinness. "She suggests," says the Figaro, "the passionate spirit of the true science," but, observing her closer, a woman discerns the big maternal forces which lie under this indifferent

exterior. To her two little daughters she is the ideal mother. She makes their dresses, knits their stockings and teaches them. Her littlest daughter, Eve, who is just eight years old, is already childishly interested in her great mother's researches. Her toys consist of a little collection of radioactive elements understood to be of immense value. What this mere baby thinks of them no one can know—but she prefers these mysteries of Nature to either dolls or donkeys. Madame Curie teaches her Sorbonne Classes all that she knows about radium, the latest "natural force," as someone terms it, that has been introduced to the scientific world. Her teaching would be called mechanical were it not for a maternal note which now and again is perceivable in her attitude towards her earnest young scholars. Her own little children opened a gate to her gentler, more feminine nature, and it has remained ajar. Towards the world, fame, or praise of her achievements, this heroine of the laboratory is indifferent. The peasants who live about her tiny estate at Fontenay-aux-Roses know nothing of her high standing in the world of science. They see her walking in the fields during her vacations, with her little girls, picking

flowers and feeding the chickens. They do not know that this small, attenuated, almost insignificant woman with the thin pallid face and drab hair is the greatest living exponent of radium, its mystery and its power. She is a silent woman. When her husband, Professor Curie, was killed in the streets of Paris under the wheels of a heavy truck, his widow received the news without outcry further than repeating, over and over again, as though to convince herself, "Pierre is dead! Pierre is dead!"

Yet, no one studying her pictured face can refrain from knowing how, in the still depths of her nature, this woman felt the shock of grief, the desolation of loneliness which then fell about her. Sane, cold, careful, silent—hiding her pain from the world, the little figure shows in its weary stoop the burden it is bearing, and the lines have deepened in the tense face. No word said she when they told her that by the vote of one man she was refused the honor of membership in the Academy of Science; as no word she said when they told her that a great monarch had come to the Sorbonne to hear her lecture. Silent, cold, yet warmly maternal and utterly feminine in that motherhood, Marie Curie goes on her way indifferent to a world which is by no means indifferent to her.

THE DEAD JOURNALIST

THE old man had been great in his time. His had been a keen brain. He always wrote with a pointed pen. Caustic of wit, quick to comment, a born newspaper man, he had served all his life. A careless, gay, kind life—true to the Brotherhood of the Press, helpful to a comrade when help was needed, indifferent when things were going well with the fellows—rather cynical on the outside in his attitude towards the women of the paper—but always companionable, and, I think, secretly sorry for them, he lived and worked in his little room. Perhaps some of his jests and stories savoured too much of the smoking room for feminine ears, but they were never meant to be offensive and were never taken as such. He liked women,

but he only tolerated them. Always to him, they were the inferior sex. He laughed at the Suffragettes. You see, he was old and of old fashion, and the movement had come too late in his life for him to understand the significance of it—that slow earthquake which is surely coming. He used to say he wished he had been born a woman; they had such easy lives, nothing to do but look pretty, love and be loved and rear the children—which quite plainly shows you that he knew nothing at all of the inner consciousness of the latter-day Woman. He believed that Motherhood summed up woman's uses. Unconsciously and a trifle contemptuously he relegated to woman what he held to be the inferior place, but what Nature knew to be the most important of all—the main source of the continuity of the race. That kind, cruel, wise, indifferent paradox we term Nature has her system and pursues it inexorably. We are her marionettes. But all these things the big-brained man—now lying so small, so shrunken, so serene and young and gentlemanly in his coffin—knew. I think, quite well, though he affected not to know it.

I stood looking down at him. He so broad of shoulder—so narrow and



A BIT OF ROAD TO TEMPT THE WANDERING
FOOT ASIDE

childlike now. When the soul leaves the body, does the shell which it inhabited shrivel, I wonder? Why that small pale face, with its mysterious semi-smile, half cynical, half childish? Once it was a ruddy face enough. Why narrow shoulders and shrunk chest now, which so short a time ago were broad and deep? Do we revert to childhood in that queer sleep about which we conjecture and marvel and insist—one way or another—on the awakening from or the remaining in the eternal silences?

Flowers were about him. How he would have laughed. Yet there were deeps of kindness and emotion in him, and at times a tenderness, which he purposely made appear as scanty—



SEARCHING FOR OPFAL THAT "A LOST" AND STARVING
DOG MIGHT REJECT

so he mayhap would have liked the poor attentions. I have known him to be moved over the death of a lonely and forgotten creature, as I have known him to laugh and sneer over a thing which to me seemed woven with tears. And, for memories such as these, I laid a red rose on his breast, and I think the dead Englishman's face grew the gentler for the little emblem of his country and his flag which I left lying over the place where once beat a human heart.

THE FIERY FURNACE

AT last, or rather, a few weeks ago, De Maupassant, Balzac and Burton have been thrown—like (yet unlike in that they were burnt) Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego—into the fiery furnace. The morals of Toronto, ye!pt the Good, have suddenly been assailed by certain of the works of these authors which, with others worse than them, have for years been lying presumably on the back shelves of the booksellers and publishers. Some good morality inspector or other at last discovered their existence, this after De Maupassant, at least, had gone peddling through the Province. Outside Quebec, the French master of the short story would have done little damage. The trouble came when some inartistic fellow or other undertook to translate De Maupassant into English. French classics, or novels, especially those of a certain type, cannot stand translation. What may be merely piquant, in other words, "spicy," in French, becomes brutal in English. Our tongue is too frank, too outspoken. We are without those "nuances" which veil French naughtiness. One rather pities the unfortunate who, for a price, was induced to translate the Droll Stories of Balzac. By letters that reach me there has been—since the holocaust—a brisk demand for them. Alas, for poor human weakness!

The inspector and magistrate and counsel were obliged to read some of the obnoxious stuff. Their curiosity—had such respected persons any?—was satisfied. Not so that of the General Public. Au contraire, it is whetted to an edge. Just as a crowd

will gather outside a jail to see the black flag hoist slowly into sight, telling of a terrible doom, or as flies will congregate about carrion, so will a certain class of persons seek with avidity the prurient and indecent in plays, in dancing, in books. So it is now with the burned ones. But why hurl but three into the fiery furnace? Why not Rabelais, and Sterne, and Suetonius and Madame Bovary, Manon Lescaut, Mlle. de Maupin and many other gay ladies and gallants of easy virtue? There are thousands of immoral microbes boxed in dark corners ready to be let loose on worthy and innocent Torontonians. We modestly offer the suggestion that certain of the morality inspectors, officers and magistrates be made acquainted with all this classical stuff which for so long has been doubtless demoralizing our honest citizens, so many of whom, until this denouement, had never heard of, therefore never longed for them.

CORONATION GIFTS

WITHOUT desire or aim to appear either discourteous or disloyal, is not the idea of a coronation gift from the Marys and Georges of the British Empire (I understand that Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India, as well as Canada, have been invited to respond) rather a far-fetched and unusual one? At the time of King Edward's crowning no such observance



THE MORALS OF TORONTO THE GOOD HAVE SUDDENLY BEEN ASSAILED BY CERTAIN WORKS THAT HAVE FOR YEARS BEEN LYING PRESUMABLY ON THE BACK SHELVES

was put in motion. The King and Queen are in no need of gifts as are the poor of the world. Had a subscription list been opened for all the poor Marys—and Magdalens—in the Empire, and the sums collected offered to her Majesty as a coronation gift, Queen Mary would have more deeply appreciated it than she will any costly gift of furs or trinket, bought for her by the dollars and cents of Canadian or Australian Marys. The Queen has always shown a deep interest in her poorest subjects—and think of their

number! We are told that the amount subscribed will not be entered—merely the names being forwarded to Royalty. As though your name or mine would convey anything but a mere sound! As though either would ever be read! As though we wanted them read or noticed.

And think of the poor of London alone! I recall the trembling old woman by whose side I sat all one November night on the Thames Embankment; I recall the awful creature, hardly human, who was feeding like a beast on some mess of decayed fish picked from a filthy barrow; I recall the (one time) clergyman with the white beard straggling over his thin jacket, who shouted at intervals through his uneasy sleep; I recall the old man and woman who, failing to find even the solace of an iron bench, walked up and down all the night clothed in unspeakable, yellow rags,

stopping to listen to Big Ben calling the hour in his deep and solemn voice; I recall a walk through the City of London at that weird hour when night trembles before the approach of dawn, and the skulking figures that flitted down filthy archways into courts still more gray and sodden with dirt. I recall the shocking lanes strewn with fish heads and bones where I saw men and women searching for offal such as a lost and starving dog might reject—and so recalling, with a memory which is itself a gallery of pictures beautiful and awful, bright and frightful—being every one pictures of human life, its joys and its misery—it came to me that instead of subscribing money to give a gift to a Queen who has everything that money can buy, our real gift to her might be something for her poor—for the Marys who have so little—for the Magdalens who have lost all.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER

BY CECIL SELWYN

DON'T call him Drummer—
That's a scornful name.

This flitting fellow,—

If it's all the same

To you—is bone and sinew

Of our western land, sir!

And when you use

A little of contempt, you err!

He's harum-scarum,

Easy-going ways?

Sometimes, perhaps. But then you must admit—

He always pays!

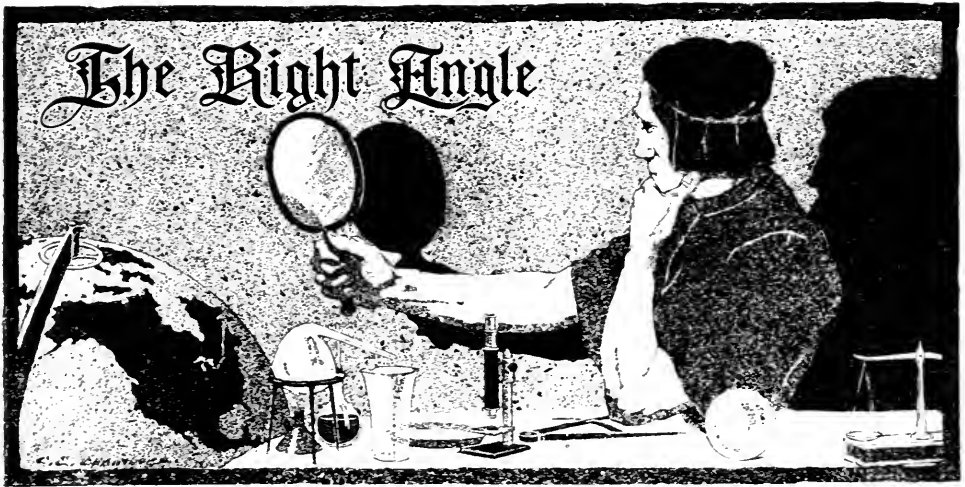
And money—

Money talks!

So let the greenback be

His advocate. You'll yield

Its eloquence.



HAS CANADA "PERSONALITIES"?

"JANEY CANUCK" (Mrs. Arthur Murphy), writing in a recent magazine, bristles up all her indignant feathers to contradict a certain Toronto editor who, she says, calmly asserts that "Canada has produced no outstanding personalities except politicians". "Man, dear," says Mrs. Murphy, "you're talking like a 'little Canadian'." West of the Great Lakes we have outstanding personalities to burn—and we burn them!" To prove it she cites the lives that have indeed been burned up in the service of others—the lives of the great missionaries of the western country where such men as Bishop Stringer, Father Lacombe, William Carpenter Bompas, the "Apostle of the North," and a dozen others have spent their best, done their work and uttered not so much as one word of self-advertisement to let the Toronto editor know that they are alive.

Bishop Bompas, with his diocese of a million square miles; Father Lacombe, whose good grey head has been known to settler and Indian for sixty-one years of service on the Mackenzie; Bishop Stringer, who last winter on his way across the divide from the Mackenzie to the Yukon nearly lost his life from starvation owing to fog and a lost trail; "Father Pat," the railroad priest of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and the many unknown and heroic men who have given themselves unflinchingly and without hope of mun-

dane reward, are "outstanding personalities" indeed, as the Toronto editor would know if he realized that "Canada" does not all lie between Belle Isle and English River. And there was One who said: "Whosoever will lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it."

CUTOVER TIMBERLANDS

THE handling of cut-over timberlands is the greatest problem in forest protection and forestry to-day. More fires have started among the chips and refuse of the lumber camps than can be counted, and more valuable timber has been thus destroyed than ever axe-man laid blade to.

The danger from these cut-over lands is two-fold. In the first place, they are the worst possible menace to the forests because of the readiness with which fire starts on them at the least provocation. After the lumberman has finished cutting the timber, there remains scattered over the land a mass of chips, tree tops and other debris, which gradually dries out and in a few months becomes like so much tinder. A lighted match, a spark from a camp-fire, a lighted cigarette dropped, and away goes the tinder, and almost with the speed of thought a serious fire has developed. Perhaps the fire meets with no worse fuel than more of the cutting debris.

Then, the loss is not so serious, but even so the fire may have consumed

much, if not all, of the thin soil characteristic of some forest regions, and any possibility of further tree growth is lost for centuries, if not for ever.

Should the fire come to mature and valuable timber, the loss from the destruction of the timber may be enormous, and in some cases such fires have reached to the homestead of the settler, destroying his crops, buildings and other improvements (perhaps his little all) and even human life.

The other danger—not so much appreciated until late years, and even now only by a comparative few—is the hindrance to the tree seeds and the little trees which this mass of litter presents. Even when the seeds fall, they have small chance to start or germinate. Even if they should get thus far, the delicate root encounters nothing but dead wood, chips or peat, and dies from lack of nourishment. If by any chance a small tree does spring up it grows with difficulty and has great chances of being swept over and destroyed by the fire.

Even during 1910 many forest fires have raged in cut-over land, those of September, near the city of Vancouver, B. C., being a case in point.

Mr. H. R. MacMillan, Assistant Inspector of Forest Reserves, figures that for every foot of timber taken out of the forest by the lumbermen throughout Canada, an average of seven feet has been destroyed by fire. This, it may be said, is a lower estimate than has been made of certain districts of Canada, e.g., the Ottawa river valley, where Senator W. C. Edwards, one of the most prominent lumbermen of the country, thinks that at least ten times as much lumber has been destroyed by the fire as has been taken out by the lumbermen.

MUCK-RAKING AT CHEPSTOWE

A PATIENT German scholar some time ago settled the authorship of the Shakespeare plays by finding that they were not written by Shakespeare at all, but by another man of the same name. In the fact of that entirely reasonable conclusion, a Dr. Orville Owen, a Yankee, has persuaded the lord of the manor to permit a disturbance of the bed of the Wye at Chepstowe in search of a casket which he believes to be there, and further believes to contain documentary proof that the other man of the same name was Bacon.

Mostyn Pigot became sufficiently interested in this profoundly unimportant purpose and excavatory proceeding to write these verses, and to read them at a house dinner of the Savage Club recently:

Upon the mud banks of the Wye,
He's digging daily, digging nightly,
In garb that to our island eye
Is most unsightly.

The wild-fowl send weird cries abroad,
And on his toil the ducks and drakes peer
As he attempts to prove the fraud
Of William Shakespeare.

The mist looms o'er him like a pall,
But he has sternly undertaken
To show that Shakespeare's plays were all
The work of Bacon.

He'll also prove that Bacon wrote
The works of Dickens, Swift and Shelley,
Of Philip Sidney, Milton, Grote
And Miss Corelli.

So let's not seek the Yankee's blood
Or pass the sentence of a lifer—
We have our own who deal in mud
To find—a cypher.

And this, as Hamlet says, "this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof." Post obit speculation, wholesale. Cacus, dead but envious, whirls in his grave. As the correspondent of a London paper, sent to report on the excavation, wired his editor, "I have never seen so much mud."



THERE are two good reproductions of the workaday world on the stage this season in "Maggie Pepper," of which Miss Rose Stahl, of "The Chorus Lady" fame, is the star, and "The Stranger," which Wilton Lackaye saves from becoming a melodrama by giving the color of his sane personality to the part of John Marshall.

Maggie is an indomitable and ambitious assistant buyer in Holbrook's department store, with an aspiration to become buyer and put to work a few ideas in modernizing the methods of the badly managed "emporium". "Oh, yes," she says, "I've bin here since I was thirteen. They called me Green Pepper at first, an' then Red Pepper, but you notice it's Miss Pepper now." How she saves her brother's daughter from her worthless mother, wins the confidence of Joe Holbrook who unexpectedly returns from Europe to take over management, and turns it by her clever selling ideas from "the old curiosity shop" to the most popular "emporium" in town is the theme of the play, but far more interesting is the development, so delicately depicted by Miss Stahl, of the cash-girl Maggie into Miss Margaret Pepper, the right-hand man and finally the fiancée of Joe Holbrook.

She has a keen understanding of the "Maggie" type, and her gradual transformation from a slangy, uneducated working girl into a business woman is

done without a false touch. In the first scene her protective armour of cynical satire keeps the audience laughing, and the way in which she gives young Joe Holbrook a few pointers on his personal appearance, behaviour and English accent when she thinks he is a stray "gent" looking for a job as floor-walker, is deliciously true to the type.

One cannot, however, imagine such a scene occurring in a business office as that where Holbrook's fiancée casts him off on account of the gossip that has linked his name with Maggie's, and where Maggie, now Miss Pepper, reproaches him with having been careless of her reputation. Reputations aren't things that employers are particularly supposed to worry about, and Miss Pepper is far too wise a business woman to allow herself to display an emotion that would in itself be a good reason for her losing her position.

Mr. Lackaye, however, does not fall into the trap of the playwright in this fashion. In "The Stranger," which is a story of the Old South and the hated Northerner, who comes to secure a railway franchise and galvanize a sleepy southern town into modern commercial activity, he has a neat emotional pitfall laid for him at the end of the second act, where he learns that the man he is fighting is his own father, who married and deserted his mother and left him to become the "Poorhouse Rat" in that very town, a child without a name or a friend. The unforgivable word is ex-



Photo by Moffett

LILLIAN RUSSELL

"*The First Night*", her new vehicle, is a revamped German farce of ten years ago, which does justice neither to Miss Russell's natural comedy, or to the talent of the rest of the company

changed between "The Stranger" and his father's recognized son, and there is a chance for rolling vowels and blows, which Mr. Lackaye ignores with fine restraint, carrying the scene through with a repressed emotion that none the

less sends crinkles up the audience's collective back. In fact, he gives throughout the piece that blue-moon phenomenon, a convincing representation of a strong and virile business man who can get what he wants without fuss



Photo by Moffett

MURIEL STARR, LEADING LADY WITH "IT" ON TALKAYE
As "Mary Warrington" in *The Stranger* she makes a pretty picture,
and her voice is charming.

or insistence, and who can go through a black fury without raising his voice. That voice, however, in the crucial scene, becomes harsh and grating, cutting through side-issues like a sword through a silk coat, and compelling

obedience from all weaker natures. In the love-scenes he is perhaps a little too awkward, too unsure of himself, hardly masterful enough for so confident and successful a man—but in any case he wins Miss Mary, and is presum-



Photo by White, New York

ROSE STAHL AS "MAGGIE PEPPER"

"And as for that laugh of yours, check it, and lose the tag, or you won't get no job as floor-walker here"

ably happy ever afterwards. The role of Miss Mary is played with good judgment by Miss Muriel Starr, whose low and beautiful voice is very pleasant to hear. Frank Burbeck, as the country judge, auctioneer and poker devotee,

gives a delightful bit of character delineation, and as a whole the play leaves an excellent impression.

Lillian Russell ought to know better at her age than to coquette with a play like "The First Night". It reminds



MISS PERCY HASWELL

Her sincere and simple acting has won her a host of warm friends in both Canada and the United States

one of the landlady who said of her artistic lodger, "Oh, yes, he's a gent of very antique tastes," for George V. Hobart has gone back to the days of Augustin Daly and Charles Hoyt, raked up a farce of German parentage and

uncertain history, and warmed it over into corned-beef hash with Lillian Russell as the adorning lettuce leaf.

If he had taken "Die Halber Dichter" by the scruff of the neck and forcibly made it over into a 1911 model, it



Photo by Moffett

MILlicENT EVANS
Playing with Lillian Russell in *The First Night*

might have been better, but in its present form about the only anchor it has to the present is that the scenes of the play are laid in New York. Murgatroyd Howe, as played by Victor Benoit, is a notable exception—a shrewd portrait of one of those sexless

dandies who trail along behind smartly dressed women in fashionable hotels, and his trick of speaking of all things in miniature bids fair to become a popular catch phrase if the play is acted long. The company is clever, but neither Miss Russell nor her supporters have the

chance they deserve, and her gift of natural comedy is wasted on stony ground.

In "Judy Forgot," Marie Cahill is the whole show, and it's lucky there's enough of her to go all the way 'round. She sings, dances, contributes a pair of monologues, and altogether does much more for the comedy than either or both Mr. Hopwood and Mr. Hein. As "Judy" she is again the good-natured married woman marooned on the island of difficulties, struggling with temporary aphasia, and ticketed off by solicitous but mistaken strangers as the wife of a man whom she has never seen before, and who, for all she knows, may or may not be her husband. The music is pleasant, though not especially distinctive, and the chorus attractive and beautifully gowned. Miss Emma Francis deserves special notice for her active dancing, and a good deal of snappy banter is tossed back and forth with amusing effect. "The World is Full of Women's Eyes" and the coonesque "Good-mornin' Judge," as sung by Miss Cahill, are the hits of the show, and as a bit of musical comedy fluff, it is a pleasant and tuneful evening's entertainment.

By the way, had you heard that Albert Chevalier is a "has-been"? If so, revise your opinion. Chevalier, who is to visit Western Canada, opening at the Walker in Winnipeg on May 22nd, and going on to Vancouver with stops at the larger points between, is no "has been" but a very real "is". How the impression got about is a curious piece of psychology.

For some time Chevalier has been opening his series of coster and cockney impersonations with "The Light of a Fallen Star," the star being a one-time tragedian, who has played the great Shakespearean roles, but has fallen upon evil days, and in his old age harks fondly back to the time when he was an idol of the stage. The old man's clothes are shabby, but the coat is the

big double-breasted Prince Albert with the wide collar that had adorned him in the days of his glory, and the old-fashioned silk hat, now battered and greasy, he still wears with something of his former dignity. He has a cane, too, and gloves that are mostly holes. Sometimes as he rambles through his lines, his voice takes on a ghost of the majesty it possessed in the days when he played Hamlet or Macbeth, and the simple words have a pathos and dignity that makes the audience very still and tense:

The dramas that I've played in life

Were not all upon the stage.

Nor did I in an hour become

The petted of the age.

Oft in youthful days I've sung

"Hot codlins" as the clown,

And turned me face away to hide

The tear-drops trickling down.

And when the pit and gallery

Saw me white paint wash away

They shouted, "Go it, Joey!"

Oin't 'e funny? 'Ip, urray!"

Me triumphs and me failures,

Me rise and then me fall:

They've rung the bell, the curtain's down,

I'm waiting for me call.

As the old actor slinks away he pauses, and, bending stealthily down, picks up the butt of a cigar that some one has thrown away and puts it carefully in his pocket. And there is no laughter, even from the highest gallery. It is the last artistic touch to a flawless piece of characterization.

But that's why they say Chevalier is a "has-been." For that first impression, so strong, so true to the life, is so indelibly stamped on the not too analytical audience of vaudeville that it cannot be shaken off, and they go away with the idea that Chevalier is himself the man whom he has only portrayed with a master's touch. It is as high a compliment as could be paid to an artist—but it is hardly one that is likely to appeal to the artist's manager. Chevalier ought to sandwich the "Fallen Star" between two sketches that are not quite so dangerously perfect.



DOUBTFUL ABOUT THE DUKE

A CLEVER Ottawa woman, who spent last summer in England, recalls a pleasing experience. "We were taking a ride on one of those 'seeing London' motor buses," she said, "and there was a party of tourists aboard. They were Americans, of course, and they were taking the greatest interest in everything they saw from the top of the big bus. As the motor rolled out of Hyde Park and started in the direction of Piccadilly, the guide pointed to a big old house surrounded by a high brick wall and shouted through his megaphone. 'That,' he said, 'is the town residence of the Duke of C——, one of our largest landed proprietors.' A pretty American girl on the second seat—she was about seventeen, and it was obviously her first trip abroad—looked up in sudden enthusiasm. 'Oh!' she cried, 'who landed him?'"

JUSTICE, RIO GRANDE STYLE

THE old-timer looked up from his rickety in the King Edward kitchen, and asked:

"You think that story on Bill Sims is a good one, eh?"

"Good or bad, it's true."

"Well, so is this," said the Old-Timer, "and it happened down in Texas by the Rio Grande. I used to live down that way for a while and in the village which I graced with my presence a certain old horse doctor was elected justice of the peace. What he

didn't know about the law was sufficient. He knew nothing; he should have made an ideal justice of the peace.

"His first case, however, was that of a man arrested for stealing a horse.

"'Guilty or not guilty?' asked the justice.

"'Not guilty,' answered the prisoner.

"'Then what the deuce are you doing here?' demanded the justice of the peace. 'Get out!'"

ALREADY BEGINNING TO SPLIT

THEY were watching a certain daring young woman walking down Yonge street in a harem skirt.

"She'll never put it over!" said one.

"No. You get into those things like pants, I guess," agreed the other.

"Besides," said the first, "a skirt divided against itself cannot endure."

Ten minutes later an outraged Presbyterian policeman from Edinburgh gathered her in.

LUNCHEON L'ART NOUVEAU

SHE had lured him to one of those artistic cafes where luncheon is a teaspoonful of pepper soup and a glass of water with a roseleaf in it, and he felt aggrieved. Salad arrived.

"It's water-cress, I think," she diagnosed.

"Looks more like Southern smilax to me," he disagreed. "That's the trouble—the waiters all think they're interior decorators."



CANADA MONTHLY



EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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Five-Acre Fruit Farms in B. C. Pay \$2,250 a Year and Over

If you are seeking health as well as profit—if you wish to raise your children where they will grow strong and sturdy, where doctors' bills are almost unknown, where the air is pure, where vegetables spring up as if by magic, and apples and pears thrive, increasing your bank account year after year—then buy and cultivate a 5-acre fruit farm near the growing city of Westminster, in the Province of British Columbia.

Farmers in this vicinity are growing rich from the products of the soil alone, besides making for themselves enormous profits from the constantly increasing value of the land.

Many of them are making gross profits of \$500 to \$600 an acre. Others are doing even better. Tomatoes, for instance, to the value of \$1,500 have been grown on a single acre. Four acres planted to strawberries produced 28,126 pounds of fruit, which sold for \$2,598 net, or \$650 an acre.

\$2,250 is a fair estimate of what a five-acre block will yield if planted to apples and pears, and while waiting for the fruit trees to reach the bearing stage you will gain a substantial revenue from the sale of small fruits planted between the trees. Enough small fruits to pay for the land can be raised in your spare time, if you have steady employment in the nearby cities of Westminster or Vancouver, and do not care to devote all your time to your fruit farm.

Consider for a moment, if you will, the advantage you and your family will enjoy on one of these farms. Within a short ride on the B. C. Electric Tramline, which is almost at your back door, you are in Westminster or Vancouver. Everything you raise finds a ready market in these cities. There are cultivated farms all around you—north, south, east and west are beautiful ranches planted to apples, peaches, pears and other fruits, the crops from which are making their owners independently wealthy.

You can buy a five-acre farm in some cases for such a small cash payment as \$200.

Then, you don't need to put your hand in your pocket again, for the land will begin earning enough to

support you and your family and pay the balance of the purchase price, just as soon as you are ready to cultivate it.

SPECIAL OFFER

If you are interested, and want to get into the clean, profitable and healthful business of fruit-growing, write me at once and I will send you a special list of fine farms near Westminster that I am offering for a short time at very low prices and on the easiest kind of terms.

The soil of these farms is very rich, being well supplied with the various fertilizers and plant foods which grow tender, juicy and deliciously-flavored fruits and vegetables. Such a soil is slow to get hot or completely dry out, and it never bakes or gets hard.

You can build a cozy bungalow or pretty cottage here, and live in comfort and independence—the absolute monarch of all you survey.

Remember this—you will not always be young. No matter what you earn now, there will come a day when you will be earning less—when the toil and grind of your present work will begin to tell on you—when you will wish you had some pleasant place to retire to—some place that would supply you, not only with all of life's necessities, but with many of its luxuries; a place that would crown your old age with comfort, ease, enjoyment and independence.

Sit down and write me a personal letter to-day. Tell me what size farm you would like, whether five acres or larger, and how much cash you wish to pay.

W. J. KERR CO., LTD.

614 Columbia Street,

New Westminster, B. C.

NARCISSUS

BY T. A. DALY

One night while yet the wold
Lay dormant with the cold,

 I flung the casement wide
And pausing, ere I drew
The outer shutters to,

 A lovely thing espied—
A thing of precious worth.
A bit of heaven in earth—

 A star in water.
Beneath the rose-bush bare
A rain-pool glassed it. There,

 By its own beauty glamored,
It poised above the brink,
Flashed down and seemed to sink
 To darkness, self-enamored.

That vision of delight
Oft walked my dreams at night.

 Lo! now 'tis fructified!
This morning when I rose
And scanned my garden close

 What marvel I espied!
A wonder of new birth,
A bit of heaven in earth—

 A star in blossom!
Beneath the rose-bush bare
It braves the chilly air,

 With beauty's self to bless us;
Spring's herald true! Behold,
With horn of gleaming gold,
 The heaven-born Narcissus!



"DO YOU WANT TO HELP?" SAID THE
PRINCESS CZEROSI, STILL KNEELING
"IT IS NOT SO BAD NOW THAT THEY
HAVE BEEN BROUGHT UP TO AIR AND
LIGHT"



"To accompany Princess Thoroughbred"

CANADA
MONTHLY

LONDON JUNE, 1917

Princess
Thoroughbred

by

William MacHarg
and Edwin Balmer

Coauthors of "The Achievements of Luther Trant"

Drawings by Frederic M Grant

"THE Princess Czerosi!"

"Oui—yes, Monsieur; so you know her!" The plump, sleek Egyptian Jew, seated on the edge of his berth in the six-thousand ton Mediterranean and Atlantic steamer, "Teneran," had stopped short in amazement at his tall cabin-mate's uneasy start; but now ran on volubly: "It is she that has made the matter all the harder, because it is her own maid who is at fault in it. It gets nothing to take such risks. Believe, Monsieur, it would not disturb us under other circumstances that Madame's English maid has gone down every day since she came aboard at Trieste into the steerage of the ship to hold on her lap the nasty babies of the steerage and embrace them—yes, and I have heard, cry over them; though that is in itself a thing enough disgusting.

But consider, Monsieur, that in the steerage are mostly Russians and Roumelians, and that the cholera has come down through Russia to Roumelia. It is every day a threat to the passengers on the first cabin that, if there happens to be cholera in the steerage, the maid may bring it into the first cabins! If you, Monsieur, would say a word of that to Madame, the Princess!"

"I?" Truxton interrupted sharply. "Certainly not! Why should I say anything to her?"

"Because you, Monsieur Truxton, are an American, and Madame the Princess Czerosi, of Bukhar-Tirgsora, is by birth an American also—there are no other Americans in the first cabin. Not to consider that, as I have just learned, you also know her! Besides, we have done everything. We went

first to the doctor, but he is English like the maid, and drinks much. So he drank simply to the bottom of his glass, and looking at us through the glass's bottom, said only "Bah!" We determine, therefore, to speak to Madame; and by election of the first cabins I was sent to do the speaking. I went most humbly, in order that she might not be enraged, knowing that she was not likely to trouble herself much either about us or the people of the steerage. But neither was she frightened for herself. 'Mon dieu!' she said, 'present to the first cabins my compliments, and say to them that if my maid wants to go into the steerage she shall go there—cholera or no cholera!' Such strong-headedness! It is true neither she nor the doctor believes there is cholera. But, Monsieur Truxton," he expostulated suddenly, "it does not need that you should repack all your things. It is true my luggage takes up the most of the stateroom, but I can leave to you a part—perhaps even a third!"

Ever since he had heard the name of the Princess Czerosi, the tall young American, who had finished his dressing, had been standing perplexed and indecisive; but now he was dropping his belongings back into his traveling bag, and closed it with a snap.

"It does not matter," he said decidedly. "I am going ashore at Gibraltar—we should reach there in half an hour."

"At Gibraltar!" the Egyptian cried in amazement; "but I understood Monsieur to say he was going to New York! Eh, bien!" and he showed obvious satisfaction that the narrow stateroom would be left for his sole occupancy. "But I meant not to frighten you so with talk of the cholera. Well—but I see that it is not because of the cholera; for Monsieur is not frightened," he glanced wonderingly once more about the stateroom. "It is perhaps the poor accommodations that have made Monsieur Truxton wish to leave the ship at Gibraltar. Good! But it occurs to me that that can soon be changed, since it is plain now that Monsieur knows the Princess Czerosi; for it is because she, your

friend the Balkan autocrat, have usurped fifty out of the seventy first class cabins of the 'Teneran' for herself, her secretary and her two maids, that you and I, Monsieur, must be cram into the smallest, the most stuffiest, the most nearest to the engine cabin of all. Pardonne! no offense! but if Monsieur Truxton told Madame the Princess how he could get no separate cabin, she would give to him one of her fifty—eh, is it not so?" he appealed.

"It is not because of the cabin," said Truxton shortly.

The Jew's bright little eyes sparkled among their crinkles of fat with the sharpness and cunning of his race. "Is it then—pardonne, once more that I ask it—but is it then, perhaps, merely because Monsieur Truxton knows already the Princess Czerosi that he intends to leave the ship at Gibraltar? Madame has perhaps made their acquaintance not too pleasant, since Monsieur will not speak to her neither about her maid nor about a cabin for himself—or—. But now I see that I must ask pardon truly. Consider it unsaid, Monsieur Truxton!"

The tall young American, having forced silence on his loquacious cabin-mate by a look, went out, bag in hand, and closed the door of the stateroom behind him. He heard it open and close again, as the Jew followed him forward to the smoking room. Truxton passed quickly through and went out on deck, where he leaned on the rail, watching the Rock, which they were approaching.

Even now, since it would be some time before quarantine inspection could be passed and passengers landed, he saw that it might be impossible to avoid meeting her; and he wondered what that meeting would be—after all these years. At the thought he moved still further forward, more out of her way, and in doing so rejoined his Egyptian cabin-mate.

Circling three sides of the great fortress rock, the "Teneran" came to a stop, for the last time before clearing the turquoise Mediterranean for the gray-green Atlantic, opposite the town, flying the yellow flag for inspection and permission to come closer. The

little gray launch of the English quarantine officers, also flying its yellow flag, put off toward them. The Egyptian, following each move with voluble comment, stopped suddenly with a catch in his breath in the middle of what he was saying; the American looked up quickly and—it had happened; Truxton was face to face with a woman—a young woman whose long, dark eyelashes lifted listlessly as he looked at her, whose deep, confident eyes opened wide and rested on his, giving no sign for the least fraction of an instant that she had felt his stare; then suddenly she paled ever so slightly, and almost gasped.

"It—is Mr. Truxton?" she recognized him.

"Yes; I am glad to see you again," he answered, the pulse beating in his flushed cheek.

"I did not know that you were on board."

"I had wired Gibraltar for accommodations," he said hurriedly, in his embarrassment. "I was on my friend Dunwood's yacht. We picked up the lights of the 'Teneran' last evening, and I came aboard in the night. It was only a matter of a few hours, you know—I had reserved accommodation from Gibraltar."

"But—accommodations?" she halted; and he recalled that with autocratic distaste for the presence of other passengers she had reserved at Trieste all available accommodations for herself—fifty out of the seventy-five first classes of the "Teneran," the Jew had said; then she smiled, and he revolted at the knowledge that she was going to offer him a favor. "If you need a cabin, Mr. Truxton—"

"Thank you; but I am very well fixed," he interrupted harshly and mendaciously.

"You are going ashore for the half day at the Rock—with the rest?" she glanced at the "Teneran's" scanty complement of first cabin passengers—Armenians, Turks, Syrians, all strangely ostentatious men of the Mediterranean—who had gathered along the rail waiting the chance to disembark; then, as her eye caught the bag at his feet, she added more quickly:

"But not to leave the 'Teneran' for good; you said you had reserved accommodations from Gibraltar!"

"I find it necessary to wait over a boat here," he had collected himself. "I shall not be able to make the crossing in the 'Teneran' as I had expected."

"Ah!" She searched his eyes an instant with a strangely insistent questioning; so that he wondered whether she understood that it was because he had learned she was on the "Teneran" he was going ashore. And while he still doubted, she bowed with sudden stateliness and passed on.

"It would seem," the Egyptian, still at Truxton's elbow, breathed oilily and insinuatingly, "that Monsieur Truxton has known Madame for a long time!"

"Yes," the young American explained unwillingly, as he turned to watch the officers coming up the gangway from the quarantine launch, "I knew her several years ago as Constance Sherrard of Pittsburg."

"Eh, yes, Monsieur!" the plump Egyptian chuckled, for no apparent reason; "before monsieur her Pittsburg papa bought marriage for her with the Prince Czerosi—who is now, how do you say, most generously dead! Twelve months ago he die. I myself saw once in a café in Paris Madame's papa—the Pittsburg riche! He ate as if—how do you say?—he was gobbling up his rivals, the coal and iron companies of America—exactement! Ho, ho! But she is most perfect—and delightful, though a nuisance on the 'Teneran.' I wonder, now, if she have yet the jewel her papa gave her at her marriage—seventy thousand pound. it is said, or in francs a million and three quarters—you do not know if she has it, Monsieur Truxton?"

"I consider it very much neither my—nor your—business," Truxton almost absently tried to stem the other's silly gossip, but the Egyptian, who by cosmopolitan contact was three parts French, pressed the subject gustfully.

"Bien! It is likely that did not escape the clutch of her husband the Prince. He led the wise life—very short, Monsieur, that is true, but merry! Pardonne—you have heard

of the incident on the Bois de Boulogne—eh? Mlle. Olympe de Banniere, of the Folies Bergere—how Mlle. Olympe, in stepping from her motor car, broke—how do you say—inadvertently the string of pearls about her neck. Her escort would have stoop to pick them up; but no, Mlle. Olympe say rather it is easier to ask the Prince Czerosi for another necklace. This happen one month only before the Prince Czerosi's death; and Madame the Princess receive afterward the bill for the new necklace and is oblige to pay it. Ho, ho!—delightful!" The Egyptian's fat shoulders shook with salacious merriment.

"Now stop!" Truxton swung suddenly to face his sleek companion with quick warning. "Little and fat as you are, you are on the road to get yourself into serious trouble!"

"Ah! no offense," the Egyptian, with quick uneasiness backed water gracefully. "Monsieur Truxton, as the friend of Madame, is already acquainted no doubt with all I could tell him. The particulars have been in the papers of five continents." He was gathering courage again, and his voice squeaked derisively. "Comprenez-vous! To speak of the Princess Czerosi is not the same as to speak of another woman! But look, Monsieur—what is that?" he broke off; then clamored anxiously: "Quarantine? We are quarantined, Monsieur Truxton?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" the American answered blankly, watching the English quarantine officers now descending the gangway to their launch. "The doctors are going, sure enough; and the yellow flag," he turned and glanced at the saffron square above, "certainly seems still flying."

The American dropped the bag he had taken in his hand, glanced swiftly astern along the rail of the ship where the entire first cabin company were still in line, and scowled ruefully. The Egyptian, his surprise giving way to terror, as the launch with the yellow quarantine flag steamed away again, watched silently a moment more till the ship's doctor and second officer, who had accompanied the English

to the gangway, climbed up again and the gangway itself was lifted.

"So we have sickness—contagious sickness aboard?" the Jew appealed palely to Truxton again. "We are quarantine! We have sickness aboard! The cholera!"

"No; it seems to be only because the 'Teneran' has stopped at ports where the cholera is—as yet a scare," the American listened carefully, as the ship's doctor and second officer came toward them in conversation. "That is it, is it not, doctor?" he checked the cockney surgeon by a hand upon his arm.

"What? H'oh, yes, Mr. Truxton; there is no sickness. They 'ave quarantined against us for precaution's sake," the doctor answered loudly, with an eye upon the groups of passengers. "We must go on to New York; before we reach there it will be plain enough that we 'ave no cholera. No chance for a funeral this trip—yours or mine—plop of a 'eavy canvas in the sea; 'e was a good doctor—pity 'e drank so much!" The Cockney's pale eyes twinkled as he watched the white-checked Egyptian. "We 'ave nothing but a few sore throats among the children of the steerage. But it'll be rough weather outside."

"And I cannot go ashore?" Truxton asked impatiently.

"Nobody can go ashore, Mr. Truxton."

"Eh, bien!" the Egyptian whispered softly. "Perhaps now Monsieur will see how necessary it is to speak to Madame that her maid goes no more into the steerage—since even the health officers recognize danger."

"I'll think of it," Truxton answered tersely.

With the realization that for two weeks at least he was a prisoner on the slow-going "Teneran" with the Princess Czerosi, the young American hurled his traveling bag savagely back into the stuffy stateroom among the piled and assorted luggage of his Jewish companion.

* * * * *

The gale which the doctor had foreseen was beating upon the sturdy

"Teneran." Gray waves, rolling turbulently from horizon to horizon, broke every few moments over the bow and sent—as they had been sending now for three days—a half foot of green water sluicing over the closed hatches of the steerage deck and spurted out at the scuppers. In the most sheltered spot of the promenade deck, behind the storm canvas stretched along the rail, the Princess Czerosi had established herself, in a huge robe of Russian sable which enveloped and half hid her and her steamer chair, to watch the red sunset. But her long dark eyelashes, which had fluttered listlessly at first, opened wider, almost eagerly, as she saw Truxton come out on to the deck. During all the three days since they had left Gibraltar he had constantly avoided her. Her white hand crept out from the furs and imperceptibly motioned the English maid to vacate the seat beside her, as though to trap him into stopping for an instant. But now he came directly to her and dropped into the chair.

"I am a sort of ambassador," he said quietly.

"From whom, Mr. Truxton?" The Princess Czerosi's eyes met his with mild curiosity.

"From the passengers in the first cabins," he answered steadily. "It appears there was reason for our being quarantined at Gibraltar."

"Not—?" The Princess Czerosi faced him in alarm.

"No, no; not cholera!" he reassured her. "But the sore throats of the babies in the steerage. The ship's doctor was certain it was only sore throat; the quarantine officers thought there was a chance it might be diphtheria, and one or two cases of diphtheria have developed. One died last night, the doctor tells me, and was buried quietly this morning before daybreak—a baby!"

Involuntarily he turned to the English maid, who seemed not to have heard what he was saying. The maid, shrinking catlike from the spray which invaded even this sheltered corner of the promenade deck, had seized the chance to draw back close against the cabin wall, her rather clever face puck-

ered and the skirt of her brown dress wrapped close about her ankles. The Princess Czerosi followed Truxton's look with the flicker of a caustic smile.

"You hear, Latimer?" she said to the maid, "a baby died last night of diphtheria in the steerage!"

"Yes, Madame."

"Of course," Truxton went on rapidly as he approached the object of his mission. "The known cases have been segregated; but there is always chance for infection. The first cabin passengers feel that there is great risk in anyone," he glanced again toward the maid, and explained more directly, "in your maid's going from the first cabin into the steerage as she has been doing, because she might easily bring the infection back to the first cabin; and I have promised to ask you not to let her go down there again."

The Princess Czerosi met his look with level eyes.

"You see, Latimer," she turned on her elbow in the chair to face the maid again with the same half caustic, half curious smile, "they do not want you to go down into the steerage any more."

"Yes, Madame."

"I don't know what there has been in Latimer's life to give the babies of the steerage an interest for her," she went on, with the same mild curiosity, "but she will promise Mr. Truxton not to go down there again—even though the doctor should again permit it because of her nationality."

"Yes, Madame!" and the maid, at her gesture of dismissal, loosened the skirts about her ankles and scuttled toward the cabin, while Truxton perplexedly followed her with his eyes.

"So, Mr. Truxton," the Princess Czerosi snuggled back into her furs, "after carefully avoiding me for three days, you come to me at last only because you were sent? And—it is how long since you saw me last? Four years?"

"About that," he answered, absent and embarrassed.

She was silent and her attention seemed to wander.

"It looks like smoke," she motioned toward the murky sunset. "Mon dieu!

It seems like a joke in a funny paper that it should make me think of home; but—I shall be glad to see again my own smoky city. But these four years—what have you been doing in them?"

"Nothing much," he replied vaguely.

"Ah! on the contrary, very much, I think," she said quickly. "You have been going into places in the world of which white men know little, and have been writing about them. I have read, I think, all you have written. But I did not mean that—I meant, what have the four years done for you?"

"Oh," he smiled somewhat cynically as he met the steady challenge of her eyes. "I have schooled myself in them not to keep on wanting what I now see would have been bad for me—though I did want it very much, four years ago," he added, as he realized the attraction her physical perfection still had for him.

"Like the puppy that ate the soap!" She laughed like a chime of silver bells. "But no, I get it wrong. It was a big dog, who had been protected from soap until his teeth got strong, and when at last he found it he ate a great deal of it and it was bad—it made him a great deal sicker than if he had tasted it as a puppy. No matter; I think you have been lucky. I have eaten my soap because I learned no better when I was a puppy. But, at least," she added, more to herself than to him, "when I had got my mouth full of soap I had the courage to eat it smiling, so that no one guessed!"

He stared at her in astonishment, wondering whether she was speaking of that very soapy proposition, the Prince Czerosi.

"But," she said audaciously, "you have thought of me sometimes?"

"It was impossible not to know of you," he said, with increasing embarrassment. "The papers—you were in Paris, in Vienna, in Berlin; you had returned to the estates of your husband in Roumelia—only a month ago I saw your picture published."

"Did you think I looked as I used to?" she asked with a woman's eagerness.

"Exactly. I would have liked it better if you had been more altered," he replied with sudden bitterness.

"Will you explain yourself?" She turned to him in surprise.

He hesitated; but her challenge drove him on. "I saw just now," he said tensely, and growing paler, "that, whatever it meant to your maid, the death of the baby in the steerage to you was—nothing! I could not have understood that unless I had seen your picture. I was not able to understand—once—why the lives of the men, women and children who toiled in her father's mines meant nothing to Constance Sherrard, though she had every chance to know about them; and for the same reason I could not understand why the peasants struggling for black bread on the estates of her husband were nothing to her—all those coarser bodies that were being sacrificed day by day in order that she might be, and remain, the perfect creature that she was—until—I looked at your picture, and saw that these four years—the unfaithfulness of your husband, Mlle. Olympe of the Folies, and the many others, the Prince's duel with Dr. Rasmussen in Berlin—all these things—have not dimmed Constance Sherrard's bright eyes one particle, or changed the perfect bow-shape of her mouth!"

Her cheeks blazed with defiance.

"That is the second time, Mr. Truxton," she said, controlling herself as she hid her clenched hands among the furs, "that you have taken it upon yourself to insult me. First, when I found that you were aboard and you took pains to prevent me from offering you the common civility of a better cabin, without making any explanation of your reason. But you have made it quite plain now—quite plain that you think I am selfish, self-centered and unwomanly. Not even our having been childhood friends can excuse you. You will understand that if"—she caught her breath—"that when we speak to one another after this it must be only on the most conventional subjects!"

He bowed, pale as death, and left her. * * * * *



"BUT," SHE SAID AUDACIOUSLY, "YOU HAVE THOUGHT OF ME SOMETIMES"

Six days out of Gibraltar, Truxton awoke in the gray of the morning to find his Jewish cabin-mate cowering on the floor of the cabin, as he struggled into his clothes, while indistinct cries and muffled sounds of struggle came to them from the forepart of the ship.

The questioning bewilderment of his companion's face showed plainly that the Egyptian knew as little as Truxton the reason for the disturbance, and without wasting time in inquiries the American leaped from his berth and hurried on his clothes. He pushed open the door of the stateroom, closely followed by the Jew, and passing through the forward cabin, whose emptiness showed that the noise had not yet aroused the other passengers in their cabins further aft, he gained the deck.

A dash of spray half drenched him as he squeezed past the canvas shield which protected the end of the long promenade deck that ran forward to within fifty feet of the bow; so as Truxton grasped the rail at the end of the first cabin deck, he looked down directly upon the forward steerage deck below, extending to the "Teneran's" stem. Ordinarily during such a gale as that which was now sending the waves high over the bow and on to the steerage deck, that space would have been clear except for the foremast and its tackle, and the windlasses and tarpaulin-covered hoisting machinery for loading the forward hold; but now, in the wave-washed space, a fierce struggle was going forward.

One of the hatches had been forced open from below, and through it a crowd of men and women from the steerage were pushing and fighting their way out on to the watery deck, in spite of the efforts and blows of the few members of the crew who had been first to reach the spot. Already a hundred, perhaps a hundred and fifty human figures were clinging upon that wave-washed space, wedging themselves between windlasses and holding to the hatches so that the sweeping waters could not carry them away. And half, or over half—if one counted the babies bound to the women's bodies under

their shawls—were women and children whom the men were helping hold to the driest and best protected places. But as more and more forced their way up in spite of the attempts of the sailors to replace the hatch, these drier and best protected places all were occupied. The last comers sustained themselves with difficulty against the sea, or clung waist deep in water against the bulwarks. Then, even as Truxton looked, one man of those who had come up last through the hatchway lost his footing; the green water seized him and drove him, rolling, to the rail. He staggered to his feet only just as the next wave caught him; it whirled him around, lifted him bodily over the bulwark, and hurled him into the sea.

The sight decided Truxton. The shrill cry of horror from the clinging groups which marked the man's disappearance had not died away, when the American had swung himself over the rail, dropped ankle-deep into the water on the deck below, and lent his weight to aid the crew in forcing down the hatch. He held it with them until it had been fastened and battened down; then rose staring to meet the white face of the ship's doctor.

"What—what is it?" demanded the American.

"It is the diphtheria, Mr. Truxton!" The doctor's voice crackled harshly above the noise of wind and water. "Black diphtheria! 'Fore Gawd, Mr. Truxton, at Gibraltar I thought it was honly sore throat, but even then they must 'ave been rotten with it. Now there are a 'undred down—two 'undred—I don't know 'ow many! It 'as spread and spread, till it is 'ell there below, and these 'ave broken up in panic to escape it!"

The horror of the thing fell upon Truxton, keener, more chilling by far than the sudden disappearance of the man who had been washed overboard. Drenched and shivering, he climbed back to his own deck, followed by the doctor. As they stood, watching the boat that had been lowered to search for the lost man pitching like a chip on the huge gray waves, the doctor continued his explanation.

"We're crowded down below, Mr. Truxton—eight 'undred; we usually carry under seven. This sore throat—the children 'ad it at first and the women 'elped one another. So it spread. Ever since leaving Gibraltar the 'atches 'ave 'ad to be kept closed because of the storm; the well ones 'ave 'ad to breathe the same air as the sick. We've fought it; but my medicines 'ave 'ad no avail—hexceptional malignancy; it attacks men and women now the same as children. Fifteen died last night and were buried before sunrise; it'll be twenty or thirty to-night! Hand you saw, they are in panic. We've kept it quiet from the first cabin passengers—which, of course, was easier, 'aving so few and no one among them needing the doctor; you 'aven't seen me around the first cabin these last few days, and that's the reason. But now it cannot be kept quiet any longer; hanyone must know who goes forward and looks down at the steerage deck. They'll be fair frightened out of their lives, these men of the Mediterranean, when they 'ear and see it!"

Truxton watched until, at the end of an hour, the boat returned with its soaked, chilled crew, and was hoisted aboard again after its vain search. Then he hastened to his cabin to change his clothes. Others of the "Teneran's" short list of first cabin passengers had come out of their staterooms when he emerged. His Egyptian cabin-mate lifted his dark lashes in an uneasy gleam; and the others met his gaze with furtive looks, and he saw that they knew. Only the Princess Czerosi, whom he found fifteen minutes later, already ensconced for her morning on the deck, had no knowledge of what was going on; for she nodded brightly to him in greeting.

He stood an instant, staring down the length of the long, wide deck with its high, clean cabins half empty all its length, before he sat down beside her; and in that instant she seemed to recognize a change in him.

"Is something wrong, Mr. Truxton?" she asked quickly.

He hesitated almost imperceptibly.

"Nothing," he lied.

"Nothing?"

"Yes; there is some trouble down in the steerage, I believe," he replied, but stopped weakly.

"Ah! In the steerage? And what is it?"

"I don't think it would interest you—I don't see how it could do so!"

"Do you mean you do not think it worth while to tell me?"

She waited to see what he would say; but he said nothing.

"Mr. Truxton," she said finally, while the blood mounted hotly to her cheeks, "I knew a man, who, when he had done some particularly execrable thing, would go home to those who might speak of it to his wife and say, 'Do not tell Madame; it would pain her too greatly to know I am such a rascal—no; she must not know!' So no one spoke of it, and he went unpunished and was free to do some execrable thing again. But Madame, at last, learned one thing; for she got so used to seeing that look of concealment on their faces that sometimes when the maid came to her bedside in the morning with her coffee, she would ask, 'What has he done now, Waters, that I see you have been told not to speak of to me?' I lived four years with that man, Mr. Truxton, as his wife in the eyes of the world. I shall never forget that look of concealment!"

The color in her cheeks grew even more deeper, as he stared in astonishment.

"You can understand now," she went on swiftly, "that I knew this morning, when I came out of my cabin and saw the faces around me that something had happened. I saw there was something I was not to know—something which by common impulse all these men who are our fellow passengers were concealing from me. But it did not trouble me. I said to myself, 'N'importe; I ought to be used to that by this time. Like all other things, it will come out in the wash when the wash is ready.'"

Suddenly her steady eyes, which had been fixed on his, fell away, and she trembled, though ever so slightly.

"I have not hidden from you, Mr. Truxton," she continued, but with less direct self-confidence, "that in the

four years since I left America I have thought of you often; and it was not merely as an old time friend of mine, but as a sort of man different from those I was then meeting. I know now as well as you do that something—possibly a very dreadful something—has happened on board the 'Teneran'; and if you do not tell me what it is, it can be only for one of two reasons. Either you despise me too much; or you are like my husband and—as I suspect from their faces those other men in the cabin are doing—you are hiding yourself in some way—as he did from the punishment due him—behind me!"

"I certainly am not hiding behind you!" Truxton leaped to his feet as though stung.

"Then tell me at once!"

"I told you a moment ago. The trouble is in the steerage."

"But you did not tell me in what way! Now—what is it?"

"I can show you, more easily than tell you," he returned—"if you dare to come!"

"Dare!" She had leaped to her feet before he could aid her, and stood holding to a stanchion, waiting for him. "Where?"

"Forward!" he replied.

In the gale she drew her fur around her, unaware of the contagion forward which it might suck up like a sponge; and equally heedless, Truxton caught her arm and steadied her forward. The blood ran into his cheeks at the touch, and went hotter as he sustained her weight when she slipped where even their deck had been splashed slippery. He moved past the canvas shield at the end of the promenade and held it for her to come through. But he protected her with his body against the steerage rail, not more from the spray than from the eyes of the soaked, stolid figures clinging below, to which he pointed.

The scene on the steerage deck had not changed since Truxton had looked down at it two hours before. The scanty crew of the "Teneran" had made no effort to drive under decks again the hundred and fifty or two hundred Austrians, Russians and Roumelians who had forced their way up.

The only difference was that now a couple of the crew, armed, sulkily guarded the hatch, lest those clamoring and beating below get it open again; and two more watched to prevent those already on the steerage deck from making any attempt to gain the safety of the drier first cabin deck above.

"Since we left Gibraltar," Truxton harshly explained, as the Princess Czerosi turned toward him, puzzled, with wide eyes, bewildered at the sight, "the hatches have been kept closed because of the storm; and the diphtheria—"black" or malignant diphtheria—has spread in the steerage below. It became worse and worse till this morning those you see there broke the fastenings of the hatch and forced their way up. Those wet bundles bound under the women's shawls are babies," he went on pitilessly. "But, remember, these are the lucky ones—the ones who were able to fight their way up and stay up. A hundred—I don't know exactly how many—have the diphtheria down below where the ports cannot be opened now; where they must breathe in the same air over and over again; and those who are not sick must breathe it back from them!"

The Princess Czerosi, after her first gasp at his words, had drawn back from him, looking with tense interrogation into his impassive face. As she did so a few of those clinging in the wash below seemed to catch sight of the girl's figure; and at the sight they started. They stretched a little nearer and cried out strangely from one to another some word which seemed to rouse unexpected hope in those that heard it. Many tried to rise and crowd toward her; most dared not move from the rope or bar which they held, but turned and raised an arm toward her and cried still the strange word of notification that had aroused them.

"These who have reached the steerage deck," Truxton went on, "attempted this morning to get up here to our safe deck above. Of course they were prevented. Every one of them, sick or well, has been exposed and would bring the contagion with them. The captain could not allow one of them up here without permission of the first

cabins, who have paid for immunity and protection; and the first cabin passengers, to forestall such a thing, and hiding behind you, as you just said, have been to the captain deploring that the necessity of protecting you prevents them from offering—as they would otherwise have been willing, they say—the use of the empty first cabins by the doctor.”

“Wait!” the Princess Czerosi checked him. She looked away from him, and, as though fascinated, down upon those appealing to her, [and her ears heard only their words. “You stood here and saw these before, this morning?” she asked. “Did they look and call so to you?”

“No; they did not,” Truxton replied.

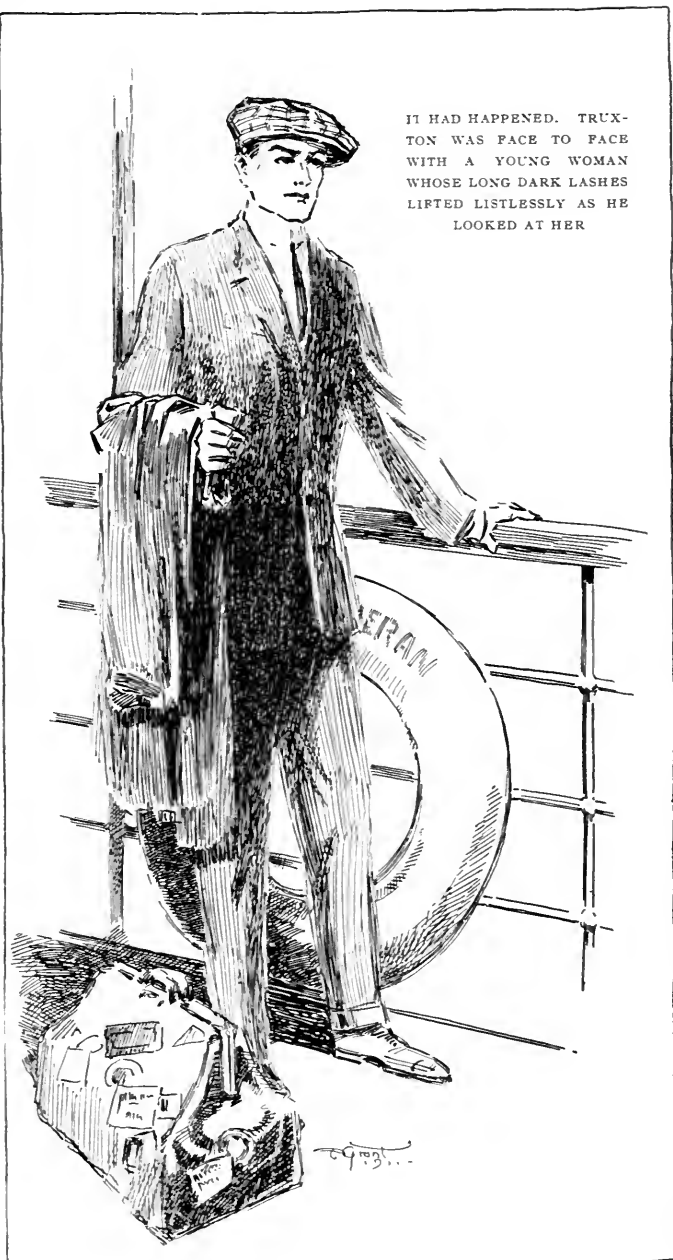
“And when the rest—the men from the first cabin, who knew and must have come and seen them, too—when they stood here—”

“I can answer that,” another voice broke in upon them, and they saw it was the doctor. “They did not.”

“Then why are they calling so to me?” the Princess Czerosi demanded eagerly, and her face was transformed. “Do they call to me so, and are they sure I will help them because—they have recognized me?”

“Because they have recognized you as a woman—yes,” Truxton returned, with the same roughness. “But only

IT HAD HAPPENED. TRUXTON WAS FACE TO FACE WITH A YOUNG WOMAN WHOSE LONG DARK LASHES LIFTED LISTLESSLY AS HE LOOKED AT HER



as that; for the word they cry to each other, as they raise their arms to you, is—‘It is she, it is she; a woman, a woman’. Don’t you hear?”

“Not ‘the Princess Czerosi’?” She stepped defiantly forward in clear outline before those below—red-cheeked and eager. But as they saw now for

the first time plainly her opulent little figure clothed from head to foot in furs, suddenly there spread from one to another silence—a shudder—then terrible, hopeless words of full recognition passed from lip to lip till it shrouded all on deck.

"The Princess Czerosi! The Princess Czerosi!" they said, and sank back hopelessly. "It is the Princess Czerosi!"

The Princess Czerosi caught her breath. For a full minute she stood, pale, motionless and silent; then she turned with flashing eyes on Truxton.

"Mr. Truxton," she said bitterly, "the spirit in which you brought me here, as if—as if vivisectioning me to see whether I would feel the plight of these poor people is—is as great an affront as you could offer to a woman! The doctor will take me back!"

"I am dangerous company," the doctor warned her. "I 'ave been exposed."

"I don't care!" The Princess Czerosi breathed quickly, and with pauses between the breaths like a hurt animal, as the doctor helped her back along her own deck.

* * * * *

"This shall not be!"

The voice was that of the Egyptian Jew speaking in the cabin; and Truxton, on the deck outside, pricked up his ears to listen.

"It shall not be!" The mocking voice that answered was that of the Princess Czerosi. "Mon dieu, imbecile! It is done already! And you—you shall have the cabin furthest to the back because—you are the biggest coward!"

Truxton leaped to his feet and pushed open the door of the cabin; but the Princess Czerosi was no longer there, and he saw only the furtive-eyed men of the Mediterranean.

"Monsieur Truxton, Monsieur Truxton!" the Egyptian clutched at him as he entered, "we look to you to prevent it—to you, that Madame shall bring no more of the sick swine of the steerage into the first cabins; for we have—what poor protection!" He pointed to two thicknesses of canvas that now shut off the rear of the first

cabin accommodations from the cabins forward.

"Where is she?" demanded Truxton.

"She makes the nurse!"

The American brushed the canvases aside and half shuddered at the stronger smell of the antiseptics. He pushed on past thickly set cots, past the open stateroom doors where half the pillows bore already matted heads, past the fathers and mothers, stolid or sobbing, at the head of the companionway, to where he saw the brown dress of the Princess Czerosi's maid beside a cot.

"Where is Madame?" he demanded of her impatiently. "They told me she was here!"

The woman turned, and he saw that it was the Princess Czerosi; but at first this conveyed no more to him.

"Why have you done this?" he cried guiltily. "Wasn't it enough that you gave up the cabins to them? Why should you come—as they told me you had come—in here to nurse?"

"Hush!" she checked him, still kneeling; "it is not so bad, since they have been brought up here to air and light. The doctor says the malignancy of a disease like this increases or ceases almost weirdly. He thinks it will not spread much further—now. And have you not heard? We have communicated with one of the big ships of the North American route. She has a spare surgeon and serum. We should speak her in an hour or so!"

He stood dazedly staring down at her.

"Do you want to help?" said the Princess Czerosi. "You cannot go back among the others now, anyway, since you have been in here!"

He went around the father and mother who crouched at the foot of the cot, and sat down on the side opposite her; and as his eyes fell again upon the brown dress, he started with comprehension.

"Then—was it you?" he cried suddenly. "It was not your maid—it was you that was going down into the steerage?"

She nodded.

"But—secretly? Why?" he persisted. "It was not a thing to be ashamed of that you should do it se-

cretly and let yourself be misjudged by everyone—by me, like the others!"

"It is not the first time I have done such a thing," she looked up at him now, quickly. "I had done it before—in Roumelia. And—yes, secretly. Don't you understand? Wasn't it bad enough as it was—when all the world believed me no different from what my husband—was? Can't you picture to yourself the miserable contrast, if it had been known that while he was disporting himself in Paris, I, in Roumelia, was seeking solace as a tearful lady-bountiful, unhappily married and held up to the world's pity—yes, its pity! If what I have been through has taught me sympathy for all people, I could not show it! This morning, when we stood together and looked down upon the steerage deck and they appealed to me and I believed for an instant that in spite of furs and my changed gown they had recognized me as the same woman who had been among them in the steerage, I felt suddenly happy that it was so! But even they could not do that, because while my husband was alive I had made all the world believe that I was as he was, and had done what I have

done secretly and among children, because"—her eyes fell suddenly from his face and she trembled—"because, in these four years, when I thought of or looked at my husband, I have never dared—to wish to have—a child of my own!"

Truxton put out his hand across the cot and took hers gently. "I am not worthy to touch you!" he said contritely.

The mother at the foot of the cot raised her head in perplexity as she caught the expression on Truxton's face.

"I thought," the woman said in a low tone to her husband, "that it was the maid of Madame the Princess—but no; she is the wife of the mister!"

The man looked also.

"Your wife," he said in broken English to Truxton, "your wife, both now and before in the steerage, has been to us an angel of mercy!"

The hot blood rose to the Princess Czerosi's cheeks and temples, clear to the dark line of the hair above her forehead.

But he only held her hand the tighter, and she sighed with contentment.

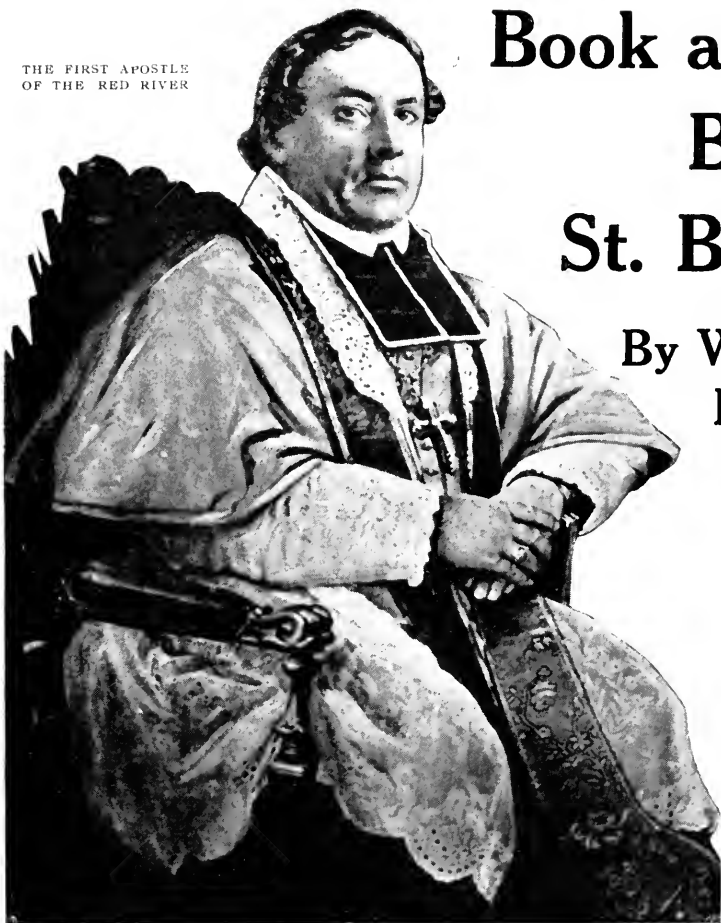


LOCAL COLOR

BY CY WARMAN

First the baby's bonny eyes caught the color of the skies,
Then his tiny little toes took the color of the rose;
But he never seemed so sweet till his pudgy little feet
Ambled out across the lawn and caught the color of the street.

THE FIRST APOSTLE
OF THE RED RIVER



Book and Bell in St. Boniface

By W. E.
Ingersoll

Illustrated with
Photographs

*Is it the clang of wild-geese?
Is it the Indian's yell
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tones of a far-off bell?*

*The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace,
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the Bells of St. Boniface!*

*The bells of the Roman Mission
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatmen on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.*

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

N EAR Winnipeg, in Manitoba, stands an old town, picturesque as a mossy hole by a trim growing tree—the old Roman Mission of St. Boniface.

Between is the Riviere Rouge, come up by Pembina from southward, un-

ribboned across leagues of flat land, curving placidly by St. Norbert and St. Vital, entering between Fort Garry and St. Boniface, and passing in calm flood to the northern lakes. Pleasure steamboats churn along the stream, saucy launches swirl smartly through the water, canoes dip their way across the red width of the river. From a railroad yard, on the Winnipeg side, locomotives ply hither and yon, and the smoke of their endeavor makes tarry the faces of the little old white houses. But St. Boniface sleeps, and the grass grows thick and green along her lanes, and all her hours are vespers.

The easy river-bank descends, always in the face of the sunset, to the old river of the voyageur. The gray buildings along the top of the bank half hidden in quiet verdure, have their doors and windows turned to westward, looking into Yesterday. Each street or "rue" bears a name old even forty years ago.

St. Boniface is a French place, with a German name. Eastward of the town, a creek, with more loopings than a dog-whip laid down, dawdles into

the Red River at Point Douglas. It was along this "German Creek," now called the "Seine," that Lord Selkirk's hundred German Catholic "Military Bachelors" settled in the second decade of the nineteenth century. They called their domicile St. Boniface. The name was never changed; and that is why a village settled with French Canadians has the name of the patron saint of Germany.

The town of St. Boniface was thus founded by a troop of soldiers brought to protect the struggling colony of Lord Selkirk on the Red River. There were, too, among the early settlers such wild spirits as free traders who had been servants of the Hudson's Bay and Northwest fur companies, Coureurs du Bois from northern Quebec, and half-wild Metis born in the hunting-tents of the furthest west.

He who may be called the father of St. Boniface was a Roman Catholic priest by the name of Joseph Norbert Provencher. The story of the establishment of the Roman Mission in the "De Meuron" colony is full of interest. Bishop Joseph Octave Plessis, of the Diocese of Quebec, at the instance of a letter addressed to him by Governor Miles Macdonell and a formal petition for missionaries circulated in the Red River colony in 1817 by Lord Selkirk himself, sent westward on May 19, 1818, Fathers Provencher and Dumoulin. The two priests had as their assistant a young man by the name of Guillaume Etienne Edge.

The party were armed with testimonials from Governor Sir John Cape Sherbrooke, calling upon "all persons whomsoever to whom these Presents shall come" to render the missionaries all good offices, assistance and protection." Lord Selkirk, who shepherded the mission, had endowed it "in consideration of the sum of five shillings in good and lawful money of the Province of Lower Canada," with a spacious seignory of five miles length and four miles width, at the mouth of the Seine River, on the east side of the Red, nearly opposite to the confluence of the Assiniboine."

A contemporary tells the story of

the arrival at the Red River settlement of the three ecclesiastics and their party. According to his description it was mid-afternoon on the prairie. In the grounds of Fort Douglas a picturesque crowd of all complexions, heights and manner of dress, moved hither and thither, watchful and eager. There were intervals of excited chatter and breathless silence. Suddenly one, sitting upon a roof-top high up the bank, shouted. Like an echo came the answering cry from a hundred voices by the fort. The little band, proceeding in a hurried and straggling throng to the water's edge, almost lifted the two black-robed men from their laden canoe.

Provencher towered, a young giant of six feet four, high above the shoulders of the crowd—firm-lipped, fine-



BRIGHT EYED AND PIQUANT, THE GIRLS OF ST. BONIFACE ARE WELL WORTH A SECOND GLANCE



JEAN BAPTISTE HAS A BIG FAMILY OF CHUBBY-CHEEKED MARIES AND PIERRES, BUT NO MATTER HOW MANY MOUTHS THERE ARE TO FEED LIFE SITS LIGHTLY ON FRENCH SHOULDERS—LE BON DIEU WILL SEND ENOUGH FOR ALL

featured, with eyes austere yet kindly, and dark hair that curled close about his ears and over his white forehead. "The Canadians and others," says an ecclesiastical writer, "wept for joy at the sight of the almost-forgotten priestly vestments." Governor Alexander Macdonell, who was the successor of Miles Macdonell, extended an invitation to tea. The hospitality with which the priests were received was only bounded by the resources of the joyful little colony.

St. Boniface is a place of old memories and old survivals. Its streets are historically suggestive — Provencher Avenue, Dumoulin Street, De Meuron Avenue. Its college, at the present day a most imposing structure, is the oldest educational institution in the west, and had as its first graduates, in the year 1823, a French Canadian by the name of Senecal, and Chenier,

the half-breed son of a man from Lachine who had settled at Pembina. But the structures around which most of interest is wrapped, and the ones which shine forth most vividly in the light of episode and anecdote, are the four cathedrals. These, of course, are not all in existence at present, having been built successively—the first two by the good Bishop Provencher, as the priest mentioned above afterwards became, the third by the late Archbishop Tache, and the fourth by Mgr. Langevin, the

present Archbishop of St. Boniface. It was the second cathedral, with its "turrets twain," that inspired Whittier's poem "The Red River Voyageur." Whittier did not himself make the voyage down the Red River, but wrote the verses from material supplied him by a friend who had actually visited the Roman Mission some time previous to 1860.

The first cathedral was built of "logs, with the outside sawed off," in the year 1820. It was about eighty feet long, and was not superseded by the second stone cathedral until the year 1837. This first building was placed "under the patronage of St. Boniface, in order to draw God's blessings on the German Meurons, Catholics none too fervent, through the intercession of the Apostle of their Nation." Thus, too, the name "St. Boniface," because it was used so frequently in the cor-

respondence of Bishop Provencher and his contemporaries of the place and time, became firmly fixed to the French-Canadian village on the east bank of the Red River. In this little, old cathedral, baptismal ceremonies took place and "marriages were rehabilitated" among the three hundred and fifty mixed and picturesque parishioners of Bishop Provencher. Out over the wild old prairie clanged the rude music of Lord Selkirk's hundred-pound bell — out over the prairie and down the winding river, calling hunter and voyageur to prayer. But it was not until nearly thirty years later that the "Bells of St. Boniface," with a dual tongue, spoke to the friend of John Greenleaf Whittier from the church with the "turrets twain."

This structure was commenced about 1832. In 1829, Governor Simpson, who knew and respected Bishop Provencher, offered to subscribe \$500 toward the building of a new stone cathedral. A stone of a fine and stable quality for building had been found along the banks of the Red River, and this, rolled into flat boats so built as to come close to shore, was carried to St. Boniface by water. In June, 1833, the foundations of the new temple were laid, five skilful stone-masons working in such hearty accord that



LOUIS RIEL

Born and bred in St. Boniface, the French still regard him, not as a "rebel", but as their "Little Napoleon", fighting for his rights

the bishop's bargemen had much ado to keep them supplied with material from up the river. The church, one-hundred feet long and forty-five feet wide, was finished in 1837. Bishop Provencher, as did his successor, Archbishop Tache in the case of the third cathedral, collected much of the money for his enterprise in Quebec.

These are the particulars of the building of the second cathedral. For

twenty-three years, at baptism, marriage, festival and prayer, the bells in the twin turrets sounded up and down the Red. But there came a cold February morning which found Archbishop Tache "kneeling, with bowed head, on the ashes of his cathedral, repeating the words of Job: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: as it hath pleased the Lord, so be it done. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'" The church was burned to the ground in 1860 with a fire started from spilled tallow that a nun was using to make tapers for a dying priest.

The third cathedral and bishop's palace were built about 1865, this building being much smaller than the second cathedral. With its quiet aisles, old-fashioned belfry, and white plastered walls, it stood, an unassuming little building, until pulled down in 1908 to make room for the present vast structure.

The fourth cathedral is the largest house of worship in the west. It is an immense bulk of stone. The upper galleries are lighted by a great rose window, above which two turrets look down grandly and with something of incongruity over the low roof-tops of St. Boniface. In the morning it casts a broad shadow over what is now the most interesting locality in old St. Boniface—the churchyard.

Passing up the walk, one sees old tombstones leaning at all angles, a numerous group of plain black crosses,

and finally, a plain red marble headstone, inscribed "Riel." The tombstones are those of the McTavishes and the Rowands, the largest one commemorative of John Rowand, once chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company for the districts of Saskatchewan and Athabasca, who "has left the reputation of a man who shone more by his indomitable energy and fearlessness

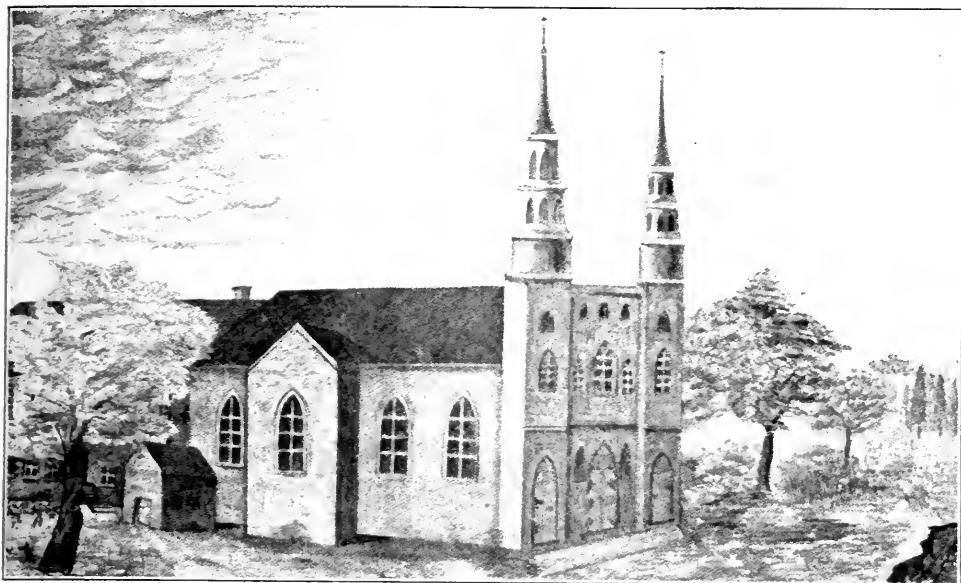
than by his Christian gentleness"; the group of crosses mark the burying-place of the grave and gentle Gray Nuns, Sisters Valada, Lagrave, Coutlee and Lafrance, who were the first and all who have since joined them there; but the headstone with "Riel" across its face — this is the centre of interest in the old place "where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap." For Louis Riel was, and is, regarded by old and modern St. Boniface alike as their little Napoleon, who did not "rebel," but stood nobly for the rights of his people.

"On October 11, 1869," says a chronicler, "Louis Riel, with seven-

teen unarmed sympathisers, prevented a Mr. Webb from proceeding with his survey by stepping on his chain and ordering him away." It is widely known that the immediate cause of the Red River insurrection was the attempt of a group of tactless surveyors to survey what was then called Assiniboia, and included St. Boniface and the suburb of St. Vital, where Riel was born. But it was not the uprising itself, nor anything in the character of



UNDER THE QUIET TREES OF ST. BONIFACE CHURCHYARD LOUIS RIEL SLEEPS IN PEACE.



"THE CHURCH OF THE TURRETS TWAIN" STOOD UNTIL THE ERECTION
OF THE PRESENT CATHEDRAL IN 1905

Half-hidden among trees at the rear of the building stands the old "Bishop's Palace". Church and Palace have seen Winnipeg grow from a struggling frontier settlement to its present cityhood.

Louis Riel, that left him, between 1870 and 1885, a half-crazed fugitive, with a price of \$5,000 upon his head. It was the shooting of Thomas Scott, with which the friends of Riel say he had less to do than is generally supposed. Louis Riel was hanged at Regina on the morning of November 16, 1885. As the chronicler aforesaid writes: "He died while reciting the Lord's Prayer. His body was taken to St. Boniface and buried in the shadow of the cathedral."

The history of St. Boniface is the history of the western Canadian development of the most ancient Christian church—the church of the Roman Empire. Its dignity is bodied forth in the equipment of the great cathedral in the centre of the town, and in the archepiscopal palace that stands austere back from the main road, behind what is in summertime a wall of green. In summertime the black-robed fathers may be seen with the lawn-mower, pruning hook, or garden-



THE PRESENT CATHEDRAL OF
ST. BONIFACE

rake, working in the flower-garden or beneath the old trees. The fruit of the work is that, about the house of the brethren and the house of the quieter sisters, there are groves which give at once seclusion and coolness.

It is evening in St. Boniface—the evening which has a peculiar red charm and delicate coloring of old rooftree and tombstone suggestive of some quaint town of the older world, some town, for instance, of that Brittany whose ancient colloquialisms are part of French as spoken by French-Canadians. Beyond the river-edge are many roofs of Winnipeg, a town as old yet always seeming young. The light of the parting day lies full on the slope the cathedral crowns, and on the broad face of the cathedral itself. An old man, looking queerly up at the bystander, sets a chair on the edge of the sidewalk and lowers himself painfully into it. He could tell you of the burning of the old cathedral and of the stormy days of Riel. A young man and girl approach. The former is lean-faced, swart and sun-burned, with hair of utter dead black and black eyes

that look the newcomer over challengingly. He might be Riel's own son. The girl is handsome, in a large-featured way, with a fine, high color in her cheeks and a glow in her eyes. So might have looked Julie, last of the Lagimodieres, mother of Louis Riel, and wife of Louis Riel the elder, the turbulent "Miller of the Seine."

The sun sinks lower. On the "full red river, winding slow," there is a paler glitter, as, in the bottom of its broad ravine, it catches the first light of the summer moon. Slowly the daylight fades behind the rooftops. In its place there reigns a duskier luminance, in which the high lights are silver. Argent shines the high cathedral; the hospital square and black, down toward Norwood, is silvered in its many windows; the low houses are all gathered under the lunar cloak, which whitens as with a mock frost the pickets of each rickety little fence; and down in the Riviere Rouge, now a broad highway of moon-kissed ripples, the canoeman still listens, as the voyageur did of old, to the "vesper ringing of the Bells of St. Boniface."

CLOVER-PATCH PHILOSOPHY

BY S. JEAN WALKER

AN ANGRY wasp and a busy bee

Met once on a clover head.

The bee at his work hummed merrily,

While the wasp with anger said:

"Why is it that mortals one and all,

Act kindlier far by you?

I use my sting if they're in my way,

But that is my rightful due.

You do the same, yet they use you well,

But askance at me they look."

Then the wasp waxed wroth and waved his wings,

Till the head of clover shook.

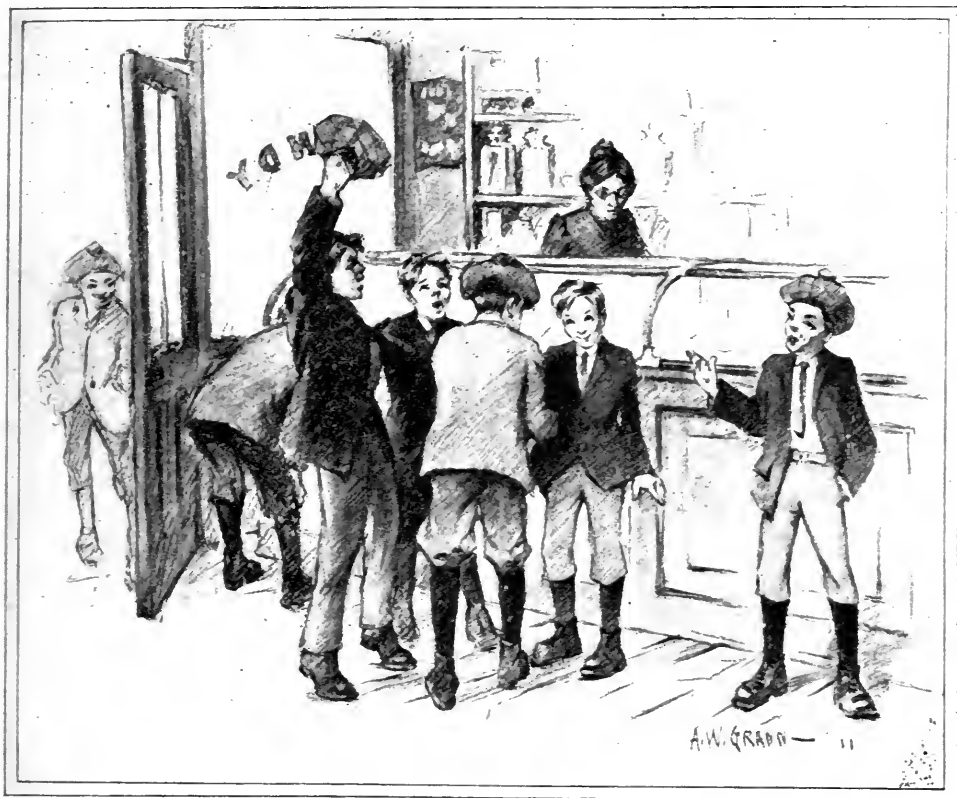
The bee worked on. When for flight prepared,

It hovered aloft on wing,

Then paused a moment and archly said:

"I give more honey than sting."

Spinal Maginnis



"PLEATHE, MITHETH OATETH, GIVE THAT BOY FIVE TENTHS WORTH OF THE KIND OF
TAPPY THAT THUCKTH THE LONGETH"

IN WHICH SPINAL TELLS THE TRUTH AND SHAMES SATAN

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

"MACPHAIRSON'S for de'il ma'caur," sputtered a small and thoroughly wet boy as he wiped the lank, clinging hair from his eyes.

"Ay, and MacKenzies for shoween off," came the answer prompt and jovial, whereat the entire party, all dripping, exploded with laughter and

went through the various contortions with which small boys are wont to express their appreciation of true humor. For the bedraggled midget presented an appearance the reverse of ostentatious, and the point of the retort was obvious, as was indeed the fitness of the quotation which had invited it.

MacPherson, nicknamed Spinal Maginnis, was a second form boy at Galt School, always getting into trouble and always lucky in getting out again.

Situated in the heart of the beautiful, greenwood-embroidered, stream-threaded Ontario; the school, though flaunting no high-sounding name, enjoyed, while Dr. William Tassie was head master, a continental fame. Boys from California and Florida were drawn to him by reason of his strong personality; from Montreal and Vancouver, and from widely scattered intermediate points. In many cases, the word "drawn" should be used in the sense of "dragged," for Dr. Tassie's methods were old-fashioned and forcible, and a boy who had weathered one term and had his fair share of punishment was not likely to be keen for more. However, the parents usually saw to it that the boy was returned, for the results in the case of the average youngster were wonderful, as can be proved by shining examples throughout the breadth of Canada and the United States to this day.

"Spinal Maginnis" was perhaps the most unique nickname in the school, and had to be explained to all new boys. It started with a heated discussion on diseases.

"This spinal Maginnis," he was informing the backroom, "is the worst thing you can get," when Chummy Jones, philosopher and critic, let loose at him a stream of withering invective to the effect that he could not go on forever defying in this reckless manner the supreme authority of the land, the English vocabulary. If we failed to maintain the purity of the language we might as well become Frenchmen, or even as our poor friend Yankee, who was not to blame for the misfortune of his birth. But for a British subject who daily treated our common speech with outrageous violence, some fitting punishment must be devised. That same revered institution which he had so often attempted to murder was now about to mark him for life in a manner which would always recall his most flagrant crime. Thenceforward he should be known as Spinal Maginnis, and Spinal he was.

Positive genius more fittingly de-

scribes Spinal's capacity for getting in wrong.

On this afternoon of the ducking there had been a snake. Spinal, as usual, began by trying to appear on terms of familiarity with it, and the object of his advances, resenting the liberty, bit him. Gabby Wilkinson gravely and quite sincerely insisted that the finger must be amputated, "to save Spinal's life." "Toad stabbers" leaped forth like swords in a Dumas story, and Duck Wilson's, being the largest, was chosen. A boulder was selected because of its supposed resemblance to the Aztec sacrificial stone, and excitement was at its height when it occurred to cool-headed Harry Freeman to examine the remains of the snake. Blood had just been drawn when he announced that it was a harmless variety, and stopped the interesting operation. But there were some who remained unconvinced, and these watched Spinal with awe for days, maintaining to the end that his survival was due alone to "his iron constitution."

His next exploit led Chummy to call him "Inbad the sailor."

The Scottish farmers of the district had brought to their new homes direct from Robbie Burns' country not only such fragrantly suggestive names as Dumfries, Ayr and Doon, but also much thrift. This was evidenced in the construction of their fences. These were in short lengths, which were taken down each year and anchored flat with stones before the Grand River rose in the spring floods. Spinal, whom Gabby had called "blood-thirsty Berserker," because he was taking great satisfaction in a very moderate flow of blood from his cut finger, pointed out that these fences were just the thing for a "Bear Seeker" expedition.

Ten small boys were soon careering down the foaming stream on a raft. It was glorious while it lasted. Gabby parodied the familiar lines from the second reader and shouted:

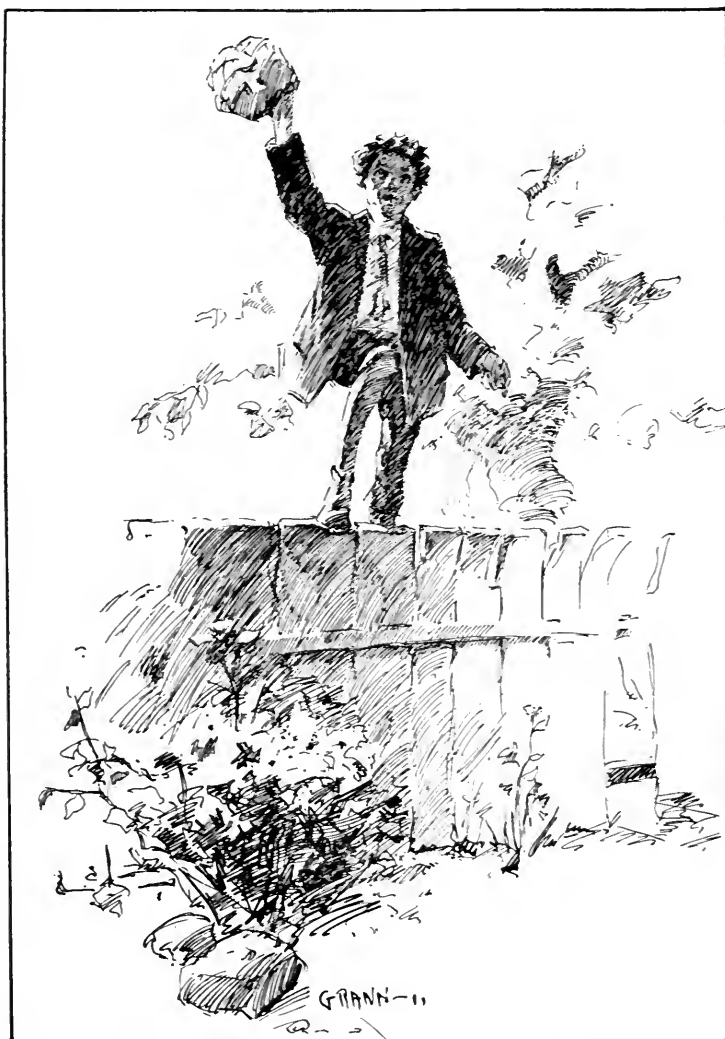
"Hurrah for the rapid that merrily, merrily Bears us along on our half holiday. Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily, Mingling our lives with its treacherous spray."

Then Showinoff, following his unfortunate destiny, must impersonate a chief of the Caughnawagas running the Lachine rapids, waving meanwhile a paddle of driftwood. Of course, he had to lose his balance and fall heavily on the weakest spot of the raft, which touched a rock at the same moment and immediately went to pieces. It was little more than a jump to shore, and it was probably by a stretch of imagination that each one seriously assured the others that he "had to swim for it," for all were yet "creek boys" and could scarcely swim a few strokes, even when unimpeded by clothes.

As they made tracks for Dr. Tassie's house, they agreed, by consent of all but the two on whom the aphorism reflected, that their plight was entirely due to "MacKenzies for shoween off—MacPhairsons for de'il ma'caur," for had not Spinal suggested the raft and had not Showinoff wrecked it by his acting up?

The saying had become proverbial in the school from the day in the previous term when the two had gone on an apple expedition together and had been collared by the owner of the orchard.

It was a clear case of heredity; for



"MACKENZIES FOR SHOWEEN OFF, MACPHAIRSONS FOR DE'IL MA' CAUR"—IT WAS A CLEAR CASE OF HEREDITY

when the one vaingloriously waved his bonnet from the fence top, and, losing his balance, fell over on the wrong side, the other, without hesitation, charged recklessly into the pursuing farmer. His capture, of course, brought his companion to the rescue, and so they were both prisoners.

Sandy Muirhead, who had a strong vein of curiosity which ran into humor, instead of proceeding at once to thrash them, as was the custom in such cases, asked their names. Now, second form boys of that period at Galt were wont to resort to deception when fairly cornered, which was one loss among the

many gains of the flogging system then in its glory. Because of this well-known trait, the contemporaries of these two scapegraces were at first disposed to discredit the whole story, which hinged on the assertion that they had given their real names. Later, when the facts had been corroborated, the inconsistency was explained as an accident resulting from great excitement.

But canny Sandy Muirhead knew the truth when he saw it.

"Ay, ay," he chuckled. "Mackenzies for shoween off. MacPhairsons for de'il ma'caur. Div ye ken, laddies, that ye are deesplaying the surveeval o' an ancient virtue, the clansman's pride in his patroneemic?" Then, true to his argumentative breed, he sat them down in the orchard and, to prove the justice of the proverb he had quoted, told them an enthralling story of the MacPherson who lived in a cave for over a year after "the forty five", governing his clan while the English soldiers scoured the country in search of him—that same Cluny MacPherson and the same cave that Stevenson's hero and David Balfour visited in "Kidnapped." "De'il ma'caur I ca' that," said Sandy.

! And then there was a chief of the Mackenzies who escaped to France after "the fifteen". Once a year his clan sent a big "kist o' siller" down to Edinburgh under a guard of several hundred claymores, and shipped it over to France. They openly paid a double tax—to the Government and to their chief—until he was pardoned.

"An' nae doot he was shoween off at Versailles wi' his pairt. Some haud that these caractereestics apply equally weel to ony o' your sauvage tribes—somewhat seemilarly to Indians; but ma theeory is that the Lord sifted in a leetle mair o' the Pict here an' a wee bit mair o' the Gael there an' a dash o' Norse in places an' so ye hae mony an' deevairse fauts."

"Ay," he continued, "ye're Hielandmen baith, an' I'll no blame ye for thievin'—it's in the bluid. Naething but the grace o' God can mak' ye honest. But, laddies, gin ye but learn to be true in deed as ye hae been in

word this day, ye micht yet be great men. I hae heard that Gladstone had Gaelic ancestors an' Robbie Burns as weel."

Then he let them go with a kindly admonition, a paralyzing request to come back "wi' their freends," and also, most marvellous of all, with all the apples they had gathered, of which they and their "freends" ate their fill in the back room that night.

Sandy's generous invitation was embraced on the very first half holiday by a chosen delegation who had prepared for the occasion what they thought would be a little joke on the worthy man.

As soon as all his guests had been provided with apples to munch, he launched with gusto into the story of how "MacPhairson an' his freend cam' on like the clans at Culloden—juist that—verra brave but nae concert o' action. First the ane an' syne the ither; an' sae they fell ane by ane. Noo, gin the MacPhairsons had bided for the Mackenzies to come up an' they had ta'en me ane in front an' the ither in the rear, I doot but I had no been here to tell the tale."

"There is a boy here who knows a piece about the Highlanders, Mr. Muirhead. Come up here, Gordon," said MacPherson.

Gordon Cameron had "spoken a piece" in the school debating society which had been decided to be "just the thing for Sandy Muirhead; all about licking the Lowlanders," so he had been brought along and was now pushed forward. His father had taught him to recite that particular poem so well that he was kept at it all through his schooldays. It never grew old; to hear him always made one's backbone tingle "just like an electric shock," as Chummy Jones described it.

"Come hither, Evan Cameron!
Come stand beside my knee—
I hear the river roaring down
Towards the wintry sea.

There's shouting on the mountain-side,
There's war within the blast—
Old faces look upon me
Old forms go trooping past,
I hear the pibroch sounding
Amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night.

"'Twas I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle, with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan
By Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsay's pride,
But I have never told thee yet
How the great Marquis died."

For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth and sun that day."

"Guid poetry but verra poor theoal-
ogy. He should hae let the meenisters
pray wi' him," he commented.

When the recitation was ended, Mr.
Muirhead was the first to break the
silence.

"Ay, Aytoun is fine. I'll gie ye a



AIR OF SANDY MUIRHEAD'S SONG

"How's that, Mr. Muirhead?" cried
MacPherson, unable longer to restrain
his enthusiasm.

"Mon, that's gran'," said Sandy,
"but ye're fechtin' wi' ane anither as
usual—Camerons agen Campbells. But
gang on, laddie, it's fine."

Next thing every boy had caught
the contagion from MacPherson, and
was jumping up and down with clenched
fists as Gordon shouted the verses:

"Had I been there with sword in hand
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailed men—
Not all the rebels in the South
Had borne us backward then.
Once more his foot on Highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there!"

"Ay, ay, a prood an' boastfu'
race. Gang on."

Before he had finished, all, even to
Mr. Muirhead, were surreptitiously
wiping the moisture from their eyes.

But there was one verse to which
the sturdy Scot took exception.

"The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose
And cast his cloak away;

wee bit thing o' his in a deefertent vein.
Wattie, come here an' do the drone."

A hulking raw-boned youth, who
was picking apples near by, came from
his work, nothing loth, and together
they gave, much to MacPherson's
disgust, this precious duet with a
faithful imitation of the bagpipes in
the chorus:

"Ta Phairson swore a feud
Against ta clan MacTafish,
And marched into ta glen
To plunder and to rafish.
Naik a-naik a-nyah,
Naik a-naik a-nyah ah,
Naik a-naik a-nyah,
Nyah-ah ah-ah-ah ah-nya——h.

For he had resolved
To extirpate the vipers
With four and twenty fighting men
And five and thirty pipers."

At this, a loud sound, as of rapping
on a window, came from the direction
of the house.

"We'll no feenish it. Yon's the
guid wife; she doesna appreciate that
sang; she's a MacPhairson."

* * * * *

After the thorough soaking resulting
from the wreck of the raft the ten boys
ran all the way home, with much
stamping and capering to work off the
dripping part of their wetting, gained
their dormitories unchallenged, and
put their wet clothes quickly in their
lockers. A boy who shared Gabby's
locker objected most unreasonably to

this. His name was John Nixon, but an analysis of his patronymic into Nick's son had resulted in his being christened Satan Junior.

Satan Nixon had not been of the party, and he threatened to tell Dr. Tassie of the condition in which they had returned home unless the wet clothes were removed from his locker. This would not do at all, as there was no room to conceal them anywhere else; so two of the party who sat near Satan at the table, Yankee Dickinson and Spinal, were detailed to make faces at him at regular intervals throughout tea and the study hour. As Satan was of an impressionable disposition, this kept him in order; but after study the trouble broke out again. Satan insisted that his skates and his wigwam axe had already rusted. He produced them, and they were certainly in bad shape. Satan would not be convinced that they had been rusted ever since the end of the winter, and started off to tell. So the four of the party who roomed with him—Spinal, Yankee, Chummy Jones and Gabby, aided by Brian Boru,—restrained him.

Satan became abusive to such an extent that Spinal suggested crucifying him. All readily fell in with this, and, while none of them had ever witnessed a crucifixion, the school traditions were sufficiently explicit to enable them to administer that punishment in correct form. It took but a few minutes to remove all the bedding from Satan's iron bedstead, tie him hand and foot to the frame, arrayed in his nightgown, and raise him to an upright position. After splashing him well with water from their pitchers, Satan was glad to forswear all tale bearing; and, to his credit be it said, he made no outcry throughout the ordeal. This impressed his inquisitors so favorably that they helped to dry him and clothe him in a fresh nightgown, and soon had him snugly tucked in bed.

Harry Freeman and Chick Wallace, who had a small room next door, had come in, attracted by the general laughter, but Chick, who was wary, looked back, and crying "Cave, fellows," was safe in his own room in two jumps.

Looking down the hall, the reflection of a light showed in the stairway. It was only a matter of seconds to shove Harry under the beds, whether he would or no, put out the light and jump into bed, clothes and all. "Ah," said Mrs. Tassie, shading her candle with her hand, "ye're loike the young bears; all your troubles before ye." This was one of her familiar good-night speeches, and was not meant to intimate that she saw through the far too energetic efforts of the boys to simulate the deepest depths of slumber. One could not resist the temptation to peep at her as she stood there in her scarlet jacket and black silk skirt; her raven black hair, clear dark complexion and clean cut features making, in the reflected light, a picture never to be forgotten. She must have been a strikingly handsome woman in her youth, and some sense of this was impressed upon her charges even in the irreverent days of which I write, for all believed implicitly the tales told of Dr. Tassie's youthful exploits "for her sake."

Although it was most unusual for any boy to admit anything to "Old Bill's" credit, the empty appearance of the toe of his left shoe was always said to be due to the loss of several toes "gored off by a mad bull from which he saved Mrs. Tassie when they were young in Ireland." Quite a remarkable performance, even for an Irish bull.

Mrs. Tassie usually kept up a running fire of pleasantries until she left the room, doubtless assuming that the boys were not so fast asleep as they would have her think. But this time she was unusually serious. Turning back in the doorway she said solemnly:

"All liars shall with devils dwell,
And many more who cursed and swore,
And all who did what God forbid."

This had quite a depressing effect, as the long silence indicated. Chummy Jones, the irrepressible, was the first to recover. In a loud whisper he charged Satan with being the cause of their bad reputation.

"All liars shall with devils dwell." No wonder Mrs. Tassie has a poor opinion of us when we dwell with you,

Satan. She evidently thinks you conduct a seminary for liars here. 'And many more who cursed and swore.' We may soon be doing that, too, if we continue to live with you."

"Let's throw him out of the window before this room becomes an awful example for the whole school," Spinal suggested.

"Where's Harry Freeman?" someone asked. "Wake up, Harry. Get back while Mrs. Tassie is in the Carpenters' room."

Harry crawled slowly from under the row of beds, his fair chubby Saxon face the picture of misery.

"What's the matter, old boy?" said Yankee. "We meant it for the best if you did miss your chance to get away — now's your time."

"I don't know that I want to dodge her," Harry answered, to the amazement of all the others. "I never had such a gone feeling before as I had under there listening to what Mrs. Tassie said."

"Ingrowing conscience; take strap oil for it," said Chummy. And in the remark the youthful philosopher displayed his usual acumen, for the strap,

while conducive to the primitive virtues of hardihood, stoicism under suffering, altruistic self-restraint in tale-bearing, did not encourage the development of the more contemplative Christian graces such, for instance, as communing with one's conscience.

"I wouldn't dodge her now if it wouldn't get all you fellows in a row to get caught," persisted Harry, "but



"CAVE, FELLOWS! MRS. TASSIE'S COMING!"

this is the last time that I am going to hide. I say, though, let's all own up in the morning."

There was not a word said after Harry went, but every one of the thoughtless lot must have been thinking hard for once. For next morning, ten small boys filed into Dr. Tassie's study after breakfast, those of the back room having persuaded the others of the party that what Harry recommended was the square thing.

Mrs. Tassie was standing by the desk but withdrew as they came in, and then they thought that their only friend had deserted them. For a moment they were speechless. Then Gabby, with his individual problem foremost in mind, spoke up.

"Please, sir. We all got in down the river, and our wet clothes are in our lockers, and Satan is after me."

"What's that?" exclaimed Dr. Tassie in amazement.

"I mean Nixon, sir. He wants mine out so his skates and axe won't rust, and please, sir, can I take them to the kitchen?"

"Ah, h'm! h'm!" ejaculated the great man in the sonorous tone which was usually his prelude to pronouncing sentence. "His axe and skates to the kitchen? What do you mean, sir?"

"No, sir, I mean my wet things, please, sir."

A light seemed to dawn upon "Old Bill." "By all means let your Glen-garry caps and pea jackets be dried," and with the grim smile which was called "fiendish," he continued: "Or did any of you by chance wear buckram or Kendal green? Marry, but methinks either would ill stand wetting."

As Harry Dixon, "The Dixon-ary," afterwards explained, he referred to the scene in Shakespeare's King Henry Fourth where Fat Jack Falstaff claims that he and his companions fought with eleven men in buckram and three in Kendal green, when in reality they ran from only two all told.

No doubt Dr. Tassie meant that the farmer's story of a dozen boys in Glen-garry caps and pea jackets must be a regular Falstaffian whopper, provided the boys' reports could be believed, as

up to that time only one appeared to have been near the river. But, if the farmer's story were the true one, then he knew there were some awful liars among them, and he probably leaned toward the latter hypothesis.

"Buckram!"

"Kendal green!"

"You heard him say that?"

"Yes, he asked if any of us wore that," were the spontaneous tributes to Dixon-ary's accuracy, and "men in buckram" became a gibe from that day.

"But I was away off about what he meant when he said, 'Quite a Falstaffian mystery,' until Dixonary explained about it," said Spinal. "Honest, I thought he said 'false taffy,' and he said 'plump old Jack,' too, and I thought sure he meant that wigwag down the track that was forbidden since the time Fat Jack Smith got sick smoking there and said it was too much taffy. I made sure you fellows that reported 'down the track' would get licked on suspicion of going there."

"A farmer called yesterday evening," Dr. Tassie continued, "to complain about a number of boys in Glen-garry caps and pea jackets, about a dozen, he thought, who, he said, had stolen his fences and floated them down the river. Am I to understand that you are the culprits?"

"Yes, sir," all replied promptly.

"Then, by paying fifteen cents each, once a week from now until the end of the term, you will be able, I believe, to liquidate his claim, which amounts to twelve dollars. Jones, do you see that this is attended to. And I must say, MacPherson, that your correct report of your whereabouts yesterday afternoon was consistent with what Mr. Muirhead told me some time ago of your conduct when questioned as to your name, and has pleased me greatly.

"That will do. You may go," was the amazing conclusion of this unprecedented interview.

It was a stunned party that staggered upstairs, gazing open-eyed into each other's faces. They could scarcely believe the evidence of their own senses. In fact, one humourist was pinching the palms of his hands and

asking, "Did I get a licking or did I not?" as he stumbled into the back room in a dazed condition. According to their traditions, Old Bill had for the first time missed an opportunity to use the tawse.

It was then that Yankee Dickinson unfolded his widely accepted explanation of that epoch-making incident and aroused the first suspicions that "Old Bill," might after all, have some glimmerings of humanity.

"You fellows were all too badly scared to take in what was going on," said he. "If you were only fortunate enough to have been born under the Stars and Stripes you wouldn't get so rattled at the sight of an Old British School Master. I edged up close to the desk and heard Mrs. Tassie say 'Remember your promise, William.' So you see, she must have made him promise not to lick the boys who did it if she could get them to own up, and that's what her lecture last night was for."

"She gave us one, too," added a Middle Room boy.

"Well," continued Yankee, "it's a mighty good thing for the whole house that we told, for I watched his face and I could see that he was terribly disappointed not to have to lick everybody in the house to find out." Such was the popular estimate of Old Bill that this established the soundness of Yankee's theory.

"He was quite sure it was some of the boys in this house," said Gabby,

"for they couldn't muster up so many crazy asses in all the other houses put together." This sounded reasonable, for Dr. Tassie made a point

of keeping the uncertain spirits under his own eye. Chummy summed up the situation in epigrammatic form. "The tyrant foiled by a noble band of young truth-tellers." But the greatest amazement was caused by Spinal's new distinction.

When he had told the truth and had said "walk down the river" in his half-holiday report, which every boy gave, one after the other, after evening prayers, it was ascribed, as on a former occasion, to accident—probably due to confusion caused by fright. The others had all said "walk down the track" by agreement, and it was further agreed that if any boy's wet clothes were found he was to tell an idiotic story about fooling around the water tank when the engine was taking water.

And now Spinal had received one of Old Bill's rare encomiums, and in their presence, for one of

his characteristic blunders.

Spinal vouchsafed no explanation, but Harry Freeman, who was his chum, said afterwards that, while Spinal did not feel called upon to tell until the others decided to, he was not going to lie when asked a direct question, and had made up his mind on that point after his experience with Sandy Muirhead.

All felt better after the confession.



SPINAL MAGINNIS

"Come on down to Mrs. Oates' ellows," said Spinal. "There's just time before school. I'm going to have one blow-out before I start paying for that confounded raft."

It was a short run down the hill when Mrs. Oates' taffy shop was the goal. Spinal swaggered in with all the recklessness of a born spendthrift, and shouted, "What'll you have, fellows?" and, slapping John Nixon on the back, said, "Mitheth Oatth, pleathe give thith boy five thenth's worth of the kind of taffy that thuckth the longesth."

This brought down the house; and Satan, whom neither contumely nor crucifixion could depress, hung his

head at last, for Spinal had quoted one of his forgotten childish lisplings, uttered when he first appeared at Galt, fresh from the nursery.

"Never mind, Satan, old boy. You took your medicine like a man."

"Yes, but Spinal, I lied about my skates and axe. I knew it was old rust and I was only trying to bother you fellows and make you scared that you would be found out. And I'm ashamed of it now because I know you told a straight story on purpose, whatever the other fellows think about it."

"Tell the truth and shame the devil!" That's in King Henry Fourth, too," the Dixon-ary chipped in.

IN THE TWILIGHT

BY W. D. NESBIT

WHEN the children come home in the twilight, come home from
the field and the street,
Come home from the paths that have tempted the recklessly brave
little feet,
Come home from the sun and the shadow, come home with their
laughter or tears,
They find in the home-place a balsam for all of their frets and their
fears.

The lamplight gives all of them welcome; not one will be turned
from the door;
Their footsteps make merriest music as softly they trip on the floor
And sheltering arms creep around them and fingers of love drive away
The stains of the tears and the frownings that somehow have come
with the day.

I wonder and wonder and wonder if we with our codes and our creeds
If we with our jeers and our judgments of words and of dreams and
of deeds,
Will find when we come in the twilight, a-weary of life and its way
That we come as good and bad children creep home at the end of
the day.

The Other Side of Government

By Madge Macbeth

With Photographs by the Author



EDITORIAL NOTE.—“We are on the wrong side of the tapestry here,” said Father Brown in one of Chesterton’s recent stories. “The things that happen here mean nothing; but they mean something somewhere else.” So it is with the lives of the feminine half of the political world—they are on the wrong side of the tapestry. Yet, like some fabrics, the wrong side may be more significant than the right, and the light of the hearth fire quite as illuminating as the scintillations in Hansard. It is with this idea in mind that Mrs. Macbeth has sketched for CANADA MONTHLY quick portraits of half a dozen of the prominent leaders of Ottawa, the first (Lady Laurier) having appeared in March under the title of “The Lady of the Gentle Heart.” They are given in the order interviewed by Mrs. Macbeth, without consideration of social precedence.

THE meteoric social flight of Mrs. Frank Oliver, wife of the able Minister of the Interior, reads like a yellow-backed penny thriller. She has run the gamut of every stage of civilization from uncivilization up!

Perhaps the Capital can boast of no more interesting personage than Mrs. Oliver, who left Ontario when she was six years old and travelled by wagon most of the way into the far west, dwelling for the first few months in her parents’ palatial home—a tent pitched in Fort Garry. She saw Fort Garry and Point Douglas stretch friendly hands toward one another, until the dividing line, Brown’s Bridge, was no more, and Winnipeg was born.

At seventeen she married and went still further west, to Edmonton, her wedding journey occupying just three months. And it was not the usual tour now in vogue; it did not include London, Paris, Vienna, Rome, Naples and a home trip by the Azores. It

was jogging all day in a buckboard and camping at night under the stars; in place of man-built hostelrys there were God-made forests for shelter; in lieu of touring through picture galleries there was the hand of the Creator to see in the rising and the setting of the sun; and rather than servile waiters and well-trained chambermaids, there were Indian guides and an occasional half-breed woman.

From July until October the honeymoon lasted, the bridegroom combining business with pleasure and carrying his supplies for the winter with him. Two days out from Edmonton people rode or drove to meet the party. They had been eagerly awaiting its coming, for the bacon was gone and sugar and tea were very scarce; also the Hudson’s Bay Company (a rival of Mr. Oliver, and all Free Traders) asked much more than they liked to pay. Flour at \$50.00 a bag, and sugar at \$1.00 per pound they expected, but no more!

When the young bride arrived in her

future home she enjoyed the distinction of being the sixth white woman in the settlement. This does not include the Gray Nuns, who had a Mission there, as they had in Winnipeg.



MRS. FRANK OLIVER, NEE HARRIET DUNLOP, IN THE DRAWING ROOM OF THE OLIVERS' OTTAWA HOME

Mrs. Oliver attended the first school in Winnipeg, which was a log shack presided over by the sombrely-clad, gentle-voiced sisters; she saw the first paper started in the west—a funny little sheet edited by her husband, printed on a hand press, and revelling in the dignified name of the *Bulletin*; she welcomed the first doctor to Edmonton, and was in many other ways distinctly a “pioneer woman.”

If ever a wife worked for her husband, she is that one! Electioneering and stumping at garden parties among the convivial political lights of the day? Not a bit of it! She bore her children—and there were many—with only the services of an Indian woman as nurse; she made their clothes and her

own; she tended her own garden, once getting a medal from the Provincial Exhibit; she did all her own work—and cooking for more than a half dozen hungry mouths is not child's play;

she nursed her brood through scarlet fever, whooping cough, chicken pox and all nationalities of measles with only common sense to guide her—if we except an almanac maybe, in the back of which were “Helps and Suggestions for Young Mothers.” There was one whole year when she never set foot beyond the confines of her own yard, and there were nights without number when she fell upon her bed too exhausted to remove her home-made clothing.

Yet to-day she looks as young as her daughters!

“How do you do it?” the interviewer asked.

Mrs. Oliver took the compliment gracefully. “I suppose I had a good constitution to begin with, and then as soon as the worst was over I felt my spirits rebound and enjoyed myself until ‘the next time.’”

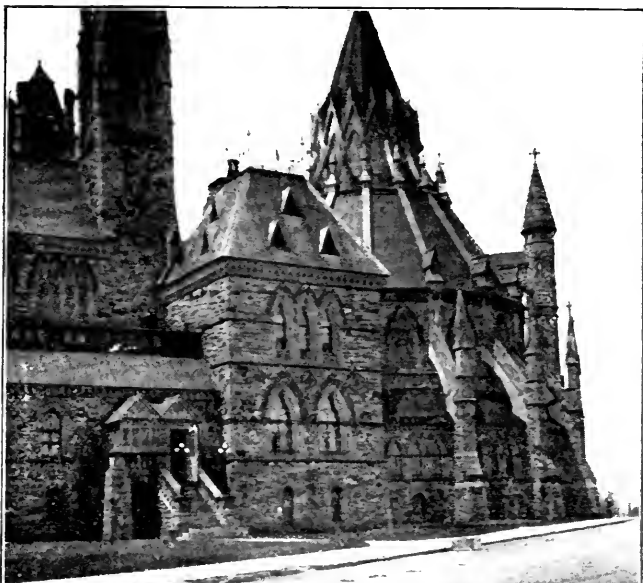
This is not a very satisfying explanation nor an easy receipt to follow for eternal youth, but it is probably the cause of it in the present instance, for there is a perpetually vivifying atmosphere emanating from Mrs. Oliver which one must see to understand.

“Did you not want to get away from it all?” she was asked.

“Of course I did! I used to think on the blue days that if I did not get away I would go raving mad. But where was there to go? We were poor and could not take the family, neither could I leave them behind. Mr. Oliver was nearly always away, in the summer going to Winnipeg for his supplies—it took three months to accomplish the trip; and in winter he was election-

earing and attending to his paper. I can truthfully say that neither he nor his plans were interfered with in any way—he was absolutely free to go and come as he pleased as far as I was concerned. He was away when two of the children were born and when two of them died."

That is a record of which any woman might be proud—when next you worry yourself to death because John doesn't telephone that he's going to be late home, think of Mrs. Oliver and her three



MRS. KERR, WHATEVER SHE KNOWS OF THE BEATING HEART OF POLITICS THAT LIES JUST BEYOND HER DOORWAY, GETS YOUR CHOICE OF LEMON OR CREAM WITH A SMOOTH BROW AND GRACIOUS SMILE

IT IS DIFFICULT TO OBTAIN IDENTITY FOR A WOMAN WHOSE NAME LOOKS LIKE "MADGE MACBETH," BUT MRS. KERR IS ENTIRELY RIVAL TO IT. THE LOW ENTRANCE IS HER HOME DOORWAY, AND TO THE RIGHT IS THE KITCHEN, SWEEP OF THE PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY

months' vigil in Edmonton, with her husband running the chances of the frontier.

But her reward came for all those years of privation and toil when she went to Ottawa to take up a life of comparative ease. Mrs. Oliver came east with a westerner's idea of *bon camaraderie*, taking people exactly as she found them.

"I felt just like a girl making her debut," she said simply. "Every-

thing was new to me, everything was gloriously enjoyable. I forgot I had a married daughter, and I imagined myself as young as she was—in other words, I began to live.”

“Social distinctions? Well, I soon learned that such things existed, but I’m afraid they don’t occupy as much of my horizon as they might. There is so little of ‘social distinctions’ in the west, and,” she laughed, “at heart, you know, I am still a westerner.”

Big-hearted, trusting, happy, Mrs. Oliver is really just a grown-up girl, with a girl’s sweetness and simplicity. She makes “the making of friends” a part of her life, never forgetting a name or a face. She says she wants the good will of everyone, and if she hasn’t it,



BERTHA CHAMBERS, SERIOUSLY ENGAGED IN SOOTHING HER KITTEN'S FEARS OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER



TEDDY, THE SMALL SON OF THE CHAMBERS FAMILY, WITH HIS CANADIAN WARSHIP

surely it is because people do not know of her splendid history. A woman who has accomplished a career such as hers and by such drastic means deserves all the joy that life can give her.

Across the threshold from the centre of Canadian politics lives Mrs. Kerr, the wife of the Speaker. It is but a step from her tea-table to the red-carpeted halls of the Main Parliament Building and the Senate Chamber, and above the clink of the tea-cups you may almost hear the great heart of the Dominion beating.

Yet whatever Mrs. Kerr knows of that heart, she keeps it to herself, and gives you choice of lemon or cream with a smooth brow and gracious smile.

You remember that first act of "What Every Woman Knows," where Maggie Wylie innocently laments her lack of "charrum"—with the wistfully arched eyebrow and quaintly pouted mouth of Maude Adams, most charming of women? So Mrs. Kerr.

There is no thrilling past to give colour to her pen portrait; there will probably be no luridly exciting future. She has no especially distinctive marks in the way of accomplishments. Yet the fact remains that Mrs. Kerr does stand separate and apart; does occupy a distinct place in the memory of all who have known her because she possesses that rarest of all feminine attributes, that indefinable something called "charm."

It takes all sorts of people to make the world, says the sententious one, and Mrs. Kerr is the ornamental sort. It is a refreshing change from the faddy woman, the strenuously political, the ultra philanthropic or the uncomfortably accomplished, to find one who, with utmost grace and ease, does nothing, and does it well!

The Speaker's wife is popular—popular quite apart from the position she holds. Her constant adherence to society's demands makes her lot not entirely a sinecure.

Mrs. Kerr is a rather large woman, fair and more than ordinarily handsome. Her carriage is suggestive of the old regime when a straight back was looked upon as a necessary adjunct to a woman's beauty. She is an expert horsewoman, appearing at her very best when mounted.

She was Miss Cecil Pinhorne, of Cumberland, England. Her childhood and girlhood were rather uneventful, and when just grown she came out to this country with an aunt and uncle who had a ranch near Winnipeg. It is safe to hint that there were two or three



MRS. ERNEST CHAMBERS COMBINES A LIVELY SOCIAL INSTINCT WITH OLD-FASHIONED DOMESTICITY OF NO MEAN ORDER. SHE CAN WITH EQUAL EASE GIVE A DELIGHTFUL LUNCHEON OR MAKE THE KIND OF GINGERBREAD YOUR MOTHER USED TO BAKE, AND IS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR WOMEN OF THE CAPITAL.

hearts out in the New Land which beat a little faster at the thought of the lovely English girl's coming, but on the trip across Mr. Kerr made hay while the sun shone and captured a most desirable prize.

While in Ottawa Mr. and Mrs. Kerr occupy the historic old quarters set apart for each Speaker of the Senate. In days gone by the Speaker's wife had no household duties to interfere with her strenuous social life, the Steward of the Senate acting as housekeeper. But now that is changed, and except for a messenger, and a woman who looks after the rooms—these two employed at the Government's expense—the wife of the Speaker has personally to manage a house, the doors of which are constantly open. Mrs. Kerr is very fond of flowers, and from her own conservatory in Toronto come all the decorations for her table and rooms.



THE CHAMBERS CHILDREN COMFORTABLY PICNICKING IN THE WOODS

The accompanying photograph is quite inadequate to give an idea of the stately beauty of the Senate Drawing Room, with its very high ceiling, its paintings and its statuary. From its windows can be seen the purple outline of the Laurentian Hills, although during the months when the view is loveliest the rooms are deserted.

With barely a step across the threshold one is projected into the red-carpeted halls of the Main Parliament Building and thence into the Senate Chamber itself—into the very heart of Canadian Government and politics—but in the Speaker's apartment Mrs. Kerr has shed about her an atmosphere of the sweetness and the peace of a Home!

Another of the home-making and domestic Madam Honorables is Mrs. Ernest Chambers, the wife of Captain Ernest Chambers, gentleman usher of the Black Rod. Fish and fowl and good red herring—that's what Mrs. Chambers is!

She combines a lively social instinct with old-fashioned domesticity of no mean order; she can make the kind of ginger bread your mother used to bake, and give a delightful tea or luncheon with equal ease; she can make over last summer's clothes and appear as amiable after three hours' cutting and piecing as after a highly enjoyable entertainment. Always bright and pleasant, she seems to have escaped the boredom,

the ennui of those who are surfeited with social pleasures, and her ever readiness to "do things" makes her one of the most popular women in the Capital.

She is eligible, owing to her husband's quasi-Governmental position, to strictly Government functions where few, if any, civilians are included, but she does not identify herself with this one faction, having many—perhaps her warmest—friends in other circles. It is a literal fact that "she goes everywhere," and the telephone never ceases its tuneful jingle from nine o'clock in the morning until much worse than that at night.

Possessed of an unlimited energy and a boundless power to enjoy herself, Mrs. Chambers is an ideal guest and an ideal hostess. If she ever looks at the clock and says, "Bother the tea, I wish I had not promised to pour something!" no one is the wiser. She never answers the telephone with the unmistakable air of one who says inwardly, "Well, what do you want, *now?*"

That is—she did, only once!

It was at the beginning of the season, when hostesses vied with each other to get in their particular "spoke" before someone else, and Sleep sat shivering and neglected far, far off waiting for an introduction, that Mrs. Chambers came in from a bridge party along o' the wee sma' hours with no desire in life half so keen as that for rest. She

fell into a dreamless sleep, from which she was awakened almost immediately, it seemed, by the insistent whirr of the telephone. With vague thoughts of telegrams, bad news and the like, she groped her way to the instrument, too utterly sleepy to open her eyes.

"Well?" she asked anxiously.

"Do you want a man this morning to put on your storm windows?" came from the other end of the line.

She said—well, never mind, but that was the one time!

Mrs. Chambers is one of the busiest women in Ottawa; not the idly busy one, to quote Mrs. Clifford Sifton, but the busily busy one. She accomplishes more in a week than most people do in a month, because she is always doing something. In the moments when other people would be "resting" Mrs. Chambers is sewing. Most of the clothes her children wear are the product of her deft fingers; her friends can point to many an artistic bit of fancy work which she has made; at Christmas time she has time to dress a doll most elaborately; and yet, like the truly busy person, she always has time. In sickness, or trouble, or even the blues, call on Mrs. Chambers! No matter how thick and fast teas may be coming, she can always make time to go to you.

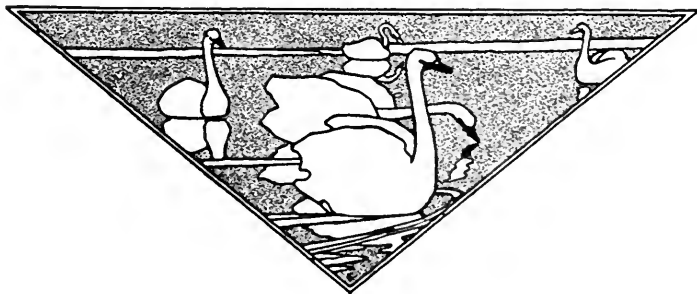
Her outlook upon life is healthy, true and high, and because there is no room in her make-up for sin or evil, she is slow in attributing ignoble motives to others. Although not blind in an ignorant way, to things she sees about her, she looks only for the best, and never allows scandal to be repeated to her.



THE BEGINNING OF THE EDMONTON BULLETIN

A photograph of Mr. Oliver's paper, "The Bulletin." This sheet was about seven by five inches in size, and was printed in Edmonton, N. W. T., on December 20th, 1880. The firm of Taylor & Oliver issued it weekly from December to May at \$2.00 a year.

Fun, jokes, good times—yes! In fact, she often resents the restrictions convention places upon perfectly harmless amusements and longs for a "lark." But further than that—no! She would not understand how men and women could be false to their highest ideals; how they must look outside the orbit of uprightness for savour to life. There would be fewer scandals, fewer divorces, fewer bankruptcies, and fewer work-bound husbands if the years turned out more women like Mrs. Chambers.





The Gilded Rancher

By Frank Giolma

Illustrated by V. L. Barnes

WE can make the Gilded Rancher's by night, if you want to keep on pegging," suggested Timber-cruiser McCarthy, stopping by a blazed tree.

"You bet your neck," I agreed fervently. "Anything with a roof on it looks good to me."

Since the beginning of September the fall rains had been drenching the British Columbia woods, and our boots squelched through dank, decaying undergrowth and rotting moss. For two weeks we had spent our days on the tramp, and our nights in a "McCarthy hut," which is a hole in a decayed stump or a piece of bark roofing across two fallen trees, and as we were more than a day's journey still from the settlement of Happy Valley, I had resigned myself to another sleep in the rank dampness of the forest.

So McCarthy's suggestion naturally made a hit with me, and readjusting our packs, we went forward.

McCarthy is one of the pioneers of Happy Valley, and like all the other settlers, came out here to farm. He had been a school master in some Scottish village lying at the foot of one of those Highland woods that wander on the mountain sides in Northern Scotland. In his spare time he had roamed among the trees, making friends with the rangers, and incidentally picking up a smattering of woodland lore, and the measuring of timber. Having failed at farming in Happy Valley, it was that lightly acquired knowledge that stepped in and turned McCarthy into the surest timber-cruiser on the Pacific Coast.

We had been away up on the feet of the mountains, spying out some grand



timber, and never once had a cross-grained word passed between us. McCarthy has a reputation for taciturnity, bordering at times on moroseness, but for some reason or other he had broken his habit of silence, and told me so many anecdotes of the settlers that I was surprised he had never mentioned the Gilded Rancher.

"What's the fellow's real name?" I asked.

"I'm darned glad you asked," McCarthy replied, "because I want to give you a few pointers before we get there.

"It must be nearly ten years since he came to the valley looking for a ranch. You know the raw Englishman, decked out in a London tailor's dream of a cowboy outfit. Imagine a face that shows at a glance that the owner is the fool of the family, and you'll have the Gilded Rancher sized up.

"I was not so far from the old country kirk in those days, and when I first saw him, I thought to myself, 'Behold a man in whom there is no guile.'

"And, by hell, there was not. A farm in those days fetched from one to four dollars an acre, and Ten Cent

Bert, the dirty little half-breed, sold our friend a place of one hundred and sixty acres, with a two-roomed shack, and a skew-eyed attempt at a barn, and about two acres cleared for twenty dollars an acre. When I heard of the robbery I picked a quarrel with Ten Cent Bert, and he didn't come out of hospital for a month.

"As he comes of good stock, the Gilded Rancher never spoke of his people, but the Valley soon learnt that his name

was Frederick John Tarbell."

"The old Quaker family?" I asked.

"The same, and the Gilded Rancher is the only son, and the last in direct male descent.

"It made the settlers' heads ache trying to figure why he had come out here, and what he thought he was going to do with a piece of bush land with firs eight and nine feet in diameter growing on it as thickly as buttercups in an old country meadow. For a man to clear even a few acres of bush, he must have been reared with an axe in one hand and a seven-foot saw in the other, and be as hard as sun-dried hickory. A blind mule could have seen that the Gilded Rancher had never done a day's work, and was physically as rotten as punk wood.

"I lost sight of him for about a year and then I dropped in on him one evening as I was coming back to the settlement after a pretty long cruise. It was curiosity that made me stop. I had been figuring in my head as to how much land Tarbell had cleared that year. I reckoned about an acre, and the stumps still standing. I was away out.

"The first glance showed me that he

had done nothing, the second, the reasons. He had not known the way to use his tools, and so everything had gone wrong and he had lost heart. I asked him to give me a shake down for the night, and after a few nervous apologies for his larder and accommodation, he jumped at the offer of company.

"Three winters before, my brother had gone trapping away up in the Northwest, gone mad from loneliness and died in the asylum, and as I looked at the lines under the Gilded Rancher's eyes, the droop of the corners of his mouth, and the listless way he moved about the shack, as if everything there made him sick at heart, I knew it only wanted a few more weeks of his own company and he would go forest mad.

"First, the forest beats a man in open fight for the land. Then, when he's down, the trees seem to come crowding in on him, shutting out the sunlight and God's sky. Trees, trees, always trees, until he sees them all the day as an army closing in on him, and hears them even in the darkness of the night as he lies awake on his bed in his lonely shack, listening to the mocking whisperings of thousands and thousands of trees. He feels that they are creeping stealthily up in the night to look with curiosity at this puny animal that had thought to rob them of their inheritance.

"It was Saturday evening when I called in, and as I had nothing to do until I caught the boat for Vancouver on that day week, I presumed on my years and experience. In such matters straight talk is best. I said:

"Tarbell, you are making a mess of this job here. The Almighty never intended you to live by the land, and yet you butt in and take on a contract that any skilled bushman would run from. You needn't explain. A coon could see by daylight that you've never been among the tall timber before, and as for clearing, I'll back that you don't know how to set a saw. Now, I've got to put in a week somewhere, and I'm going to put it in here. As it's Saturday night I'll just cook supper now, but on Monday we'll start in and fix you up a garden against next spring.'

"He talked about not liking to take my time and all that sort of guff, but I didn't listen. I went to his larder. It was an old soap box nailed on to the wall. The only meat he had was a piece of half-boiled salt pork that a self-respecting dog wouldn't have touched. Did he get much meat? I asked. No? Well, I had a bit of deer meat with me.

"I laid myself out over that meal until my mouth watered. I touched up the gravy with a drop of rum, and when the fresh, hot deer-meat and hot baked potatoes got into the Gilded Rancher's stomach, and he saw a man sitting opposite him and heard him speaking with a man's voice, the forest madness was driven back from his brain, and once or twice as we talked, and I told yarn after yarn, he laughed.

"As we sat by the stove after supper, I turned to him and said,

"I am a plain man, Tarbell, and speak by the card. Now, what are you doing here? My boy, you are trying to bite off a chunk of forest that would snap the teeth of our toughest woodsmen. Take a man's advice, and clear cut. You are up against a snag. Get into a city and hold down a job in a store.'

"It's awfully good of you to speak as you have,' he said, after a few moments' silence, 'and everything you say about my being green to the work is perfectly correct. But suppose I did leave the ranch and went into the city, what could I do? I have not the faintest idea of any business, and as for bookkeeping, I do not know one side of the ledger from the other. Besides, I have promised not to leave this ranch. I'll tell you what I mean.

"The Tarbells are one of the oldest families in the eastern counties, and I am the last surviving male in direct descent. The only other male Tarbell is my cousin Claude, and he is on the female side and only assumed the family name. The Tarbells have always lived above their incomes, until to-day I have the lordly sum of a little over three hundred dollars a year, and my cousin is not much better off. But then he has brains, and I have not. Things would be pretty dark if there were not a brighter side to the shield. My grand-

father married money, but it was fortunately settled on his wife. She is alive to-day, and is a very rich woman. There are just the three of us left, my grandmother, my cousin and myself. My grandmother holds our futures in her hands, and she is an ambitious woman. She it was who paid for my cousin's and my own education, and even sent me on a trip round the world.

"As the head of the family I have always been given the preference, but have not made good. Anyway, after I had gone through Oxford, and wandered about Europe with out doing anything, not even getting into a row, my grandmother gave me a lecture.

"She was sorry, she said, that I was the head of the family, as I was a fool. She had always feared it, but now she knew it. Still, she must make the best of things, and so, before cutting me off, and placing all her hopes on my cousin, she would give me one more chance. I must go to Canada. British Columbia was the country where men made money, and lived as men should. I must go there and get hardened. When she wanted me she would write, and that would be within three years, as she was getting an old woman, and wanted to see her money winning glory for the family.

"I obeyed her orders, as I have always done. What else can I do when I am practically dependent on her for every cent I have? I know no trade or business. Here you see me, and here I must remain until my grandmother writes for me to go home again. As for trying to get a position in a store, my grandmother would cut me right off, I know, if I did so. Of course, ranching is quite another thing. You know what it sounds like in England. To wear the sombrero is still

the ambition of all our younger sons.'

"Then you've got to put a little ginger into your work,' I said, 'or you won't be worth your freight home. And now it's past midnight, and as I've been on the trail since sunrise, we'll turn in.'

"I stayed a week, and we worked like chipmunks in the fall. Tarbell

"TARBELL, YOU'RE MAKING A MESS OF THIS.
A COON COULD SEE BY DAYLIGHT THAT
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN AMONG THE
TALL TIMBER BEFORE"



wasn't much good at any job, but he was willing, and his spirits rose so quickly that I didn't want to leave when the time came.

I had to, but promised to drop in again soon and see how he was making out.

"I picked up a neat little cocker spaniel pup in Vancouver. If a man has got to live alone he should have a dog. When I called in on Tarbell about a month later, I brought the dog.

"Say,' I said, 'here's a dog I want you to keep for me; he's too young to go up into the bush. If I'm away when you leave, take him to the Valley Saloon, and ask old Sam to keep him until I come back.'

"I felt kind of happier after that. Now at least, I thought, he has something living to speak to, and some-

thing, too, that can speak to him. In the matter of dogs I'm like Nick Cumings. He says that it isn't that dogs can't talk, but that men are too ignorant to understand them.

"When I returned to the Valley again, after two months in the bush, I heard that the Gilded Rancher was going back to England, and had been down in the settlement asking for me. So I went off to his place, and before I came to his clearing, I guessed the reason for his trip, for he was singing at the top of his voice.

"I had heard he was leaving on the next day's boat, and as his shack came in view I saw him through the open door busily nailing down the lid of a large packing case. The Gilded Rancher was certainly going to quit.

"My word, I'm glad to see you," he said. "My grandmother wants me to go home, and I'm off to-morrow. Hurrah for the Old Country! Yet I'm sorry in some ways, for I'm getting keen on the life, and I'll have to leave "Stumpy." McCarthy, he is the greatest pup ever. Now, I'm going to ask a favor. Of course, the pup is yours, but he knows me, and I don't want to part with him. Will you keep him until I'm settled in England? When I'm fixed there, you send him across, and I'll give you this ranch in exchange. Is it a go?"

"Of course I told him that the dog was his, and that I would look after him. But seeing, after a lot of talk, that he was set on the deal, I agreed to take the place, on condition that nothing was done in the matter until he was settled for life with his grandmother.

"I saw him on to the boat the next morning. He was like a kid going home for the holidays. But he nearly broke down and cried when he said good-bye to Stumpy, and by hell, sir, the dog did the same.

"Then Stumpy and I went up into the forest, and the dog soon began to forget his sorrow in the excitement of guarding camp when the night is pulsing with life. Only in his dreams he would sometimes sob, for it is then that a dog remembers.

"I heard pretty regularly from Tarbell for nearly two years, and always a message for Stumpy. Then he



THE GIRL WAS THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF A RICH MIDLAND MANUFACTURER. THEY HAD THE SHEKELS AND WANTED THE NAME.

seemed to begin to forget to write, and soon after that I heard no more.

"At first I didn't worry, but as month after month went by, I began to wonder. Tarbell wasn't the boy to forget old friends among new, and besides, there was the dog. Either Tarbell was dead or in love, and that's pretty well the same thing with regard to what goes on around a fellow.

"When five months had passed without a letter, I decided to step into the shack on my next visit to the settlement and drop Tarbell a line.

"It was the last Friday in October when I saw the shack, and a rain storm was coming up. Things smelt a bit mouldy, but I soon had the stove red-hot, and the shack drying out. Then I turned in.

"When I awoke the next morning the rain was drumming on the shingles and the wind lashing it against the window. There was no break in the leaden sky.

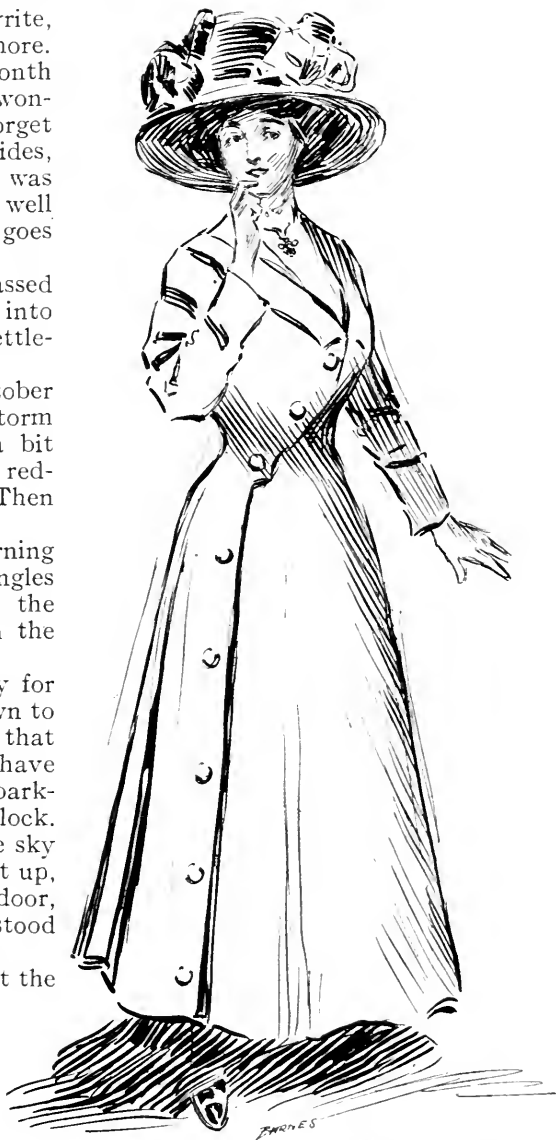
"I got the pen and paper ready for the letter, but could not settle down to it. Anyway, I didn't write it that morning, and after dinner I must have fallen asleep. When Stumpy's barking awoke me it was past five o'clock. The rain had ceased, although the sky was still heavy with clouds. I got up, stretched myself, and opened the door, and there, within ten feet of me, stood the Gilded Rancher.

"It takes a lot to startle me, but the sight of Tarbell coming towards me, and not a word of warning, jolted the breath out of me.

"Well, I'm damned!" I gasped. That was my greeting to him at his homing, and you would have said the same.

"It was barely three years since I had seen Tarbell leave the shack for England, happy with the thought of seeing the old friends, the old places, the old home again. Now he stood before me, a man with the stuffing knocked out of him, the bitterness of failure in his eyes and dragging walk. I gulped down my feelings and stepped out to meet him.

"'You're a nice kind of fellow,' I said, 'to blow in on a man without even a war-whoop to let him know you're

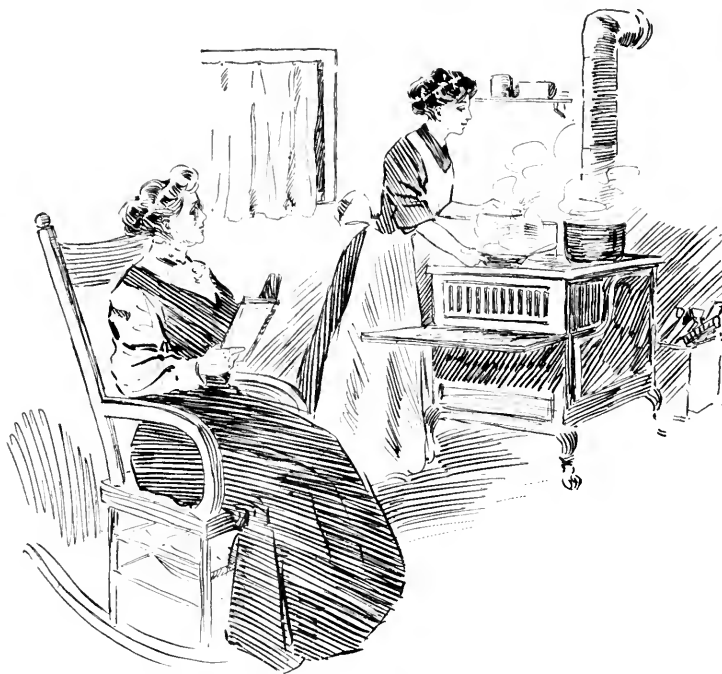


HE FELL IN LOVE WITH A PENNILESS GIRL, A MISS CRAWFORD, WHO WAS GOVERNESS TO THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE

about. You might have caught me stealing your silver or robbing your potato patch.'

"I tried to put a laugh into my voice, but it rang hollow, for I was sick with sorrow.

"Tarbell came forward and took me by the hand. He did not speak, but the shake he gave me told me more than words. We went into the shack, and he sat down on a chair, covering his face with his hands. I stood near



TARBELL'S GRANDMOTHER WAS SITTING IN THE EASY CHAIR, AND A SLIM, DARK-EYED GIRL STOOD BY THE CHAIR, COOKING SUPPER

not knowing what to do. But Stumpy went up to him and tried to push his little black nose between Tarbell's hands. At last the Gilded Rancher began to speak, keeping his face hidden, his head bowed.

"'McCarthy,' he said, 'I've come back because I've failed, because there is no room for me in England. Don't ask me any more now. Some day, when I can bear to, I'll tell you all.'

"Well, sir, I don't want to talk of a man's misery. I hung around on one excuse and another for three weeks, as I was scared for the fellow's reason. When I did leave I got four or five of the settlers to promise to come up and see him. Nick Cummings made the Gilded Rancher go and stay with him for two weeks, and then came and repaid the visit uninvited. Nick always was a funny devil. He told me afterwards that he made a bet with himself that he would make Tarbell laugh. He lost, and he said that for weeks afterwards he would find himself lying awake o' nights listening for Tarbell to sob in his sleep.

"It was nearly two years before I

learned gradually, and in wee bits, the story of the Gilded Rancher's failure. He had gone back home, and found favor in his grandmother's eyes. Everything had gone with a swing, and life was becoming a bed of roses, when the storm broke. It appears that, among other things, the old lady had chosen a wife for the Gilded Rancher.

"The girl was the eldest daughter of a rich Midland manufacturer, and as her parents were set on the match her dowry would have been large.

They had the shekels and wanted the name. The old people having woven the web, the Gilded Rancher was sent to spend a few weeks at his future father-in-law's house, presumably that he might go through the formality of falling in love with the girl he had got to marry. It was here that the web broke.

"The Gilded Rancher fell in love, but with a penniless girl, a Miss Crawford, who was governess to a young daughter of the house. Then the Gilded Rancher wrote to his grandmother one of those psalms of joy that men write only once.

"He was recalled, and his grandmother stormed, cajoled and raved, but failing to break his will in this one thing, cut him off, and his cousin Claude reigned in his stead.

"Tarbell awoke to find his love dream shattered. The girl had no money, and the Gilded Rancher barely three hundred a year. Also, she was delicate, and he was too true a man to ask her to come out with him, knowing that he could never make a home worthy of her.

"He had not actually told his love, so he did the only thing he could, crept back to his shack in the forest to live alone with his sorrow. Other men would have snapped their fingers in the old beldame's face, and tightening their belts, cut out a home for the girl, laughing all the time.

"But the Gilded Rancher had not got the nerve, grit, call it what you will, and I thank God that he did not marry the girl, thinking that he could win.

"Since then he has lived in his shack. He has not attempted to clear any more land, and the savor of life has gone out of him. I always go there in the spring, and together we fix up a garden. Whenever he goes down into the settlement there is a fight among the farmers as to whose guest he shall be. You see, every child in the valley loves him, and dogs follow him wherever he goes."

McCarthy stopped speaking, and seeing that he had finished his story, I said,

"That's a sad biography as it stands, but I can add another incident to it. You mentioned a Claude Tarbell. About three months ago I saw a notice of his death in a London paper. Reading between the lines, it was easy to guess that the overdose of sulphonel that was the cause had not been taken accidentally. It appeared to have been a choice between that and exposure about some company with which he was connected."

"Well," McCarthy replied, "it's a

dour story, and I always fear the end, the thing I shall see when I go to the Gilded Rancher's shack on one of my visits."

We went about another mile before we sighted the shack. The evening was closing in, the sky heavy with threatening rain clouds. Large drops of rain fell now and again like great tears. As we came nearer a dog barked within the shack, and we heard people talking. As we stopped, a girl laughed. Then the door opened, and a man looked out. He saw us and came forward quickly.

"Hullo, McCarthy," he said, "you've come in the nick of time. I've just been telling my grandmother and Miss Crawford about you. Come right in."

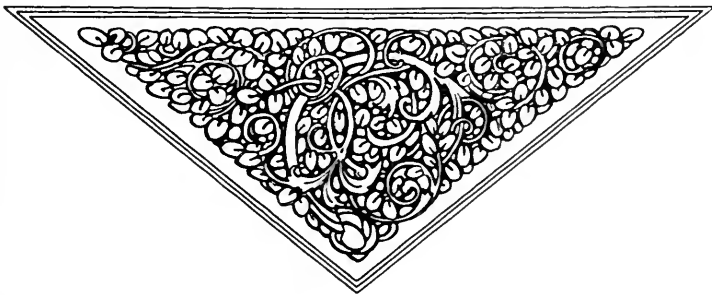
An old lady was sitting in the easy chair, and a slim, dark-eyed girl standing by the stove cooking supper. There were two large corded boxes near the door. We were all soon seated at supper.

"Well, McCarthy," Tarbell said during the meal, "as I am off home again I want you to take this ranch as a souvenir of our friendship."

For answer, McCarthy turned to the old lady. "Will you guarantee, ma'am, that he won't want it back again to live on?" he asked.

"Well," she replied, "as Miss Crawford and he are going to be married and intend settling down in the old family home, I think I can safely do that."

Stumpy, sitting on a chair near Miss Crawford, wagged his tail.



The SCARLET STRAND



BY EDWARD B. WATERWORTH
ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

SYNOPSIS

The report comes in to the Montreal papers that several mysterious murders have occurred in the North Shore woods, and the Indians believe some evil spirit in the shape of a wolf is responsible for them. At first little attention is paid to the "scare," but when a hard-headed millionaire leaves his summer cottage and says his wife has been nearly frightened out of her reason by the sight of a mysterious Thing That Limpis prowling about the house, the newspapers send representatives to cover the story. Four men and one woman reporter meet on the ground, and under chaperonage of the millionaire's housekeeper take possession of his luxurious cottage, prepared to enjoy a "soft assignment." They learn that all the Indians are leaving the country, and that, as one farmer puts it, "they's somethin' we don't know about up here," but are inclined to think the panic unfounded.

CHAPTER V.

THERE was no delay in any of the party's getting to sleep that night. The very stillness of the northern air, broken only by the rustling of the wind through the surrounding trees and the dull sound of the lake from below the bluff, where the waves beat steadily on the shore, making a muffled boom that acted as a soporific, was enough in itself to insure slumber, even at that unusually early hour. In one of the wings on the first floor. Thompson and Emmett chose a room with two beds, and within a few minutes after rolling between the covers they were asleep. Swanson chose a small apartment on the opposite side of the house with a luxurious lounge therein, and after being plentifully supplied by Mrs. Lawson with the necessary bedclothing, arranged a rough and ready couch for the night and lay dreamily gazing out for a time over the lake. He had selected the room because of its magnificent view, in preference to taking one of the bed-

rooms—and the big leather lounge on which he stretched himself, to gaze out upon the moonlit waters, marked by the sparkle of the waves, was extremely comfortable. Years before he could recollect some such scenes in his native land, and it was while thinking of these that he finally drifted away into slumber.

Brady remained awake the longest. Like Swanson, he had decided not to choose one of the bedrooms wherein to sleep. But he picked for his place of rest the big sofa which stood under the gallery of the main room. Here he could look out on the broad expanse of moon-washed waters, and could also watch the dull embers of the big fire as they slowly faded and passed away. He placed his revolver beneath his pillow and advised his companions to do the same.

"If anything really is trying to work a bluff game up here, let's be prepared for it," he said.

But although he had intended to sleep lightly, keeping a sort of guard

over the entry to the stairway, he soon fell asleep. And it was Thompson who awoke him the next morning, after a period of absolutely blank slumber. Thompson was attired in a bath robe, and his usually pale face was glowing with exercise and his hair wet from the effects of a dip in the cold water.

"Just went down to have a plunge," he said, "and the lake isn't lukewarm by any means at this season of the year. Better get up, Steve, and get those bedclothes out of the way before Mrs. Lawson and Miss Westemonde come down."

"I'm going to take a dip myself," said Brady, rising and yawning, "but I'm not going to take it in that cold lake. Isn't that bathroom working back here?"

"No pressure in the pipes," said Thompson. "Brandt used to fill the tank back there by a gas engine on the dock that pumped up the water. It's locked in a shed and I guess Mrs. Lawson has keys, but I don't know how to run the thing. I tell you what to do. Take one of those new wash tubs out on the back porch and fill it with water from that artesian well if you just want a plunge."

This substitute for a bath, during which Brady loudly anathematized the extreme coldness of the artesian well, whose small flow evidently came from the bluff still higher than their own site and behind them, was one of the many makeshifts they realized they would have to endure before they left. By the time Nora was downstairs, the men had all dressed and with plenty of jollity proceeded to attend to their breakfast."

"Somebody will have to carry in all the water for Miss Westemonde and Mrs. Lawson," said Swanson, "and another of us will have to take care of bringing in the wood."

"We haven't any milk except this condensed stuff," announced Mrs. Lawson from the kitchen. "I wonder where we could get some."

Their first caller arrived at this moment in the shape of a bronzed and mounted deputy-sheriff, who came slowly trotting down the long stretch of trees and who willingly accepted

their invitation to stay and eat breakfast. He introduced himself as Morton. Also he talked of what he knew about their mission, which was not much. It was evident from his tone that he disbelieved the whole matter.

"I don't pay much attention to what those Indians say," he remarked, making vigorous onslaught on the bacon, "still, we can't just size up this deal. But how are you people goin' to set about finding out anything?"

"That's what we'll have to decide to-day," said Swanson. "About the only way I can see is to divide the territory up among us and cover a certain part each day. We can come back here and report. Then, if anything worth while sending comes in, one of us can make the trip to Iroquois and put it on the wire. It's a long horseback ride—but the man doing it needn't come back that same night. Then, if something turns up while he's away, another can ride in, and so on."

After much debate it was decided to do this, and the meal was ended in laughter over the deficiencies of their menage. Much to Mrs. Lawson's mortification, although plenty of table cloths had been left in the house, there were no napkins and but few towels.

"I sent them all down to be washed before I left," she said, "and nobody's called for them."

But the dearth of such articles was received with hilarity by her guests, and the young sheriff made a suggestion.

"You say you've only got condensed milk," he said. "Why not ride up with me and see if this Chink, who's up to the north of you, can supply you? He's got some cows, I know."

The men exchanged glances.

"We've got to get in touch with everyone in this district," Brady replied. "Maybe they'll keep us posted. Tell us something about this Chinaman."

"All I know is that he came here last spring and bought a tract of land up there. He's got another with him. They've never disturbed anybody. There's nothing to that talk of their putting up a scare to buy more land when the Indians stampeded. They

haven't bought another inch. They've got all they can handle. And," he added with the enthusiasm of a countryman over seeing some fine piece of work in his own line, "they surely have done good hustling for two of them. That's as good land as you can get anywhere for berry bushes. Of course, it's far from Iroquois to work up a market. But it's right on the lake. Just above us you'll see that point sticking out. It's a first class harbor. Lots of the Indians sail in with their Mackinaws, the women pick the wild raspberries, then they sail back to Iroquois and sell them. The Chinks counted on doing the same thing, they tell me. And they'll beat the berry-pickers if they keep on cultivating land the way they do. Why, that old farm they bought was all stump land with second growth timber on it. The way they've cleared it is somethin' wonderful for just two men. The land didn't cost much. They have one tract cleaned out in as neat a style as you ever saw. The old Indian who sold it to them had let a cornfield he planted last spring all grow up in weeds. Take a look at the corn if you're goin' up. It's as nice a set of shocks as you ever saw. They worked over it and got the field into shape."

"Aren't they overlooking a bet in not buying more land during this rush of the Indians away from their places?" asked Brady.

"First thing I asked the Chink when I saw him last," grinned the deputy, "but the pair of them don't want any more land. They've got all they can clear and more. It's no joke getting those stumps out, I can tell you. As I said before, how two of them ever did it beats me. They must work twenty-four hours a day. Yet it don't show on them. When the boss of the ranch drives down either to Cross Village or maybe Iroquois he's always neat and clean. Pays cash for everything—draws it out of the bank when he goes to Iroquois. They're regarded as first-class customers by the storekeepers."

It was decided that Brady should go over with the deputy and visit the Oriental with a possible view to purchasing milk each day.

"He's got horses and I reckon he'll deliver it for you if you can strike a trade," said the deputy, rising with the satisfied expression of a man who has eaten bountifully. "They're only about three miles up from here, I reckon."

"The only thing we can do," said Swanson, "is to map out the country right now and each cover a different route through the woods. I'll ride over to-morrow, after Brady gets acquainted with the Chink up here, and give him the glad hand myself. I'll ride down toward Cross Village. Thompson, suppose you strike out in the woods just west of us here. It's the wildest and looks most promising. Steve can go up beyond the residence of the Heathen Chinese and look over the woods there. I expect we'll find a deputy or two riding about?"

"Yes," said the deputy, "but they all know you're here. They'll help you out all they can. But I don't just know what you can find," he added with a grin, repeating his disbelief in the story and then confiding in the



"WAKE UP, STEVE!"

party that the young countrymen engaged as deputies were making the occasion more of a frolic through the woods than anything else.

"The sheriff keeps us covering the territory pretty well," he said, "but would you want anything softer than knockin' off work and ridin' around in the open this time of year? The county gets set back \$1.25 each day for every one of us and we get our keep at the houses as we go along."

Their horses were found peacefully grazing in the enclosed lot behind the house, which Mrs. Lawson explained had been intended to be turned into the family kitchen garden the next year, and Thompson led Nora's bay horse to the steps of the porch.

"Get right on," he said, "and take a ride with me."

"Surely not," cried Brady, "come on over and see our nearest neighbor with almond eyes. He's the interesting feature."

"Better go down toward the village with me," said Swanson hastily. "It's a beautiful view along the bluff."

It was Nora who settled the dispute which instantly arose by deciding to go with Thompson. She realized that she ought not to go alone through the woods.

"I think you've got the route where we're more apt to pick up this matter."

she said. "We ought to be back before two o'clock if we are to compare notes and get to the wire in time."

"We ought to have brought an auto," remarked Brady in an amused tone to Morton, as he noted the calm lethargy of the animal he was to ride. "That horse looks as if he isn't awake now."

But the application of a stout switch cut from the nearest birch proved effective in making the horse move less leisurely, and Brady thoroughly enjoyed the ride through the woods sniffing at the odor of the leaves now commencing to fall, and the clean, spicy smell in the crisp morning air. When a stretch of the pines would be reached, the odor of their needles filled the air. As the deputy had said, it was indeed worth while to be riding about under such conditions.

It was a ride of four or five miles as Brady estimated it before they finally turned into the side road which led back toward the lake from which they had been gradually drawing away on the main track. With the usual liberality of the countryman in the matter of distances, the deputy had allowed a good addition to every mile. But Brady would not have cared if it had

BRADY YAWNED. THE WEREWOLF EVIDENTLY HAD NOT TROUBLED HIS DREAMS



been twice as far. The thrill of the air had got into his veins, and he he whistled and hummed to himself as he rode along, the deputy quietly sucking away at his blackened pipe.

"Emmett will miss it unless he gets out and hustles about a bit," Brady remarked. "He said he wasn't going to do anything but loaf on that front porch and watch the lake until Thompson told him he needed his services."

Morton nodded.

"You folks from the city," he remarked, "I guess are mighty glad to get away for a rest once in a while; but, see here," he added, pointing to a clearing which broke suddenly on their view, "could you think two men could do that in one summer?"

Even Brady could see the contrast to the rough and deserted fields, scattered thinly through the woods through which they had been passing. The house, a simple structure, faced the lake, and they were approaching from the rear. But about it was an expanse of land, showing a neatness and care that none of the tangled little places they had left behind them displayed. Even from their present distance Brady noted the careful fashion in which the fall yield of corn had been piled in shocks, how a large tract evidently meant for garden purposes had been fertilized and harrowed, and the stumps carefully cleared from an additional field now being used as a pasture.

"There's their cows," remarked Brady's companion. "See how sleek they look, too? They haven't got started on their market work yet. They're goin' to raise vegetables next spring besides the berries I was telling you about."

It was a ride of nearly a quarter of a

mile through the field, and the deputy pointed out some long, low structures, barely projecting above the ground, which were close against the rear of the house.

"Mushroom cellars," he explained. "They're goin' to try that, too. I told them it was too cold here. He

said not. Said they had to be raised in the dark, in special beds."

As the reporter drew near the house a slender figure, clad in American garb, stepped out on the porch, bowing in recognition at the deputy but glancing at Brady in a curt fashion, his eyes slinking narrowly into an expression in which the reporter thought there was some-

thing vaguely hostile. But his words were courteous enough and couched in clear English, with a slight accent.

"So you're a reporter," he said with a faint smile. "Well, nothing has frightened us out yet. Yes," he added, as he noted his visitors eyeing him curiously, "I've cut off my queue and taken up what we call the Melican clothes. I worked in a chop suey place for a couple of years as waiter. Newspaper men used to eat there."

He made no effort to move nor did he ask them to alight. He simply stood before them on the porch, glancing from one to the other with quick, catlike flashes of his eyes, although the same steady smile was always on his face.

"There's nothing unusual in our being here," he said, in reply to a question from Brady. "We simply got a chance to get this land cheap. We're going to ship when we get our gardens started. It's fine soil."

Even when the deputy broke into lavish praise of the work done on the place, exclaiming that it was the quick-



"I DON'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THOSE INDIANS SAY," STATED THE DEPUTY

est clearing up of a tract he had ever heard of, the Chinaman never changed expression at his compliments.

"We'd buy more land—me and Wah Tow, my partner—Chinamen work hard. But we've got no more money," he said simply.

To Brady's request for milk he smiled politely and declined.

"We've got a contract in Toronto for all the cheese we can make," he said. And in spite of Brady's explanations of the needs of the situation and the added requests of Morton, he remained obdurate. It was with some irritation, therefore, that the pair rode back through the lane to the main road. When they reached it, Morton pulled up.

"I'm goin' a couple of miles north to report to the sheriff," he said. "Want to go along or ride over this section?"

Brady decided to make himself familiar with the neighboring woods before leaving the district, and Morton wheeled his horse northward.

"Don't go too far from the road and you won't get lost," he said. "I'm goin' to borrow a fresh horse from a friend of mine up here and I'll be back

by your way this evenin'. Maybe I'll stop in."

"Do," said Brady cordially, "we will be glad to see you."

It was close to two o'clock, after a long and searching prow through the woods, where he had to keep avoiding the overhanging branches of the trees by bending low in his saddle, that Brady returned to the house. For the last mile of his journey he had been reflecting thoughtfully and riding at a slow walk. Swanson was already at the house when he reached it.

"Couldn't find anything," said Swanson, "and from the way you come riding up here I see you didn't either."

"Eric," said Brady, without replying to the question, "are you going over to see that Chink to-morrow?"

"I intended to," replied Swanson.

"Well, notice one peculiar thing about him," said Brady, still thoughtfully. "He and one assistant are supposed to have cleaned up an entire tract, which astonishes even the farmers. To root up those tree stumps is about the hardest kind of manual labor. Yet I saw his hands as he rested them on the rail. They are soft, and the nails are as well kept as mine."

"RIGHT OVER THERE'S THE CHINK'S PLACE. THOSE CHINAMEN SURE CAN WORK. THERE'S ONLY TWO OF THEM, AND TO LOOK AT THE FIELDS YOU'D THINK THEY HAD A DOZEN MEN!"



CHAPTER VI.

It was scarcely half an hour before Thompson and Nora were seen cantering down the avenue to the house and laughingly confessed that they, too, had found nothing of note, but that they had encountered the sheriff and had found him affable in the extreme.

"He's a big, genial fellow," said Nora, "and we invited him to pay us a call. He said he might drop over to-morrow. His men are a few miles above this place, it seems. They have gone over this district pretty thoroughly."

"Well, there'll be some talk about soft assignments at the other end of several telegraph wires to-night," said Brady. "There's absolutely nothing more I can see to do to-day unless we each write up a description of the scenery and send it down to Iroquois, putting lots of local color in and all that sort of thing—sheriff active—country-side aroused—Indians pulling out. The only trouble is we'd have to neutralize it all if something really did turn up. To make a real, grewsome story we've got to have the weird surroundings—ghostly shadows, and all, even if I did say coming up in the wagon that we ought to have a different scenic effect. Then the country-side isn't aroused, even if there are a few deputies cruising around. The white people all laugh at the story, Morton tells me."

Mrs. Lawson had as bountiful a spread awaiting them as could be wished. Swanson had purchased some additional supplies, including fresh eggs and some fresh vegetables, at Cross Village. He had carried them across his horse's neck, slung in a sack, and there was a shriek of laughter when it was found nearly all the eggs were broken. Enough remained to give an ample dinner, however. There was no need to hurry over the repast, and the meal passed off in leisurely fashion, Brady's assortment of canned fruits being received with great approval.

"It's a bit late for the berry season," said Mrs. Lawson, "but I'll ride over to the Blagdots' to-morrow and can get you a supply of home-made preserves there, if one of you will lend me

a horse. Miss Nora might as well stay here and play tennis to-morrow and I'll use her horse. It's likely I can bring back some milk, too. What do you think of that Chink?" she added in an exasperated tone, for Brady had reported his failure.

"I'm going over to meet the gent to-morrow," said Swanson. "Maybe I can throw a line of talk into him that will make him change his mind. But even if we've got nothing to write, I think one of us had better ride to Iroquois to-night and see if there are messages for any of us. The offices may have found out that the whole thing is a hoax sent out from some other district of the county."

"I'll ride down and stay over-night," said Brady. "What's worrying me is how fat Emmett is bound to get. He tells me he just sprawled on the porch all day long."

"That's what I intend to keep on doing," said the photographer placidly, helping himself to more canned peaches. "I lay in that big rocking chair all day watching the lake. It's up to you fellows to locate this beast I'm to photograph, and then I'll get busy."

With many exclamations over the necessity of having to write out a short dispatch with lead pencil, instead of the accustomed typewriter, a dispatch was prepared for each paper and consigned to Brady, who shortly took his departure. After a vain effort to induce Emmett to make up a four-handed set for tennis, on the cinder court behind the house, Nora alternated throughout the greater part of the afternoon in playing with Thompson and Swanson. The younger members of the Brandt family had left their equipment behind, and the temperature was ideal for the game. The grounds, which had been deserted the previous day, now resounded with laughter and the sound of the balls as they thudded about the court, each player making remarks meant to be humorously satirical on the lack of skill shown by the others.

"Isn't it glorious up here?" cried Nora, panting, as she rested from one set, her brown hair blowing about her face, "we can even get a lot of golf

clubs out of the cuddy under the hall. It's just right for golf. And even if Mr. Brandt didn't have time to put in his links, we can make a little one for ourselves."

In spite of their recent meal, the exercise of the afternoon had made them all hungry, even Emmett doing full justice to the spread when they gathered around the lamp-lit table. Nora had lighted the big piano lamps and those swung from the rafters, and the soft lights thrown by their tinted shades, combined with the ruddy glow of the fire, made the room as cozy a place as could be found. The mere fact that a sharp wind arose from the lake, making the porch too cool to sit on in the fall air, emphasized the comfort of their room as it whistled around the house.

"I guess that wind sounds weird enough when one is alone in the dark woods on a night like this," said Swanson, glancing out at the clouds which were commencing to scud slowly across the moon; "we're going to have rain soon. Inside here, the mere moaning of that wind makes one feel better."

Cards and music made the time pass rapidly, and it was only as it became more and more impossible to stifle their yawns that they finally looked at each other and laughed.

"Can't help it if it is only eighty-three," said Emmett, "I admit I'm tired. I'd like to get to bed, and I think I'll turn in."

"I'm right about the rain being on the way," said Swanson, pointing out of the window. "See those clouds up there."

When they had first seated themselves, the sky had been illumined by a moon so brilliant that it seemed as if it was shining down from some huge reflector set in the center of a vast mirror in which the stars were dimmed and shone but faintly. Now, hurrying down on the wind, came clouds—not heavy, but in small groups, one of which passed over the face of the orb, showing a significant facing of black as it crossed. Swanson walked to the front window and looked out.

"Many's the time I've seen it just this way across the water," he said.

"Well," said Emmett, yawning, refusing to be enthusiastic. "I'm going to——"

But Swanson, who had stepped to the door and opened it to get a farewell breath of the cool night air, suddenly turned sharply.

"Hush! What's that?" he exclaimed.

With one accord they stepped hurriedly toward the door. Over the noise of the breeze a sound came to their ears which was not of the night—a dull thudding for which they could not account. Then, as the gust of fitful wind died down to almost a complete calm, the sound changed suddenly to a furious but distant rattle. The party glanced at each other with wide open eyes.

"It's a galloping horse and he turned from the road on to that gravel drive," said Swanson calmly, his hand behind the door and grasping Thompson's rifle which stood there. "and he's coming his hardest."

"Oh, is it—is it—oh, do you suppose it can be Mr. Brady?" gasped Nora.

The same thought had struck them all, and Swanson's lips curled back grimly as he stepped to the porch to get in the shadow where he could see more clearly. "If it's Brady——," he muttered.

All the party had left their weapons lying on the lounge where Brady had slept, and they slipped quickly back and grasped them.

"Stand back from the door, Miss Westemonde and Mrs. Lawson," said Thompson, then stepped outside into the shadow beside Swanson.

But the desperately flying hoofs were already thundering up the drive to the house door, and as the furiously ridden and exhausted horse dashed out into the circle of fitful moonlight with a figure crouched on its back, all, with a gasp of relief, saw that the animal was dark in color, while Brady had departed on his grey.

There was no time for thought, however. Ridden to the very foot of the stairs leading to the porch at such a gait that it could not stop, but slid with a crash into the portico, the animal was unable to keep its feet and

rolled over with a gasp. And at the same minute, as if impelled by some violent force from the rear, the figure on its back sprang erect and fairly hurtled up the steps—only to be met by the tall frame of Swanson, who with the muzzle of his rifle advanced and his finger on the trigger, propped off the impact with ease, his heavy body hardly quivering under the collision which sent the form down gasping.

"Cover him with your gun, Thompson," said Swanson calmly, handing the weapon behind him to where Thompson, slipping his pistol into his pocket, grasped it, "let's look at our guest."

But he had hardly placed a hand on the collar of the man, who lay half way in the shadow, than he started back with astonishment.

"Why, it's Morton," he cried. "Speak up, man! What's the matter? Hurry up and tell us!"

But, gasping from his flight and the shock of dashing against the muzzle of the rifle, the deputy could only sob excitedly.

"Oh, let me in, let me in! I've seen it—is that it?" and with a hysterical hand pointed at the roadway he whim-

pered like a child. His big countryman's frame was shaking as though he had palsy, and in the light from the window it could be seen that it was bathed in sweat, in spite of the chill of the night, while the corners of his mouth jerked convulsively.

"Emmett, stay with the women," ordered Swanson, jerking the rifle from Thompson's hand and leaping over the railing of the porch, "if anything is there——" His voice died away in the crunching of his shoes on the gravel walk as he ran toward the drive by which Morton had come.

"Around the other way, Thompson," yelled Emmett, "there may be something coming from that side or behind!"

The photographer's lethargy had dropped from him now. With a single leap he jumped inside the door, grasping the shotgun from the lounge, and spoke rapidly to the two frightened women. The deputy had darted into the room behind him with another whimper of fright, and Emmett paused just long enough to take from his shaking hand a revolver, which he uncocked and slipped into his own pocket.

"If you rode through the dark that way with this thing at full cock," he said, "you needn't be afraid of anything. There's some providence watching over you. Miss Westemonde, you and Mrs. Lawson get behind that screen where you can't be seen from the outside. Turn out the piano lamp when you get there."

He had already slammed two shells into the double barrel and snapped it shut.

"I'll be right here if you need me," he said reassuringly as he stepped to the porch, "I'm just going to cover up any retreat that's needed." And he raised the gun as footsteps sounded on the grass, coming at a run from the rear. It was Thompson.

"I've circuted the house as far back as the arbor," he panted. "There's not a sign of anything back there—"



'BUT WHEN HE CAPE FLAPPED BACK FROM ITS FACE, I SAW——I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT I SAW, BUT IT WEREN'T OTHING HUMAN'

and the moon was bright at the time. What was it he saw?"

"That's what we've got to find quick," shouted Swanson, who had come back at a run from the drive. "There's nothing down there by the grove. Emmett, just stay out here with that shotgun. Thompson, lock the doors behind if they aren't locked already. Put the women in one of those rooms that are still shuttered. I'll talk to the deputy."

But when Thompson darted back from the kitchen after reporting all available openings closed, Swanson was already shaking the man in angry impatience, vainly trying to get some intelligible words out of him. He seemed simply mad with fright. The big wire screen, that had been moved partly away from the roaring blaze in the fireplace, where they had started to replenish the fire, had been shoved still further back by the man. He had forced himself so far into the huge opening, which was nearly shoulder high, that the rear of his clothing was already smoking. He was cowering and gazing at the window with a look of most abject terror. Swanson grasped him roughly by the shoulders and dragged him behind the screen as though he was a child.

"If there's anything out there," he said, "you're making a fine target of yourself. Get over here in the dark."

Thompson had returned with a glass of whiskey, but it was obvious that the shaking hands of the huddled creature in the chair where Swanson had flung him could never hold it to his lips. Thompson did it for him and it was



"STAY BEHIND THE SCREEN, NORA. IF ANYTHING'S OUT THERE, IT CAN'T SEE YOU HERE"

gulped down as though it had been water.

"I'm glad so many of the windows have their winter shutters up," said Swanson grimly, "but we're mighty vulnerable in front. We can never block that big window. If any marauders really are about—and if they wanted to set fire to a place like this—" He shrugged his shoulders, but snapped the safety catch on his rifle. For a few minutes it was so still, as a lull came in the breeze, that the moan of the lake below could not still the sound of the rapid breathing of the women in the room behind them or the heavy panting from outside, where the gasping of the deputy's horse could be heard. Emmett, who had leaped down

the stairs to crouch against the front of the porch, where he was completely in shadow, was near the animal as it struggled to its feet. Still keeping his gun ready, with his hand in the trigger guard, he reached over and jerked open the buckle of the girth, flinging the saddle on the ground, pulling off the bridle without stopping to unbuckle the frail throat latch, which snapped easily. Then he slapped the horse on the flank with his hand and the animal limped away.

"He was making a little too much noise for me to hear anything coming," reflected Emmett grimly.

Inside the house Swanson and Thompson again turned to Morton. Swanson noted him keenly. Finally he spoke quietly.

"Now tell us what you saw," he said in a kindly voice. "You're with friends."

The absolute calm of the big man seemed to have as much effect on the deputy as the liquor. He straightened himself up, a faint tinge of color came into his cheek and his feverish panting ceased. He shook his head to show he understood.

"I've seen men taken to the city hospital in that shape," said Thompson, eyeing him with professional interest.

Swanson interrupted impatiently as soon as he saw the deputy could speak.

"Now, Morton, don't be afraid," he said. "Tell us what you saw."

"I was comin' from up north," said the deputy brokenly, with a voice that shook as if he was on the point of tears, "and had stayed a bit later than I had reckoned on. It comes on dark up here early, too. I had told Mr. Brady I was comin' down this way to-night, but as I seen the rain comin' on I thought I'd ride ahead. I had ridden about half a mile down past the entry here——" he gulped and stopped for a

minute. The others let him take his time.

"I was just near that clump of birches," he continued, after he had his voice under control, "when I seen something moving. My horse was goin' easy and not making no noise—so it didn't seem to see me. I pulled up the horse and waited. It was dark where I was. I got the gun—ready—"

He commenced to gulp again, and only the sounds of the wind and the lake and the breathing of the women could be heard.

"There was a patch of moonlight just above me," went on Morton, "and I aimed to call it to hold up its hands. But as it stepped out about thirty feet away I noticed it seemed like an old man. It had on a long, black sort of coat and cape wrapped close about it. But I could see how thin it was and that it seemed lame——"

He shook again and covered his eyes with his hand.

Swanson and Thompson glanced at each other.

"The thing that hirkles on one foot," murmured Thompson softly.

"And just as I got ready to sing out it saw me—the moon was bright where it was walking. I couldn't see much below the knees—but when it stopped short—the man's voice rose to a pitch of terror at the recollection—it threw up its arms—and the cloak flapped back—and it didn't have no feet! It had paws like a big dog wrapped up in a cloak—and as it jumped back at the sight of me I could tell it hadn't no hands"

He gulped as if suffocating.

"But when the cape flapped back from the face—I saw—I saw—I can't tell you what," he said, breaking into a paroxysm of nervous weeping, "but it weren't nothing human. It was more like the head of a wolf!"

To be continued



PARTING

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

But yesterday you loved me,
To-day your stirrup rings
As light-foot, quick-foot o'er the ford
Your parting gallop swings.

But yesterday I loved you,
Now must I sit and brood
While golden sun and flying wind
Declare their summerhood?

Must I be desolated
Because one man's untrue,
And like a decent lady
Weep tears and wear the rue?

Not I! the dream is over.
Lock rose and ring away,
And, glad to bear free heart again,
Go singing in fair day.

Squinting Through Transits In The Selkirk Range

By Nathan A. Bowers

"**F**RED, I say, Fred." Hal came bounding upstairs two at a time waving an open letter. "We're to go to Vancouver at once. Warren has got us places on a surveying crew that's going up on the new line."

Fred turned a clouded face toward his impetuous chum. "Send us away up into Canada? Can't he put us anywhere nearby so we could run into town occasionally?"

"But he says this is a rare chance for experience and that practice in railroad location is just what we need."

When it really came to a question of experience, Fred was as loyal to his profession as was Hal, and the two were soon discussing the letter that offered a new field of work.

Hal Taylor and Fred Conroy were young draughtsmen in the employ of a Seattle contracting firm of which their guardian, Mr. Warren, was senior partner. Warren had promised the boys advancement after they had seen a season of field work, and now wisely decided to let them try their mettle in the mountain divisions of the new railroad.

Fred grumbled a little at first about giving up the conveniences of a city life, but that promise of advancement was attractive, and besides, he quickly caught some of Hal's enthusiasm about the new road.

A week later found them in Vancouver with a letter to Mr. Wilson, the engineer in charge of the party. They found Wilson to be a tall, broad-shouldered man of about fifty, with rather stern features and abrupt manner, but

with something in his kindly blue eyes that impressed the boys strangely, so that even while he shook hands with them, they found he already had their admiration and respect. He soon drew from the boys that they had a rather vague idea about the personal outfit needed for a three months' trip, and before they realized that it was a favor, he had taken them to an outfitter's and was helping them select just such articles as they would find necessary. Inexperienced as they were, they recognized in his quiet suggestions a master knowledge of camp and trail, and under his direction arranged a complete yet light and compact blanket roll and "war bag."

A few days later, when the sleepers of the limited pulled out of Vancouver, Mr. Wilson's party of five settled themselves in the day coach for a last glimpse of finished roadbed. The long line of coaches swung steadily along the Fraser and rumbled evenly onward over bridge and through cut as the morning broadened into noontide. Occasionally they caught sight of the winding track ahead that suggested the hundreds of miles of steel ribbon reaching on and on through ranges and across prairies to the very shores of the Atlantic, and even Hal's enthusiastic nature was awed by the magnitude of a project which would build through unknown canyons to the far north another roadway such as this to connect ocean to ocean.

Together the boys talked of the difficulties of the work, and of the care necessary to the best selection of routes, and suddenly they really ap-

preciated the great responsibility entrusted to the chief of the party. Mr. Wilson was holding earnest conversation with the transitman and leveller, and on the faces of these three there was stamped the quiet, untiring energy that marks the "Empire Builder" of the west. It seemed to Hal and Fred as if these men across the aisle, now so intently following an unmarked trail on the map, opened to them the portal of a new world wherein they might enter only if they could attain the standard of excellence demanded of a true modern pioneer.

Thus, with a broader interest in the proposed work, they climbed down to the station platform at North Bend with every faculty eager to make good from the very outset.

Mr. Wilson was at once met by a trim little French-Canadian dressed in blue shirt, corduroys and laced boots, who was introduced to the boys as Francois Payne. Later it developed that Francois was a sort of assistant to Mr. Wilson and superintendent of transportation and supplies. Just now he was assuring the chief that all had been arranged and that the pack train could start at once "if monsieur was in readiness."

"Monsieur" was only too anxious to be off, and as it only remained to load the personal outfit of the party, everybody, including the two hostlers and two tapemen with Francois, set willingly to work to get away from the settlement before nightfall. Hal and Fred lent a hand where they could, and watched closely the unfamiliar process of packing the instruments on the ponies and cinching each securely with the diamond hitch.

At least for two pair of eyes there hung over all the preparation the atmosphere of adventure, but unmindful of this the men went quietly about their work with the calm assurance of long experience. Hal and Fred looked about them, at the score of patiently waiting pack-horses, the group of saddle ponies, and lastly toward the almost unknown wilderness into which their trail led, and they felt that there to the northward lay the opportunities of a lifetime, and again their pulses

quicken as the call of the hills stirred within.

When Mr. Wilson gave the word to start the boys took their places in the little cavalcade with keen pleasure—for they were experienced horsemen—and with Francois at the head of his pack train the party moved away from the last of civilization that they were to see for months.

From North Bend the trail follows up the general course of the Fraser, across one hundred and seventy-five miles of ruggedness to the Chilcotin Creek Station, and to this point Francois was taking a consignment of supplies. From Chilcotin the actual work of the survey would commence—this was in 1909—the party heading for Fort George, and before this time Mr. Wilson hoped to get the boys "broken in" to the surveyor's camp life. He had hesitated before listing two new men for so long and rough a trip, but the remainder of the party were all seasoned mountaineers, and Warren had highly recommended the boys for this work.

The young surveyor has much to learn on his first trip afield, but if he has the true spirit of the pathfinder he will meet the hardships cheerfully and draw from the life a keen, live pleasure never felt by the most successful office man. Mr. Wilson was always ready with a word of advice or direction to the boys, and they quickly fell into the camp routine. The party moved rapidly, and as the men were none too many for the number of horses the days were busy ones indeed, but the fresh spring air was sweet in the nostrils, and it seemed good to be alive, to push on always deeper into the heart of nature and to camp each night under the free, limitless dome of heaven.

The weather held clear, good progress was made, and Francois often expressed the general spirit of the party in a rollicking song which would break the silence of some rocky canyon and echo back a cheering call. Sometimes at the camp fire he would tell of the long and careful search for the best route from the Yellowhead Pass through that vast sea of mountains

which bars the prairies from the Pacific, and at such times he always had two eager listeners. Francois had long been in the employ of the Grand Trunk Pacific as a packer, and he knew of all the hardihood and dauntless courage that had carried the engineers first along one stream and then another in the determination to locate an ideal line across the backbone of the continent.

When the party reached the Chilcotin Station, and Mr. Wilson rallied his little crew for the serious business of the season, there were no "green hands" among his men.

Hal and Fred had learned their part in the camp life remarkably well, and it only remained for them to take up a new phase of a familiar line of work.

* * * * *

Toward the end of June the little settlement at Fort George supply station turned out to see a party of surveyors "tie up" the survey of the Vancouver branch line with the main trunk route. As the tapeman called out the last plus to a stake of the main line, a cheer rose from the little band of watchers, and a few hours later the first or transit party joined in another hearty greeting as the level party came up and read the check elevation on the final "Bench Mark." The leveller carefully recorded the reading and then gave voice to three full-toned answering cheers that could never have come from the Hal—for this was Hal—of the Seattle office. The chief smiled indulgently at the young leveller's enthusiasm, for in the bronzed features and sturdy form he saw a man in every way superior to the lad of Warren's recommendation.

There had been many difficulties in the long run from Chilcotin; they had encountered some bad weather, spring floods had barred the progress of the work, and in crossing the Fraser near Quesnell the original leveller had met with an accident and returned to North Bend with the supply train.

Like Hal, Fred had also developed into a clear-eyed, competent master of the surveyor's field life, and little by little had helped Mr. Wilson with

the draughting until now it could be entrusted entirely to his care.

Thus the Ft. George people saw in this party simply another band of "pathfinders" that they knew as a hardy, capable class of men, and when the corps was divided and a portion sent out on the main line with the names of Wilson, Taylor and Conroy in the important positions, the matter caused no comment. Francois, always on the trail with his supply train, was heading up the Fraser to meet Chief Engineer Vance, and so it was with Francois again in the lead that Hal and Fred set out on a new and more important mission—the work on the main line of which they had heard from Francois with such spellbound interest.

Four days they rode eastward, camping nightly in open valleys, where there was feed for the horses, and from daylight to dark hurrying ever onward beside the boisterous Fraser. Arriving at Goat Creek Station, Francois and his men continued on, leaving Mr. Wilson's party of seven to take up the work of re-running the line from that point to where they should meet Vance.

At first Mr. Wilson watched the boys carefully to hold them down to the more exact requirements of the main line, but knowing that young surveyors do not often reach positions of trust so quickly, they kept such careful check on their work that he soon left all routine to them.

The evenings were occupied in copying notes and plotting the line run that day, but there were odd moments in which the chief could talk with his two trusted assistants, and together they discussed the wonderful possibilities of the country to be opened up by the new road. Mr. Wilson was of the opinion that even though careful prospecting developed no rich mineral deposits, the road would undoubtedly make possible great low-grade ore enterprises, such as were started in the Kootenay district when the railroad came. Thus far little prospecting had been done, and it was only known that the region was mineralized to some extent.

As the long July days browned the grass of the open slopes, the party

moved steadily on up the valley of the Fraser. The drowsy languor of the southern summer was unknown here, and man and beast worked with a lively energy, refreshed each night by the cool, fragrant air from the spruce forests of the Cariboo Range.

Pitching camp late one afternoon there came to them the sound of a distant voice, immediately answered by another. A few moments later they heard more plainly: "Twenty-seven, eighty-four," and the answering call of "Twenty-seven, eighty-three." It was the tapemen of Vance's party calling to each other the numbers of their respective stations. Long before they came up Vance himself appeared, and at once the two party chiefs were in consultation.

That night the two parties camped together, and as soon as the evening's work could be finished the men gathered round a roaring camp fire to discuss the news of the trail. Vance's party were, almost to a man, of that broad-shouldered, lithe-limbed type of westerner that makes the typical "pathfinder," and in the former Seattle boys there was now nothing to prevent their ranking as equals.

Presently Mr. Wilson looked out of the "office tent" to call Hal and Fred, and as they entered, the keen glance of Chief Engineer Vance went over each of them carefully. On the table was spread the official map of the Province, and after commending the boys in a very brief way, Vance explained that Mr. Wilson had chosen them to be his assistants on a rapid reconnoissance down Canoe River to the Columbia and thence direct to Revelstoke. He outlined the general route for them, offered a few suggestions as to supplies, and then, addressing Mr. Wilson as well, warned them to make Revelstoke before winter weather set in if possible. After giving the boys a few moments to realize their new promotion and ask any questions, he advised them to turn in at once and get an early start in the morning.

Two days later saw the three engineers—for the term might now be applied to Mr. Wilson's two well-trained assistants—at the headwaters

of Canoe River ready for the long hasty run to Revelstoke. Altogether there were only four in the little party, it being thought necessary to cut down the number of men to the minimum. The proposed work was a rough topographical survey of the valleys of Canoe and Columbia Rivers, and consisted chiefly in verifying and adding details to the land office maps.

In company with Mr. Wilson, Hal soon became an adept at making his way up the rough ridges and peaks to where they might read angles and barometric instruments while Fred remained below to calculate and map out data already taken, or attend to the moving of camp. The new work suited the boys admirably, and the freedom from routine and the privilege of being more closely associated with that past master in wood craft, Mr. Wilson, made the work pleasant indeed. And thus continuing down the east bank of the Columbia, just skirting the foothills of the Selkirks, all ran smoothly until they were within some sixty miles of Revelstoke.

The middle of August had been rather cool for comfort, and signs of an early winter made Mr. Wilson a little anxious, but they hurried on, hoping to complete the work before the snow actually came. They had just moved camp across French Creek and were planning a two days' climb to a peak that promised a comprehensive view of the valley when the first hard storm of the winter broke upon them with a howl of triumph.

Fortunately it was only a three hour trip to the mining properties of a large American hydraulic company, and knowing of this, Mr. Wilson directed his men into "storm quarters" until the weather should moderate.

When they ventured forth a week later, there were eight inches of snow on the trail and eighteen on the ridges, but the weather seemed settled clear and cold, and Mr. Wilson decided to attempt to complete the survey.

Work along the river was bad enough but up in the high ridges it was slow, freezing toil that would soon dishearten the hardiest. Some ridges were impassable, and these they avoided as

best they could, getting their data from the more easily accessible points. At best it was a hard struggle, and it required all the reserve force of the two young assistants to keep cheerfully at work. Nevertheless, their long months of training had not been in vain, and they always had a cheery response to a word of encouragement from the chief.

The peculiar nature of this survey which necessitated so much climbing was extremely ill suited to early winter, and when the work had been painfully pushed for another ten days, bringing them within some forty miles of Revelstoke, a second heavy storm broke over the Selkirks, and Mr. Wilson reluctantly ordered the party in.

Upon reaching Revelstoke they found to their surprise that the land office had just completed a series of timber claim surveys that could be made to answer at least in part for the survey which the weather had prevented. At once Mr. Wilson sent a report to headquarters in Edmonton asking for orders, and Hal wrote Mr. Warren telling of the completion of the season's work. All three then set to work to convert the land office data into railroad form and await word from their respective chiefs.

The reply from Warren was highly complimentary, reminding them that such rapid rise was extremely unusual. He offered them the best positions in railroad work that the firm then controlled, and mentioned that as they were now both of age, they might make any other choice they wished. All through the work in the hills the boys had taken it as a matter of course that they would return to the Seattle office when the season's work was over, and only now that the time had come did they consider any other plan.

Sunday afternoon Mr. Wilson suggested a walk, and without any definite object they climbed the trail leading to the red water tank on the hill just north of the little town. Here, as if

by common impulse, the three seated themselves and gazed silently across the Columbia—beyond the distant ridges and up to where Mt. Begbie rose in all its majesty above the wreathing storm mists. From the very first glimpse of this white mantled peak it had held a fascination for the boys and as they watched it now in its partially veiled and ever changing beauty, it seemed to speak to them in the voice of the ranges—the voice that inspired love for the arduous toil of the uplands and to the voice that calls to the hills their own.

They remained thus motionless and silent until the sun, breaking through a rift in the clouds, poured a flood of light into the wooded canyons over toward Eagle Pass and reflected in sparkling brilliance from every snow-laden fir.

As if awakening suddenly from enchantment, Fred turned toward Hal, and speaking in a voice full of feeling, quietly expressed his determination to refuse that Seattle offer and to remain here in the land he had learned to love. Instantly his hand was in Hal's strong grip, and in the eyes of the two friends there shone the light of a mutual understanding.

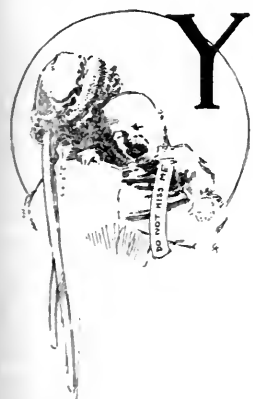
Mr. Wilson had evidently been awaiting something, and he now drew out an official envelope and handed the boys a typewritten sheet. At the bottom was the signature of Chief Engineer Vance. The body of the letter contained directions to Mr. Wilson, but the last paragraph stated that there was room in the Prince Rupert office for Mr. Taylor and Mr. Conroy if they cared to accept positions there until next season's field parties were made up.

For a moment the boys had forgotten Mr. Wilson, and turning to where he had been sitting, saw him already some distance down the trail, and by this sign they knew that in the heart of their friend and chief there had long lived the love of the hills that had so lately come to them.



This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

DO NOT KISS ME



YOU might not want to, but, the Gods be thanked, I've had a full share, and overflowing The poor Queen of Spain, who ticketed her children with a card bearing the above heading in Spanish, is being abused by

those Spaniards who think that nothing good ever came out of old England. And now it is related that kissing is going out of fashion! Again, thank the fates for that good measure of mine! If some high mightiness or other interdicted wearing shoes, some snobs would be found to go barefoot. Kissing, however, will always be indulged in by at least the Common People. Dean Swift opined that it was some fool that invented kissing. The pity of it was that the Dean had not had more of it to sweeten his melancholy days and soften the nib of his pen. Be assured that Eve invented the kiss, for a peach of a thing like that

must have come straight from Paradise. Job kissed in his day, no doubt; at least he knew about it. The Greeks loved it—even Plato—that cold soul on whose philosophic nature we have grafted a tepid nothing—between love and friendship—which we dub Platonic—declared that in the act of kissing his soul slipped from its bodily casing in an ecstasy of bliss.

Somebody related that kissing was so beloved of the Greeks that many jealous husbands, in order to insure the good conduct of their wives, made them eat onions before leaving them for the day's work. Foolish men! As though even garlic would not resolve itself into some heavenly essence before the tempting of a red lip! The one race passed on the good thing to another, and so on until the shores of England and Scotland were reached —(the Irish learned kissing long before from the Fairies)—and it was a beautiful Dane, Rowena by name, who taught them. I do not think, however, they ever learned it as thoroughly as have other races. The French and Italian kiss with noise and rhapsody in public, to the horror of the English tourist, who thinks that sort of thing vulgar in the extreme.

Could we live without kissing? Yes.

but would life be worth the living? Could Mother resist kissing her wee man when he ran to her with the cut finger or the bruised toe, the tears streaking the dirt on his little face? Or could she—did you—refrain from kissing Baby's little curled pink palm, or her darling wee fat toes? And do you not kiss—as you do the bride—the quiet pale lips of your adored dead? As there is nothing more tender than the mother's kiss to her babe, or more exquisitely passionate than the kiss of young love, so there is no act we perform in life so poignant, more despairing, more lonely than is our last kiss of all, our "good-bye" for ever on this earth, to one beloved and most dear. Then, indeed, in that sad moment—so frequent in our daily human lives—we need all that may be of faith and hope to grasp at with our feeble hands, that we may believe and lean on the thought that this, indeed, is not the last parting—that some golden day of meeting is coming unseen beyond the gray horizon which rims our curious little lives.

Of kissing lore there is no end. You will die an old maid (and you might meet a worse fate) dear girl, if when you kiss Him, you get a hair in your mouth, so see to it that he be a beardless youth, and that your own locks are well snooded.

Anyone who manages to kiss the bride before the fond husband performs this marital duty will meet with good luck for a year.

If I were you, sweet maid, and nearing forty, I would let a man of dark complexion salute me, for after it a proposal cometh.

A bride should be careful in kissing babies for reasons that I may not here explain, but two brides who kiss at their first meeting after marriage will bring each other much happiness. When you kiss a friend, and after him another, do not kiss back again your first friend lest you bring him bad luck. You see, there are kisses and kisses—good and bad, but the wickedest kiss of all is that given between married people who are not wedded to one another. That is the Forbidden Kiss which waltzes you into a Divorce Court.

The Queen of Spain had the small card against kissing pinned to the clothing of her little sons and her daughter, in order that they might not receive disease or infection through osculation, and when the English nurse snatched the little Princess Beatriz from the wife of one of the Palace gardeners, the old dame was amazed and affronted. She had kissed many royal children—why not those of the English Queen? One is glad to read that hearing the story the day after King Alfonzo, who knows his people and who has the fine tact of his race, took the baby in his arms and himself presented her to the old wife to kiss, and kisses rained on the peach-like little face. The dame was appeased, blessed God and King and Small Princess and departed in peace.

Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not ask for wine.

We have so many tears in the world! Why deprive it of kisses? Not I, for one. "We begin existence with a kiss," says a writer, "and we depart from it with a kiss: our little life is rounded with a kiss." And, perhaps, you who read remember above all the tears and sighs of your life the rapturous moment of one divine kiss.

MY CORONATION

I AM NOT sorry to have missed the Coronation. One such spectacle is enough for a lifetime, and Queen Victoria's Jubilee was as great a sight as far as a procession goes as any Coronation. If you were there, dear sister, you would not see the crowning, and would be lucky if you enjoyed a seat along the line of march. Besides which, that day of the old Queen was more inspiring than a dozen Coronations of comparatively young people. I rode in the Coronation Coach all the same along with a small boy who for the moment was Prince of Wales. We had been visiting by "the gracious permission of the Master of the Horse, the Duke of Portland"—so ran the card—the stables of the Queen and Royal Family, and had spent much time with the famous Flemish horses which drew

the royal carriage on public occasions. We studied their coats, in colour like pink milk, their Roman noses, and fat polished quarters. They have wicked eyes and strong teeth, and will bite anyone who goes near enough—so "the Queen's Groom" told us. He was a neat little fellow, with a cocked eyebrow—a pocket edition of Sam Weller with not a little of that cheery old chap's blessed humour, and it was this, I think, and perhaps the awed look in a child's eyes which made him open the doors of the heavy old Coronation Coach, let down the steps and invite us to enter.

"It has been to four Coronations," he said, "and you can stay as long as you like."

Whereupon he bundled the steps in after us, slapped the door to with a thunderous crack, and left us to our meditations. Four Coronations! the last of them that of the little aged Queen we had seen but a few days before going in procession through the great city. Kings George the Third and Fourth had sat here; the coach must have been built somewhere about the year 1761, and cost \$17,000. William the Fourth also went to Westminster in this coach, and last of all, Queen Victoria. Probably her son, Edward Prince of Wales, would go to the great Abbey in it, there to be invested with his sovereign robes! As we sat quietly with lowered blinds

pages of English history were unrolled. All in a moment we remembered we were Queen (notice the august plural) and sat very straight in the dim coach that outside was so golden, so laden with crimson velvet hammercloth and gold fringed trappings. It was a royal moment. But the inevitable happened. The small boy got tired of playing Prince of Wales, and clamoured, drumming his stout Canadian heels, to be let out, till the little groom came to the rescue.

"I'd rather be Dick Turpin, so I would," remarked the young gentleman as he and his mother turned out through the big gates, "an' I'd hold the Queen's Coach up with my rewolewer, so I would."



"IT HAS BEEN TO FOUR CORONATIONS," SAID HE, OPENING THE DOOR, "AND YOU CAN STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE"

A nice remark for the Prince of Wales, surely!

WHY OLD LADIES?

"ARE there any old ladies left now-a-days?" anxiously queries a writer of the year 1855, and to-day people are asking the same question

in fact, and dance our merry way again, stealing our daughters' beaux and wearing grand-daughterly bows in our ever-abundant mock hair. We should imagine, however, from the fashion prints of fifty-six years ago, and old photographs of our mothers and grand-dames that there were very many dear, and real, and delightful old ladies in those days. In fact, despite our sweeping denial of a moment ago, we know many who exist at this moment, like unplucked old roses in a sheltered corner of Life's garden, where no rough winds may reach them to scatter their fragrant petals—ladies whose soft old cheeks were never desecrated by paint or powder, whose silver hair was never violated by dyes. Tears they have known—perhaps many more than smiles—but they have been the dews that kept alive those human roses which even though they fade, do so with a slow and exquisite daintiness.

MODERN EDEN

EVE never really left the Garden of Eden. She merely changed the name of her abode to suit her mood of the moment, calling it Kingdom of La Mode, Fashion Mart, Fur or Jewellery Shop, or Millinery Emporium just as required at the minute.

Of late Departmental Store is the Eden's name since most of the things which Eve adores (and Adam at bill-time deplores) are to be found there. When Eve made a ceinture of the fig leaf, she invented the first "fashion," and her daughters have gone on ever since, now increasing, now decreasing, from crinoline to harem. It would be indeed difficult to recognize the tender little fig leaf as the originator of the bouncing hoops of our great-grandmother's times. In fact, the hobble came nearest to it, in dimensions at any rate.



THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH IS THE BEAUTY SHOP. WITH ITS AID
WE GO ON FOREVER STEALING OUR DAUGHTERS' BEAUX
AND WEARING GRAND-DAUGHTERLY BOWS IN
OUR EVER-ABUNDANT MOCK HAIR

and deploring that all the old ladies long ago vanished—played by some Pied Piper into the hills of Everlasting Youth. Now the answer to the query is simple. There has not been for a long time—since our grandmother died—an old lady anywhere, and there never will be any more. Just as soon as we cease to be the Lillian Russells and Langtrys we think we are, which is not for a long, long time, we retire to the College of Beauty Culture and Massage, throw off our old skin—like snakes—and emerge younger and fresher Lillies than ever—quite virginal

Eve is continually reaching out to seek that particular novelty which is beyond her reach, just as she did the apple before she discovered that disobedience was a sin. Only her appetite has changed. Instead of apples, her desire is the latest thing in the land of smart styles. Just now it is harems, helmets and ear-rings, and what else the anonymous Deity every woman adores decrees for the summer. La Mode, like Bernhardt and Patti, is forever uttering last cries—farewells. The *dernier cri*, once beloved of fashion writers, has been hustled to the cellar, where at times it groans dismally through the medium of country newspapers, and sends modest school-teachers borrowing French dictionaries. "Chic," usually pronounced "chick," has likewise departed, let us hope to a perennial hen-roost.

To return whence we came—to Mother Eve—ever since the day she bit into the apple, for which always Man bitterly reproaches her, she has kept company with her Serpent. That insinuating and sinuous chap simply changed himself into the bland exhibitor of velvet, satins, diamonds, furs and false teeth, and has accompanied her through the ages. Instead of loitering behind the fateful apple tree, he lurks behind the counters, where he smirks and smiles and lures her to Adam's undoing with his sheen of silk and glitter of jewels.

Adam's mistake was that he got married. Had he remained a bachelor neither you or I would be where we are and "Ne Temere" would not be upsetting the priests and parsons, to say

nothing of our being, perhaps, better off to-day on some smoother going planet than old earth. Adam's wife came from his side and earned the first pair of new gloves by kissing him awake—that's where we got the legend. To



EVE NEVER REALLY LEFT THE GARDEN OF EDEN. SHE MERELY CHANGED THE NAME OF HER ABODE TO SUIT THE MOOD OF THE MOMENT

be sure, she has often left his side since and aired him and his doings in the Divorce Court—all mainly because she will not dispense with that Serpent either as lover or mercer.

One reason why husbands obey their wives is because they keep the weak example of Adam in mind. He ate the apple when she told him to do it, and he has never got over it since.



THE SAILOR KING

ALTHOUGH he comes to the throne this month with the stateliest ceremony in the world, to rule over a great and powerful people; although cloth-of-gold and knightly spur and naked sword and all the trappings of the coronation of royalty are his, King George V. is a plain sailor-man, direct of speech to bluntness, honest and "straight" in the broadest sense of the word, and with a deep sense of responsibility towards his people.

Better than any other British King he knows his over-sea dominions. He has visited Canada, India, Australia and the red-mapped isles of the sea. He has seen the wide prairies of Canada and the line of the new-cut rail, has trod the wharves of the windy ports of New South Wales and watched the golden kowhai blooms fall at the temple gates of Hindustan. He knows for himself that Great Britain is wider than from Bristol to the Thames.

What he will do for the Empire—the Empire that is not compassed by the British Isles—is yet to see. But in George V., the "Sailor King," his subjects have a great faith and a loyalty that will endure.

EAVESDROPPING

THE Ottawa Lady, who is a pleasant person and a friend of CANADA MONTHLY, did a bit of innocent eavesdropping not long ago, and presently thereafter we received a letter.

"In the car the other day," she wrote gaily, "I had a copy of CANADA MONTHLY, reading snatches here and there. My attention was caught by hearing a man, probably a member—I did not know him—say to a friend, 'You see that magazine?' The friend saw it, and said so. 'Well, sir,' said the man, 'I remember the time when no one ever heard of it; and now no one is ignorant about it. It is the clearest case of running to the top I ever saw.'"

"That warms the cockles of your frozen editorial heart, eh?"

It isn't every day that an editor gets a spontaneous, unawares compliment such as that unknown man in the Ottawa car paid CANADA MONTHLY, and we want to thank both the Ottawa Lady and the author of the compliment for a most welcome bit of appreciation.

PRYING BEHIND THE VEIL

"PROPHECY Post-Israel" is the heading under which CANADA MONTHLY is about to publish a series of three articles, in which W. D. Eaton undertakes to show that prophecy is still an active quantity in the world. They will be given as written without approval or disapproval of the views expressed or the evidences advanced. In his introductory note the author says:

The orthodox religionist accepts prophecy as basic to his faith, resting everything upon what the prophets of Israel gave out. The most advanced thinker admits its possibility.



THE PRINCE OF WEDDEBORG

as part of a new understanding, now forming. The vast majority, occupying space between these, believe in it because they want to, that want being a blind expression of a deeply implanted sense of superior things, common to human kind. I will show that

the power of prophecy is extant still, as it has been since man emerged upon the plane of superanimal thought.

It is a curious field, more than any other inclusive of all shades and qualities of mind. It is my purpose to disclose its three main

divisions, beginning with that which takes in the baser forms, passing to the next higher and less spurious, and going on to the last we can know anything about so long as we are cumbered with flesh.

The subject is serious. Though its least worthy sides have grotesque lights which I cannot blink, its final consideration approaches the realm of immortal things, and here we must tread with caution, if not with reverence.

I mean to cite definite instances of prophecy fulfilled. In doing that, I will use dates, and names of places and people. Should question arise as to any of these, I will be prepared to answer.

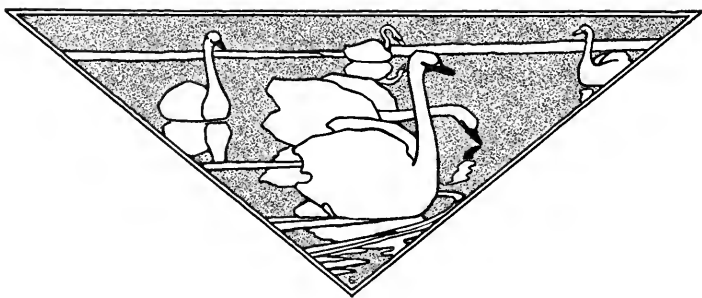
Whatever judgment may finally be passed upon them, the articles are certain to create wide interest, because whether the position taken be right or wrong, the thought back of it goes home to the inmost heart and aspiration of every living man and woman. What does the future hold for any of us? Can it be known? These are universal questions. Quackery offers some answers, faith offers others. Setting both aside, these articles purport to give a limited affirmative by showing that within bounds and by purely natural means, prophecy is still available in the individual case.

CANADA MONTHLY has no propaganda in respect of that affirmation. The articles may speak for themselves. But it can be said that their attitude and method are unlike anything in other writings on the same or similar subjects. They have a curious mixture of serious thought with broad comedy, and are free from rhapsody. There is plenty of that interest which attaches to all

biography, and to whatever assumes a dealing with the unseen or argues the conscious individual existence. People who are attached to what is known as spiritualism will probably resent the rejection of that body of phenomena, and orthodox churchmen may or may not approve the application made of their tenets, but the thesis is at least dispassionate, free from dogmatism, and backed by instances of personal experience which are altogether out of the common, and sometimes startling, and these are given with singular unreserve.

Mr. Eaton is best known to the readers of CANADA MONTHLY as the creator of that lovable liar, the Old Circus Man. In this new series he remains a narrator, but enters a field of wider range and deeper significance. The people in his illustrative episodes are presented as actual, and occupying many stations. Between a dingy card reader in a back street, an Indian in the country of the Great Slave Lake, the inventor of the linotype machine, and an ambassador of the United States to the foremost court of Europe, there are wide spaces, variously filled by some who skulk in shadows, and others who stand in the very high lights of world affairs. Nearly all are introduced by name. This is daring much, for it invites serious censure if facts are misstated—a risk the author takes squarely upon his own shoulders.

The articles will appear consecutively, in the three months beginning with July.





THINGS happen rapidly in Hungary. At least as pictured in "The Seven Sisters," which Edith Ellis has adapted from the Hungarian of Ferencz Berczeg, they are as bewildering as those mad glimpses of gorges and deserts that one snatches while the loop-the-loop hurtles on its screaming way. Vitalized by Charles Cherry, and visualized by Laurette Taylor, the play has never an idle moment, and the players seem to spin through their parts as though they had had a hypodermic of strychnine.

Laurette Taylor of the wicked laugh has the part of Mici, enfant terrible and fourth daughter of Mrs. Gyurkovicz, whose seven unmarried girls are her despair; and Charles Cherry, in the person of Count Feri Horkoy, is the enterprising officer who must marry off Katinka, Sari and Ella before he may woo Mici, who in knee-length pinafore and bristling braids is "allowed only fourteen-and-a-half" by her match-making mother. Indignant Mici, translated from seventeen and a boarding-school to this tragic age, shrewdly conspires with Count Feri to get rid of the older girls, incidentally holding his love-making at arm's length in an experienced way that contrasts absurdly with her abbreviated petticoats. How their plans succeed, and the count wins the hoyden in a lovable little scene at the last is, as we observed above, too swift for exact

recollection. Besides, we laughed too much.

Miss Taylor's handling of serious moments shows a decided improvement over last year, when in "The Girl in Waiting," her comedy was much above her sober scenes. In Mici, however, she has a better part than in her previous vehicle, and if she would tone down a tendency to over-boisterousness, would improve an already charming presentation of a wilful and lovable tomboy. Mr. Cherry gives his usual smooth and finished performance, and is a most convincing conspirator, and the cast is pleasantly well-balanced and capable. Altogether, "The Seven Sisters" is one of the hits of the season.

Since the arrival of "Pommery Sec." as the irreverent have dubbed Russell Pomeroy Colt, Jr., Ethel Barrymore has taken on a matronly appearance that seems hard to connect with the willowy actress, whom matinee-girls have so long adored. But if her figure has suffered, her acting has developed a depth and power and range that establishes her as one of the foremost actresses on the American stage. She is no longer "just herself"—a pleasing personality about whom plays are built, trimmed off a little here and added to there in order to make it easier for her to display her own character—but she has learned how to enter into other people's souls and hang up her own self



LINA ABARBANELL, THE VIENNESE CREATOR OF THE PART OF "SONIA" IN "THE MERRY WIDOW," WHO IS STARRING THIS YEAR IN "MADAME SHERRY"



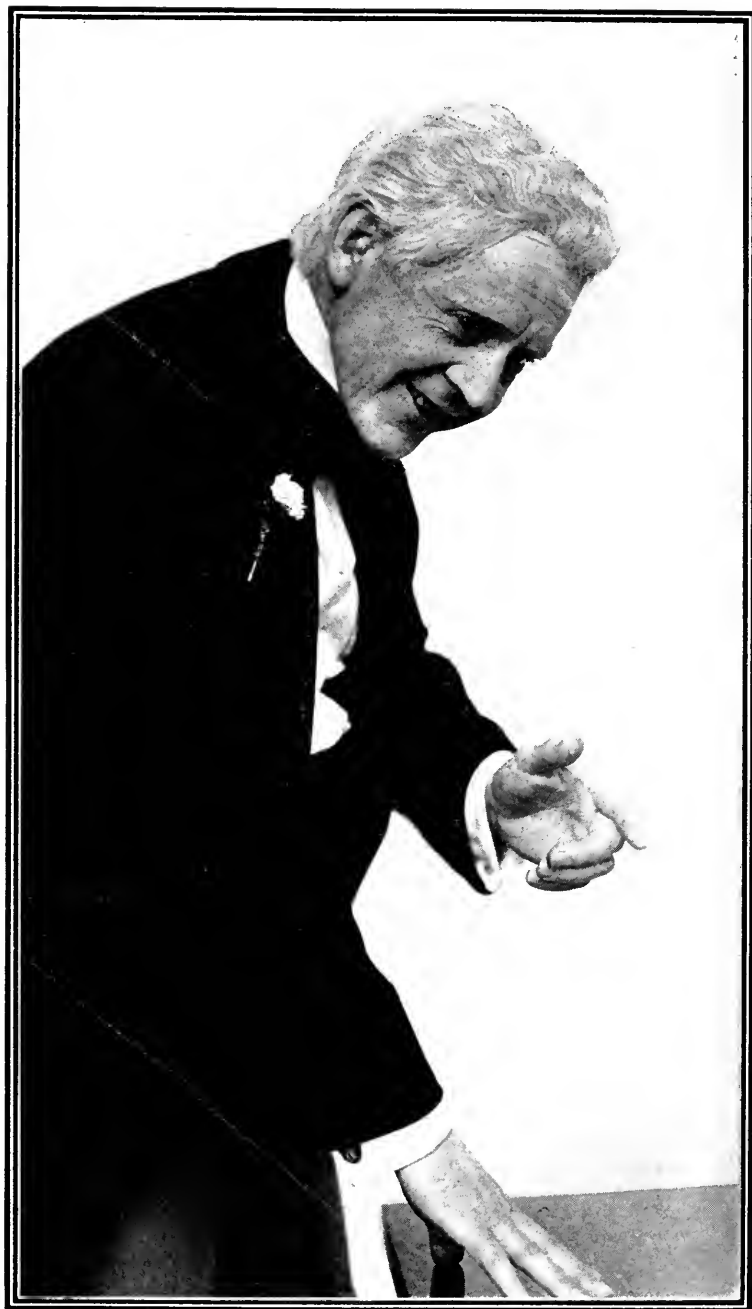
RUTH ST. DENIS, A MISTRESS OF POSE, WHO HAS CONCEIVED AND STAGED A REMARKABLE SERIES OF EGYPTIAN DANCES THIS SEASON



[LAURETTE TAYLOR, CO-STAR WITH CHARLES CHERRY IN "THE SEVEN SISTERS," IN WHICH SHE HAS THE PART OF A WILFUL, CLEVER HOYDEN



ETHEL BARRYMORE IS REVIVING TWO OF HER RE-
 "ALL E SIT-BY-THE-FIRE" THIS YEAR, WITH ANNE
 POUND LOOK "AS A TE



BYRON BEASLEY'S VISUALIZATION OF "THE FOX," A CONVINCING CHARACTER PART IN
LEE ARTHUR'S COMEDY-DRAMA

in the closet for the time, like an unseasonable gown.

In "The Twelve-Pound Look," she portrays the wife of a successful London barrister, who could not endure the fleshly presence of her husband and his jowled friends. She bought a typewriter, which cost her twelve pounds, and drew a long breath of freedom. The barrister married again, and at the most successful moment of his successful career, when he is about to be knighted, the first wife reappears as a typist. He has always believed she left him for another man. She assures him that she did not, and the curtain drops with the new wife asking the price of typewriters. The little play is a typically whimsical and philosophical Barrie conceit, where tears and laughter are bedfellows, and Miss Barrymore does justice to them both.

With "The Twelve-Pound Look," she is reviving her success of five years ago, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," and has added much to the charm of "Alice Grey". In "Mid-Channel," her last season's vehicle, she is also renewing laurels, and it is unquestionable that her work is of the first rank in the player's world. Anyone who doubts her development from a "personality" to a true actress, should compare her portrayal of two such different characters as those of Alice Grey and Zoe Blundell, and ever after hold his peace.

It is something of a switch from the delicacy and truth of a Barrie play to "The Remittance Man," where George Fawcett handles one of the red-shirt characters which are his specialty, and the English remittance-man, so long held up as an all-round bad lot in playdom is given a chance to show himself a spunky young chap who isn't so English that he can't earn his living when put to it. There are possibilities in this situation, and we should like to see a remittance-man get his chance at a fair representation. But Gertrude Nelson Andrews doesn't do it here. At least it is only a mirrored reflection of a

chance, and Fred. Tiden as "Gilbert Brockhurst" convinces one neither of his English ancestry nor his ability to make good in a thirty-dollar-a-month job. Mr. Fawcett as "Bob McKeever" has some very good moments, and some that are pretty raw, as for instance when he reads poetry aloud as an outlet for his philosophical reflections. Mary Lawton as "Mate Hubbell" offers a good impersonation of the buxom country coquette of the Audrey type.

A detective, an ex-convict, a dishonest footman, a secret safe with a combination known only to the daughter of the house, an octopuscan millionaire, and a public-spirited young lawyer who loves the millionaire's daughter and holds the traditional papers that prove her father's dishonesty, are the materials with which Leo Arthur has built a three-act melodrama. So far, it's chain-stitch of the simplest, and with his eyes shut anyone can forecast the revolver, the fainting heroine, the noble lover and the happy-ever-afterness of the last act.

But Mr. Arthur took thought and added a cubit to the stature of the play with "The Fox," who gives it its title, and is as good a character part as ever delighted the soul of an actor with an eye for humanity. As played by Byron Beasley, "The Fox" is an engaging old gentleman with Chesterfieldian manners, a shrewd practical knowledge of the art of safe-cracking, and a taste for the Scottish waters of truth. His double first at Oxford and his knowledge of Egyptology do not prevent him from having a fad—one can hardly take it more seriously—for daring burglary, and although his chimes-o'-midnight period is long past, he settles by a judicious crime the problem of the lovers, the high-finance sins of the millionaire, and his own position. Mr. Beasley plays his part with that touch of nature which instantly puts the audience en rapport with "The Fox," and John Westley handled a drunken young ne'er-do-well with cleverness.



UPPERCUT PREFERRED

HE HAD wrestled with the dusty brown article that was shyly trying to hide behind a bunch of water-cress, and finally called the waiter.

"Just what is this object?" he inquired gently.

"Filet of sole, sir," explained the waiter with a bow.

"Ah!" commented the guest. "Will you kindly bring me a piece of the upper, with the buttons removed?"

THOSE UNMUZZLED SHEEP

DIGBY BELL is the Boswell of an old-timer in the theatrical world, who was a well-known agent in his day—Hanky Johnson. It was Hanky who replied "Two days ago" when Maurice Barrymore asked him if he had had breakfast. This was incorporated in a play which Nat Goodwin presented in London, and was singled out as a significant specimen of American wit.

Johnson became a habit for a group that hung out in the old Morton House, New York, in the days when actors were engaged on the sidewalk and in Union Square. A rich man with a love of fun was captivated by Johnson's company and invited him to spend a couple of weeks with him at his country place on Long Island. There were times of uncertainty for Johnson, but he was touchy about his affairs and declined.

The rich man realized the situation and repeated the invitation, this time suggesting that his guest might make

himself useful, and, in a spirit of banter, named the obligation of watching the sheep from twelve to one o'clock.

"I had to pass it up, Digby," said Johnson in confidence later. "I wouldn't have minded if he had asked me to wash the windows or cut the lawn."

"I can't see why it wouldn't be a pretty soft job watching the sheep for an hour," Bell observed.

"Sheep always bite me," said Hanky.

THEY'D TELL BILL

A SAD-EYED man fastened George Dunleavy, box office man and humorist. "Do you think it would be right for two women, both in mourning, to go to the theatre?" he asked.

Mr. Dunleavy said it would be commendable.

The sad-eyed man appeared pleased.

"Give me two aisle seats for two women in mourning," Mr. Dunleavy dished them out. The sad-eyed man shook his head doubtfully. "It doesn't seem just proper to me," he said, "but I s'pose in this case it is all right. You see"—and he lapsed into confidences—"all our folks are Spiritualists, and my brother-in-law Bill died the other day. Now, Bill, he always wanted to see this show of yours. He talked about it just a day or two before he passed out, and so his wife and my wife, they kind of figured they'd come and see the show and then tell Bill about it."



CANADA MONTHLY



EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE CAMP

BY REX CROASDELL

It lay at the end of the portage, a little clearance shadowed by a lonely gaunt-limbed pine. The shoulder-broadening toil of pack and paddle was, for a little while, forsaken. The tent was stretched, a couch of balsam boughs laid ready; and a thin rope of lavender smoke spiralled up from the greying embers of the fire. Then for a few God-given moments, the settled sun still glorified the sky, which shared its opalescent wonder with the lake beneath. Five wild sweet notes floated out on the vesper silence, drawn by cunning lips from the reed pipe of Pan—or was it a whitethroat in a near-by tree setting the happy theme of thought to music? A bewildered loon neighed an elfish laugh and dove again before weird echoes answered him. Then, full of stealth, the darkness and stillness crept together—and the day was gone.

Frederic M. Grant



"SAY YOU CARE—SAY IT NOW," HE WHISPERED. "THEY'LL BE
"COMING BACK IN A MINUTE"

To accompany *The Scarlet*
Strand—see page 201

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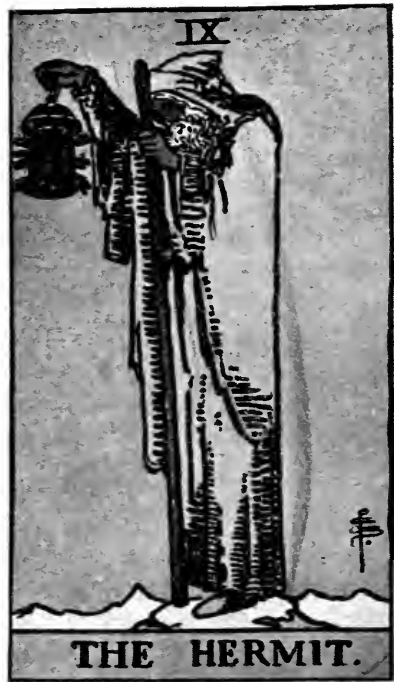


Prophets for Profit

BEING THE FIRST INSTALLMENT

OF A THREE-PART ARTICLE ON PROPHECY

By William Dunseith Eaton



HE orthodox religionist accepts prophecy as basic to his faith, resting everything upon what the prophets of Israel gave out. The most advanced thinker admits its possibility, as part of a new understanding, now forming. The vast majority,

occupying space between these, believe in it because they want to, that want being a blind expression of a deeply implanted sense of superior things, common to human kind. In what here follows, I will show that the power of prophecy is extant still, as it has been since man emerged upon the plane of superanimal thought.

It is a curious field, more than any other inclusive of all shades and qualities of mind. It is my purpose to disclose its three main divisions, be-

ginning with that which takes in the baser forms, passing to the next higher and less spurious, and going on to the last we can know anything about so long as we are cumbered with flesh.

The subject is serious. Though its least worthy sides have grotesque lights which I cannot blink, its final consideration approaches immortal things, and here we must tread with caution, if not with reverence.

I mean to cite definite instances of prophecy fulfilled. In doing that, I will use dates, and names of people and places. Should question arise as to any of these, I will be prepared to answer.

Have you never had your fortune told? If you have not, you are exceptional in the entire human race. Fortune telling is common to all sorts and conditions, all races and all climes. And it is easy, for two reasons: the

listener wants to take it in; and the teller has superlative advantages in the matter of method, which is based upon easily mastered formulae. These two elements work together for success, and what they lack is readily supplied by a little ingenuity and a general knowledge of human nature.

Anyone can tell fortunes, and it is

not bad fun. Moreover, it is an accomplishment that creates a demand for those who have it. I am going to show how it is done—how to “read the future” with cards, in the palm, or by the stars. These three are the most familiar ways. Let us begin with the cards, and a personal experience by way of illustration.



“DOLLAR OR FIFTY CENTS”

The house had once been a respectable house in a good neighborhood, but encroaching shops and shifting social centres had left it saddening into shabbiness. A faint memory of original dignity

glowering through its grime was nullified by a shameless old card in one of the windows, blaring about furnished rooms.

A pull at a handle related by wire to a violent bell inside produced a pallid woman of forty or upward, with washed-out eyes and an odor of stale cookery, who admitted the truth of the sign on the door and said she was disengaged, and would read for me.

The personal and depressing history this weird sister presently unwound matched her dim and dingy back parlor. She had just been done to the amount of one dollar and sixty cents in respect of a nickel telephone installed by order of a lodger who forgot to pay for it when he went away; and that was only the latest item in a long list of wrongs, beginning when her husband had faded from view, years ago, after sinking “all her money” in a dreamy patent. She whined the dark grey tale without a stop until she had reverted to and bitterly disposed of the telephone company. Then and with disconcerting abruptness she produced a deck of cards and asked mournfully

“Dollar or fifty cents?”

“thought you were clairvoyant,” said I.

“I am, but I give you clairvoyance with the cards. They fixes my attention, so’s I can see things clairvoyant.

Dollar or fifty cents?”

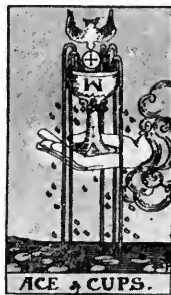
It appeared I could get a whole life reading for a dollar, and the immediate future for half as much. The cheapest was undoubtedly the best because the briefest, and I chose it. Her disappointment spat itself out in the curt asperity,

“Cutnwish twicet.”

I was to be finished off sharply. I was not the whole dollar I looked.

But I cut and wished, and she dealt the cards faces up in about the form of a Greek cross, with a few outliers at regular spaces, and then she began:

I would soon go on a journey toward water and it would be on a business matter that would turn out pretty well but not so well as I would expect and I was very quick to see things and my first impressions were generally correct though I often changed them and was sorry for it afterward and a dark lady was coming into my life but I must beware of an elderly man of wealth who would make me a proposition that would turn out bad and I must be very careful about him because he was a smooth talker but very deceitful and maybe I didn’t know him yet but I soon would and I was surrounded with papers in a business deal and there was a letter coming from a long distance with good news and I would inherit money in a few years but I was going to lose something in a few days and there was a death of some near relation pretty soon and if I did not take care I would have a bad sickness myself and this dark lady would be very jealous of a fair-haired woman not



quite a blonde but kinda brown-haired that was very fonda me and I must beware of accidents on water and would have a narrow escape from injury to my legs or feet in a railway accident or maybe it might be a trolley-car and my mind was too active so I might have brain fever if I didn't look out—and so on to the value of a half dollar, which I gave up on the cue "that's all."

The system employed by this lady was very simple, and her reading was glib. It is almost a certainty that her clients find her work satisfactory. The many inexpensive boarding houses near by would indicate their kind, which is receptive, and leans toward confidential relations, and comes often and believes all it can. Being somewhat sophisticated myself, it touched me not at all. With one less prepared or in real earnest it would have been different. And this is to be considered: Where so many fortunes are told, a fact must some time be hit upon, and one such hit, to an eager mind, will wipe out many failures. Most minds are eager.

Not long ago, in a strange town and a moment of leisure, I suffered myself to be drawn for two dollars by reason of a large sign that said Madame

Something or other was a card reader and a "medium." She was fat and fluent, in a soiled kimono, and the first thing she said to me was,

"My religion won't let me touch money."

To avert that contamination she extended a battered puff-box and told me to

"Put two dollars in that, but don't touch my fingers with it."

The box with the two dollars was put on a mantelpiece, where she could see it out of the tail of her eye. She spread a deck of cards and looked at them, and shivered into a trance. (A good many card readers do that. It is impressive.)

Out of the trance came a baby voice in an Indian patter, prophesying things that were not so and would have mattered very little anyway. Ten minutes of this and the "mejee" lady shivered out of her trance, looked at the puff-box and sighed absently.

"Is it all right?" she asked.

Lying freely, I said it was. She dumped the puff-box into the drawer of a dresser.

"You see," she said, "money is such a filthy curse. It dirties everything it touches."

The merit of this was its newness to me.



WHY PROPHETS ARE DOG-POOR

I used to wonder how it was all these prophets were so dog-poor. If they could prophesy for and give lifesaving advice to others, why did they all dwell along the squalor line? One of

them explained this. She was a nice, motherly woman, who kept her consultation room fragrantly warm in winter with an oil stove.

"Doctors don't treat themselves when they're sick. They go to another doctor. I can see everything for you, but I can't see anything for myself, just like a doctor can't. When I don't know what to do, I go to Mrs. Sonso. She's great. And I read for her, too.

I see her every week."

From which it would appear that piloting others across this sea of troubles by no means assures the pilot immunity from seasickness. Being a prophet is not all roses and jam.

I quote this one to bring out that point, and to show another curious thing. They get so deeply into their own game that they believe in it themselves. Most of them go so far as to make it a sort of cult. How much there was back of the refusal to touch money (as above) I had no time for finding out, but I've no doubt the lady had a system of belief that would have paralyzed a con man or appalled a pagan.

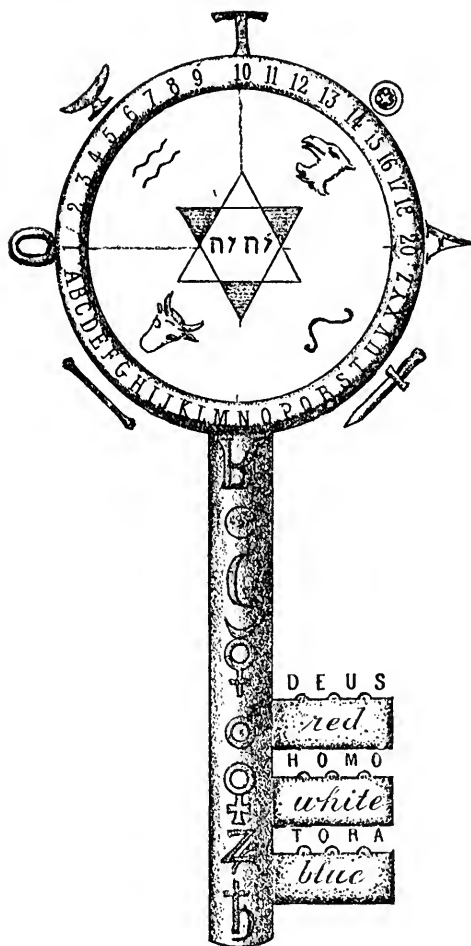


There are cards made especially for fortune-telling, bearing strange devices, but none of these has any more meaning than ordinary cards. All systems are variants of one fixed set of principles, and these are open to all comers. It is necessary only to attach a definite meaning to each card and

disappointments, losses, love, enmity, letters, money matters, and so on, and if the reader will memorize them, it will be found that any arrangement will yield a story that will at some point fit the case of any sitter; and being touched upon any one point, the sitter will unwittingly help out the reading by trying to find application for others.

A clever reader, quick at blending the influence of the cards, and rising to the hints or queries of the sitter, can pull off a success every time. The effect is heightened by getting the sitter to "cut and wish," and in a well-devised system any oddity of dealing—as first from the top and then the bottom—or any intricate sequence of placing the cards, helps out.

There are three cards that keep the same meanings in nearly all systems: the ace of spades means death; the ace of hearts means love; the ace of diamonds means money. Some one of the court cards usually means the sitter, but in the shrewdest and most complete of all, "dukkeripen," employed by the gipsies for at least two hundred years, the sitter is not represented by any particular card, because all the cards refer solely to him; and the aces have other meanings. In this gypsy system, the sitter is first asked to draw three cards blindly, with a silent wish, and these three cards are kept faces down until the reading is over, when the wish is determined by their prevailing color—red being favorable, black unfavorable. The other forty-nine cards, after being dealt, are reduced to twenty-one by a rigid process of rejection. Twenty-one is the product of the two mystic numbers, three and seven, and therefore is the number of highest mystic power. The twenty-one cards are arranged in seven rows of three cards each. Every card having its own meaning, and each being influenced by all the others, and the whole fifty-two meanings being about enough to cover the entire domain of human affairs, it is easy to understand that a story is sure to be developed by any cast of them, and that such a story is practically certain to touch somewhere



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THE ABSOLUTE KEY TO OCCULT SCIENCE. IN THIS
MYSTIC SYMBOL ALL WISDOM IS INCORPORATED
AND THE BOOK OF THE WORLD IS LAID
OPEN TO TRUE BELIEVERS

then read those meanings from the cards as they lie on the table after dealing, blending the meaning of one card into the meaning of the next, from left to right, or the reverse. If these meanings are identified in the court cards with people light or dark, young or old, and in the spot cards with such affairs as journeys, meetings,

upon the life or interests of a sitter.

There is a reprint of an old book describing the dukkeripen. It is called "The Square of Sevens," and I think it may be had at any well stocked book shop, or found in reference libraries. A week's study of that book would make an adept.

The deck is sometimes called "the oldest book in the world." About twelve years ago a pseudo religion grew up around a declaration that it was a survival of prehistoric knowledge, now degraded to base uses. The old meanings were supposed to have been rediscovered, and the teachings made of the pack a new bible, with its page for each of the fifty-two weeks in the year, its red for light and goodness,

its black for darkness and evil, its king, queen and knave for Osiris, Isis and Horus (I prefer naming that trinity), its four suites for the four seasons, and its other cards for days, and times, and the shades of fortune from good to bad. It is doubtful whether the eccentricities of new thought ever presented a stranger spectacle than the followers of that belief swallowing their poker-gospel in perfect good faith, and pitying those who declined the bolus. I have only to add that they, too, could read past, present and future from the familiar spots and faces, quite as the weird sister of the shabby street would, and probably just as well.



YOUR FATE IN YOUR FINGERS

Palmistry has always appealed to the curious. It is convenient, since by its theory

ness at cut rates. Polychromatic gypsy women will stop you as you walk and read



everyone carries his fortune at the ends of his arms, and the two hands are open tablets whereon the tale of life and character lies legible. Of late it has had a revival, equally keen among high and low. The police, with dense authority, have closed a few of its public temples, but lesser chapels still dispense its consolations, unabated, and many women in private life pursue its practice with the aid of books not yet shut from the mails. The gypsies are always in evidence, restless and shifty, and drumming busi-



your hand for a dime.

A learned palmist will claim that his art is not an art really, but a science, formulated upon facts determined through comparative observation long continued: and that these facts are constant.

It is not to be denied that character is expressed in the hands, perhaps more certainly than in other features. Shakespeare tells us "there is no art to find the mind's construction in the face," and we all know that brazen falsehood will stare innocent truth

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THE CHART OF THE HAND, SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL MOUNTS, REGIONS, PHALANGES AND LINES, ACCORDING TO HINDU PALMISTRY

out of countenance any day; but it takes a pretty hardened liar to lie without closing and unclosing or twitching his hands, no matter how squarely he may look you in the eyes. Most of us speak with the hands. An actor uses his almost as much as he uses his lips. In decay of the powers, especially in paresis, one of the sure signs is a failing ability to convey meaning with the fingers. Lear complained of it, pathetically.

Palmistry reads character in the shape of the hands, the fingers and the finger-nails, but finds its records of events, past and to come, in the lines that cross the palm. It takes account of those creases which are caused by flexure, though these are found in the hands of babies and of monkeys; but it reads its details in the lesser marks that radiate from or cross them, in "stars" and "squares" and "triangles,"

and in the direction of lines toward the cushions, or the base of this or that finger. Special lines have special significances, and some of these are queer.

I found not long since, in the hand of a woman, the wife of a prominent newspaperman, a sign I never had seen in any hand before. It was a loop at the beginning of what is called the fate line, just above the wrist, at the lower edge of the palm.

"That mark," said I, "breaks up the system, because it can't be right in your case."

She asked me why, and I told her it spelled a mystery of birth—to put it mildly. She gave me a strange look.

"Then it's right," she said. "I never knew who my father and mother were. I was a foundling."

So far as I was concerned, that was a fluke, but she shied me afterward as against the chance that I was a wizard.



HER UNEXPECTED HUSBAND

Which reminds me of the experience of another woman, unmarried, and herself a clever amateur palmist, who dropped into a place where the window was stuck full of pictures of

hands with fingers spread out, and got as much stunning information as the weird-sister-in-charge could cram into fifteen minutes. Most of it related to her "husband," and an impending break with that non-existent gentleman, but some of it concerned one living child and another dead one. Considering her spinsterhood, this was well worth the fifty cents she paid for it. The sister had gone into erroneous particulars after she had given out the usual reading of the life and head and heart lines (the lines of flexure), through putting a question in the form of a statement:

"You are not living with your husband now?"

The reply was a startled negative, and from that point on the palmist "fished" and was not denied.

The trouble with her was, she belonged to a class that "on the winking of authority will understand a law." Her blunder would have not been made by an expert.

The lines that are supposed to indicate love affairs do not necessarily mean marriage, for the palm is not a parish register, even conceding it to be a personal record. They originate in the larger cushion at the base of the thumb, and either extend to, or beyond, or are broken short of the heart or the head line. The mark at a breaking-point indicates the nature of the break—whether it be referable to death, quarrel or divorce. My friend had a broken line, ending half way across the palm. Also she had once suffered a severe disappointment, but never (absit omen!) marriage. The blunder about children was of a kind commonly encountered. The fine short lines that curve around the inner edge of the palm at the end of the heart line are often supposed to represent the number of children, whereas



they are due to flexure merely. Children show up in other marks, but I will ask you to go to the books for these without any guarantee that the books know what they are talking about.

Quite another kind of experience was reported in the newspapers recently where a Scandinavian client tried to elude payment of a fee for a palm-reading. The reader (a perfect lady, what?) turned the sitting into an athletic event, from which the client emerged with a broken scalp, and in the hands of the police.

"Ay ban mak complaint on hem," said the lady. "Hay ban yump mai pay."

I really would like to know whether she had seen in his hand the sign of an imminent abrasion of the head. In that case it certainly came true.

All that is necessary is to get a book that has a chart of the lines in it. There are dozens of these books on sale everywhere, but the smallest and cheapest should be preferred. Compare the chart with your own hands until you have fixed the lines and their names in your memory. Thus equipped, and with a little guessing, it is easy to give a reading that will satisfy any but an expert or a hardened case. It is best never to be too positive, but to feel

your way. The sitter will stretch both memory and probability to help you out; and if you find yourself on the verge of error, a little quick thinking will save you. Your chief care should be to steer away from anything that might work harm, for most people will believe what they are told, no matter what they say about it, and this belief may have an influence upon subsequent acts. And be very careful you don't get to believing too much yourself.

Above all, do not let it be too widely known that you know palmistry. If you do, every commonplace creature you meet will come at you with hand outstretched and the entreaty,

"O, won't you please read my palm? O, come! Please do, now. I know you can."

Don't blame them. A man or woman living the least eventful and dullest of lives is most of all things intensely concerned with that life, and constitutionally ignorant of its unimportance. Ego and hope sit in the arcana of such as they, even as with the great. "There was never a cricket that chirped in a hedge," says Eden Phillpott, "that to itself was not the pivot of the universe."



STARS THAT RUN WALL STREET

"Armand de Richelieu," says the Cardinal in the play, "dies not by the hand of man. The stars have said it, and the voice of my own prophet and oracular

soul confirms the shining sybils."

Carlyle says respect is due to any belief that has held the earnest attention of any considerable number of people for any length of time. If that is right, astrology cannot be regarded with complete contempt.

Applied astrology has at this hour an intimate bearing upon the lives of whole races and nations. It is a possession of the Orient still, as it has been for ages, and the decrees read in the stars are there accepted as final in

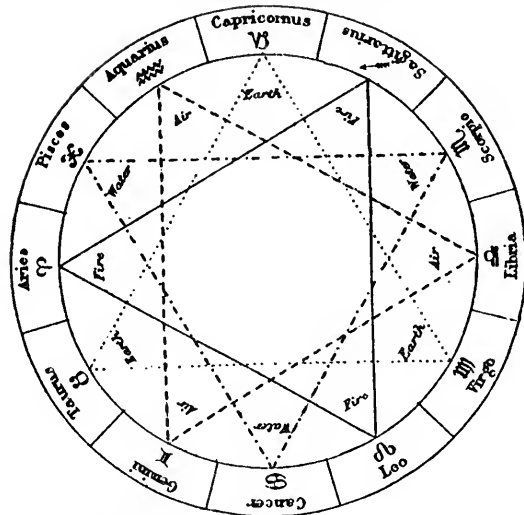
the destiny of individuals. There would seem to be little doubt that it is the daughter of that ancient astronomy whose scope is even now only beginning to be understood

again. It was in turn the mother of modern astronomy. Among the western peoples it is not accepted at the face value of its claims, yet even among these, and with some very hard-headed people, too, it has a degree of belief. Zadkiel's Almanac, published annually in London, is the daily handbook—almost the Bible—of thousands of English-speaking men and women.

Deacon White of New York, a strong figure in Wall Street not so many years back, had his horoscope



figured down to days, and worked by the readings. He "went broke" three times, but always rose again, and paid all he owed. No man in the street was more trusted, yet his astrological leanings were well known. The unbelieving used sometimes to ask him why he went to the bad if he knew what was coming. A crass question, since (admitting his doctrine) he could not escape the inevitable, no matter what he might know of its date ahead. His answer was that while he could not stop disaster he could provide against it to the extent of his ability, and do



By permission of the Theosophical Society
THE ZODIACAL CHART, SHOWING THE TRIANGLES AND THE MUNDANE HOUSES, BY WHICH THE RULING OF THE STARS UPON THE FATE OF MORTAL MAN ARE SAID TO BE DETERMINED

his best to see that it hit him and not his friends. It is fair to suppose his foreknowledge of or faith in a recovery also helped his cheerfulness and gave him strength. The Deacon was a religious man, and probably found in his Bible quite a bit of authority for his confidence in the planets. Read about Sisera, for instance.

He was by no means the only man in Wall Street who consulted astrologers. He was only the one who didn't care who knew it. Most men of affairs who do things like that do them furthest.



WHAT HAPPENED TO A SCOFFER

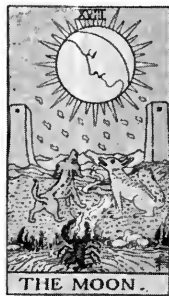
I once knew a successful stock broker who gave the leisure of his last twenty years of life to studying this subject. He made no secret of his hobby—or rather his belief—for he came to

believing, thoroughly. He was a mathematician of considerable skill, quite equal to working out the intricate calculations necessary in a horoscope having any pretense to accuracy. Some of his forecasts are still remembered in the exchange of which he was a member.

One of his scoffers set about to defeat a prediction that on a certain day he would be due for a broken arm or shoulder. That day the scoffer staid in his own sleeping-room, at the front of the second floor of his house. The time passed quietly until about four in the afternoon, when an outrageous piano organ exploded suddenly, square-

ly before his door. The shock started him with a jump and flushed him with anger. He tore to the window and threw it up to roar the thing away. And the cords of the sash-weight snapped and let the sash down with a rush, and it caught his arm and broke the bone. The ensuant sensation in the exchange was quieted by the obvious explanation of coincidence. What do you think of it, yourself?

The same broker cast my own horoscope once upon a time. Subsequently I got one from Dr. Karl Anderson, a distinctly grocerlike man, with astrological offices in Tremont Street, Boston; and still later another from Albert Pearce, editor of Zadkiel's Almanac aforementioned, in London, and he charged me five guineas, bless his astral heart! The three were alarmingly alike, and I must say I harbor a hope



that their unexpired terms may prove as accurate as those already lived through, for they promised many satisfactory years—and a few particularly poisonous ones, which certainly came along as per schedule.

Astrology takes account only of our own solar system, the reason given being that it is through the close relations of these bodies with the life of and on our earth that the influence which pervades and (so to speak) times the universe is directly extended. Therefore they are taken as controlling all life here. A human life is held to be unalterably determined by the position of the stars at the instant of birth. The influence exerted by different stars being themselves often at apparent cross-purposes, and the positions of all of them changing all the time, whatever is subject to them is also subject to change. But given the positions at any moment, the positions at any subsequent time can be found, and on these changes and their effects the horoscope is worked out.

The higher theory of astrology stands upon the unity of life itself throughout the universe, and the impossibility of changing any part without to that extent affecting the whole, so that the movements of heavenly bodies must necessarily produce change in earthly life.

It goes a little further. It claims that all the planets in our and other systems are held in harmonious balance by the quantity known as magnetism, which fills the spaces and so establishes an absolute and intimate relation not only between the systems and planets

themselves, but between all that is in or on them.

Accepting these theories, it is plain that if the scheme is anything it is exact, and that since all the stars are in motion all the time, no nativity cast more than a few seconds—at most a minute—either side of the precise instant of birth, can possibly be right, because all the stars have moved meanwhile.

And yet, give the usual professional astrologer the date of your birth (nothing but the date, mind you) and a piece of money that may be anything from a dime to a dollar, and with a blank zodiacal chart and the help of a hand-book called the ephemeris he will cast you a horoscope, a reading of the stars.

If you have a fancy for astrology, go to any of the places where they sell "occult literature" (as a matter of fact, it is neither occult nor literary), and get any book that assumes to explain the influence of the zodiac on human life. Then get a handbook of ephemeris. Take the two of them home and study them carefully. At the end of a month, if the dippies have not caught you, you will be quite as able to get up a horoscope as any ordinary professional. You needn't buy an astrolabe nor anything more, nor need your friends furnish you other data than the day, month and year on which they first appeared in this terrestrial scene.

And so, while we may hesitatingly yield to astrology some of the respect due to things long believed by many, we are by no means required to give any such thing to the great majority of its professors. The contrary, rather.



THE BEST ADVICE IS "DON'T"

Take it for granted that no forms of fortune-telling in which physical objects are employed are any better than tricks, whatever else they may pretend to be.

Don't bother with

rappings, nor the moving of tables or chairs. Any furious woman can impart motion to articles of furniture, with-

out resort to occult aid, just as well as any psychic.

This exclusion applies equally to all physical phenomena supposed to proceed from planes of life invisible to our eyes. It may not be impossible to raise up such apparitions as that one seen by Saul, but if they come they will



have nothing to say—nothing worth hearing. And the production of writing on locked slates, the reading of sealed letters, and all of the dozens of performances by which so many slippery people live and so many honest people are impressed, have time and again been shown for what they are—jugglery, more or less well or badly done.

Do any of them excel the work of Kellar or Maskelyne? Or even if we admit the possibility of occasional genuineness, how is it to be known? Who can tell where jugglery stops and the genuine begins? Many of the tricks are ingenious and pass for wonders because they are not seen through. Of course not. A trick that could be seen through would not be worth the doing.

Departed intelligences are freely believed to speak in seances and dark circles where people go for word from the beyond, and for prophecy; but if we could put together all such messages the discouraging conviction would force itself home that if they are what they are said to be the wisest of men become drooling fools when they die.

* * * *

As to clairvoyance and its claims, quite another field is opened. Keep out

of it. It has nothing that can be taught. It has strange growths, mostly rank, sometimes disgusting, almost always dangerous; yet here and there is a flower unquestionable, though of genus not at this time classified. The mechanical forms I have described offer good amusement. The other, "from this bank and shoal of time would jump the life to come"—and Banquo touched its element of peril when he said,

" 'Tis strange,
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truth;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequences."

We shall live the life that we shall live. "It is our destiny, under the one God," impervious to all our wishes, all our hopes, deflectable only within narrow limits by the exercise of the mysterious power we call Will. It was so from the beginning. The elder ones were wise.

Fortunes tell themselves, relentlessly, in the unswervable Processes. But anyone, by any of the means above set forth, can lift an edge of the curtain just as well as anyone else, short of those who have the gift of real second sight. Concerning that gift, I will show you a mystery.

*"The White Crows," the second article of the series,
will appear in Canada Monthly for August*

SPINNING SONG

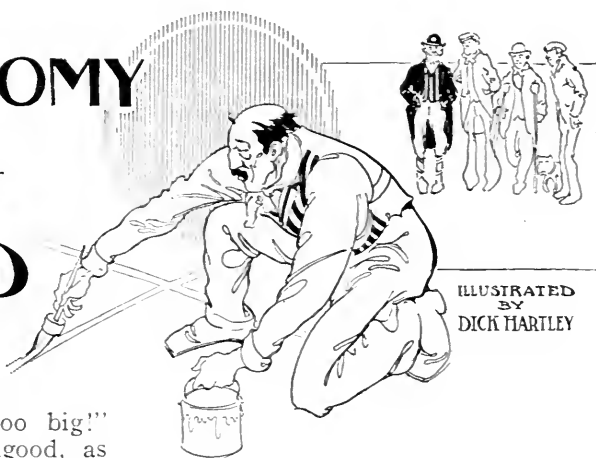
BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

On t'other side of the hedge there's many a foot goes free,
I hear them liltin' by all day the house of babe and me,
There's one lad whistles as he goes, and one that swings a cane,
And once two whispering lovers kissed each other in the rain.

Ah, dear and dear's my little house; mother and wife am I—
But oh, I wonder where they go, those feet a-liltin' by!

The ECONOMY OF TIMOTHY ALLGOOD

BY
Frank E. Channon



ILLUSTRATED
BY
DICK HARTLEY

"IT'S a bloomin' sight too big!" ejaculated Timothy Allgood, as he stood stroking his unshaven chin, and gazing ruefully at the bare room before him.

The room was on the third floor of a London tenement, and outside the shrill cries of the submerged tenth sounded above the roar of the traffic. It was Saturday night, and Whitechapel was endeavoring to drown its misery in drink.

Mr. Timothy Allgood, however, did not drink. "Never touched a drop in me life, sir, and I ain't a-going to now begin," was his frequent boast. For all his abstinence he did not get rich very fast, although a hard-working man and a bachelor. It was a scheme to increase his riches, or rather, to cut down his expenses, that he was now considering. It had dawned on him that the room was too big—unnecessarily big for him—and he was considering the proposition of subletting a part of it.

"Four bob a week," he grunted, discontentedly, "an' me only a-earning fourteen. It's a blooming lot of rot, that's wot it is; I'm a-going to let 'im 'ave a corner of it."

With which resolve, he turned swiftly on his heels and dived through the narrow doorway down the dark stairs. In another five minutes he was in earnest conversation with his possible tenant.

"One corner and a bob a week," he announced, as his final terms, after considerable bargaining.

"There's two on us—me an' me little

cripple brother. 'E'll stay 'most all the day an' 'e'll take care on the room for you, so a bob's all that it's worth—you only pays four, anyway."

"It don't make no odds wot I pays. Will you agree to pay a bob a week, or won't you?"

"I'll pay that, but not a farthing more," conceded Tom Bailey, the prospective tenant. "Here's your fust bob," he continued; then, as an afterthought, "There ain't no more in there, be there?"

"Were?"

"In your room, a-course."

"No, there ain't no more—not now," added Timothy, a sudden idea striking him.

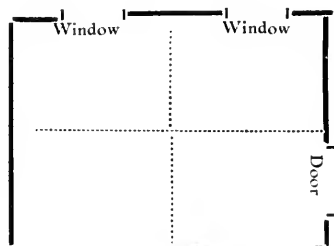
"Be you a-going to 'ave any more, then?"

"Not as I knows on now, but it won't make no difference to you; they won't be in your corner."

The matter did not seem to worry Tom Bailey much, for he did not pursue the subject further. His words had, however opened Timothy's eyes. Why should he not rent other parts of the room? There were four corners in that room. He occupied one, Tom and his crippled brother would take another, but there remained two more. Why not rent these two? He could get, perhaps, a shilling for each corner, thus reducing his own rent to one shilling, instead of four—or three, as it would be with Tom Bailey in.

No sooner was the idea conceived than it was acted upon.

When Tom Bailey stumbled up the narrow stairs, with his crippled brother in his arms, he discovered the room was neatly divided into four parts by a painted white line, thus:



"Look out!" shouted Timothy, excitedly, "I just painted it; it ain't dry yet."

"Wot the blazes is it?" demanded Tom.

"It's a blooming line to divide your corner from mine, and the other tenants," announced Timothy, solemnly.

"You said there wasn't goin' to be no other coves 'ere," accused Tom.

"I said there wasn't, and there ain't, but there's a-going to be, an' if you

don't like it, you can lump it, Tom Bailey; it ain't nothing to do wid you—you'll 'ave your corner all to yourself."

"Oh, I ain't a-saying nothing, but I'm just a-wondering wot corner I'm a-going to 'ave," responded Tom, cheerfully.

"Well, being as you're first lodger, you can 'ave your pick," and Timothy waved his hand, in a generous sweep, indicative that Tom might take his choice of the world and the fullness thereof.

"I ain't a-going to 'ave the door corner," decisively announced Tom.

"Fur w'y not?" demanded Timothy.

"D' you think I'm a-going to 'ave the other lodgers a-tramping over me like I was cattle hat hall 'ours hof the night?"

"Well, say w'ich you'll 'ave and a-done wid it," requested Tim.

"'Ave you picked your'n yet?" enquired Tom, with a crafty glance at his landlord.

"I 'ave," admitted Timothy.

"An' w'ich may it be, may I ax?"

"I'm takin' the near winder one."

"That was the one I was a-thinkin' o' gettin'."

"Hof course," commented Timothy sarcastically.

"But bein' as you 'ave it, I'll take the fur winder one, then," concluded Tom, suiting the action to the word, but stepping gingerly over the freshly painted lines, and depositing his brother in his corner.

His little bit of furniture was lifted in, and thus they rested that night.

And the next day was Sunday. That, however, did not prevent Timothy from bringing in another prospective tenant during the day.

"A bob a week, an' your pick of the only two remainin' corners," observed the landlord. "Me an' Mister Bailey 'ave the two winder corners."



"A BOB A WEEK, AN' YER PICK OF THE ONLY TWO REMAININ' CORNERS," OBSERVED THE LANDLORD

"I'll take the fur inside one, then," growled the landlord, as he rested from his labors.

"The door 'un'd be nice an' easy-like," suggested Timothy.

"Too durned easy-like," agreed Jake, the new tenant. "Hi ain't no door mat; Hi've lived in rooms afore."

"'Ave w'ich you likes, then."

"An' that's the inside 'un."

"You're on; give us the bob."

The bargain was struck, and the money handed over. Next evening, Mr. Jake Billings took possession of his new apartment.

By the following Saturday Timothy had secured the last tenant, and all corners of his room were full. He had expected to encounter some difficulty in persuading the latest comer that the door corner was a desirable position, but to his surprise, Mr. William Hemmings raised no objection; his only stipulation being that a receipt should be given him.

"Hi'll pay in hadvance fur a week—'ere's the bob. Now, give me a receipt," he requested.

"Hi got the bob an' you got the corner—wot more do you want?" demanded Timothy.

"Hi wants a receipt," reiterated Mr. Hemmings.

Laboriously Timothy wrote out an acknowledgment at the new tenant's dictation:

Received of Mr. William Hemmings one (1) shilling in payment of rent for his corner—the one near the door—in my room at 72 Jaw's Court, from Saturday night, September 17th, to the next Saturday night, September 24th. Signed, Timothy Allgood.

"There, I 'opes you're satisfied,"

growled the landlord, as he rested from his labors.

"Hi ham," said the tenant, with decision. "Hi'll move in ter night."

Saturday is always a late night in the East End, so it occasioned no surprise to the other three tenants when their latest room-mate did not appear by the time they were all ready to



"HEY, THERE, 'AVE YOU LET THAT CORNER TO A DAWG, THE NAWSTY BRUTE?" ENQUIRED MR. JAKE BILLINGS

retire. It did, however, occasion considerable surprise when on awakening at half-past six Sunday morning, Mr. Timothy Allgood discovered instead of the slumbering form of his new tenant, a bow-legged, bloody-eyed specimen of a bulldog gazing at him with quickened interest.

"Well, hi'm blowed!" he ejaculated, and his exclamation aroused Mr. Bailey, who echoed: "Hi'll be blowed!"

"Hey, there, 'ave you let that corner to a dawg, the nawsty brute?" enquired Mr. Jake Billings, arousing about this time.

"No," repudiated Timothy, indig-

nantly, "Hi ain't let it to a dawg—I let it to Mr. Hemmings, wot works for the city of nights."

"Then 'ow'd 'e get there?" demanded Mr. Billings, pointing one damning finger at the canine occupant of the corner.

The answer came from a voice that sounded near the top of the stairs: "Because Hi put 'im in there," and the form of Mr. Hemmings darkened the doorway. "Hain't Hi got a right ter put 'im in there?" he demanded, glaring around the room. "Hit's my corner."

"That may be," admitted Timothy, taking up the argument, "but other folks has rights in this room, you remember that, Mister Hemmings, an' no one wants ter pass by with that nawsty dog a-sittin' there a-grinding his teeth, so ter speak."

"Well, no one ain't asted yer ter pass by," retorted Mr. Hemmings.

"No, they ain't asted ter, but they got ter, to get ter the stairs," argued Mr. Billings.

"Well, they ain't goin' ter pass through 'ere," decisively stated Mr. Hemmings. "Pete'll see to that, won't yer, Pete?"

Pete's reply was low and unintelligible to the rest of the tenants, but apparently it was satisfactory to Mr. Hemmings, for he nodded his head, and said: "There, Hi told yer so."

"Look ye 'ere!" shouted Timothy, assuming as much dignity as his somewhat tattered nightshirt would permit, "You just stop all this 'ere foolin', Bill Hemmings, an' take that dawg away; we all got ter get hout o' 'ere an' get some breakfast."

"Hi ain't a-goin' ter stop yer from goin' hout ter get yer breakfast, but yer ain't a-coming through my corner to get hout," announced Mr. Hemmings, with great force.

"Ow can anyone get hout without they passes through your corner?" pertinently questioned Timothy.

"That ain't my business," disclaimed Mr. Hemmings. "Look ye 'ere, Timothy, 'ave Hi rented this 'ere corner, or ain't I? I says as I 'ave, an' Hi got a receipt ter say as Hi ain't a-lyin', an' Hi says as no one else ain't got no right in

this 'ere corner 'cept me, an' Hi'm a-going ter see as they don't, an' w'en Hi ain't 'ere, Pete'll look after it—Now, wot yer gotter say ter that?"

Mr. Hemmings stopped and rested, out of breath with his elocutionary effort, while the other three tenants stood aghast at the audacity of the man, and for a full minute no one spoke. Then, as if urged by some common impulse, all three began to dress in hot haste. Evidently there was going to be something doing, and if so, it was well to be clothed. From the security of their corner, Mr. Hemmings and Pete watched the operation with a calmness that was bred of supreme confidence.

"Now, watchu goin' ter do?" he enquired, when all three were dressed and stood facing him.

"We're a-goin' hout ter get our breakfast," voiced Timothy.

"Not much you ain't," demurred Mr. Hemmings, "Watch 'em, Pete!"

Pete watched them, and the three watched Pete, but no one moved.

"Thought you was a-goin' hout," observed the door tenant, pleasantly.

"You call hoff that dawg, an' let us pass," commanded Timothy, with great dignity.

Mr. Hemmings ignored the remark, merely instructing his dog: "Pete, don't yer let no one trespass in my corner."

Pete winked one bloodshot eye, and cocked his ears.

The three retired for consultation.

"The thing is this," pointed out Mr. Hemmings, "Hi've paid my money fur this 'ere corner, and you bin an' let it ter me, so it's mine until next Saturday night, come midnight, an' if any on you trespasses on it, Hi'll 'ave the law on yer—that is," he added, a grim smile playing around the corners of his mouth, "if Pete don't get yer first."

For a full hour the wordy battle went on, but Mr. Hemmings was inexorable; he would not relent, neither would Pete allow himself to be enticed away for even a single moment. Then the door tenant appeared to relent somewhat.

"Tell yer wot," he cried, in a sudden burst of generosity, "Hi'll let yer hout fur tuppunce—apiece," he added,

quickly, for fear there should be any misunderstanding about it. "Tuppence a-piece, an' yer little cripple brother fur nothing, Mr. Bailey."

"Ain't you kind?" snarled Mr. Bailey, savagely, moistening his lips.

But the end of it was they were compelled to come to terms in an hour, when the pangs of hunger drove them to it.

"Put yer tuppences down there," instructed the victor, indicating the corner near to the wall, and sixpence in coppers was piled up there.

"Now I gives yer permission ter pass through my apartment," he added, and the three filed before him, while he held the eager Pete back.

"We'll be back in ten minutes," Mr. Bailey told his crippled brother.

"Yes," repeated Timothy, with a sinister look at Mr. Hemmings, "we'll be back in ten minutes, sure."

"You'll find me an' Pete 'ere ter receive ye," observed Mr. Hemmings, pleasantly, as his co-roomers stamped down the stairs.

They were back in less than ten minutes, and with them came an officer of the law.

"There 'e his! There 'e his!" screamed the three in unison.

"Mornin'," greeted Mr. Hemmings, with a grin. "Got yer breakfast yet?"

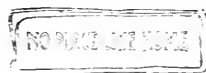
"No, we ain't, but we got *you*," shouted Timothy. "That's 'im, officer; take 'im hup! Take 'im hup!"

"'Old 'ard," cautioned the policeman. "Let's sec wot 'e's gotter say first—Wot yer gotter say, eh?"

"Ter wot?" enquired the accused one, blandly.

"Ter not allowin' 'ere chaps ter come hout w'en they wants ter."

"I got a right ter. That ain't no



"TELL YER WOT," HE CRIED IN A SUDDEN BURST OF GENEROSITY,
"HI'LL LET YER HOUT FER TUPPENCE—A-PIECE"

kind o' a charge," demurred Mr. Hemmings. "Look 'ere!" and he proudly exhibited the rent receipt. "Hi 'ave taken this 'ere corner, an' no one else ain't got no right ter trespass, 'ave they?"

Carefully the policeman examined the receipt, while the three awaited his verdict with anxiety.

"You can't do naught ter 'im," he informed them, waving his hand towards the door tenant. "'e's got yer dead."

"But it's disorderly conduct," cried Timothy.

"Hi ain't disorderly," indignantly denied Mr. Hemmings. "Ham Hi, hoffer? Hi'm the most horderly man in town."

"No, you ain't disorderly," admitted the bluecoat.

"But 'ow 're we a-going ter get back there?" demanded the three in horrified unison.

"Blowed if I knows," said the police-

man, shaking his head and turning on his heels.

"Fur tuppunce each," blandly suggested Mr. Hemmings, "yer can each o' you come back in."

The three retired in defeat, and obtained breakfast at a nearby coffee-house. Thus fortified, they returned to the attack.

"Now, look ye 'ere, Bill 'Emmings," blustered Timothy, "'ow long are yer goin' ter carry on with this blooming rot?"

"Hi ain't a-carryin' on no rot," denied the door tenant.

"Then let us in."

"Bet yer a bob I won't."

"Awh, give the bloke 'is tuppunce an' 'let's get in," urged Mr. Billings, and the end was that a silver sixpence was tossed to the waiting hand of Mr. Hemmings, who promptly pocketed it along with the six coppers, and he was ahead just the amount of his week's rent, while the other roomers were out just that amount.

They remained in all the rest of that Sunday, but the calls of work on Monday morning made it absolutely imperative that they should again pass the watchful Pete and his waiting master. Again sixpence found its way into his rapacious palm.

"Never mind, 'e'll be hout ter night when we gets 'ome, fur 'e 'aster get ter 'is work at six o'clock," comforted Mr. Billings.

"Aye, but 'is dawg won't be hout," objected Timothy.

"That don't make no odds; 'e can't take the tuppunces."

"My Gawd, I won't bank on that either; 'e may 'ave taught 'im ter," groaned Timothy.

But neither dog nor Mr. Bill Hemmings were in sight when the three nervously ascended the stairs that night.

"Lock the door! Lock the door," frantically shouted Mr. Bailey, overjoyed at the opportunity of getting into his corner unmolested, "'e may come back any blooming moment."

There was some delay in finding a key that fitted, but finally the door was safely secured, and the three retired in triumph to the luxury of bed.

Nothing disturbed their dreams that night, but alas, the morning told another tale, for on opening the door preparatory to going to work at seven o'clock, there lay Mr. Hemmings on the top landing, with the watchful Pete beside him.

"Tuppunce ter pass," calmly demanded the tormentor, and again the toll had to be paid, for the calls of work were pressing, and there was no time for argument. "If yer locks me hout again ter-night," threatened the recumbent Mr. Hemmings, "Hi'll charge yer threepence ter-morrow mornin', you see if I don't; Hi ain't a-goin' to be turned hout o' my corner fur nothing, when I paid my rent, so there."

In these desperate straits, the master mind of Timothy Allgood arose to the occasion. Escaping early next morning before the arrival of his tormentor, he again hailed the policeman of the beat. An earnest conversation took place between them, at the end of which the bluecoat accompanied Timothy up the narrow stairs to the room.

Mr. Bill Hemmings had not yet arrived, but the sound of his approaching footsteps was soon heard, and he and Pete entered the room. His surprised gaze had scarcely time to notice the majesty of the law, before that gentleman was addressing him.

"Nice dawg, that 'un of yours, Mr. Hemmings."

"It is," proudly admitted the owner.

"Dawgs is expensive beasts to keep, though, ain't they?"

"Oh, Pete don't cost so much," deprecated Mr. Hemmings, "an' 'e don't wear nothing—no trousers or weskets, so 'is clothin' bill ain't much," and the door tenant smiled at his own humor.

That smile angered the officer of the law.

"Don't you get too funny, now," he warned, savagely.

"All right; keep your 'air on," returned Mr. Hemmings.

"Where's that dawg's license?" suddenly demanded the policeman.

The abruptness of the query seemed to disconcert Mr. Hemmings.

"License," he stammered, "license."

"That's wot I said," calmly repeated the policeman.

"Hi—Hi—that is. Hi left hit hat 'ome," mumbled Mr. Hemmings.

"Thought yer 'ome was 'ere in that corner?"

"So 'tis—Hi means, hit was, that is, Hi gave the license ter me brother—'e's a-keepin' hit fur me."

"That's mighty kind of 'im, now," commented the officer, sarcastically, "suppose we walks around and gets it from 'im."

Mr. Hemmings saw the game was up.

"Fact is," he cried, desperately, "I furgot ter take one hout this year."

"Did, eh?" chuckled the policeman, grimly. "Clean furgot it, eh? Now that were an oversight, weren't it? Memory's a awful treacherous thing, ain't it? You come along with me an'

explain to the Beak at Bow 'ow it was yer came ter forget that 'ere license. 'E'll be real interested to learn all about it. Come on, and bring your dawg, too."

"An' may-be," exultantly cried Mr. Timothy Allgood, as Mr. Hemmings was led away, "maybe yer hoversight in furgettin' ter take hout a license fur yer dawg'll cost yer as much as them tuppences you've took hout hof the pockets o' yer room-mates—'ope ter Gawd it does," he added, savagely, as the last of the retreating footsteps died away, and the three were left



"YOU COME ALONG O' ME AND EXPLAIN TO THE BEAK AT BOW 'OW IT WAS YOU COME TO FORGET THAT 'ERE LICENSE"

in undisputed possession of the room once more.

"Amen," fervently cried Mr. Bailey.

"'Ear, 'ear," applauded Mr. Billings.

TWO O'CLOCK

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

THE night's pulse is at ebb, yet down the street
A nighthawk creeps, a slow policeman paces
And disappears in blackness. On his heels
A girl flaunts by, trailing defiant laces.
And while beneath its roof a million heads
Lie, wearied out, the city breathes and steams
Like some old hag, outworn in wickedness
Whose heavy sleep is rent by twitching dreams.



Exit Maud

By Jean Blewett

Illustrated with Photographs

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Are country girls out of style now-a-days? Has Evangeline and her pitcher vanished with the rosy dairymaid? Has Maud Muller been excited out of Arcady? "Betty Blue," whose sunny letters about Doukhobors and other folk you know, has gone adventuring and found that things have changed on the farm—whether for better or worse, let Maud or Evangeline tell.

JOAN, DEAR:—I am going to tell you a secret. The country isn't what it used to be. This prolific age has left no romance in anything. We take our dreams, or rather let our dreams take us, to some dear old homestead, far from the madding crowd, and find it nothing more than an immense factory operated by machinery. A steam plow turns the furrows, a steam roller does the level-

ling, a steam drill the seeding. It is very progressive, but disappointing.

I remark as much to Propriety, but she doesn't understand. "Not satisfied with the country when it gives you flower gardens like these?" she exclaims, waving a hand toward the clover fields pink with blossoms, heavy with fragrance. Oh, yes, the beauty remains, nothing can filch that, but the glamor is gone. There is no Maud

Muller, rake in hand, and ankles brown and bare, to catch the judge's eye—or anyone else's. If one were to meet a country lass, ten to one she would wear patent leather pumps, lisle hosiery, and carry a tennis racket. Who talked of hay makers? Haymaking by hand, haymaking as a pastoral, a setting of sweet old-fashioned love affairs, is over and gone. This hay is cut, raked and stacked by machinery. Exit Maud. She and her rake would only be in the way.

It's the same with the grain fields. No more the brawny harvesters swing their cradles through the golden grain, no more they bind the sheaves "by hand," no more the women gleaners follow after. No more merry voices and laughter, no more music of whetstone against scythe blade or cradle knife. The reapers' song of the poet has resolved itself into the clang! clang! clang! of the modern machine. It is not rubber-tired yet, this machine, but it will be. As it is, the driver sits on a cushioned spring seat the while he cuts great highways through the waving grain.

When the farmer's son told me that harvesting was to begin, I fell to thinking of Longfellow's maiden of seventeen summers.

"And will your Evangeline bear to the reapers at noonday flagons of home brewed ale?" I asked him.

"Her name's Irene," he returned confidentially, "and I think I see her lugging home brewed to the field. Besides, we're teetotal."

So Evangeline with her pitcher can go and stand beside Maud and her rake.

Where are you going, my pretty maid? . . . Then that nicest of institutions, the red-cheeked dairymaid, is a thing of the past. She has had her day, and a busy day it was, but no more will amorous but worldly youth ask her what is her fortune. Isn't it too bad, Joan? Instead of a pretty girl in the midst of innumerable milk pans and cream jugs, there is a machine called a separator. It seems to do everything but the churning—another machine does that. There she goes, pink sunbonnet and all, to keep company with Maud, Evangeline, and

others, and somehow, thinking of all the sentiment which has been woven around her, we miss her most of all. With a real live dairymaid on the spot there was always material for a farm idyll.

Life on the land is easier than it used to be, though less interesting. With his up-to-date machinery the farmer can do about as he likes. He is the most independent man alive. If it were not that he has to look to heaven for rain and shine he would be in danger of growing too autocratic. Nature has ways of her own for keeping a man humble. As it is he has a good conceit of himself.

The only person who has no regrets over all this progress is the farmer's wife. She thinks herself the luckiest girl alive in being born late enough to miss some things which came her grandmother's way. There is the wool for instance. She has nothing to do with it. Straight to the market and factory go the fifty, sixty, one hundred or three hundred fleeces, as the case may be, whereas in grandmother's day they went straight to that good dame. And what a long way that wool stretched out!

It stayed in grandmother's hands until it was cloth—"and then some," as the slangy young lawyer who is "keeping company" with Suzanne would say. Did I mention Suzanne? She's the daughter of the house, and so good-looking that there is no need for her to be half so clever as she is. Fate is a partial old witch. Here is Suzanne with dimples, a complexion of peaches and cream, and a bright wit, and here is the hired girl of the farm, who, after all, is a little sister of Suzanne, without either prettiness or pertness, colorless every way you take her. It seems a little unfair. But I must not let these girls lead me away from grandmother and her fleeces.

We go out to the old store house. It has long been superseded by a more capacious up-to-date one, but it is worth a visit. Joan, dear, our city housewife would give a good deal to have these great walnut beams across the ceiling of her dining room, and hardwood floors of such a thickness.

This store room belongs to the day when beautiful wood had no market value in Ontario. The pioneers cut down the curly maple, the oak, the beech, cut them in their prime, then cremated them to get them out of the way—and the pioneer's poor descendants pay ruinous prices for mission furniture, while hardwood floors and wainscoting are for the rich alone. Thus does nature hit back. A musty smell belongs to this place, and on beam and rafter still cling bits of wool which perhaps were part of those many fleeces piled high in grandmother's day. It was here the "wool picking" was done. This was the first process of all. Each fleece was picked or pulled apart by hand, and particles of dust, tangled shreds and burrs removed. When grandmother finished with the fleece she was surrounded by mounds of soft white wool to show for her labor.

The picking of the season's fleeces was a long or short job, according to the disposition of the grandmother. If she were an austere, unsociable woman she made a regular task of it; if she were the other kind she made a "bee." She generally was the other kind. The neighbor women came from far and near and got to work. So many fleeces, so many hands. The snowy mounds became hills, the hills mountains. They picked the wool to bits—and sometimes, no doubt, the characters of the absent—and had a merry time together till the sun left the "clearings" and went out of sight. Up behind the trees crept the spring colors, daffodil and pink, and the sky was a glory and a mystery till the twilight fell. They looked at it, too, these pioneer women, and read it like an old tale—it would be fair to-morrow. The children with them looked, too, it being the sole and only picture book they had, and showed each other the rivers of gold, mountains of rosy mist, angels on the wing, boats with silver sails all spread drifting softly with the wind. With the long twilight, which in the wood world is not grey at all, but like a shot silk full of colors which flashed and fled, came tea drinking and supper.

The grand-aunt of Suzanne, a little wrinkled lady of ninety, who has buried three husbands, lived under five sovereigns and is altogether a wonderful person, tells me all these things. There would be ham and eggs, hot scones, maple syrup, curds and cream, and other delectable dishes which the housekeeper of to-day would shiver to think of. They had hearty appetites and good digestions, these pioneer women. And men as well, for you may be sure they managed to call for their wives in time to share the cheer. A hard life. Still, Joan, it was worth while being a homemaker in a big new world of shade and silence.

Next in order was the carding, a tedious process and long. Between the cards, which were very like a pair of military brushes, with sharp teeth of steel instead of bristles, grandmother laid her handful of wool, drawing her cards back and forth, back and forth over it until it took on a fine even appearance, after which it was lengthened out into a roll. A busy woman was grandmother, for, look you, if she failed to improve the shining hour her opponent in the lists, who was almost as good a worker as she, if not quite, would beat her out. Being a woman of spirit she could not allow anyone to so make havoc of her housewifely reputation.

The farmer's wife has her old spinning wheel in her pretty drawing-room. She is rather particular to have you notice it. Why not? It is of value, else would not her city cousin try to buy it from her, or wheedle it out of her. Not so desirable as a coat of arms, still, there is a subtle connection between a family wheel—especially the little dark kind—and a family tree. Both show your descent from people who did things.

Grandmother gave no thought to the future uses of her wheel, its present use was what absorbed her. She was the sort of woman Solomon had in mind when he said all those nice things about laying her hands to the spindle and holding the distaff.

It was in this musty old store room the spinning was done. All the grandmothers didn't make pretty pictures



THE GASOLINE TRUCK HAS NOT YET BEEN TRANSFERRED TO THE PRAIRIE TO HAUL THE
WHEAT TO STEEL, BUT IT IS ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME
UNTIL THAT DAY COMES



STRAIGHT TO THE MARKET AND FACTORY GO THE FLEECES NOWADAYS, WHEREAS IN GRAND-
MOTHER'S DAY THEY WENT STRAIGHT TO THAT GOOD DAME, AND STAYED IN
HER HANDS UNTIL THEY WERE CLOTH--AND THEN SOME

as they fitted the white rolls on the spindle, and turned the same to thread, but this one did. Suzanne, her namesake, looks very like her, as the farmer says, and put a quaint frock, pointed as to bodice, overflowing full as to skirt—such a frock as grandmother wore—on Suzanne, and she'd be a picture. If you don't believe me, ask the young lawyer. Yes, I can see grandmother, small and plump and ridiculously young—youth being the

last a lifetime. A lifetime! Ah, the little hands which held the thread are folded long since, Joan, and the busy feet which went up and down, up and down to the humming of the wheel are still. A lifetime isn't long. It was only yesterday she sang at her work of turning out so many "knots" per day of crinkly white yarn. There is a piece of carded wool still on the spindle—only yesterday!

An idle life, she sighs—I mean the



"COSTLY—PERISHABLE—FRAGILE—IMMEDIATE." THE FAST FREIGHT STOPS AT THE ONTARIO STATIONS TO PICK UP GILT-EDGED BUTTER, FRESH-PICKED FRUIT, STRICTLY NEW-LAID EGGS, AND CREAM THAT MUST ARRIVE AT THE MILLIONAIRE'S TABLE IN PERFECT CONDITION

fashion in those days. She had smooth dark hair, smiling eyes, arms bare to the elbow, a springy step, and fingers which seemed to caress the yarn they piled upon the spindle.

Being a little bit of a thing, of course she chose the high geared wheel—just as she picked on the tallest of her suitors for a husband—and wound the yarn into skeins on a perfect Goliath of a reel. It is home-made, this reel, grandfather having manufactured it out of a home-grown, home-seasoned piece of timber, and guaranteed it to

wheel. At school they taught us that a wheel is neuter gender, and we took their word for it. We know better now. It is feminine, purely feminine, and being such puts up with the best corner of the drawing-room, the bow of ribbon meant to hide some of her harsh lines, and with all the talk about her quaintness. But the big reel is masculine, and being so hugs his own corner of the store room. "I'm hard as nails, tough as the heart of an oak," he croaks hoarsely. "Too big and uncouth, thank heaven, to be used for



OCCASIONALLY THE FARMER GOES OUT AND USES A PITCHFORK IN THE HOME FIELD JUST TO REMIND HIM OF HIS BOYHOOD DAYS, BUT ALL THE REAL WORK OF HAYING AND HARVESTING IS DONE BY MACHINERY—EVANGELINE AND MAUD ARE OUT OF THE PICTURE FOREVER.



THE DAIRYMAID, TOO, HAS VANISHED. THE MILK FROM THE FARMER'S GRADED HERD GOES TO THE SEPARATOR WHICH DOES ALL THE WORK EXCEPT THE BUTTERMAKING, WHICH IS DONE BY ANOTHER MACHINE.

decorative purposes!" Masculine!—it couldn't be anything else if it tried.

And now for rural finery. When the dye pot has been put away and the walls hung thick with skeins brilliant of hue, grandmother began operations at the loom. This loom is quite as interesting as the wheel, but nobody thinks of giving it a place in the drawing-room. It is too clumsy. On this high bench sat grandmother, her slippered feet, or bare feet, as the case might be, working the pedals, her little hands swinging the shuttles to and fro. There isn't much said about it at the present time, but the truth is that in rural Canada home-made flannel was the staple article of wearing apparel two or three generations ago. We see women in silks and lace to-day, men in the finest cloths, who as boys and girls thought themselves well dressed when they had for week days and Sundays the real homespun.

Oh, decidedly, things are not as they used to be on the farm. All the better, perhaps. The farmer of to-day has to use his sinews less, his brains more. He has to keep up with the times. It is not only an easier life, but a broader one. He is more alert intellectually. The daily papers come to him, he takes an interest in books and people.

His wife has time to grow roses in her garden and in her cheeks. She keeps her youth. It used to be that the farmer's wife was an elderly woman at forty-five. She isn't any more. She's quite girlish. I suppose we shouldn't blame her for being glad she was born so late—only one hates to see the beautiful God-made country getting as prosaic as other places.

What will the poor poet and artist do for subjects, Joan? A milking-machine is barren of sentiment, so is a steam-plow. Of course, common, everyday folk like us won't mind, but think of the poets and artists. What are they going to do for matter to put in their books and on their canvases?

You know the picture called "The Toll-Gate," which hangs in the upstairs hall at your place? Take care of it, Joan, for you'll never get another.

The toll-gate is no more. As youngsters we liked that picture because it seemed to tell a story. We laughed at the sour expression on the farmer's face as he went grudgingly into his pocket for the necessary coin, the proud air with which the keeper's lassie kept the gate fast until payment was made, and the admiration of the farmer's boy for this same lassie, his evident desire to "Take toll of her lips in passing." It is a bit of quaintness out of the past. There are no gates across these broad highways. The keeper can go bear Maud Muller and the rest company. It is as I told you in the beginning, all romance has gone from country life.

Later: I take back that last statement; it is too sweeping. Have been out with Suzanne and the young lawyer watching the harvest moon turn this old world into a golden glory. There's romance a-plenty in the country still, as I became aware when I passed the "hired girl" and the lad in blue overalls. They, too, were watching the harvest moon, watching it hand in hand. She looked so happy that one felt it didn't matter an atom whether she were pretty or not. Then there was Suzanne, also the lawyer. It seems that they were at college together and have many subjects in common. They don't believe that sentiment will go out of fashion here on the farm, not they.

We fell to talking of early days and the passing of things—among them the toll-gate. This called to the young man's mind some verses he knew by heart. He may have written them (Suzanne in the moonlight would incite any man to poetry), but I hardly think so. Suzanne was so charmed that he must needs repeat them till she knew them by heart. Well, I know them by heart, too. If you were here I'd say them—though not with the wealth of expression put into them by the young lawyer, who never took his eyes from Suzanne's pretty face—but as you're not here, I'll write them. "Yesterday's Road" is the suggestive title.

The gate-keeper's cot was of meagre size, With the grey dust coated o'er it,

And its windows fixed like a watch-dog's
 eyes
 On the highway stretched before it.

The rich and the poor drew rein at the door
 The merry, the brokenhearted,
 The pioneer, with his life work done,
 The lad with his life work started.

Going marketwards the farmer frowned
 On the heavy gate made fast there,
 'Twas a bird of prey on the king's highway,
 Taking toll of all who passed there.

But coming home in the chill and gloom
 He whispered, his heart grown mellow,
 "Ho! a cheery sight is the keeper's light,
 Why grudge a fee to the fellow?"

It has gone for good from the country road—
 Its requiem let us be singing—
 For the roads of to-day stretch far and free
 With never a gate for the swinging.

L'Envoi

Prince, in the hours of our dreams come true,
 When our thoughts turn backward a long,
 long way,
 May none take toll of a homesick soul,
 Or gate bar the road to Yesterday.

No romance left in the country!
 My dear Joan, "the old order passeth,
 yielding place to new," but while the
 country has its orchards and meadows,
 its growth and greenness, its moonlight
 and maidens, there simply must be
 romance.

By way of shaking off this senti-
 mental mood, I must tell you of a
 heart to heart talk Suzanne's great-
 aunt had with the dear spinster lady
 who brought the dahlias.

"You knew my mother and my
 grandmother," this from the spinster
 lady: "they were close friends of
 yours."

"Is that so?" with the indifference
 of the very old. "What's your name?"

"Maria Ann Moorehouse, the same
 as my mother's."

"How many times have you been
 married?" comes the startling query.

"Me?" forgetting grammar in her
 excitement. "I've not been married
 at all."

Grand-aunt is interested at last.
 "How old might you be?" she queries,
 drawing nearer.

"Fifty-seven—and never had an
 offer," laughs the lady with the
 dahlias.

Grand-aunt's eyes, bright with sec-
 ond sight, travel speculatively over
 the other's placid face and portly
 figure. "Humph! The Lord's been
 good to you, all right."

With this enigmatic remark, she
 goes her way.

THE EYES OF LIZZETTE

BY CY WARMAN

THE eyes of Lizzette were like miniature seas.
 With ripples that laugh and willows that weep
 On the shore: where the low-bending boughs of the trees
 Deepen and soften the shadows that creep
 At night, near the water-edge. Can I forget
 The far-away, ocean-like eyes of Lizzette?

Dear eyes of Lizzette! I shall see them no more.
 They are curtained in sleep—she is gone, she is gone.
 With her beautiful eyes to the evergreen shore:
 Death winged her away 'twixt the dusk and the dawn.
 There's a mound on the mountain-side where we first met.
 And the columbine blows o'er the eyes of Lizzette.



The Sabbath of the Demons

By Wildan McBride

Illustrated by S. H. Riesenberg

MON. VIEUX PIERRE, dit "Le Corbeau," smoked his pipe thoughtfully before the fire in the chancier at La Tuque on Sunday afternoon. The men were engaged in various odd jobs of mending, while a few were reading. There was an unwonted air of quietness in their demeanor, which was due to the visit of the missionary priest. Pere Chretien had just left them after dinner to drive to another camp. He found them a docile flock, these rough lumbermen, for he had won their regard and affection; and with their in-born reverence for the Church they were, on the whole, tractable. If the fruits of his intermittent teaching were not all he could wish for, he remembered they were but errant children. On Saturday evening, as was his custom, he chatted and smoked with the men about the fire. Like Father O'Flynn of the song, he had a way with him that put them at their ease, and ere long they were singing their folk songs and showing their steps in the dance. Then he had given them a simple talk on Christian duties, and every man had gone to confession, with the exception of a few Protestants, who were exempt. After Mass on Sunday morning, Pere Chretien had spoken to them with earnestness and directness in a little sermon on the sin of blasphemy, speaking as a father

would to wayward children, now with appealing tenderness and anon with stern wrath. They heard him after the manner of the children they were, and were impressed with his words. Hence it was that an atmosphere of unusual quietness and thoughtfulness pervaded the camp after he had gone.

Le Corbeau gazed thoughtfully into the fire and puffed lazily at his pipe, but it was not in his nature to remain silent long. When he had no person to talk to he talked to his horses, and between himself and them there appeared to be an excellent understanding. Certain it is they were good listeners.

"The words the good father spoke about swearing," he remarked, after a time, addressing no person in particular, "make me to recall the strange things that befell Telesphore Peloquin—there are many years since then—one night on his way from Grand Piles to the parish of The Forges of St. Maurice."

"What things were they?" asked Louis Latour, eagerly, for the big, good-natured bully loved gossip.

"Bien des choses extraordinaires," replied Le Corbeau enigmatically. He had a far-away look in his eyes, which were fixed upon the fire, while the men grouped themselves about him, knowing there was a story in prospect. At the same time he was well aware all

eyes were turned upon him, for Le Corbeau was enough of an artist to insist upon an audience impressed with the importance of his role.

"Eh, bien, donc?" said Louis Latour.

Le Corbeau gazed around upon the expectant faces with an air of detachment, and then turned his eyes again upon the fire for a time. He withdrew a small coal with the poker, and deftly transferred it to his pipe with his fingers. Then he satisfied himself the pipe was drawing properly.

"Mais oui," he said, as though speaking to himself, "there are many years since Telesphore Peloquin and myself worked in the big camp up on Mattawin river. I recall Red Ritchie was foreman. That was the time The Seigneur had many camps, and loaded many vessels at Quebec. Times are not what they were, it is the simple truth. Un bon garçon, this Telesphore; a good axeman and a man without fear on the drive. What drollery was his, and such a gay heart, a man sans souci! Money ran through his fingers like water in those other years, and he loved nothing better than to dance the night long. When it came to the blows of the fist a man to be feared, but he was a friend with all the world, for he loved gaiety more than fighting. So much so he had not a good name with prudent habitants, and the Curé reproached him for neglecting his duties. But the women all loved Telesphore, for who had a laugh so gay, and where was it possible to find such a man at a dance, such a man to make things march at any fete as Telesphore? As always, the women loved a man just a little wicked, as was this Telesphore. He saved not money, and also he drank too much at times. Then he quarrelled with the Curé, and neglected his duties at the feast of La Pacque for two years. It is not a thing remarkable, therefore, that the mammas did not smile upon Telesphore after that. He drank more, and got into mischief in Quebec in those years. But, Mon Dieu! what a change was there after the night when he saw the Demons holding their Sabbath."

Le Corbeau paused to gaze around

on his eager auditors, and, as if well satisfied with what he saw, again fixed his eyes upon the fire.

"Bien," he said, "I go to tell you of that. You remember the fight of Edouard Tasse en regle with the Devil, and all the world knows well the Evil One has been seen by many persons in many strange forms in the vicinity of The Forges. My father, who had the words from his father, has told me these things so extraordinary came about in this way. There are many, many years since iron was first made at The Forges by order of the Kings of France, and the Seignory in that place was given by the King to Sieur Poulin of Three Rivers. Then came the English, and the iron furnaces were owned by one named Monsieur Bell. The land was yet owned by one Mademoiselle Poulin, and much of it was covered with grand maple trees. Bien! now this monsieur persisted in cutting these trees to make charcoal for the furnaces. With reason, Mademoiselle Poulin objected, and made case after case in the courts to stop this, but nothing could she gain. They tell me our courts were then all English, not as in these days. This mademoiselle was not the most devout, and when she came to die, so angry was she that she refused to make a will or see a priest. She cried out, 'I leave everything I have to the Devil. Since I could not keep what was mine, they shall not enjoy it in peace who stole it from me!'"

Le Corbeau frowned at some exclamations of surprise, and, in answer to a question, said, "Much water has run down hill since this thing arrived, and I tell you what has been told to me. But all the world knows of these matters. The Devil took his donation au sérieux, and so it is he has been seen often in the environs of The Forges.

"Eh, bien! One summer Telesphore worked for a farmer at Ste. Flore, which was contrary to his habitude. This farmer, Jacques Bureau, said that Telesphore was a good man, but fire and water would not detain him from a fête. At the fête of St. Jean Baptiste he met Mademoiselle Genevieve Bienvenu, a daughter of a rich habitant, Joseph Bienvenu, who was the



MANY TIMES THEY MET THAT SUMMER, AND TELESPHORE FOUND HIMSELF VERY MUCH
IN LOVE WITH Mlle. GENEVIEVE

syndic of the parish and a man of affairs in that part. Many times they met that summer, and you know how such things are. Telesphore found himself very much in love with this young girl. But when M. Bienvenu came to see how matters were, he spoke plainly to Telesphore. 'My daughter,' he said, 'will not wed a man of your character and a man also without a sou.'

"That autumn Telesphore went into the camp on the Mattawin. I was his friend, and to me he confided his troubles. By chance, one day in the spring, I met a man at Grand Piles who knew Telesphore at Ste. Flore. He said it was known to all the world that after the Easter feast Mademoiselle Genevieve was to be married in the church at Ste. Flore to Cyril Leblanc, a young habitant of that parish. It was the truth, without doubt, for with his own ears he heard the banns read in church on Sunday. You will know well, my friends, it was bad news I had to tell Telesphore at the camp when I returned. Never in my life have I seen a man so much angered. He was

almost like one possessed, and he blasphemed most horribly, swearing by the most holy things 'I will eat his heart.' But what could I do? He did not hear the reproaches I made him. Ritchie gave him his billet and allowed him to go out, after storming fiercely, and Telesphore came out with me. I doubt much if he heard what I said when I tried to reason with him. All day he sat gazing ahead, and at times grinding his teeth in a manner to make the flesh creep. I believe well, me, if he had met Cyril Leblanc that day he would have killed him. My heart was sad for my friend, but he did not hear my words. It is possible, perchance, he did not know me then. This time I was going on to Three Rivers, but coming to Grand Piles on Saturday evening I rested, for never do I work on the Sabbath. Telesphore refused even to wait for supper, but started off on foot, not even saying good-bye to me, his friend.

"The strange things that befell him that night I heard from his own lips several years after. Nothing does he remember of the way till on top of a

hill he saw the flames of The Forges, perhaps two or three leagues away. The moon went behind a black cloud, and at this Telesphore walked on, looking around with a shiver on the forest about him. It is possible he had gone not more than a hundred paces when he saw a bright light flame up by the road in the woods. Telesphore stood turned to stone, for around the fires danced many strange beings. He heard chains rattle, cries of rage and outbursts of laughter such as to make the flesh creep with fear, and blasphemies the most terrifying. One Demon with a red cloak and a face convulsed with laughter horrible called out Telesphore's name, and leaping on the stump of a tree beckoned him to approach.

"At a spectacle such as this, Telesphore was just able to make the sign of the cross, and then he fell down in the soft, wet snow more dead than alive with fear. But he made a little prayer to the Holy Virgin, and a vow if saved not to molest Cyril Leblanc. When he woke up as from a sleep, the fire and the Demons were gone, and the moon was shining where they held their Sabbath.

"But Telesphore still trembled with fear, and he ran shouting through the woods he knew not where. By morning he reached the Forges, more dead than alive, I believe well, me. That very day he made his confession at the parish church, and in the years that have intervened no person would know that it was the same Telesphore of

those other years of which I have told you.

"Bien, Telesphore is now himself a habitant, almost rich, living in the parish of St. Tite. He married une bonne femme, and they have a good Canadian family of ten children, perhaps twelve now, who can say? I do not know myself since two years."

Le Corbeau here paused to light his dead and neglected pipe, with another coal from the fire, and the men shifted their positions uneasily and began to talk with some constraint.

Joe Randolph, who was an Eastern Townships Yankee, was frankly sceptical. Yet one who had watched him during the recital might have detected signs of uneasiness in his manner. Gaining courage at the sound of his own

voice he blustered that he did not believe such apparitions were possible, and he doubted if devils existed.

Le Corbeau was undisturbed by this lack of faith. After all, what could one expect from a Bostonnais?

"Hereusement pour moi," said Le Corbeau. "I have not seen such things, myself. I tell you the things extraordinary that were told me by Telesphore Peloquin himself. Aussi, it is known to all the world that these strange apparitions have been seen by many at the Forges and in its environs. It is a thing remarkable also that the place where the Demons held their Sabbath is precisely of the land which was left as a legacy to the Devil by this wicked Mademoiselle Poulin. Once



I BELIEVE WELL, ME, THAT IF HE HAD MET CYRIL LEBLANC
THAT DAY HE WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM

when I spoke of these matters to our good Curé, he guarded well his replies, but said it may have arrived that the Bon Dieu permitted such frightful

apparitions to warn wicked men and to keep them in their duty. C'est possible, cà. Moi, je le crois bien, c'est possible, cà."

The SCARLET STRAND



BY EDWARD B. WATERWORTH
ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

SYNOPSIS

The report comes in to the Montreal papers that several mysterious murders have occurred in the North Shore woods, and the Indians believe some evil spirit in the shape of a wolf is responsible for them. At first little attention is paid to the "scare," but when a hard-headed millionaire leaves his summer cottage and says his wife has been nearly frightened out of her reason by the sight of a mysterious Thing That Limpers prowling about the house, the newspapers send representatives to cover the story. Four men and one woman reporter meet on the ground, and under chaperonage of the millionaire's housekeeper take possession of his luxurious cottage, prepared to enjoy a "soft assignment." They learn that all the Indians are leaving the country, and that, as one farmer puts it, "they's somethin' we don't know about up here," but are inclined to think the panic unfounded. They cover the country, but with the exception of a Chinaman who says he is raising mushrooms in underground cellars, and whose hands are singularly well kept for a farmer's, find nothing unusual, until evening, when Morton, the deputy sheriff, gallops in, abject with terror of the werewolf, which he has met on a lonely road.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was dead silence for a few moments as Morton concluded. The wind, which was gradually rising around the house and moaning through the trees, was weird enough to their strained hearings now. The big room, but recently so cheerful and ablaze with lamps, now was full of shadows, in which anything might lurk, as the deputy evidently thought, for he kept glancing fearfully at them. Even the big logs on the hearth, now commencing gradually to die down, appeared a kind of menace to the party as they only too clearly would betray the interior of the room to any person

or thing that might be outside of the big expanse of plate glass which practically formed one side of the apartment. It was Swanson who spoke first, and he did it reassuringly.

"Then it's easy, Morton," he said. "It's one of the kids in the neighborhood playing a practical joke. He's togged himself out with some kind of array and a false face, and is probably tickled to death to think how he's getting away with it."

"I tell you this thing had no feet," insisted the deputy.

Swanson deemed it best not to press the subject. He turned to the room behind him and said gently:

"Don't be alarmed; it's the surroundings that make this sort of thing uncanny. Just wait until I get Emmett."

He called from the door, and once the photographer was inside they held a brief conference.

"Stay here; I'll just take a look around the place," said Swanson.

"You won't go alone!" cried the others in one breath.

"Yes, you'd be better here," said Swanson, and he glanced meaningly at the door of the darkened room and then at the deputy. Both the other men hesitated, then nodded silently. They correctly interpreted that glance to mean that there was more need to protect the women from possible harm than to accompany him. Also, that Morton, in his present state, was useless; and, in fact, in case of a crisis might become a source of absolute danger through his very panic of fear.

"I'll keep this revolver of his," said Emmett in a low tone; "it's a good gun—a heavy forty-five. Just the thing as a welcome addition to our battery if needed. But, Swanson, you had better take my shotgun. It will do more good in this semi-darkness than Thompson's rifle." And he passed over the weapon. Swanson slipped some shells in his pocket, stepped silently to the door and went out.

Overhead the sky was now a mottled mass of black clouds. In between showed brilliant patches of moonlight, and when the moon itself was not obscured there was a deceitful promise of illumination, instantly dispelled by a sudden darkening of all objects. It was a most uncertain light, and Swanson realized that anything meaning harm and lurking about the place might well have a chance to spring upon him in one of the periods of obscurity.

But this very fact aroused his fighting blood. In his veins boiled a fierce anger that in this, a civilized region, something meaning such harm should be prowling in the dark ready for attack. And as he slipped the catch on his hammer gun to "cocked" he put a finger of his right hand on either trigger, and holding it ready to fire

from his side if necessary, moved slowly about the grounds. When the moon was darkened he came to a full halt and strained his ears for the sound of anything approaching, inwardly cursing the wind which often made this precaution useless. His lips were drawn back and the eyes, which were so mild and almost dreamy in expression in his ordinary hours, now glowed from under half shut lids, peering this way and that into the darkness, showing as fierce a readiness to fly at an enemy as any wolf itself could have displayed.

On the side nearest the drive he proceeded with great caution, stopping at the clumps of shrubbery and peering about them until he was assured that nothing was hiding there. Waiting for a period of light, he stepped to the drive to see if there might be some possible sign. But save where the flying footprints of the deputy's horse had torn up the gravel, the surface had not been disturbed, although the finely powdered granite might have shown the prints of any heavy animal. Slowly he paced behind the house and around through the piles of heavy, cut fire-logs, and penetrated cautiously to an arbor about one hundred feet from the house. Behind this lay a thicket of ornamental bushes. Using the arbor as a vantage point, he peered into their depths, and then, in the same cautious manner, searched them. Satisfied that there was nothing there, he proceeded more confidently around the northern edge of the big house, for here an expansive lawn had been cleared on which only a few ornamental maples had been left. A higher burst of wind had scattered some of the clouds until a sort of mackerel tinge prevailed in the sky and he could see for quite a distance. With great satisfaction he noted that every window on that side of the house was still heavily boarded. If any attack should be made upon them, therefore, from whatever unknown cause, it would hardly come from that direction.

He returned to the front of the cottage, whistling cheerfully to let those inside know of his coming. He noted with some surprise the saddle and bridle of the horse lying by the porch,

but Emmett explained with a laugh.

"It was so dark out there I had to use hearing rather than sight," he said, "and I wanted that panting beast away. I've been out west, and even the semi-broken cowponies will seldom stray far away if they are still saddled and bridled. In fact, many of them are taught to stand still if the owner drops the reins over its head. The same with domestic horses. If they're saddled they generally won't stray far, whereas when they're unhitched they think work is over and drift away. So I jerked the togs off him and he seems to have disappeared. It's a good thing you didn't run across him unexpectedly. You might have given him both barrels."

"Yes," said Swanson simply, the sinister gleam coming into his eyes for a moment. "Anything I had run across out there would have got both loads before any questions were asked."

Then, seeing the still frightened look in Nora's eyes as she endeavored to console the deputy, who still remained abject, but had lost his appearance of utter fright, he laughed.

"We're all letting this thing affect us too much," he said. "Morton has had a bad fright—and I don't blame him," he added sympathetically, "out here in the wilds on a night like this. We all feel the same way in a less degree, Morton, for we haven't been so scared. Still, just so the ladies won't be nervous when they turn in, I'll sit down here and keep watch."

"Oh, I couldn't dream of going to bed," cried Nora, and Mrs. Lawson also protested.

"Now, now," said Swanson soothingly, "there's no use losing a night's rest. It would only make you both nervous. There's no porch below your windows, so nothing can climb up. You're perfectly safe there. I'll just stretch myself out on this lounge where Brady sleeps and watch the foot of the stairway here, just so you won't be afraid."

He made an almost imperceptible sign to Thompson, and the latter laughed.

"Sure," he said, "just go up and turn

in, Miss Westemonde, like Emmett and I are going to do a little while afterward. We'll sit here for a time just to see that no mischievous boy in the neighborhood comes around frightening the life out of you by throwing gravel against your window."

After much persuasion the woman and girl retired. Swanson thought it best to add a note of warning.

"In case it is some boys prowling around," he said, "it would simply attract them to see a light in your window. So just go to bed by the light of the moon. Think how romantic it will be."

When the sound of the closing door above had come to their ears they turned to each other with perplexity in their faces.

"There are no kids in a deal like this," said Thompson, "but we got them upstairs all right. What do you think of it, Swanson?"

"There's something in it, whatever it is," responded Swanson. "Anything that takes the very last drop of courage from a man like that chap in there is something dangerous. You can't tell what these Indians up here are capable of. Civilized as they are, maybe they've got enough of the old instinct left to revive some of their supposed witch-craft—chicanery, of course—but it's for some bad purpose. We'll all sit up of course."

He slipped into the kitchen and returned with a lantern Mrs. Lawson used in the cellar.

"We'll turn this down as low as possible, and keep it behind the screen," he said, "and then we'll put out the lamp. The fire's nearly out. If anything starts that lantern won't turn over as easy as a lamp. Maybe the deputy would like to lie down in that shuttered room. He'd be safer, and there's a bed there."

But it was evident that Morton had no intention of leaving their company, and he sat beside them for hour after hour in the room from which even the faint glow of the dying fire soon vanished and the moonlight slowly faded, as the clouds grew dense and the patter of rain commenced. Even over the

sound of it beating against the windows and the roof of the porch they could hear him start violently whenever there was an extra strong gust. Thompson, seated in an armchair, with his legs placed in another, and his rifle over his knees, never took his eyes from the faint patch of gloom which showed where the big window was, and Swanson, lying on the couch with the shotgun by his side, did the same. Emmett, seated behind the screen, where he could puff steadily at his cigarettes and their light could not be seen from without, smoked without intermission. And so the night slowly wore on, the storm died down and the gloom in the window commenced to lighten a trifle.

By four o'clock the rain had ceased, and from the faint beam of dawn which showed a half hour later it seemed that the day would be a fair one. And this turned out to be true, as a little time after a beam of sunlight shot across the lake, and Thompson gave a sigh of relief.

"I can understand now why the ancients had sun worship," he said. "Let's get cleaned up, so the girl upstairs won't know we've been sitting up." But there was no deceiving Nora. She smiled as she came down the stairs, looking rather wan.

"I saw through your idea," she said, "and I'm grateful to you all. I didn't sleep myself. I just lay there and listened to hear if anything stirred below."

Mrs. Lawson, however, was virtuously indignant and not unwilling to show it.

"The idea!" she exclaimed, "and us in a civilized country, too! It's something those Indians are up to, I'll bet! It's some dirty trick of somebody's. There, don't let it worry you, dearie," she said, patting Nora on the shoulder as she started for the kitchen.

Swanson looked at Emmett and smiled.

"The maternal instinct," he said. "If Mrs. Lawson was the only woman here she would probably be thoroughly frightened, but when she has something to protect, she is ready to battle

to the end. I think she'll make a valuable member of our party in an emergency."

Although the breakfast was earlier than usual and nobody had much appetite, all made a pretense of eating food. And it was with a sigh of relief that Morton, seated facing the window and eating shamefacedly as if brooding over his actions of the night before, called out:

"Why, there's the sheriff."

And coming at a slow trot down the shaded drive could be seen the sturdy form of the man Nora had met the day before. The very expression of cheerful reliance on his kindly bearded face, and the hearty tone in which he greeted them, made Nora's eyes light up and the men grasp his hand warmly. He readily accepted an invitation to eat breakfast, and did it justice, praising Mrs. Lawson's coffee profusely. But he kept glancing curiously at Morton.

"How do you happen to be here, Fred?" he asked.

The deputy colored painfully. Evidently he was in pitiable embarrassment over the episode of the night. Swanson interrupted.

"We'll tell you after breakfast," he said. "He just passed the night with us."

With the cheer of the food within him; of companionship and of the sunlight which had grown brighter as the day went on, giving promise of a glorious touch of Indian summer which the rain would only freshen, Morton had grown more and more confident, but obviously was more ashamed of himself. And it was with a mumbling voice and in an apologetic way that he clumsily related a tale in which there was none of the dramatic effect he had put the night before.

"Maybe I was mistaken," he concluded awkwardly. "I might have had one of them hal—hal—whatever you call 'em. But I was sure scared, sheriff."

And he lowered his eyes and fidgeted nervously with the lapels of his coat, a perfect picture of humiliation.

But the sheriff did not laugh, nor did the others. That officer tugged

slowly at his beard and looked thoughtfully across the lake.

"I was goin' to recall the deputies to-night, but I won't do it now," he said. "You saw somethin' all right, Fred. That settles it. We'll stick here."

The sheriff paused for a few moments still gazing out over the waters with unseeing eyes.

"I know you're newspaper men," he said, "maybe I can't ask it of you—it means a lot to you, I guess. But it may mean a lot more if nothing was said about this for the time, boys. There have been deaths already, you know. It's my duty to get what's doin' that. If the tip's given out, it may spoil it. And," he continued, in an almost shamefaced way, "if nothin' could be said about Fred here runnin'—I know it ain't natural for him—" and he paused and glanced from one to the other.

"Oh, not a word about Morton," said Swanson heartily, and the others nodded immediate acquiescence. "Any one of us would have been just as likely to do the same thing," he went on, while the deputy's face lit up with a fervour of gratitude, "for no man knows what he'll do under strange conditions. And if I were you I'd put him on the firing line, Mr. Sheriff, where he can get a chance at this thing. I'm sure he'll be the first to start the fray."

"You're dead right I will," said Morton with emphasis, and there could be no doubt that he meant it.

"But about the news end, would you just wait one minute?"

He turned and held a whispered conference with Thompson.

"If we put this stuff on the wire there may be a leak," he said, "and if we send in some story without foundation it will simply queer the papers, as if we were trying to pull off a hoax on the public. Moreover, the first indication there's anything in it will bring a swarm of reporters from every town bigger'n a whistling post as well, and the woods will be so overrun that there'll be no doing anything."

"I tell you," suggested Thompson,

in the same low tone, "let's wire a carefully guarded story apiece to the papers. Tip the city editor off that something's coming by mail and send a special delivery letter at once, giving the true facts, and telling him why we're holding it. The man that goes down to-day had better get an auto and come back at once. For we'll have a long run to make, maybe."

Swanson nodded and turned to the sheriff.

"All right," he said, "we won't say a word, only—" and he added the customary newspaper proviso—"will you promise not to let anyone know the facts until we have them in print, in case news show up?"

And the sheriff, unaware of the storm of wrath that might descend upon his head from various papers throughout his district, readily agreed.

"I'll send another deputy over if you'd like to have one with you," he said as he rode off with Morton. "I guess Fred had better get another chance at this thing."

In the broad daylight the event of the night seemed less and less terrifying, and they sat about the porch, basking in the sunlight but showing the effects of their sleepless night in their countenances. The noisy arrival of Brady, long before they expected him, was like a further breath of fresh air.

"Got up early," he said; "first time in years. Most times I don't get to bed until about the same time. But what's the matter?" glancing at them keenly.

He shook his head gravely when told, and nodded in emphatic approval over the plan mapped out by the others, especially about the automobile.

"This thing breaks loose at night," he said. "You'd better get that auto as soon as you get there, Swanson. Even if the roads are sandy, you ought to cover the route in a little more than two hours. I know you drive a car. If I could I'd ride back myself. You see, we don't want a chauffeur. He's apt to get scared, too, and bolt with the car, killing the story before we could get to Iroquois with it. Be sure



EMMETT GLANCED KEENLY AT THE PRINT IN THE FIXING PAN, AND THE NEXT INSTANT WITH SHAKING HANDS HE HAD RIPPED THE PAPER TO PIECES

and get one with big lamps, Eric. Someone will have to hit a clip through those dark woods, maybe. How's Nora?"

"Nora's a plucky girl," said Emmett, suddenly rousing himself. "Not a bit of fuss or trouble. She's as game as they make 'em."

"You bet," agreed Brady. "But don't you think we'd better get her out of here? She's too frail for this sort of thing."

There was something almost shame-faced about Brady's expression, and the other men smiled. Brady's interest in Nora had daily been growing plainer.

"You couldn't get her away now," said Emmett. "However, we'll try it after Swanson gets the auto here. Going down this afternoon, Eric?"

"Yes, I'll postpone my visit to the

Chink and go," said Swanson, breaking the pause. "I don't feel like sleep now, anyway."

When he was gone Brady turned cheerfully to the others.

"Lie down on the lounge and go to sleep, Thompson," he said. "I'll keep watch. Turn on in and get some sleep, Emmett. Nothing can be done in this bright sunlight. I'll keep some of the arsenal by me and sit here and read."

"But what are we going to do on the story?" asked Nora, suddenly appearing in the doorway.

"Nothing," answered Brady easily. "You're all too tired to work now. What you need is rest. Anyhow, as I say, nothing happens until night. If Swanson makes a swift trip down he may get back some time about eight or so to-night."

"It's hard to make a deal for an auto that quick," said Emmett. "He may have to go clear around the bay to Ste. Louise for it. Still, I guess we'd better lie down."

An afternoon of complete rest in the sleep of exhaustion and a late supper restored them all, so it was a fairly cheerful party that gathered about the table for supper as it grew dark. Still, noticing Nora's start at any sudden noise, Brady kept up a flow of cheering conversation.

"We won't try anything to-night," he said. "It would be simply folly to go prowling alone about the country in the dark. A deputy might blaze away at us, thinking we were fair game. I guess we'll sit here and have a quiet evening."

To the great relief of the men, who wished to quell Nora's obvious anxiety, the deputy promised by the sheriff arrived, clattering up to the door just before it got completely dark. The fact that he had ridden alone through a region teeming with the reports then current gave ground to his heartily expressed contempt for the whole business, as he expressed it. He was evidently enjoying himself hugely, however, and was delighted with the opportunity to meet the party. He was a genial, clean-shaved young fellow, with bronzed face and broad shoulders, and Thompson's careful questioning showed that he knew nothing of the details of the night before.

"Oh, the sheriff just said that more reports had come in about this thing," he said, "and he sent me here to stay with you folks."

He ate enormous quantities of the viands set before him, made friends immediately with Brady, with whom he exchanged lively repartee, and his hearty laugh seemed to fill the whole house. Nora cheered up in the presence of this arm of the law, and the men in the party immediately warmed up to him.

"We'll let him go to bed first, so he won't see us standing guard," said Thompson in a cautious whisper to the others. "There's no use tipping him off."

"Ham" (short for Hamilton, as he explained) was the name of the new arrival. He was unaffectedly delighted with the cottage, stood with his back before the fire puffing approvingly at one of Brady's cigars, was wildly enthusiastic over Nora's singing and clearly did not notice the little quaver in her voice at times. And when conversation flagged he spent his time making loud efforts of rustic wit at the mission the sheriff was covering.

"Them Indians is just scared," he said. But he was especially curious about Emmett's camera.

"Can you really take pictures with them things in the dark?" he demanded. "I've had it done in daylight," he added proudly.

"Surely," said Emmett, and explained the workings of the flashlight, even inserting a match in his patent holder and shooting off a small quantity of the powder.

Bennett was wildly delighted.

"Let's have a picture took!" he cried.

"We'll take one later," said Emmett, evasively.

"But you folks said somethin' about working to-morrow night," cried Ham, plaintively.

There was no resisting the appeal of the man who had proved such a cheering influence in the evening. He had apparently seen nothing unusual in the weapons lying about, accustomed as he was to the sight of the hunting arms of his own family in their living rooms. He had examined them all critically, and commented on the automatics.

"I'd like to shoot one, but it might bring a gang of deputies charging down here," he said.

So now, when he was obviously disappointed, Emmett yielded.

"Maybe he unknowingly was right. We're scared, like the Indians," he whispered to Brady. "Slip your gun in your pocket, Steve, and come out."

Upon the delighted suggestion of Bennett, who considered himself privileged to suggest what fashion of picture it should be, on account of his authorship in the move, Nora consented to go outside and pose for a photo.

A brisk breeze was blowing, the moon was slowly rising, but the lawn was still dark, and he was smitten with an inspiration.

"A wind like that blowing your hair and skirts about would make an awful pretty picture, Miss Nora," he said admiringly. "It 'ud be like one of them posters down to Iroquois."

Out in the centre of the lawn behind the house stood the arbor, with its white lattice work showing in the faint light of the moon's edge.

"The manufacturers guarantee this powder for about this distance," said Emmett, stepping up to a short distance from the arbor. "I made a mark here the other day when I photographed the arbor on account of the pretty effect against those bushes behind. So I know just where to set my lens. Please stand against the side of the lattice there and burn this match until I make sure."

Nora, burning the match, which brought only her face with its anxious brown eyes and the tired droop about her small mouth into evidence, made, as the deputy had said, a pretty picture. Her light dress was whipping in the wind and her hair was flying about her face. Emmett, emerging from under his focussing cloth with a grunt of satisfaction, put a match in his flashlight holder and poured out the powder.

"Steady there! You're losing half of it in this wind," cried Brady.

"Take off your coat and hold it up to shield it, Steve," said Emmett. "Now, Nora, ready!"

Almost before the bang of the flashlight had died away Nora was fairly sobbing in their midst.

"There's something in there!" she cried.

"To the house, Nora!" cried Brady, without stopping to ask questions, and at the same instant drawing his weapon from his hip pocket and firing straight into the arbor as he leaped toward it, with the double purpose of intimidating some enemy and of summoning Thompson. In a few bounds he was at the door, while the deputy, although taken by surprise at first, was only a few steps behind him. Emmett, bit-

terly swearing at his own neglect to bring a weapon, had recklessly thrust a handful of flashlight powder into the holder, and at imminent danger to his eyes, inserted a match and fired. For that instant, with his eyes unblinded by the flash which came from behind, Brady saw the interior clearly. It was empty.

"Round this way," cried Bennett, startled but game, "take the other side!"

"Go back and stay with Nora! For God's sake, take care of her!" yelled Brady to Emmett, as he darted around to the open space behind the bushes. Not a sign was to be seen.

Emmett, speeding to the house, where a slender figure was standing outlined against the lamplight, passed Thompson, armed with the shotgun, running in the opposite direction. Neither stopped for a word, recognizing the other's mission. But before Thompson reached the scene Brady and the deputy had circled the bushes and were facing each other. Not a sign of any intruder was visible.

The men stared at each other in bewilderment. It seemed hardly possible that any living thing could have crossed the expanse of lawn on all sides and gained the shelter of the trees without being seen. The moon had risen and was beaming brightly over the edge of the shrubbery.

"We might make a circuit of the place," suggested Brady.

Cautiously, and keeping wide apart, so that if any attack was made they should not all be set upon at once, they proceeded about the grounds, peering keenly into every clump of shrubbery. But there was nothing to be seen.

"Nora's nervous and overwrought," suggested Brady. "She probably heard the bushes rustling or some dead leaves blowing about. But if there was anything there——" He left the sentence unfinished, and doubled up his fists in a way that augured no good for anything that should try to harm Nora.

The three walked slowly back to the house, where Emmett, who had given Nora a glass of water, was regarding

her thoughtfully. The girl was still trembling, but had forced a nervous laugh.

"I'm sorry to have caused all this about nothing," she said, "but I was scared for the time."

"Just what frightened you, Nora?" asked Brady.

"Why," said the girl, "while I was standing there I noticed a peculiar kind of fetid smell that seemed to grow stronger——"

"Sure it wasn't a polecat?" asked the deputy. "Maybe that would account for our not seein' anything. If so, I'm glad we didn't find it."

"No," said the girl quietly, "it wasn't a polecat. And just as you fired the flashlight, I heard directly behind me a distinct snarl."

There was dead silence for a minute or two. But the face of the deputy grew grave.

"If there's a wolf skulking around you'd better look out for your horses, gentlemen. Maybe there is a wolf-pack around here. Hadn't one of us better sit up?"

Brady was about to remark that signs of a wolfpack would certainly take on some form that was recognizable, but as he glanced at Nora and saw the palpable relief in her face at this explanation of the matter, he refrained. Moreover, he reflected, it would probably explain to the deputy the need of keeping guard.

So he said nothing, and at the deputy's suggestion the men trooped out to the kitchen in quest of something to eat, leaving Brady and Nora alone.

"Nora," he said, "you and Mrs. Lawson had better go to bed. We'll see that nothing happens."

"Not just yet, Steve," pleaded the girl, a pitiful little smile pulling at the corners of her mouth. "Let me sit here by the fire a little. I'm—I'm rather shaken."

Down in Montreal they called Steve Brady "Hearts-Afire," and he had earned his name. But to-night, as he looked down at Nora Westmonde, so white and tired, so little in the big chair, there was an expression on his face that was new.

"Another cushion now?" he said, tucking a footstool beneath her slippers. "Let me put this one behind your back."

Gently he took hold of Nora's shoulder, bending her forward, and with the touch something leaped up in him, something that was sweeter and stronger than any emotion he had ever known; a passionate desire to gather her up and take her away and keep her safe forever, to shield her from all danger and sorrow, to make her his own; and he knew that for him Nora was the one woman of a thousand. With a sudden masterful gesture he drew the little head against his breast, and held her close for one deep moment. Then she sat swiftly erect.

"Don't, Steve," she said wistfully. "You know you don't mean it."

For answer he dropped on his knees beside her chair, leaning on the broad arm, and turned her face towards him. For an instant she looked, inexplicably thrilled by his steady gaze, and lowered her eyelids in confusion.

"Do I mean it, Nora?" he asked softly. "Ah, girl, you know I do—you know it."

"Do I know it, Hearts-Afire?" she flashed at him suddenly. "All I know is that you make love well—too well not to have had practice. Now let me go."

She tried to rise, but he gently prevented her.

"You've some right to say what you did, girl," he told her, "though I did not know you'd heard the stories. What I've done, I've done, and I'll stand to it. But they'll never call me Hearts-Afire again, I promise you that. No, whether you say yes or no to the question I'm asking you. That was ended when I first saw your face. . . . Listen to me, Nora. . . . You've got to listen. . . . Do you remember the Scott assignment, the day we were both sent out to interview his widow? It was wet and cold and you'd no rubbers on. I've never forgotten how you looked, with your cheeks pink and your eyes shining and your hair curling with the rain. I said to myself then that if a man had a girl like you he'd never

need to go looking elsewhere, and—well, I don't know why I should have done it, but there's—there's been no reason for anyone to call me Hearts-Afire since."

She had been staring into the fire, but as he stopped, she turned, searching his face.

"True talk, Steve?" she asked very soberly.

"True," he said. "Do you believe?"

"Yes," she answered. "At least, I know you don't lie. . . I'm very glad—you don't know how that name hurt me."

"Hurt you? You mean—? Then you do care, Nora?"

She did not answer, but turned again to the red embers. Brady hesitated a moment, and then turned her face towards him again. The long black lashes curtained her eyes.

"Say you care, girl—say it now. They'll be coming back in a minute."

For an instant the curtains remained lowered, and then shyly, wonderfully, she gave him one glorious look. With a stifled cry he drew her into his arms and kissed her; and again the miracle of a new heaven and a new earth was made. The werewolf was forgotten, lost in the joy of that first kiss.

A door opened somewhere in the rear, and the voices of the others sounded more plainly. Nora rose quickly.

"I can't see them now—dear," she said, as he put out a restraining hand. "I'll run upstairs before they come. Are you sure you'll be careful if—anything happens? It was bad enough to have you in danger before, but now —"

At the foot of the stairs Brady took her in his arms again, not answering her, except with another kiss. He held her away from him, searching, committing to memory every line of her delicate little face with that look of anxiety for him on it. Not many women had looked like that for Steve Brady.

"Thank God you are safe," he muttered. "If that Thing had touched you I'd have killed it with my bare hands."

"You will be careful, won't you?"

"Yes, little girl. You've given me a reason. But—I've got to follow the scarlet strand."

"The scarlet strand?"

"You know, don't you? The red thread that's woven into every length of cordage in the British Navy. It means what Nelson said at Trafalgar, that England expects every man to do his duty. I've got to get this story for the paper—and for you."

Shyly, gravely, she bent down from the stair where she stood above him, and kissed him of her own accord. She knew the code of the paper. And as she vanished up the stairway the others came into the living-room.

Obviously Bennett was not disturbed by the incident of the arbor. He had manufactured sandwiches in the kitchen with sardines and ham and returned after his repast with a beatific smile on his face, helping himself to another cigar on his arrival.

The two others were thoughtful and silent, and finally, when he suggested that they develop the plate and see what was upon it, Emmett assented, more to have something to do than for any other reason.

"There is no use even in making a pretense of turning in at this hour," he reflected, "although he surely will sleep soundly enough."

Bennett examined with much interest the shuttered room in which Emmett had arranged his dark room, questioned the meaning of the black curtains over the door, and finally watched with great interest the tray in which Emmett was slowly washing the developing fluid from end to end. He exclaimed with delight as outline after outline of the picture grew and he could see that it was unmistakably Nora. Emmett placed the picture in the fixing pan; he suddenly started and glanced keenly at it through the liquid. The next instant he had snatched it from the pan and held it before the light, turning his shoulder against the deputy. The next instant, with shaking hands, he had ripped the paper to pieces.

To be continued

Manufacturing on the Farm

by

W·J·Shanks

Drawings by
Frederic M·Grant



TWO men stood on the station platform at Calgary after the train had discharged its cosmopolitan crowd, taken on another, and disappeared toward the westerly foothills with staccato earnestness.

One was a retired British Major General, who knew the ranching country as a city toiler knows his favorite trout stream. Age about sixty-five, —booted, cultured, nomadic. He had ranched, in a leisurely way, not twenty miles from where he now stood, a quarter of a century ago. After three or four years' intermittent attempts to alchemize two extremes of civilization, he had gone back to the London clubs to stay.

His companion on the railway platform was a type of the keen, twentieth century Canadian farmer in the middle thirties. His boyish face had sparkled with enthusiasm as he recognized his father, the General, alighting from the train. There were frank, hearty greetings.

"Back again, guv'nor. Hurrah! Give me those grips and I'll throw them into the machine. Got a real flyer for your special benefit. We can get home for early tea. Jump in."

The high-gear'd car swept over the hard highway, and the General settled back in the cushions. The younger

man talked of family affairs for awhile, and occasionally slowed down as his companion began studying the landscape with the eye of an ever-young nomad and friendly critic.

"Big changes, George. Where in thunder did you get all those fences? And what makes all those cattle look so tame and well-fed?"

The car was rushing between gently sloping plains of emerald. The veritable "cattle on a thousand hills" were peacefully grazing, and the skyline to the west and south was like an animated canvas from Turner.

"Mostly because they are fed and cared for," said the younger man sententiously, "instead of being allowed to run wild and pick up a living where they could. We've got over the idea that cattle kept themselves, same as we've got over the idea that farm machinery could be left out-of-doors over winter, and we treat the steer as a money-making machine that must be kept to its highest capacity. We're turning good grain into hogs and cattle that pay even bigger dividends."

"I must take a look at your methods, my boy," said the General with interest. "You talk like John Bedford. D'you remember the Bedfords at home —county family, land-poor for generations? John Bedford grew up with a

practical bent, and he's gone in for scientific farming—intensive, he calls it. By Jove, the place is paying dividends for the first time since Edward the Confessor."

Father and son laughed together, and the General's eye was suddenly caught by a patch of vivid blue-green on the right of the road.

"What's yonder?" he asked. "You haven't transplanted the Emerald Isle, have you?"

"Alfalfa. That's the calf-pasture, where we fatten the little beggars for prime veal. There's a bigger one just over that bald-faced hill, where we put the steers for finishing. No more thin-flanked, long-horned rangy beasts for the packing-houses now—we send fattened animals in prime condition or none at all."

The young man's enthusiasm was not lost on the old-school rancher. Yet the latter stroked his chin and looked thoughtful.

"Seems to me the old guard must be pretty lonesome about here. Where are they all gone, anyway?"

"Not far away, most of them. You remember Ferguson?—he still owns three sections up there on the right. Sold the rest to Americans, and began real farming on what he had left. Ferguson's too rich now for his own good, but he sends sensible orders from Winnipeg to his men here.

"This section to the left belongs to Dalton. You won't forget him. It's about ten years since he quit whisky for hog-raising—and he's rich, too."

"Bless my soul—*hogs*, did you say?"

"Yes; pigs—porkers. We've got the corn belt, in the States, beaten on them. They fatten easily, and are the least trouble. As that fellow Butler says, 'Pigs is pigs.'"

The conversation drifted back to older days. These two, father and son, had been comrades when their ranch was a real outpost of civilization. The boy had literally grown up in the saddle from the time his father, and his two older brothers, had allowed him to take his own pony and keep in the rear of the "round-ups."

"I've been thinking I'd find things changed," said the General musingly. "We read more Canadian papers at home than English ones. Still, there are the old blessed plains, sure enough, in spite of the fences.

"Do you remember when Bill got his commission, and Jack went into the bank? They both told me you were the luckiest dog in the family, because you were going to stay on the ranch. I'm glad you did, my boy. You look as if it agreed with you."

"It does," said the younger. "Not only with me, but with Mildred and the kids. She was a bit lonesome at first—missed the drawing rooms and garden parties, I suppose—but now she wouldn't trade an Alberta farm for an English castle."

"Those were great times, George, when we used to ride after the beeves. Come to think of it, they were pretty slab-sided and hungry-looking, even when the grass was waist-high. But—gad, what rides we had. Eh?"

It was the younger man's turn to look serious. He was thinking, maybe, of some of those mad, galloping, expeditions, when he was still under twenty, with older companions who were care-free to a fault. There were retrospects of daring adventures, of purposeless days in the "cow-town," of boon companions who had drifted—God knows where.

"It couldn't last," he said finally. "The old ranching idea was three-fourths sport and one-fourth business. Some of the best fellows I ever knew didn't allow business to monopolize even a tenth part of their time.

"I don't know what made me 'pull up' and start in as a real farmer. Maybe it was that trip down to the experimental farm. I was going to stay a month, and stayed six. Say, if you've got any crack farmers in England, you ought to send them over here for a post-graduate course."

The automobile was slowing up along a lane leading to a rambling structure, of decidedly English cast. There was a trim brick addition on one side, and deep verandas. The outbuildings were the pink of modernity.

Running down to meet the car were two sturdy boys, who climbed aboard to meet the homecomers. On the veranda, a young woman in simple white was already waving her greetings.

"Well," said the General as he climbed out, "this does an old globe-trotter good. I see you've fixed the place up wonderfully. Still, it's got the old home look."

Those were busy days and restful evenings as the veteran of Mafeking and the possessor of a boxful of medals renewed acquaintance with the scenes of his early Canadian exploits as an amateur rancher.

There were visits to the modern farms of other ex-ranchers who had chosen to keep pace with modern conditions; a trip to the famous "Bar U," where the last word in blooded Percherons is being written for horsebreeders; to Banff, where, under the starlit skies, and with the Bow River's rushing music in his ears, the General found military cronies from three continents on the hotel verandas. Then there were drives and walks over the old farm, with his son as demonstrator and tutor. Gradually the bigness of the future loomed larger than the receding past.

One day they were comparing old methods with the new in feeding stock. The son grew eloquent.

"Listen! I'm only a young man, but I've learned a few things by watching the older hands. I picked up some good theories in the experimental school, but they are of less value than the practical pointers from the men who have spent their lives here, and know the country's real needs and possibilities. You remember the big herds of long-horned beeves we used to round up? They're gone, and their kind will never come back. We're now competing in the world's markets with real beef. We've got packing plants at Calgary and Vancouver, with a score of branches throughout Alberta and British Columbia. We're supplying the home market, and Indian contracts, and in the last year, according to government statistics, these territories exported over 60,000 head of beef cattle.

"When the old herds died down,

people thought the beef industry was on its last legs. We were only beginning for a fresh start. The settlers came in, and cut up the old ranches. Right up to the base of the mountains you will find the modern farmer putting up fences, and getting ready for mixed farming.

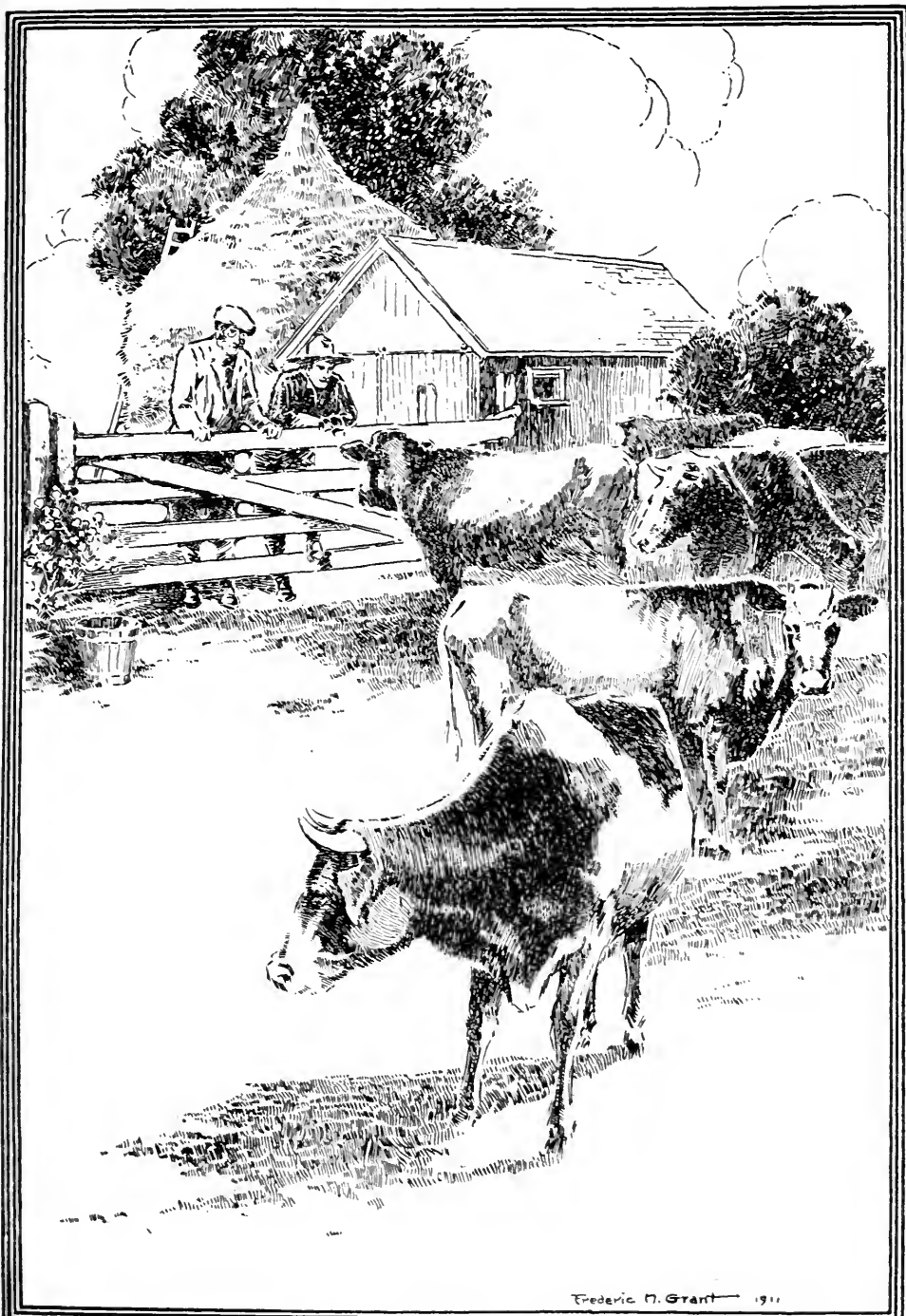
"Of course, the cattle couldn't run any longer. Some fellows began to sell off their breeding stock. They didn't know what else to do, and, as you may guess, some of the older ranchers considered mixed farming a disgrace. Then came the magic talisman that made them quit selling their breeding stock—alfalfa.

"Up on the Bow River banks there in one alfalfa pasture of 1,000 acres. Lane owns it of course. He has bought 10,000 acres in all for an alfalfa and fattening pasture. You'll see his stock at the Calgary Fair, if you can stay over for it. He's a crack horsebreeder, and there are half a dozen others who turn out the finest sort of cattle, hogs, sheep—most everything that goes on four legs. That Fair is a big help in many ways to the farmer. It keeps up the standard, for one thing. When a fellow goes down there and sees what the other men are doing to improve their live-stock, it makes him hustle to pick up all the pointers he can get, and hike home to put 'em in practice. I'll show you my two-year-old heifer next time we go down to the south range—the one I'm going to enter this summer at the exhibition. Prettiest thing you ever saw—raised on alfalfa."

"How about the soil?" asked the General. "Doesn't alfalfa wear it out?"

"Not for a minute. It's exactly the other way. Alfalfa is the stuff to strengthen tired soil. Alfalfa is like a bank deposit. The longer the seed stays in the ground the heavier the crops, apparently. Dry seasons may check the growth, but don't kill the fertility of the seed. When alfalfa gets a real start, there are three cuttings a year, with a market value of from \$50 to \$75 per acre per year. It beats dollar wheat.

"All the big men agree that Alberta,



Frederic M. Grant 1911

"WHEN A FELLOW HAS BEEN TO THE FAIR AND SEEN WHAT THE OTHER MEN ARE DOING TO IMPROVE
THEIR LIVE STOCK, IT MAKES HIM HUSTLE TO BRING HIS OWN UP TO STANDARD. I'M GOING
TO EXHIBIT THAT BALD-FACE TWO-YEAR-OLD NEXT SEASON."

with alfalfa, can be made a bigger beef exporting market than it was in the old ranching days, with its immense herds. These districts are to-day on the dividing line between beef imports and beef exports. Unless modern conditions, which include alfalfa, become the rule, it will only be two or three years before Alberta will have to import beef for local consumption. That would mean two or three cents per pound more for householders.

"When the big ranching companies went out of business many of the larger land owners naturally sold a good share of their holdings. They figured they could make more by selling than by owning a cattle ranch that brought in no dividends. Even the smaller stockmen, who depended on grazing land adjoining their own holdings, began to get out when the winter wheat farmers came along and fenced the lands up.

"It was a Kansas man who taught us that by feeding grain and alfalfa to steers, it was possible to make a gain of five pounds per day per steer. He got those results, on his own place, for forty-seven consecutive days. Conditions in Kansas, and those in Alberta, are enough alike to make this demonstration a land mark for Alberta farmers. And they have learned the lesson well. My methods are no different from those of scores of cattle raisers hereabouts. We wean calves in the fall, shelter and feed them the first winter, herd cows during the summer, and mate them with pure bred bulls, which, at the close of the breeding season, are withdrawn to separate pastures. We keep weak cattle from exposure. With our modern feeding methods we know how much a steer should eat every month, and how much he should weigh as a result."

"Mark you, the Alberta cattle-raiser knows something of the world's markets. He knows that the supply of beeves is diminishing, especially in the vast consuming nation to the south. The problem of the cost of living is intimately related to the beef industry. As the haphazard methods of the United States cattle raisers fail to keep pace with both export and home

demands, the cattle raisers of Alberta, and other parts of our West, find opportunity in the employment of scientific methods. They are raising better cattle, and getting better prices, as their southern competitors drop out of the race. You'll see the best beeves in the world at the Calgary Fair, and in the Calgary packing plants. United States packers pay fancy prices for Alberta beef. The Alberta Cattle Breeders' Association has labored to build up the quality of cattle in the Province, and their work is beginning to show. The small farmers come here for the same reason that the big ranchmen came here years ago—they find the same nutritious grasses, the same 'chinooks', the same wealth-producing elements in nature's laboratory. But intensive farming is the twentieth century slogan.

"Mixed farming is best for the small, all-round producer. Even those who make a specialty of wheat raising should have a few head of stock. Then, when the lean year comes, he'll have something to turn into ready cash. It is the aggregate of small stock herds that will make Alberta a big cattle exporting region in the next few years.

"Of late years, we Alberta farmers have been sending a good many unfinished cattle to eastern markets. As the alfalfa meadows increase in size, our cattle will get a fattening process before being sent to market. We will not only export heavier beeves but, in the fattening process, the soil will be permanently enriched. Home feeding is a great replenisher of our chief capital, the soil."

One evening, on the veranda, they were joined by Dalton, who had come over to greet the General, and indulge in reminiscences.

"George tells me you've become one of the expert hog raisers in the Province," said the General, after an hour's talk. "How and why?"

"Because I wanted something easy," said Dalton. "Porkers simply coin money for you. I keep improving breeds all the time, but the soil's the thing. This farming proposition is just the same thing as the conditions the manufacturer is up against. We've

got to cut our manufacturing cost down to the lowest possible limit. More than that why shouldn't we manufacture the thing that costs us least and sells for most? In other words, if we can turn our manufactured product into a higher-priced and more valuable commodity, why should we miss the chance to do it?"

"That sounds like good logic," said the General. "But just how does it apply in practice?"

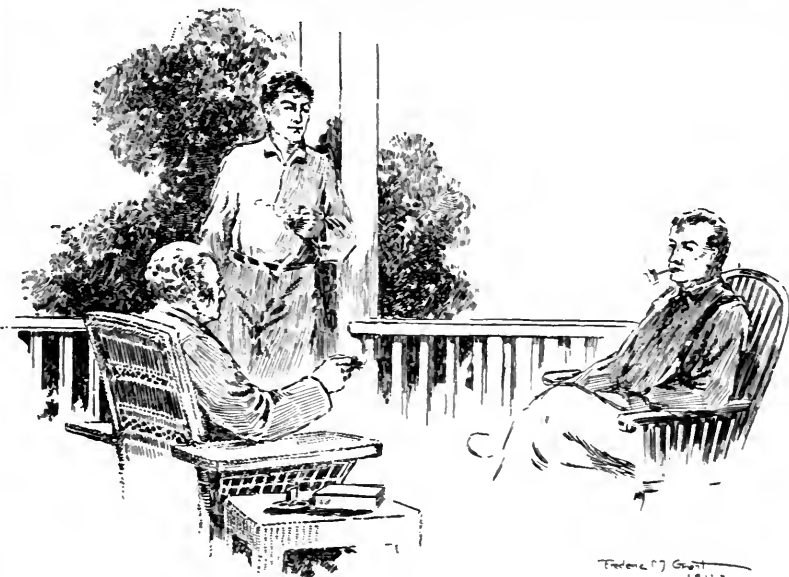
Dalton settled himself more comfortably in the porch-chair and pulled at his pipe until the bowl glowed in the dusk.

"Take an iron-maker, for instance," he said. "He's turning out so many thousand pieces of pig-iron a day at his plant. Suppose he can turn his iron into steel and double his profits? Is he going to keep on making iron? Not much. He's going to turn out steel. Same way here. We're manufacturing wheat out of soil. If we can convert that wheat into pork with the help of

alfalfa, peas and so on, and get a better price for it than we could get for the raw product, why, it's up to us to manufacture pork. That's the why you were asking me about a minute ago."

The General nodded comprehension, and Dalton went on leisurely:

"Now, about the how. Let's take another manufacturer as an example—say a fellow who makes plows. If he's a big manufacturer, he's got the exact cost of every piece of material that goes into one of his plows figured out to the decimal point, and he knows to a cent what each plow costs him to turn out. Suppose he finds out that by using a less expensive material in a certain part he can cut down his manufacturing cost fifty cents or a dollar, and at the same time turn out a better, more valuable article. He isn't likely to go on using the old stuff, is he? No more are we. When we know that we can manufacture pigs out of wheat and alfalfa and peas and rape and get a



"THIS FARMING PROPOSITION IS JUST THE SAME THING THE MANUFACTURER IS UP AGAINST," SAID DALTON. "WE'RE MANUFACTURING PORK OUT OF WHEAT AND FIELD PEAS AND ALFALFA."

better, finer-flavored product than Iowa can get out of corn, we aren't going to give up the hog business just because we don't grow corn, are we?"

"Of course not," agreed the General, promptly. "And you mean to tell me that you can pasture pigs like cattle and get results equal to those secured by corn-feeding? Corn-fed bacon has always been a sort of *sine qua non* in my mind."

"Sure thing," said Dalton. "The packing-houses pay more for pea-fed pork than for corn-fed. That proves it, doesn't it? We've been competing with the corn-belt to the south, and I think we've got them securely licked now. Hogs not only have better flavor, but fatten quicker on wheat, field peas, or alfalfa, with root crops in the winter. These are our mainstays up here, and we don't need corn. And, as I said, what's the use of selling wheat at sixty-five cents a bushel when that same bushel of wheat put into pork will sell for eighty cents up to a dollar?"

"How do we know all this? Well, careful experiments have shown that it takes from three hundred to five hundred pounds of corn to produce one hundred pounds of gain in a pig, whereas in wheat-feeding you can put that hundred on the pig's ribs with four hundred and twenty pounds of wheat. The price of pork in Southern Alberta hasn't been below four and a quarter per hundred during the past six years. Wheat converted into pork at \$4.25 per hundred would realize sixty cents per bushel; at \$5.00 per hundred, seventy-one cents per bushel; at \$6.00 per hundred, eighty-six cents per bushel, and at \$7.00 per hundred, one dollar per bushel. Supplementing the wheat with alfalfa, rape or tare pasture in summer and roots in winter, the number of pounds of grain required to produce one hundred pounds of pork can be greatly reduced and the value per bushel realized correspondingly increased.

"Peas are a standby up here. They are suited to the climate and soil. One

bushel of peas will do as much hog fattening as one and one-third bushels of corn. It is easier to raise fifty bushels of peas in our climate and soil than to raise forty bushels of corn in the corn belt.

"We've got practical results on top of the demonstrations by the scientific hog raisers in the agricultural colleges. We employ the field method—let the hogs do their own cultivating. It saves labor, and is better for the soil. We know what we can do. Pea-fed pork is the highest priced at the packing-houses, and we can raise six hundred and fifty pounds of pork per acre from hogs grazed on peas.

"On top of that, we're gradually turning big alfalfa fields and clover pastures into hog grazing fields. Clover is the favorite, but alfalfa stands pasturing better. Ten to fifteen head of pigs, weighing from fifty to sixty pounds each in the spring, will pasture on an acre of alfalfa and make a gain of one hundred pounds during the season. In the fall finish with peas, barley or wheat. That accounts for the new packing houses at Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton, and a score of smaller places."

Some weeks later there was a little farewell dinner to the General in Calgary. He was again a nomad, with an Imperial commission to report on military manoeuvres in Australia.

The toasts were many. The old cow-town had not witnessed such a "round-up" of old-time ranchers for many a day. When the General's turn came, his voice was a bit throaty.

"Boys," he said, "in a few days I will be on the ocean, and will soon be talking with our Australian cousins about military defenses. If I were thirty years younger, I'd begin all over again, and start raising cattle and hogs in Alberta. I've been at school on my son's farm. The Empire is safe as long as such farms exist and multiply. I represent the older civilization. Fill up your glasses, and drink to the new."

The Voice of Rachael

By George R. Belton

Illustrated by Frederick Noteware



TOM MACK, whistling a tune-ful old-time love melody, followed his four big horses from the field.

The light was fading from the sky in a rich sombre red glow

while the blue-gray east began to take on the peculiar dark, rounded shadow seen only on prairie or desert and called "the shadow of approaching night." The long twilight of the Canadian prairie was beginning.

Spring was merging into a summer of great promise; fresh rains, balmy winds and gentle heat had produced that sweet consciousness of latent motherhood all nature seems to wear when the returning sun creates the earth anew and every plant is striving towards its utmost growth and production.

The fresh-plowed garden sent forth its aroma of sweet-smelling earth; underfoot the mint and briar, crushed by hoof or boot, gave back its forgiveness in a scented message. From the far-off field came the boom of mating grouse, and nearer by the night hawk swooped with buzzing cry, startling home fowl into a moment's outcry. Peace and quiet: the quiet of nature fulfilling her highest purposes in accord with man and the completion of her sixth day's labor: the peace of the man who acknowledges his Creator in all his ways.

Tom Mack went through his evening's work quietly, leisurely, except for the masterful precision that produces

speed without haste. The horses drank, raised their eyes for that far-off look into the distance so often recalling to the prairie dweller the gaze of the desk-bound country-born, then, with harness hastily pulled, they rolled on the bare spot near the machine shed, shook themselves and went into their stable, where Tom had forked their hay. With a final touch to their necks or shoulders after throwing each a measure of grain he left them for the night.

Life seemed good to Tom Mack, pioneer, owner of sufficient acres to bring more than competence with just enough toil to answer his once repeated prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," but not enough to bring the trouble, annoyance and intrusion of hired labor. Yet as he walked from barn to house he cast one wistful glance towards the small green mound fenced with white palings out under the maple trees, and set his jaw sternly as he looked across the river to the house of Red Bill Sanderson topping the long crest three miles beyond. For years he had not looked toward the mound with longing, nor towards the white house with remembrance, but to-night memories and longings had their way with him, though bitterness was past.

At the home door Mary met him with the same affectionate welcome twenty years had not wearied. Matronly in figure and fresh of face, she was restful and comforting to look upon, and her glance to-night had more of the coyness of the maiden than Tom had noticed for years.

White linen and neat china set forth an appetizing and wholesome meal. Tom put off his work shoes, doused his



MARY SAT DOWN ON THE EMPTY COUCH AND COVERED HER FACE

hands and face with water fresh from the rain-barrel outside, changed his soiled smock for a light house vest, and stepped into the inner room with the same quiet, speedy lack of hurry that marked his work.

Inside he stopped and stared.

Lying upon the lounge where he took his after-dinner sleep was a sweet-faced baby, sleeping as only babies sleep. It was wrapped in a robe laid away for years, and did not even need its slight resemblance to another babe to bring him to its side at once.

Mary stood beside him and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"They came by the south road to-day: two young people hurrying north to catch the west-bound train on the new road. It was her mother was sick; the bridge is down, you remember, and they had to leave their horse and rig at the other side and cross the old foot bridge; then they walked from the river, each carrying the baby by turns. Both were tired out, and she asked if I would take care of the baby till they return by to-morrow morning's train."

Tom Mack said nothing in reply, but stood still, looking. Then he stooped and kissed the little hand thrown above

the coverlet.

"Let us have supper," he said, turning to the table, and for some time nothing was said.

"What kind of people were they?" asked Tom, after a while.

"She was pretty and young, rather fair, with blue eyes and the sweetest little curved mouth. I wanted to kiss her, she seemed so troubled."

"Yes, but what was he like?"

"Well, I didn't like his looks so well; dark, with

heavy brows and eyes not meeting mine too steadily; handsome, though—handsome as—as——"

"Yes, yes, handsome enough, I'll warrant you; handsome enough to break a girl's heart and laugh over it," said Tom. "It's the handsome ones—as handsome goes nowadays—that brings trouble into happy homes and hearts."

"Oh, now, Tom, how you go on! Sure, you are handsome enough, or thought you were twenty years ago."

Tom's smile ended in a sigh and he looked at the baby again.

"Such a sweet child," said Mary. "She laughed and crowed all afternoon, and went asleep on my arm as if she could never know troubles."

"God grant she never may," said Tom Mack.

Going to work next morning, Tom stepped back alone into the room to hold the baby's hand a moment and kiss its sleeping face, and when he stepped out the side door he brushed away a tear with his rough sleeve.

Dinner time came, and neither haste nor eagerness could be discerned as he came into the house, and he said no word of surprise when he saw the baby

blinking its eyes at him from the high chair brought from the attic and placed between their table positions.

"They did not come," he only said.

"No," said Mary, with a slight catch in her voice. "Perhaps they missed the return train."

"I am going to the station this afternoon," said Tom. "Is there anything to bring?"

"Yes," said Mary. "You will have to bring some food for baby Alice."

Tom started at the name and turned to the child a moment.

"Baby Alice, baby Alice," he said, and the little one crowed to him with the light of love in its eyes.

Next dinner-time it was the same, but Tom voiced his thought.

"Surely no one could ever abandon a baby like that," said Tom. "Yet I have read, yes, and know myself, of selfish people who have done it."

"I read in that very paper," said Mary, pointing to the newly opened mail, "of a poor girl who left her baby on a doorstep in the city with a note to the kind folks within to keep it as their own; and they are keeping it, for they have no children of their own."

"But, of course, the husband was along when the baby was left here," added Mary.

"The father might be party to the arrangement," said Tom. "People know us far enough to try to work some such scheme. Wretched work it is, too."

"But we will take care of the child until——" began Mary.

"Oh, yes, of course," answered Tom. "The child has no blame in the matter, however it turns out."

Next noonday the baby had found its full baby freedom, and Tom took the child in his arms, played with it, and finally put it to sleep before going to work.

The evening came, and Tom, walking from barn to house, whistled the little lilting love tune he had hummed to baby at noon-time. Inside he found Mary bent over the stove and busy. Stepping into the room after his wash he looked around vacantly.

"Where is the baby?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"They came and took her away, Tom," said Mary, coming in with his



THERE ON THE COUCH WHERE HE WAS ACCUSTOMED TO TAKE HIS AFTER-DINNER NAP LAY A BABY



TOM PUT THE BABY TO SLEEP BEFORE GOING
BACK TO THE FIELD

supper. "They just reached the hill above the station that day to see the west-bound pull out; a freight took them west that night, but was delayed, and met the east-bound at a side station the next morning. Then they missed the next morning's train owing to change of time for departure."

"The mother made all apologies for the trouble the child had been, and the husband wanted to pay me. I'm afraid I was rude to them, but baby

Alice cried and held to my dress with her little hand."

She sat down on the empty couch and covered her face.

Tom Mack stood a moment as if hesitating. Then he went to her side and taking her hands in his he leaned her head on his breast with—

"Mary, poor Mary, God help us and remember the childless."

Searching that evening for some mislaid papers Tom Mack lifted his wife's Bible, and from between the leaves fell a clipping from that week's newspaper, blotted and tear-stained:

My little child that never on my breast
Against the heart that loved it wept
or smiled;

Still is my right to say, though un-
possessed, My little child.

Being a woman, is the thought so wild
That somewhere through the distances un-
guessed,

One waits whom never touch of earth defiled?
My little child my arms have never pressed,
Yet sometimes in the night, Oh, mother
mild,

Mary in Heaven, comfort into rest

My little child.

Slowly he read it through and laid
it gently back in the book.

"It doesn't say anything about
fathers," he commented.

THE RETURN

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

OPEN sky and open sea,
Wind across the bay;
Now my love comes back to me,
Shall I say him Nay?

Whitecaps breaking at the pier—
He comes oversea,
From the maids of half the world
Turning back to me.

Spring and sun and salty wind,
Bird and bursting spray;
"Sweetheart! sweetheart!" "O my love,
Yea yea, yea!"



THE SCRIP THAT ENTITLES ISIDORE TO 240 ACRES OF GOVERNMENT LAND AND THE COMMISSION WHO DELIVER IT AND THE TREATY MONEY

Peddling Scrip to Lo

By Nellie L. McClung

Illustrated with Photographs

ISIDORE BOUVIER, son of Michael Bouvier, is the color of an old copper kettle. Isidore is lazy, improvident, of a childlike simplicity—a lamentable heathen with a thirst. The temperament that sent Michael Bouvier laughing into far places and brought him back empty-handed, but gay, is Isidore's; to-morrow's dinner is no concern of to-day with him. On the side of his Chipewyan mother, he is one of the original owners of Canada.

Recognizing Isidore's claim to something more than a shilling and a Scotch blessing, the Dominion Government sends a Commissioner every year to give Isidore and his fellow-halfbreeds a slice of their birthright in the shape of scrip, which is a clear deed to 240 acres of any Government land open for homesteading.

Thereupon, does Isidore select a 240-acre plot, settle down to sweat over plow-handles, and found a home for



"WHITE MAN MAKES WATER BURN!" SAID THESE INDIANS WHEN THEY SAW, DR. STEWART MANIPULATING HIS ALCOHOL LAMP

himself and the succeeding generations of Bouviers? Not much. He is like a child that has been given a milk-ticket instead of a drink of milk. Ease on that farm is to be obtained only at the price of hard work, and work is no friend of Isidore's. So it comes to pass that shortly after the Commissioner has handed out that significant document some wily camp-follower who is always at hand when scrip is abroad has Isidore's little slip of Government paper, and Isidore is

all lit up at the Chipe-wayan equivalent of the canteen. Isidore is uproariously happy. The white man is happy, too, though less demonstratively. Only the Good White Father sighs over poor human nature.

Ten years ago the canny white man could get Isidore's scrip for almost nothing. Perhaps he might give as much as \$75 for 160 acres. Then he would put the scrip on land which he could sell for \$20 or more an acre, thus securing a pleasant profit of 4,200 per cent. on his original investment. Some of the wealthy men of the Canadian West who spend their winters in Florida or on the Riviera made their money by this simple process. As for Isidore, he increased his knowledge of unnatural history via "hell-in-a-half-pint," as the traders' whiskey is very properly called. These halcyon days are pretty well over now. The hangers on of our camp had to go as high as \$500 before they got Isidore's birthright. Even the halfbreeds are catching on.

The Commission which carried us as passengers after leaving the Canadian

Northern went out from Prince Albert to arrange Treaty No. 10 with the Saskatchewan Indians. In 1907 it was something of an achievement to drive the distance of 150 miles between Prince Albert and Green Lake, for the streams were swollen and the bridges swept away by spring freshets. The country was beautiful, a fine rolling prairie with occasional belts of jack-pine, and has since been settled quite largely. At Green Lake we took to Peterborough canoes of basswood, ten

in] number, and headed across the water to the Hudson's Bay Company post and the Roman Catholic mission at the north end of the lake. The land around Green Lake is comparatively level and well wooded. There is poplar enough to provide fuel for the population for many decades, as well as considerable large timber. The lake, in common with all these northern waters, contains an abundance of fish—jackfish, pickerel and whitefish. The wild strawberry season was at its best, and the Commission fared luxuriously.

Down Beaver River to Lac la Plonge the trip was delightful. The current was strong enough to carry the light Peterboroughs without much paddling; the banks were well wooded; there was abundance of game and fish to keep the "grub-bag" well filled; and as for appetite—the open air sharpened it to a nice edge. Like Indians, we travelled "by fires," a primitive method of dividing time. At five in the morning we broke camp, after a breakfast of fish, bacon, bread and coffee, and dropped easily along with the current until ten o'clock, when we halted to "make tea." At this meal we usually had fried moose-steaks, which are as delicious as the best porterhouse. At two in the afternoon we halted for lunch and a half-hour's rest. After that we paddled as long as we could see. The ever-changing panorama of the river was an endless delight. The singing of birds, the crackle of underbrush where a moose came down to drink, the rustling of the branches and the soft dipping of the paddles were the



THE WATER-POWER SAWMILL AT LAC LA PLONGE

only sounds that broke the stillness.

At the Hudson's Bay post on the northern shore of Green Lake the Commission held a formal sitting, while the Indians gathered as if by magic from far and near to get the latest token of the White Father's regard for them. The Commission tent was pitched and the Union Jack unfurled.

Paying Agent McLean, commonly called "Big Bear McLean," on account of his having spent sixty-three days as prisoner in Big Bear's camp during the

troublesome days of 1885, seated himself at a table inside the tent, whose outer flaps were hospitably pinned back to allow the Red Brother free entry. McLean's elaborately embroidered waistcoat was openly admired and commented on by the visitors.

At Lac la Plonge the Commissioners were warmly welcomed by the teachers in the Roman Catholic school there. A water-power sawmill sawed all the lumber for the large school where the faithful fathers and three patient sisters endeavor to instruct the little Indian children in the Christian faith. It is a sort of manual training school as well, the children being taught to work with tools, to make gardens, and even to do a little farming and dairy work; but whether the little red people will ever really love work is another question.

After leaving Lac la Plonge, the Commission resumed the canoe trip to Isle a la Crosse, where they met and adjusted the claims of three bands of Indians—the English River, Clear Lake and Canoe Lake bands; the latter a band of Crees, the two former Chipe-wayan. The good father of the school at Lac la Plonge accompanied the Commission to see that his people got the worth of their money when they went to the trading-post to spend it.

Each Commission brings a medical

man along with them to prescribe for the red man's ills. Dr. H. A. Stewart, of Saskatoon, was the doctor with this Commission, and the Indians looked upon him with the greatest awe. His ways were marvellous in their eyes. His little alcohol lamp filled them with superstitious fear. "White Medicine-man makes water burn," they said.

One of their number had a bad finger, and when Dr. Stewart touched it, so badly diseased was the bone that it came off at the second joint. The horrified spectators took to the woods. Through the interpreter Dr. Stewart found out that they thought he could pick bones out of them any place!

Another amusing incident happened in Dr. Stewart's medical ministry here. He had given a bottle of medicine to a sick woman, telling her, through the interpreter, to take it three times a day in water. The next day her husband came and wanted new medicine for her. "Squaw sick—worse!" Dr. Stewart went to see her and found the woman suffering from a severe cold. He found out she had misunderstood his directions, and had waded out into the lake to take her medicine!

These Indians live almost entirely upon moose-meat and fish, but the supply is abundant, and there is not a pessimist, or a man with a grouch, or a Higher Critic among them. They are as happy as you are.

At Isle a la Crosse the three bands of Indians entertained the Commission by racing in their canoes, the white men acting as judges. The brawny Indian bucks have great skill and speed in paddling, and are very jealous of each other in this regard.

From Isle a la Crosse the next place of council was Stanley, and from there, after handing over the treaty money to the delighted Indians of the Buffalo Lake country, the Commission proceeded to Lac la Loche, via



THE COMMISSIONER'S TENT, WHERE THE INDIANS CAME TO RECEIVE THEIR SCRIP AND "TREATY"

the La Loche River. Lac la Loche is very near the height of land. The rivers north of it flow west into the Athabasca.

There is never any delay in getting the Indians gathered. The news of the coming of the Commission seems always to get to them in advance. Often runners are sent from one camping ground to another.

At Lac la Loche the Commission tent was pitched close beside the little church.

From Lac la Loche the Commission came back to the Churchill River, which runs from Isle a la Crosse to Hudson's Bay. The Churchill is a magnificent stream of water, with a very rapid current. It is really a series of island-studded lakes joined by swiftly running streams. It is estimated that there are about forty-two rapids on the Churchill, some of them a mile and a half long. The worst of these have to be portaged.

As the canoes slip along, when nearing a rapid, a peculiar glassiness may be observed in the water, while ahead on the horizon the white spray may be seen leaping. The Indian pilot stands up in his canoe and looks intently for a few moments, while every paddle trails in the water; then he sits down, and the canoes fall quickly into line. The white man who has not shot these rapids before shuts his eyes and hopes for the best!

The Indian's skill with the paddle in dangerous water is a wonder and delight to the white man, and his knowledge of water depths by surface indications is unerring.

At the foot of the rapids there is a fishing pool where the fish are as unsophisticated as the Indians, and will actually crowd and jostle each other to see who will have the hook!

The Indians cook fish by splitting the end of a sapling for a short distance and laying the fish in between the two halves. The other end they stick in the ground, and bend the end that has the fish pinched in it over the fire. If they want smoked fish they put the fish on the side of the fire toward which the wind is blowing. If they have a

fancy for fresh fish—on the other side it goes!

The Commission left the Churchill River when they came to the mouth of the Reindeer, and followed the latter up until they came to Reindeer Lake.



THERE IS NOT A PESSIMIST OR A HIGHER CRITIC
AMONG THE INDIANS. THEY ARE AS
CONTENTED AS YOU ARE

which is a beautiful sheet of water 140 miles long by 50 miles wide. The southern end is wooded heavily with pine and spruce. The shores are low and abound in long, crescent-shaped bays. The sand on the gently sloping shore is yellow as gold, and the water of the lake has the most wonderful transparency, stones being quite visible thirty feet below the surface. The low banks of the lake are covered with a rich green carpet of wild crowberry, beyond which heavily timbered hills rise into a bright blue sky—the whole beautiful scene wrapped in a mantle of silence, broken only by the leaping of the fish in the crystal waters. Surely it will not be long until the outer world



DR. H. A. STEWART, OF SASKATOON, THE "MEDICINE MAN" OF THE PARTY

realizes just what a glorious country is theirs for the asking in the northern Saskatchewan district.

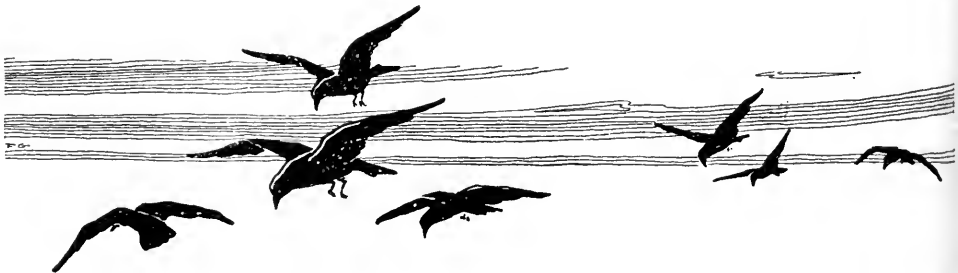
At the mouth of the Buffalo River a huge sandbank with a deep pool beyond it made a wonderful fishing place. Here the Commissioners employed their time fishing while the trip men made camp. But the trick was to see who

could throw in his line and get it out again *without a fish*. What would Izaak Walton think of that?

At the gap in Reindeer Lake the Commissioners encountered a very heavy gale. For three hours their Peterboroughs had all they could do to ride the waves. The white men lay quietly in the canoes and let the Indians have full charge. The Indians preserve the equilibrium of the canoes by running back and forward.

At Lac du Brochet—the most northerly part the Commission reached—the Chippewa Indians came to receive their money. It was the first money they had ever seen, and it took considerable persuasion to convince them that it was as good as blankets and beads. Again it was the case of the child and the milk-ticket. But at last they were convinced of the negotiability of the green medicine-paper and could be seen in small groups discussing it with puzzled faces.

Finally the big chest was emptied and the journey done. One morning the bows of the canoes pointed up the river on the homeward trail, and with the first touch of red in the forest we came home to Prince Albert, and steel, and a porcelain bath-tub full of hot—gloriously hot—water. We had been on the trail for more than two months, from early July to early September. We had seen poor Lo at home, had carried him his birthright, beheld repeated the story of hairy Esau and the savory pottage. And as we lay awake in the hotel that night, and listened to the long, high note of a switch-engine in the yards, we felt that we had indeed come home.





"I WOULD SEE ISLAY DEAD FIRST," HE SAID FIERCELY

Islay of the Hills

By Helen B. Sturdy

Illustrated by L. J. Herndon

"**H**URRAY, boys, hurray! Here's a shanty at last."

At the Chief's shout, the survey party broke hastily through the bushes into the clearing. Wet and chilled to their very bones from a long day's march, facing a bitter northeast wind that drove sleet and snow into their faces, the men did not pause a moment to speculate on how a well-built shanty came to stand here on the banks of Peace River, hundreds of miles from anywhere, but crowded inside and made preparations for a fire.

"White man's s'ack," commented Henri, the half-breed guide, pointing to a home-made bedstead along one wall, a glazed window and a rough cupboard. "Somewan leeve here not long time ago."

Harry Cameron, transit man, threw himself in utter exhaustion on the hay mattress as Henri spoke, and almost immediately was seized with a racking fit of coughing that made the Chief look at him anxiously; but without remark, he busied himself at the hearth.

"Fonny t'ing, dis s'ack," said Henri in an undertone to him. "Dere's no

w'ite man on all de Grande Prairie," and he glanced around with something very like apprehension on his dark face.

"Cut out the ghost talk," commanded Fraser sharply. "Get supper lively, now. We need it."

Henri obeyed orders, and presently the shanty presented a picture of comfort to the hungry and tired men. A brisk fire blazed on the hearth and warmed even the farthest corners, and the appetizing odor of frying bacon and boiling tea filled the air. Fraser, busily assisted by two axe-men, was hanging wet blankets and coats on improvised dryers, and Henri was setting the table with their rough dishes, when the door suddenly opened, and a girl stood before their amazed eyes. A pretty girl she was, too; a girl of not more than eighteen years, with clear skin, a mass of dark curls snooded with a scarlet ribbon, and wonderful grey eyes. In her hand she held a riding-crop, and over her shoulder the dark face of an Indian peered. The men stared, aghast. A woman in this country was surprise enough; but a young, beautiful girl, an unmistakably white girl of breeding, was as unaccountable as a roc's egg, or one of Aladdin's genii.

"Good efening, gentlemen," she said serenely, with a slight accent.

"Oh, le bon Dieu!" ejaculated Henri, dropping the pan of bacon to cross himself. "Vierge Marie—" and he went off into a gabble of prayers. Even Fraser stood for a moment with open mouth, and before any one of the party could recover himself enough to answer her greeting, she went on rapidly:

"Gentlemen, you cannot stay here. You must come with me at once to my father's house. This place iss not for trafelers—it iss not safe."

"My dear young lady," began the Chief, "we have put in a hard week, and we are worn out. Some of us"—he glanced at Cameron—"can go no farther." But she made an imperious gesture.

"Ach, indeed you must come at once. This place is—what iss the word?—a pesthouse for the smallpox."

"There is no smallpox in this region," protested the Chief.

"But I say there iss. It wass only last week old Joe Lebrun died on that ped where he iss," pointing to Cameron. "Come!"

Swiftly she went up to him, and taking his hand as if he were a child, she led him out. The other men had already snatched coats and blankets from their places, and hurried from the evil spot. Fraser, in spite of himself, followed them. The smallpox was a thing of dread to all northern voyagers.

Half a mile down the river she led them, and as they drew close to a log house hidden among trees the sound of wild music made Fraser draw back.

"It will be my father," she reassured him. "He iss a wonderful player on the pipes." And with the word she threw open the door hospitably. Instantly the music ceased in the middle of "The Barren Rocks of Aden," and the piper confronted them in surprise. The party saw before them a man well past middle age, tall and grizzled, with an expression at once kindly and dignified.

"What iss this, Islay?" he demanded.

"Chictak and I found these men in the smallpox shanty and prought them home. This is Mr. Fraser, father."

"Ey! ey! Come in!" he responded. "You haf done well, Islay. Gentlemen, you are welcome. Come py the fire and pe warmed. Islay, tell old Nokum to haf supper at once."

The Chief and his host made acquaintance at once, and introductions were made in form. The owner of the house was a MacDonald, and, true to Highland hospitality, made his guests free of all that he had. Shrewdly he regarded Harry Cameron, who sat leaning wearily back against the settle. "You are not well, my laddie. Cold and feefer, you haf them both. I'm thinking the Highland whisky will be goot for you. And where will I be getting the whiskey, you say? For why will I not be making it myself? So you can drink without fear of the Government."

With the word he brought out bottle and glasses, and before the party had finished their drink, Islay appeared at the door with the call to supper.

She had changed her riding suit for a dress of Highland tartan, and the trim black velvet jacket that accompanied it set off her pale skin and rose-red cheeks to perfection. The men were speechless at sight of her beauty. Harry Cameron caught at one of them as they filed out to supper.

"Is this enchanted ground, or am I just plain delirious?" he asked under-breath.

Old Nokum, nodding and smiling, motioned each to his place, and spread out a feast such as they had not had for months. Fish, bacon, potatoes, cabbage, brown bread, hot pancakes, cheese and coffee loaded the table, and vanished with a celerity that spoke volumes for Nokum's cookery.

As the meal progressed, Fraser drew out MacDonald to talk of his past life, when he had been with a Highland regiment in Egypt; when he had left the service to take the post of trader for the Hudson's Bay Company, and with his wife had settled eleven years before in this lonely spot on Peace River. The wife died, and he was left alone with Islay. Twice a year he made the long trail to Fort St. John, but his daughter had never seen the face of a white woman since her mother's death.

"I haf never the wish to leaf this place," explained Islay in answer to Fraser's questioning glance, and she smiled at him as frankly as a child. "It iss my home."

That smile was Fraser's undoing, and glancing at Harry, he saw an expression on the boy's face that answered the feeling in his own heart. For Harry had been won an hour before by that first frank handclasp in the shanty.

Next morning Fraser gladly accepted MacDonald's offer of his house as headquarters while surveying the district. Cameron was too ill to endure more exposure at present, so he relaxed in the chimney corner, drank Indian mixtures brought him by Islay, and fretted not at all.

MacDonald accompanied the surveyors almost daily for ten days as they worked up and down the river. Every evening the company gathered

in the large living room, where many a song was sung and many an adventure retold. The Highlander's tales of his wild life in this frontier region were in themselves an inexhaustible mine of deepest interest to the newcomers.

"Keep your eye on Chictak, Harry," warned Fraser quietly one evening.



"I've seen him look ready to murder you when you've been talking to Miss Islay."

"By George!" said Cameron, startled. "Do you know, I've been thinking of warning you of the same thing. Jealous, I suppose."

Next day Islay accompanied the surveyors with her father. Indian summer hung like a charm over all the prairie. As far as the eye could reach to the northeast the Peace rolled away to the skyline; westward, blue-hazed foothills melted away into the purple cloud of the Rockies. Islay rode her pony fearlessly, and kept close to Fraser, chatting gaily with him.

"Harry will be lonesome to-day," suggested the Chief tentatively.

"Ach, no," she replied, with one of her frank smiles. "Nokum will be

telling him tales all morning, as she used to amuse me so long ago. They are ferry good stories, and he will not be lonesome whatefer."

The Chief threw back his head and laughed, and Islay looked puzzled at his merriment. Child that she was, she did not understand how funny Nokum seemed to him as a substitute for herself.

That night Fraser spoke seriously about Islay to MacDonald. It was time that she betaken "outside," he urged. The old Highlander shook his head.

"She iss among friends," he said simply.

"But the time comes," objected Fraser, "when she must marry, and who is there here that is worthy of her? You don't want to give her to Chictak, do you?"

MacDonald's brows knit.

"I would rather see her dead," he said fiercely.

After a time he rose, and opening a large Scotch chest which stood in one corner, he spread its contents before Fraser—priceless buffalo robes, skins of mink, otter, ermine and marten, and a bale of a dozen black fox skins like sable velvet.

"She will not be poor, my Islay," he said with pride, and shut the chest.

But Fraser's words had bitten deep, and the next morning, to everyone's surprise, he announced his intention of accompanying the survey party back to Edmonton.

"And maybe it will be bonnie Scotland to that," he added. "I've long promised Islay to show her the Firth of Clyde."

That night the moon shone brililant-ly, and Fraser, glancing out of the window, saw Islay and Cameron walking back and forth along the bank of the river. He sighed a little. "If I were twenty years younger I'd give Harry a run for his money myself. That's a bonny lassie." Turning, he caught a glimpse of Chictak's face, also intent on the pair, with a smouldering gleam of hatred in his eyes.

"I'm glad we're leaving soon," he thought. "Yon Indian's no canny customer."

Presently Harry entered alone, and Fraser glanced up quickly.

"Where's Miss Islay?"

"Gone towards the toolhouse with Chictak. He came up and said he had some ermine skins for her," Cameron responded. "Fraser, she's a girl in a thousand." But Fraser paid no heed.

"With Chictak?" he repeated. "I'll be stepping that way myself, then. Chictak was in here a moment ago looking like a thundercloud." Even as he moved towards the door there came a muffled scream and a swift pad of moccassined feet.

"Quick, Harry! To the river!" he cried, and started in swift pursuit of a dim figure already well down the path to the bank. Weighted with Islay's form, the Indian could not long keep in advance of Fraser's rush. Dropping his burden a few yards from the river, he crouched and, as Fraser came on, sprang like a wildcat upon him. There was a flash of a knife in the moonlight, and Fraser fell. But Harry was at his heels, his revolver spitting fire across the darkness, and Chictak saw that the game was up. Leaping aside, he flung himself into his canoe. Another shot, and he doubled up with a yell. But he recovered, and raising himself, flung his knife unerringly at his enemy. Harry dodged, but too late, and with blood pouring from a ragged graze on his forehead, he bent blindly down to loosen Islay's bonds.

An hour later MacDonald summoned his daughter to the room where Harry leaned back against the settle, bandaged and gory, while Fraser, with a bad cut in his shoulder, lay at length on an improvised cot. Harry held out his arms eagerly as Islay came in, and with one shy glance at her father, she ran quickly to her lover and buried her face in his shoulder.

MacDonald turned away.

"It iss come, and cannot be helped," he murmured in a queer choked voice. With hands that shook, he took down bottle and glasses from the cupboard.

"And now, we will all drink to your ferry good healths," he said with dignity.

The Price of a Tunic

By G. F. Carruthers

THIS is a "Tale of a Uniform," and it commenced away back in the sixties, in dear old Toronto.

James Barnes commanded a battery of garrison artillery, and when in 1871 Providence and a concatenation of other circumstances decided that he should follow Horace Greeley's advice and "go west," he determined to take with him as a souvenir of many pleasant associations his captain's uniform. For some years after reaching Winnipeg, or Fort Garry, as it was called in those days, the uniform lay in his trunk unheeded. No opportunity offered—not even a skating rink carnival—to display it again. Apparently its splendor was doomed in obscurity to become the prey of festive moths.

Barnes married and settled down to the duty of home building, for the time things military being forgotten. How little do things animate or inanimate know what fate has in store for them. It is a common experience of everyday life that when circumstances all appear to point the adverse way, the tide turns and the man who has been struggling in the depths is again on top and the envy of his confreres. Even an old uniform may come to the front again and bravely play its part in the passing pageant.

The news leaked out amongst the inhabitants of the little frontier town that Barnes was the proud possessor of an artillery officer's uniform. You must bear in mind that those were the days of small things, when items of interest were scarce, and even the fact that a man has advertised for sale a swallow-tailed coat occasions a lengthy controversy and the exchange of much small wit between the two papers of the settlement. What wonder then that a military uniform should become an

object of interest and eventually that it should come to the ears of one of the officers connected with the Winnipeg Field Battery?

This gentleman happened to be short on a full dress tunic, but long on acres out west in the vicinity of the present site of Brookside, and it occurred to him to offer in exchange for Barnes' tunic a portion of his real estate. Being before the days of the artist in "pin point" suburban lots, he had his property subdivided into good honest five acre plots, and one of these he offered for the coveted garment, with the result that a change of ownerships was promptly effected.

The land not being considered of much value; Mrs. Barnes says it naturally was presented to her, and the matter gradually passed from mind. The years rolled by, and the hamlet of Fort Garry became the city of Winnipeg, and in 1881 had increased to some 18,000 souls. The air was full of rumors of railway and other projects; people were pouring into the country as fast as the river steamer and stage coach could bring them; land values were soaring upward, due to the impression fast becoming rooted in men's minds that the rest of the world was only waiting the advent of the steam horse to empty itself into the Red River valley; in fact, the memorable boom of 1881-2 was in full swing.

One morning in the spring of 1881 Barnes and his wife were awakened by their Irish Biddy knocking at the door and saying, "If ye plaze, sorr, there's a man at the dure wishes to see ye." Visions of an importunate creditor flashing across his brain, the domestic was instructed to send the man away, telling him to call at the office in about two hours' time. Biddy

promptly returned with the laconic statement that "he'd wait till the master got up." So, accepting the inevitable with as good a grace as possible, Barnes got up and went down stairs with some inward perturbation of mind. In the drawing room he found his **man**, not the creditor suggested by a guilty conscience, but a complete stranger, decidedly respectable and thoroughly inoffensive. The conversation commenced by Barnes being interrogated as to the ownership of five acres of land up on Logan Avenue. The transaction of some years previous already alluded to having completely escaped his memory, Barnes disclaimed any knowledge of land in that locality and intimated that his visitor must have been misinformed. The visitor insisted, however, that he did own the land, or that at any rate it was registered in his name. The memory of the "uniform" transaction was then presented by his subconscious mind as a possible solution. After all there might be a scintilla of truth in the assertion, and inasmuch as Mrs. Barnes owned some land, possibly in the direction named, he requested the object of the inquiry.

The stranger stated that he wanted to buy and would like to know the price. Thinking that nothing less than an oil well or a coal mine could have started a man out before seven in the morning on such a quest, Barnes thought it advisable to spar for time in order to make inquiries, and asked his visitor to call the following day for his answer. In the meantime investigation failed to discover anything beyond the fact that the land sought for was indeed the *quid pro quo* for the uniform, and that beyond being good dry prairie, fit for market garden purposes, had no other value discernible to the naked eye. A family council being held on the matter, it was decided to ask \$250 an acre, or \$1,250 cash for

the plot—the Barnes household feeling quite confident that the man would never pay the price, but that it would leave a margin in which to come down.

The next day the visitor promptly returned, and upon being informed of the decision, at once handed over \$50 to bind the bargain, and stated that the balance would be forthcoming as soon as the deed was prepared and the title passed. Immediately Barnes and his wife were seized with vague misgivings that they had got the worst of the bargain. You know how it is when one's terms are acceded to over readily. The price you were almost afraid to ask a half-hour ago at once seems absurdly low, and you think that there must be some intrinsic merit apparent to the purchaser, overlooked by you, but which if you had had sense enough to discover would have warranted a demand for twenty-five or even fifty per cent. more than you have received.

However, it was no use indulging in vain regrets; a bargain's a bargain; so the deal was completed, the money paid over and Mrs. Barnes made the richer by the amount of the purchase price. Come to think of it, \$1,250 was not a bad figure for a second-hand captain's uniform, was it?

Now for the sequel. Twelve months afterwards Barnes was stopped by his man on Main Street, and offered the five acres back at the same price paid for them, the purchaser having been unable to do anything with the land and being somewhat embarrassed for ready money would like to have his shekels back in his pocket once more. Barnes regretfully declined the offer, as Mrs. Barnes had long ago put the money where it would do most good. But a feeling of satisfaction crept over him, however, owing to the conviction that at least honors were easy and that the good wife had received about all that was coming to her out of the old uniform deal.



This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

A LITERARY JUDGMENT

THE appearance of the "Life of John Oliver Hobbes" has sent many little stories of Mrs. Craigie going on that curious journey termed "the round of the Press." Among these is that of a literary judgment pronounced by Mrs. Craigie upon certain authors in a letter of hers to Mr. Lewis Hind. It is a startling judgment, and so excited a London print that it offered a few prizes for the three best essays on the subject. John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) wrote regarding vulgarity in writing.

Of course, Thackeray is vulgar—atrociously so, often. As a satirist he is vulgar in the sense that Horace, Pope, Voltaire and Dryden are not vulgar. Jane Austen writes about vulgar people, but she is never one of them. That is why she is more often praised than read.

Browning was neither 'refined' nor 'vulgar.' He wrote as a poet—not as a candidate for popularity. Flaubert was a man of diseased genius. He was vicious—never vulgar.

De Maupassant was also diseased, but he was not a genius, and he was vulgar.

Handel is vulgar. Bach and Palestrina are not. Wagner has desecrated every beautiful phrase in the great masters.

Velasquez is not vulgar. Whistler is not vulgar. Dr. Arnold was not vulgar. But Matthew Arnold was vulgar. Burns was not vulgar. Carlyle was a little vulgar. Froude was not vulgar, Motley was not vul-

gar. Macaulay was not vulgar. Johnson was not vulgar. Addison was vulgar.

William Morris—vulgarity itself.

Spenser—not vulgar.

Dickens—not vulgar.

Lord Lytton—rather vulgar.

Stevenson—vulgar, very.

Macdonald—not vulgar.

Ibsen—diseased, not vulgar.

Of the prize-winning essays, the writers of the first and second presume that by vulgarity, Mrs. Craigie meant "self-consciousness, pose, mannerism"—the attitude of the Superior Person. When we come to think of it, we can all find—or rather feel—this attitude in Carlyle, Thackeray, and William Morris, in Wagner—predominantly, but many of us will fail to find an unpleasing self-consciousness in beloved Robert Louis Stevenson. The last essay, written by a woman, evades the question by dipping into the personality of Mrs. Craigie herself. We are told that she loathed snobbishness, detested pretence—abhorred the poet, author, artist or musician who pandered to the popular taste. Herself noble of mind, a woman burnt in the purifying fire of suffering, and lonely as are few human souls, she could not bear anything savouring of sham or affectation. Hypocritical virtue she despised more than honest vice. She saw always—

as the essayist well puts it—"the fly in the amber." Alas! There is little amber without its fly—in the modern literary world at all events—but let us be thankful that flies are small things and there is much room for sunshine in the flock of amber—why, then, let the fly disturb us? If Thackeray was a vulgar, posing Superior Person, he gave us Dobbin and the dear old Colonel Newcombe. If Wagner tore sections of music from every master, he gave us a magnificent combination of them all, sanctified by his own great, brooding, passionate spirit. If Carlyle created his own tremendous style, he gave us in his French Revolution a book throbbing with life, with the wild rage of mobs, the dull rolling of the tumbrils—pages splashed with blood-drops and thrilling with cries of Liberty. Let the fly lie undisturbed in a corner of amber that glows with such tints of gold and crimson.

THE MODERN OLD LADY

"**A**RE there any old ladies nowadays?" is a question that has awakened a good bit of comment since I put it in my pack.

And while the old question remains and will be asked—no matter what the conditions—until there are no more women, young or old, left in the world, we must consider the subject in the aspect of to-day. Long ago a woman, married and a mother, was considered old at thirty-seven, and a candidate for caps at forty, and eligible for the chimney corner at forty-five. A single girl was "getting to be old maidish" at twenty-four—one reason why they married off all the girls as soon after fifteen as they could—and was a "real old maid" at twenty-eight, and to this day that same beautiful age is considered rather a "stale" one for a girl in certain parts of rural Ireland. Think of the young woman of thirty-five to-day! She is as brisk—and why not?—as any girl of twenty and three times as wise and efficient and interesting. Think of the woman of forty, busy with her growing family, her house-keeping, her social duties—one eye on the vote and the other on the husband.

Take the woman of fifty, well groomed, active, keen as to her dress and appearance, and showing the effect of the good care taken of her skin and figure, as well as that resulting from her interest in life. She has her clubs, her charities, her duties to her friends and neighbours, her hobby of writing or gardening and a thousand and one activities which were unknown to her sisters of even one generation ago. The world is certainly growing younger all along the way despite the jokes of time and Dr. Osler.

If having old ladies means that once a woman's children are home from school, their mother must scrape the hair away from her temples, screw it into a knob behind, put on cap and spectacles, wear black or sober colours made in elderly fashion, and slop as to figure—why, better be without old ladies.

Sit in a corner, and the world leaves you there just as it does when you weep. Get out and dust and you can take your share of the racket till you drop. Keep up while there is a gallop or a trot in you, and move with the world, minding your health and your looks, living hopefully, strongly, with every ounce that is in you, and going out when the call comes with a smile. Whatever you do, you may be sure of two things: that your dearest woman friend who professes to know your age, your past and your present, will add just as many more years to your record as her elastic conscience will permit, and that some writer in some journal or another will be asking fifty odd years from now—as in 1855—"Are there any old ladies left nowadays?"

THE COSTERMONGERS' BALL

MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER, the laureate of the costers, would have been proud to see his proteges foot it to "fiddle and lute and big bassoon" at the annual ball in Limehouse Hall in old London town. But Mr. Chevalier was travelling in Canada, and, moreover, had he been present he would hardly have recognized 'Liza and her "Pearlie." Hobble skirts and high-heeled golden slippers

were the order of the night among the "Lizas"; correct claw-hammer and white tie disguised her "Arry." The dowagers who lined the hall were resplendent in velvet and brocade and diamonds. Fingers hardened by work were rigid with jewelled rings. They would be nimble enough over the stalls down Whitechapel way in the morning. Yonder raven-haired Jewess flaunting her hobble skirt of glistening satin will don, to-morrow, the red and blue dress and marvelous hat shaggy with feathers and cry her fruits and vegetables in Lime'us Hole, while her partner, that splendid young fellow in pumps, with the big blazer in his shirt-front and the greasy curl on his brow, will push his barrow or "shallow" down some East End purlieu, lustily hawking his wares the while. To-morrow, that ancient dowager with the diamond earrings and rope of pearls, who sits like a duchess in her sumptuous, velvet gown will haggle with the best of them over a bunch of carrots in the Old Kent Road—but they are Kings and Queens, Dukes and Princesses, this one night in all the year. Chevalier could travel among them from dark to dawn without recognizing even his famous Old Dutch. Well, why not? Every dog owns one day in the year.

THE EDITOR: AN OFFICE SKETCH

HE was a man you respected infinitely, and he had the power of making you the more loyal the more he swore at you. Not that he swore in the literal sense, but he used vigorous language—and he knew men and their powers and could wake the best that was in them. His sharp, quick command, his alert "Why not? Why can't you?" snapped out like a pistol shot, made you feel foolish if you hadn't an answer to pot him with. He was not a tall man, but yet he was big physically as well as mentally. His brows, graying now,

beetled over gray-blue eyes hard as steel, yet with depths behind them. He was a man a woman would love madly, and respect respectfully. He was a newspaper man to the core—an artist in the news-gathering and news-editing sense, and he had the Napoleonic power of getting the very best out of his men and getting it cheerfully and with something which looked very



TO-MORROW THAT ANCIENT DOWAGER WITH THE DIAMOND EARRINGS AND ROPE OF PEARLS WILL HAGGLE WITH THE BEST OF THEM OVER A BUNCH OF CARROTS IN THE OLD KENT ROAD

like love—or affection—if the tamer term suits you. If he wanted you, and you were fractious, or timid, or discouraged, his tact, his patience, his gentleness were amazing. He got you thinking—"This is a man I would like to work for—I want to work for—I will work for!" He had you before you were aware of it! And then you wanted to work for him and "show" him, since he was of the kind from Missouri. And once he got his men

he kept them. How? Because he never "sweated" a good man, or failed to appreciate work that counted. Because he was honourable in his dealings—just as God—and above all because if need were, he fought for his men with his back to the wall.

He was the sort of man to whom you would say—"I'll fight you to a finish if you don't treat me right, but I'll work for you like a dog if you do."

That sums him.

THE CHAIN OF MYSTERY

MYSTERY has a great attraction for the human family. If life ended here and we had nothing to wonder at and guess about, life would lose a good deal of its interest. We are forever asking—why? wherefore? when crushed by grief, or in pain or sorrow. We hurl our unending queries at the great gates of a world beyond our ken—of which indeed some of us are none too sure, and hear but the hollow mocking echo. Why was the dear little child taken—the young man in his proud strength—the gentle little girl? Why this awful holocaust of poor workers burnt up in some factory fire, this loss of life by train or shipwreck—all the agony and pain of the world? In mad anguish we literally beat at the doors of God demanding why He did this, asking if indeed He be there at all.

Apart from this former lasting mystery of whence we came and whither we go, we are interested in a profound degree in commoner little mysteries. This is what drives some people to the spiritualistic seance and others to the fortune teller, and the palm-reader. Everyone knows how the newspapers count on the graphology column to increase circulation. To have one's character read by one's writing and through an unknown—who, by the way, knows as much about it as you or I, good friend—is a cause of excitement to some innocent souls; it lends a little zest to some monotonous existence. It is the mystery—as well as the chance—which is attached to gambling in every form which so strongly attracts humanity. If there were no riddles,

no card-playing or betting on the ponies, no fortune telling, no other world to guess and wonder about—the old world would be a duller place than it is.

THE MAN WHO COULD READ THE STARS

THEY tell us that Celts are particularly superstitious, in other words, fond of mystery and of diving into the same. After all, superstition—apart from creeds and religions—is but Fairyland, and he who would deprive the oldest child of us all of his bit of fairyland is indeed a churl. Being an "out and out" Celt is perhaps one reason why the writer has cherished her fairyland, and hies to it occasionally when the sane and sensible world with its practical people chafes her soul. Be this as it may, the man who could read the stars was a boon companion of childish days—those darling hours of fancy and faith which all too soon slip away into fairy wreaths of mist. What matter is it that he was a little "quare in his head"; wouldn't you be if you knew as much as he did? He was long and lean and wild and a shoemaker, and every year he was visited by the Phooka, who is the Fairies' cobbler. He was a sour faced "ould" man who brooded and stalked through life, and little had he to do with his neighbours, who were afraid of him, if the truth were told. But the children loved him, and he was never without two or three of them about him. His faith in God and the Virgin Mary was exquisite in its direct simplicity, and he counted himself as the "Keeper of the Stars that hung over Ireland." To all other stars, if there were any—(he used to shake his head over England in regard to celestial bodies)—he was indifferent. Those above Ireland he could read from O'Rion to O'Regulus.

"Well, Shamus," a neighbour would say, "and how are the stars wid ye to-night, man? Does there be anny marriages or births or deaths prog-nosed up there?"

"Whin the glory of the heavens is bare, the eyes of little potatoes should close up," Shamus would answer, and

away he would stalk. He had little respect for anybody, barring the priest, had Shamus. The schoolmaster he detested, and whenever they met at gatherings he would "draw down" more talk of stars and suns and moons than the wisest astronomer had ever heard of. The schoolmaster would laugh, and then Shamus would go dancing mad. "Damn him," he'd say, "I'd forgive him if he'd rise his hand to me, but he only looks at me like as if I wor a quare ould picther he'd seen somewhere an' forgot where." The one thing Shamus couldn't forgive was not being taken seriously.

There was an "Omadhaun" lived near Shamus who was a great trial to him. The fool had an idea that some day the sun and moon would clash together and the stars would start a faction fight and ruin entirely would fall upon Ireland, and every time he met Shamus he would ask him when this would be likely to happen. Then the stars would fall in earnest—at least, the Omadhaun saw many.

But the children understood old mad Shamus, and believed him when he said he was the Shepherd of the sky-sheep and that it was in the Moon the Fairies slept every night when they were tired after dancing on the green rath.

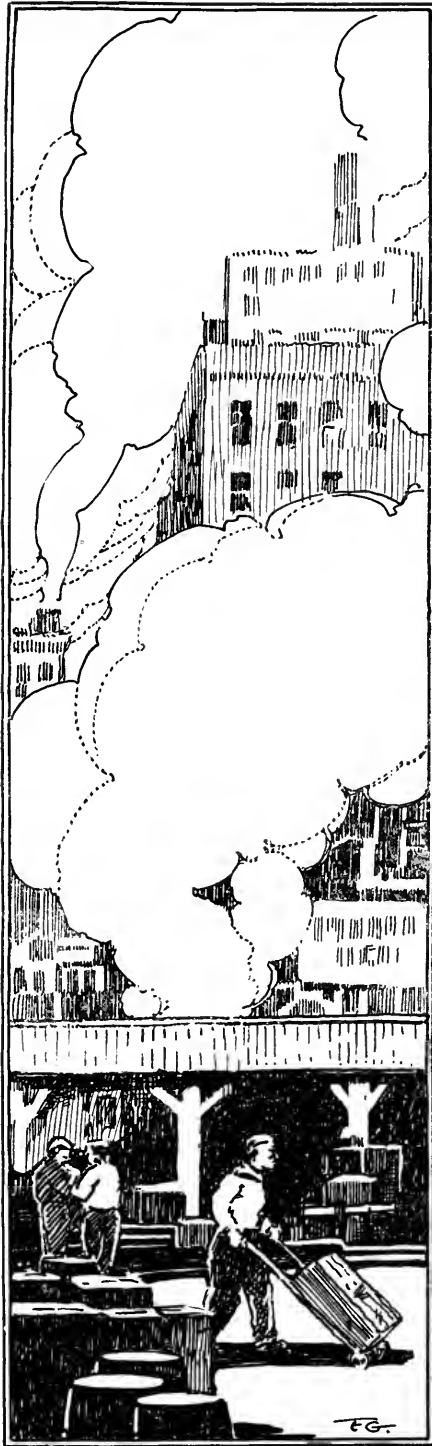
NORMAN NERUDA

WHEN Lady Halle died the other day a great artist left the world.



WHAT MATTER IS THAT SHAMUS WAS A LITTLE "QUARE IN HIS HEAD"—WOULDN'T YOU BE IF YOU KNEW AS MUCH? BUT THE CHILDREN LOVED HIM, AND HE WAS NEVER WITHOUT TWO OR THREE OF THEM ABOUT HIM

I remember being taken to hear her when I was a little girl to whom a violin was just a fiddle, the same instrument that old Mickey O'Neill used to play at the cross roads at home in Ireland every Sunday evening. I'm afraid if art entered into the world of that wild little girl at all it was spelled with a very small "a," and looked at as something that only mad people talked about. Putting a fat brown pony over jumps he hated was the main occupation of that young person's life. Music, which meant endless exercise on a fearful old piano specially kept for the pounding of youngsters, was a despised accomplishment, as were



fancy work and French. The little girl's outstanding recollection of that first Norman Neruda concert therefore, is of a stately, slender woman gowned in leaf-brown velvet, who stood alone on a platform and played the fiddle very differently and not quite so well as Mickey O'Neill. There was much whispering among the elders about her "bowing," her technique and other different things, including a remark that Royalty was present, and that the old Duchess of Buchan's bonnet was a disgrace to the Peerage, and that even Mrs. O'Dowd, of Dowdstown, County Mayo, wouldn't appear at church in such a dusty affair, and everybody knew Mrs. O'Dowd turned her ribbons each season. So the beautiful music was forgotten, and only these small and tawdry things remembered about that first sight of Norman Neruda years ago in old London.

But there were other Neruda concerts in later years, and the memory of that divine and gentle playing rose in the soul like some splendid echo of a music that had once thrilled through its mystic corridors, when the word came that the great player had passed away. Unlike Joachim or Sarasate, Neruda (Lady Halle) made music of her own. Appealing music, sweet, tender, classical—one had almost written "well-bred" music—light and graceful at times, at others filled with strength and feeling, the spirit of a fairy seemed, to live in her little brown violin. Perhaps her arms were round and beautiful, her "bowing" graceful, her "technique" perfection—the little girl remembers the beautiful velvet dress, Lady Buchan's dusty bonnet, Royalty—vague term!—somewhere in the dim background, but the woman remembers the exquisite music and the thoughts that it awoke in one human soul, and which are echoing there vibrant and clear and beautiful to-day.

TWA DOGS

HE was an ordinary looking old gray dog, and he was loping along the principal street of the town without

muzzle or lead and breaking the by-law with all the pleasure in the world. What were police and the pound and his master in court with his hand in his pocket ready to pay the fine, to him? What, indeed? Along he loped, barking occasionally as any dog would do on a nice day. Suddenly he dashed across a little city park, smashing the tulips with the greatest ease in the world in his wild pursuit of an automobile which held two women and was followed by a big sturdy Airedale. The auto tooled on, but the dogs stopped dead, then slowly began to circle each other. The auto sniffed contemptuously at the old Bedlington, who returned the compliment with all the haughty reserve of an Englishman. He wasn't afraid of any man, Scotch or Irish, for such "was beneath his notice." So he looked away while he stood his ground. The Airedale was getting excited. His hackles were slowly rising and his long upper lip was quivering. With the tail of his dark eye ever on his adversary, the gray dog took on an ugly look. At this moment up came the car, the women calling, the chauffeur whistling. The Airedale threw one furious look to his adversary, turned and leaped up into the tonneau through the open door of the



MUSIC MEANT ENDLESS EXERCISE ON A FEARFUL OLD PIANO SPECIALLY KEPT FOR THE POUNDING OF YOUNGSTERS

car, and away dashed the auto.

It would be impossible to describe the manner of the old gray dog as he surveyed the proceeding. He was thinking—"Gee, I wuz getting ready to fight that guy and he turns out to be a real swell. What d'ye make o' that?"

And as the auto sped on its way the Airedale, from the tonneau, cast a look of infinite contempt on his late rival. He was saying internally—"My! I very nearly soiled my paws with that tramp. As if I couldn't sweep the street with a cheap mutt like that! Golly, I wish these women would stop huggin' me—makes a fellow look foolish!"



MILK—AND MILK

THE annual warning against impure milk is going the rounds of the papers, and never was a warning more sorely needed. Last summer in Montreal, during the week ending July 11th, there were 240 deaths, 153 of whom were children under five years, most of them killed by impure milk.

The uninspected milkman is more dangerous than a mad dog turned loose on the streets. No epidemic of rabies ever had such a death rate to its discredit as that week in Montreal laid at the door of the milkman. And it is up to you, Mr. Consumer, to keep tab on him, to see for yourself that the health officer has inspected his premises, and approved of them; that the farms from which he receives milk have been reported by him to the health department; that his milk-wagon is fly-proof; that the dairy building is used for no other purpose than handling milk; that it has proper sewer and water connections, that it is cement floored and walled, provided with proper apparatus for the sterilization of cans, and that this apparatus is habitually used; that the milk is delivered before it is eighteen hours old; that it is properly pasteurized; and finally, and chiefly, that everything about the dairy, the utensils and the men employed, is kept strictly and inviolately clean.

There are laws governing all of these points. It is your province, Mr. Con-

sumer, to see that the law is kept—lest your children die.

PRECIOUS WASTE PAPER.

MORE than once in our columns we have told of the work of the Reading Camp Association in the camps of the lumber concerns, railway construction gangs and elsewhere in which university men work side by side with Polack and Frenchman and Cockney during the day and hold classes in the reading tents at night, where the men may learn the simpler branches, and read, or write letters home instead of filling themselves up with illicit whiskey.

The good work of this Association is again in full swing this year. Any old magazines, papers or books that you do not need are seized upon eagerly by these men, whose only pleasure is found in the reading tent. Box them up to-day and send them to Mr. A. Fitzpatrick, Aberdeen Chambers, Toronto, Ontario, who is superintendent of the Reading Camp Association, and who will see that they will get into the right hands.

It's only waste paper out of your way to you; but it means a lot to the boys in camp. Don't wait till some other time; send them to-day.

Before long CANADA MONTHLY will run an article on the reading camp work, illustrated with photographs taken in half a dozen of the frontier camps. It reads like fiction, but the best thing about it is that it is true.

AN APOSTLE OF THE SQUARE DEAL

RECENTLY, an account came to our desk of a banquet in Springfield, Massachusetts, at which William A. Whitney was the guest of honor, the occasion being the thirtieth year of his association with one of the largest strings of agricultural papers in the United States—a string of papers in which Canada has been represented fairly for years.

"There may be silver in the blue-black—all I know of is the iron and the gall," said Kipling long ago, warning us away from the ink-pot in the days when he was young and correspondingly cock-sure of everything. Whether he has found reason to change his judgment with the years is not told, but at least we in Canada have reason to be grateful for ink, and for unprejudiced editors on the other side of the line who have taken the trouble to tell in their columns the truth about Canada.

Among these the name of Mr. Whitney, who is one of the owners of the Orange Judd publications, stands out notably. "The Orange Judd Farmer," "The American Agriculturist," "The New England Homestead," "and The Northwestern Farmstead" comprise this list of publications, and in addition to these, Mr. Whitney is closely associated with "The Dakota Farmer" and "Farm and Home." In all of these papers Canada has always been given a square deal. Mr. Whitney is a firm believer in the square deal, and in all his business relations persists in being

fair to everybody as far as a fallible mortal can be. Several years ago the editor of CANADA MONTHLY induced him to visit Western Canada and see for himself what the country had to show. Since that time he has repeatedly and consistently stated the truth about Canada, refuted various false statements about frozen norths

and returning Yankees, and in all of his publications has given an accurate and unbiased statement of Canada's resources.

Ink of this sort is Canada's best friend, and to Mr. Whitney and others of his stamp we owe a debt.

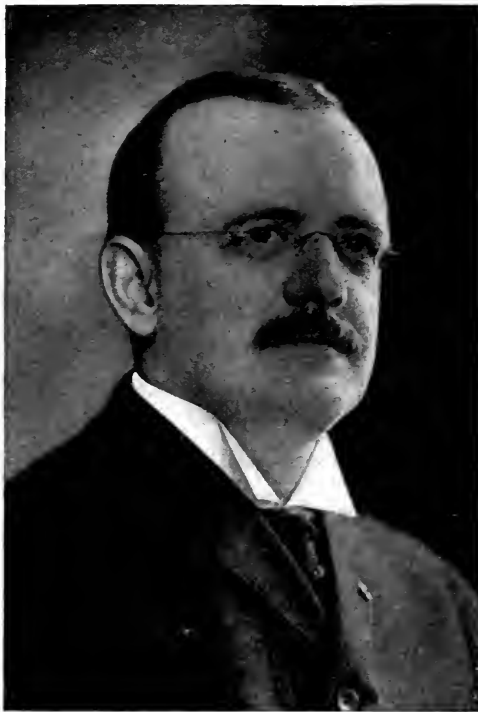
THAT JAPANESE STORY

WE have a peculiarly pleasant bit of reading in store for you in our August number—in "The Half-Caste," by Hilda Virginia Jones, which was postponed from our June issue to Aug-

ust in order to secure drawings worthy of the text. It will appear next month with illustrations by Frederic M. Grant, and will give you a glimpse of the Japan that Mrs. Jones knows well and understands more intimately than most Occidentals.

SIR WILLIAM GILBERT

THE death of Sir William S. Gilbert created a vacancy that may never be filled—that time alone can close or heal. For the position he occupied was peculiar and apart in the story of literature and the theatre. It was less his power over literary form than his keen perception of shams or absurdities



WILLIAM A. WHITNEY
Of the Orange Judd publications

in society, the arts, or politics, and his extraordinary gift in satire, that commended him to fame and endeared him to the world. In his dramas he was untrue, because he showed us human nature with the skin off. Divested, that is, of the finer integuments—a set of pictures momentarily diverting, but unenduring by reason of their essential injustice. Not that he was incapable of tenderness, for one of his plays, a beautiful bit in two short acts, touched a deeply sympathetic chord, and still lives in the libraries, though its form shuts it out from the stage of to-day.

"The Bab Ballads" first brought him into general notice. This delightful, unsentimental, altogether brilliant book stands to-day as the most unerring touchstone of character, wherever you go. You are fairly safe in making friends with those who like it. Those who do not may be honest, may be good; but there is no maybe whatever about their being dull, and always a chance that they share the qualities ascribed to those who have no music in their souls. The little pictures in the earlier editions disclosed a most unusually deft hand, for they were his own pen and ink drawings, and something new in the art of illustration, ranking fully up to Sir John Tenniel at his best, though in another domain.

But in the books that were his part of the work done in collaboration with Sir Arthur Sullivan, he manifested a spirit amounting to genius; and as a master of quaint, pungent or startling rhyme, he set a mark out and away above and beyond anything ever reached before his day. The work of these two men in welding pure and sweet music with fine but antipathetic satire was almost marvelous in its perfection. Their operas are a lasting monument, as nearly time proof as any production of the human brain possibly can be.

No English versifier, not even Tennyson, had a surer sense of the melodic value of words. Take Bunthorne's "O, Hollow" for an illustration of that.

"What time the poet hath hymned
The writhing maid, lithe limbed,

Quivering on amaranthine asphodel,
How can he paint her woes,
Knowing, as well he knows
That all can be set right with calomel?"

Could anything be more liquid than those lines? Not a harsh consonant in them, hardly a sibilant, but instead pure, open vowel sounds. It is a gem, set in quaint fretwork, a jewel of English—and a joke.

This curious skill contrasts with another equally curious in the jugglery of perfectly good words into laughable rhyme, thrown at some foible of poor humanity. As when General Stanley sings of himself in "The Pirates of Penzance":

"About binomial theorem I'm teeming with
a lot of news,
And many cheerful facts about the square
of the hypotenuse."

Or when the sentry in *Iolanthe* sings that:

"When all night long a chap remains
On sentry go, to chase monotony,
He exercises of his brains—
That is, assuming that he's got any "

And afterward, contemplating the tower of Big Ben, tunelessly tells that:

"When in that house M. P.'s divide,
If they've a brain and cerebellum, too,
They've got to leave that brain outside,
And vote just as their leaders tell 'em
to."

The temptation to run on is very great, but the whole matter may be summed up in the statement that Sir William was a wit, a caustic wit of the first order, and not in the real sense a humorist. If he had been less of the first and more of the second he could have matched with Thackeray, perhaps overtopped him. As it stands, his work was unlike any other man's, and its effect, broadly speaking, was for the betterment of the time he lived in and the times to come. His voyage through life left behind him a wake of wholesome laughter, that bubbles yet, and always will. He was a great man, whose mantle would smother anyone on whom it might fall. Let us be thankful that he lived, even while we grieve for the loss of him.



"P LINK-PLINK, plunk!
Plink-plink, plunk! . . . Wah-
hah-oo-oo-wah-oo-wow! . . .
Plink-plunk, plunk-plunk!"

That's the St. Denis Egyptian orchestra.

"B-r-r-r-r-r . . . click!"

That's the curtain.

"O-o-o-o-oh!"

You couldn't blame the audience. The scene unfolded reminded one of a Turkish bath. Scantly-clad Nubian slaves skipped about serving equally negligée noble Egyptians. Two priests bore a lugubrious mummy across the banquet-hall. Ra, Toth, Tum and Sennacherib dined; and from the shelter of a curtain appeared Ruth St. Denis, the barefoot dancer, in a costume that a graduate of a good missionary training school would consider highly improper even in the jungle.

"Plink-plink, . . . plunk!"

"L'arr" is a queer article. In its name this season Miss Ruth St. Denis has conceived, staged and presented three Egyptian dances, "The Feast of Eternity," "The Veil of Isis" and "The Festival of Ra." The dim temple of Isis with flaring orange flames against the blue-grey of the shrine and the veiled, immutable goddess within is an unforgettable picture; and the costume revealed with her unfolding veil is one of lightning and stars and the metallic rainbows of carborundum. And the "Festival of Ra"—but more of that later.

As a whole, the Egyptian dances,

with the exception of part of "Isis," were not so colorful or so poetic as those of India of which the Nautch, the Purda and the Cobra are beautiful examples. One might go far to see anything more curiously exotic than the Cobra dance, where the dancer, seated on a dais, impersonates both charmer and serpents with gliding, darting arms and jewel sparks from her fingers like the flashing of wicked eyes.

Miss St. Denis is not so much of a dancer as a mistress of plastic poses. She does not attempt to reproduce Genée's twinkling toes or the leaping flame of the Russian dancers' movements, or the kicking tactics of Tootsie Toddles. Rather, she gives pose after lovely pose, uses color effects to a marvel, and often produces results of remarkable beauty.

Yet the audience yawned. In the next row sat two fat-necked gentlemen who exhaled an odor of highballs. On the stage "The Festival of Ra" was weaving its symbolic spell wherein was represented the rising and passing of nations and men with the dawn, the glory and the fading of day. Imperceptibly the golden glow of noon drooped, the sky shadowed, darkened, the music hushed. One by one the dancers silently disappeared, and the goddess remained alone. Bluer and bluer grew the evening sky, and with the last red level ray upon her hair she drifted to earth and lay again upon the tomb whence she had arisen.



Photo by Moffett

EMMY WEHLEN

Who since leaving her native Vienna, has mastered English, sung the role of *The Merry Widow* in London, played in a Gaiety success and has recently been appearing in *Marriage à la Carte*

"She's dedt now," said Abie.
 "Vell, she earned der money."
 "Ya. Der oldt girl cashed in."
 "Vat you say we go have a drink?"
 "L'arr?"
 "What's the use, anyhow?"

THERE have been more red trousers on the stage this last month than susceptible feminine hearts have any right to expect. "The Seven Sisters" was resplendent with Bohemian captains in scarlet nether



Photo by Moffett

MARJORIE WOOD

A piquant and clever little actress whose comedy work has attracted a good deal of favorable comment. She was billed to appear as the star of *Nix*, Rida Johnson Young's comedy, but the play has been put off until cooler days

garments and the glory of clinking swords. "Madame Sherry," in which Lina Abarbanell plays the clever little convent girl, is adorned by a pair of them, on a dashing masculine heart-breaker, and now in "Mlle. Rosita" they reappear on Lieutenant Prosper de

Merimee and his military friends with bewildering profusion.

"Mlle. Rosita" is Fritz Scheff's new offering, built by Joseph and Victor Herbert especially for the trim-figured and piquant star. Extravagant, light, jingly, with a wilful Shetland pony who



Photo by Moffett

FRITZ SCHEFF'S GOWNS FIT AS ALARMINGLY
AS EVER IN *Mlle. Rosita*

eats roses dividing honors with Madame Scheff, it is hot-weather amusement of the airiest.

In the role of Rosita, the flower-girl, Madame Scheff is attractive and "cunning" as ever, though some of her winning ways are a trifle shiny at the

edges. The gowns she wears are not up to the Scheff standard, though they still fit to an alarming degree, and as for the chorus, many good possible stage pictures are lost that, if the girls were properly chosen and less haphazardly gowned, would give a charming effect.

Altogether, "Mlle. Rosita" is tuneful and amusing, and will recover from some of its present hitches later in the season.

"BE firm," said the serpent to Eve, winking his off eye. "Stand up for your rights and don't let him scare you. It's the only way to manage a man, my dear." Wherefore the angel with the flaming sword and the clang of the closing gates; but the tradition is still with us, and on that tradition the new farce of "Little Miss Fix-It" is based.

There are few musical comedy actresses that can sing popular songs in a way to please popular fancy as Miss Nora Bayes can. Both she and Jack Norworth have the trick of amusing, and in this present farce they succeed well. In the character of Delia Wendell, Miss Bayes has on her hands a couple that are "almost engaged," another that are "almost married," and another that are "almost divorced" or, as the wife puts it, "on their way to Reno to be renovated." In spite of her own marital troubles with Billy, who has vanished after a connubial spat, Delia is certain that she can "fix it" and restore all of her disrupted guests to each other's arms and bliss. "Be firm," says she; "be firm—it's the only way to manage a man, my dear." And with one accord the bemused lovers follow her advice to endless complications, which in the last five minutes are all righted amid a gale of laughter.

The songs of the show are full of a swinging rhythm, whistly, singable, and without doubt will haunt streets and office buildings as "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" did a year or so ago. "Turn Out Your Light, Mr. Moon-Man," is an especial favorite, and "Months and Months and Months" has the double glory of being jiggy and conquering the bad reputation that

"months" has long had as an impossible rhyme-word among poets. True the song-writer brazenly pairs it with "once," but gets it across for all that. If Miss Bayes would only prune off some vaudeville tricks she has of shouting and "yawping," she would be much more charming, and she really ought not to be caught in such a dowdy frock as that she wears during the first act.

THE Hough-Adams combination has added to the summer season's gaiety with "The Heart-Breakers," in which Sally Fisher and George Damerel support themselves merrily, with the assistance of a pretty chorus and some swinging songs.

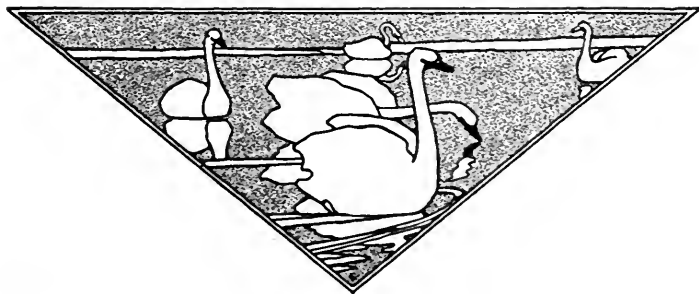
Unlike most musical comedies, "The Heart-Breakers" has an indispensable plot with a real idea in it. Sworn to bachelorhood, a club of youngmen spend their lives in revenging trouserdom upon all flirts with distracting eyes and bewitching dimples and hearts as hard as the nether millstone. The records of the club are not in terms of strokes or sailings or highballs, but in the time each member takes to kiss a girl, and the number he has vanquished. Once kissed, the girl is of no more interest to member or club, and is, in the vernacular, "given the skids." But the club goes asunder over a certain charming millionaire's daughter, who has been brought up in ignorance of the other sex and of her own beauty, and to whose good graces the Master of the club himself falls a victim.

Miss Sally Fisher plays the role of

the Girl, and George Damerel acts the Master as if he really believed in it. Her voice has improved greatly, and she sings "Some Golden Day" in a way that brings her encores to burn.

GEORGE ARLISS, who has made a real success of "Disraeli," at a luncheon given in his honor recently, told of some experiences in the days of his beginnings as an actor in a small theatre on the Surrey side of the Thames. One had to do with a little blustering, hectoring old tragedian of the general style and manner of the actor impersonated by Albert Chevalier in the song called "A Fallen Star." This tragedian, manager of the little company of which Mr. Arliss was a minor member, arrived one morning at a rehearsal in very bad humor, and at once started in to find fault with every member of the company. Mr. Arliss, knowing the old fellow's weakness, deftly inserted a remark concerning a compliment as to the days when the "boss" played "Hamlet." The vanity of the old codger at once asserted itself, and he raved on as follows, according to the chronicles of the star of "Disraeli":

"Yes, I was accounted a good Hamlet; but what I prided myself on was the ensemble. Ahhhhhh!—there was a cast! My nephew, a clever youth, was Laertes; my brother, now dead, was the ghost of Hamlet's father; my wife was Ophelia; her mother was Gertrude, the queen; and my ex-wife was the player queen. Yes, indeed!—that was a real cast!" And his name was not Cohan.





FLIGHTS OF FANCY

SLANG of the forceful kind is so readily absorbed into daily conversation that after a while it becomes a matter of fine distinction as to what is slang and what is not. Here is a sample that will remain classified:

A "supper show" actor was trying to make a dent in a tough piece of fowl with a dull knife. Not making any headway, he spied a bottle of catsup and said to the waiter:

"Slip me the liniment, will you, bo? This eagle has the rheumatism."

ONE ON THE JUDGE

LONDON is less agog over the coronation than over the new Royal Automobile Club in Pall Mall," Sir Frank Newnes, the English publisher, said at a dinner recently where he was the guest of honor. "London is opening its eyes wide over the Club's swimming pool, gymnasium, barber-shop and Turkish bath—conveniences that your clubs have had from time immemorial.

"One of London's judges had an experience in a Turkish bath the other day," he said, "that the law courts are still laughing over. He tried the bath for the first time, having heard of its excellence in an article about the Royal Automobile Club, and the rubber's violence astonished him.

"The judge, prone on the wet slab, was beaten and thumped and pinched and prodded by the rubber beyond all

reason. He stood it as long as he could. Then he groaned and said:

"Is it (thump, bang) quite necessary (whack, bash, slap) to make me black and blue (crash) all over?"

"Never you mind," said the rubber, hauling off and giving the judge a terrific left-hander in the ribs, 'I know my business.' (Thud.)

"Who are you?" asked the judge. 'Your face (bang) looks (crash) familiar.'

"Oh, you remember me, do you?" growled the rubber. 'Well, blast yer buttons, mebbe ye won't be so ready next time to give me eight months for prize fightin'.'"

WESTON, JR.

A PROFESSOR of McGill, who has greatly endeared himself to the students on account of his kind-heartedness, has one particular failing—that of absent-mindedness.

He visited his married nephew a few days ago and had listened to the young wife's praise of her first born. The gentleman felt that he must say something to give the impression that he was interested.

"Can the dear little fellow walk?" he inquired quietly.

"Walk!" the mother cried indignantly. "Why, he has been walking for five months."

"Dear me!" the professor exclaimed, lapsing again into abstraction, "what a long way he must have got."



CANADA MONTHLY



EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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WHAT ADVERTISERS WANT.

Circulation is valuable. Quality circulation is better. But wise is the publisher who persistently and diligently educates his readers up to a broad appreciation of the value of advertising.

Building up the circulation of a big magazine is an expensive business. Surely it is only sound commercial sense to eliminate waste—to get the utmost value for your money.

Forced circulation is not worth one hundred cents on the dollar—advertisers need to know not only how much the circulation is, but also how it was obtained.

The time is steadily passing when so-many-thousand readers for such-and-such a rate can get any and all advertisements. Thinking advertisers are realizing the fact that hundreds of thousands of dollars are wasted annually in purposeless advertising and that this money can be diverted into producing channels.

Shrewd advertisers now ask not “How much circulation?” but “Gentlemen, where did you get it?”—Forced circulation looks big but doesn’t pull—when ads. are keyed the difference shows up conspicuously.

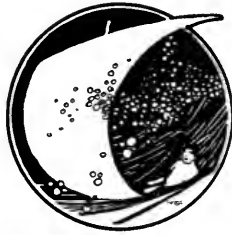
HOW SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE OBTAINED is a vital issue. It has direct bearing on quality of circulation. And the time is coming when *valuable* circulation—among *quality* readers—will win its own way.

ARE YOU GETTING IT?

LOVE SONG

BY J. A. SYMONDS

O SWALLOW, swallow, with the sea beneath thee;
How thy fair feathers shine, how free they hover!
Give me one feather from thy wings, I prithee;
Fain would I write a letter to my lover.
And when I've written it and made it charming,
I'll give thee back thy feather, swallow darling;
And when I've written it and gilt it over,
I'll give thee back thy feather, free sea-rover.





Money-Mad Part III.



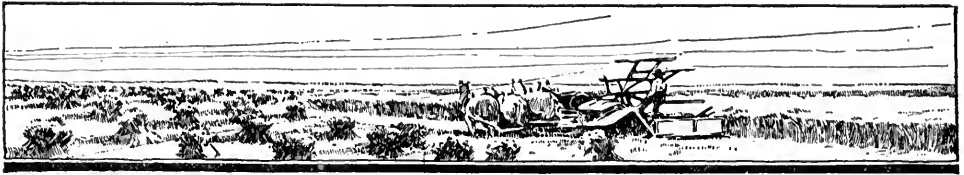
BEHOLD the Westerner at his Sunday dinner. His board groans beneath the weight of bounties from far off lands. The sizzling roast has travelled far. The steer from whence it came was bred and fed and bled in Old Ontario; it went over the block in Toronto and the beef was shipped a thousand miles or so to give this man more brawn and brain. He needs the brawn to raise his wheat: the brain he has but little use for. The "praties" were dug, pitted and shipped at the pleasure of some market-wary farmer in Prince Edward Island: transportation has trebled their price, but they're none the mealier nor more tasty because of that. The other vegetables were shipped in from somewhere near Chicago. The contents of the salad bowl—green-stuff, dressing and hard-boiled eggs—had their origin in the East. The



Farming ^{by} Rex Croasdell ^{by} Drawings Frederic M. Grant

milk in the coffee came from the dugs of Minnesota cows; and the cheese has travelled around the north shore of Lake Superior. Truly the Westerner is cosmopolitan in his tastes. The farce of it. The man's back door opens on to millions of acres of almost illimitable fertility—every acre fitted to produce his meal from soup to cheese and crackers.

Think of it. The greatest agricultural area within the Empire imports its own foodstuffs. It is not "stuff and nonsense." It's true. The inwards freight returns of the railways prove it; government import statistics prove it; and the high and soaring price of your three square meals a day proves it. There is no excuse for the high cost of living in Western Canada. Western Canada can and should be self-supporting at the dinner table. But it isn't. What's the reason? Wheat's the reason; wheat, *wheat*, WHEAT!! The Western Farmer is too busy pillaging the productiveness of his acres



by continually cropping wheat to bother about raising breakfast bacon, legs o' mutton, sirloin steaks, broilers, roasters, vegetables, dairy produce and such like.

Under the present conditions, which give us vast areas of cheap land, it is perfectly proper that wheat be the dominating crop of Western Canada. But man cannot live by bread alone. He must have butter, beef and bacon sometimes; and he must get them at home-produced prices. It is not only the larger communities, struggling be-

neath the high prices of imported food-stuffs, who suffer from the wastefulness of all-wheat farming.

The wheat farmer himself is the greatest loser. It is an established fact that continual wheat-cropping robs the land of its fertility—and down comes the yield per acre. Nature demands that the fertility be fed back to the soil from whence it came. Nature intended the crops of the field for the beasts of the field; and the beasts of the field give back its fertility. Answer:—raise stock.

WHERE MR. McKILLICAN HAS A CLUB FOR YOU

Before we go any further into the pros and cons of this, let's have a little official confirmation. The Dominion and Provincial Governments have, at great cost, established Experimental Farms and Agricultural Colleges all over the place for the betterment of agricultural conditions. At the head of these institutions are men of merit—painstaking men of analytical mind, who dig and delve and deliver good advice. They have studied all kinds of conditions; have practised many theories; have sorted the practicable from the impracticable; have cast out that which is bad and held fast to that which is good. Not one of these men will advocate continuous grain-growing. They all preach the gospel of diversified farming. Take William A. Munro, who superintends the Government's place at Rosthern, Sask. In a recent letter he writes:

Regarding the advisability of the general adoption of diversified farming, I might say that if by diversified farming you mean mixed farming, including the raising of live stock as opposed to wheat farming, it is the only salvation for this country, and *the only permanent basis upon which agriculture can be carried on.*

Then again, from the Experimental Farm at Brandon, Mr. W. C. McKillican writes:

There is no question but that the system

of growing grain only cannot continue. It robs the land of its fertility and its physical texture. For any system of farming that will continue it is absolutely necessary to have crops that will provide for the returning of fertility to the land and for the maintenance of root fibre in the soil. The system of grain and summer-fallow which gives such excellent results on new fertile land can only be comparatively temporary. It conserves the moisture, it is true, and that is important, but as regards fertility, it is only a more systematic and scientific system of land robbing.

Now will you sit up and take notice, you grain and summer-fallowers? You had an excuse all ready, hadn't you? You were going to say, "Well, *we* don't crop wheat *all* the time, *we* summer-fallow." Systematic and scientific soil robbers! Twentieth Century Captain Kidds cruising the high fields for plunder! Go back to the root-house; McKillican has a club for you. And here's another official warning. This one comes from Mr. W. H. Fairfield, Superintendent at the Experimental Farm at Lethbridge. Listen to Mr. Fairfield.

That diversified farming will have to be adopted sooner or later in the wheat-growing areas in the West is self-evident to any thinking man at all posted on the results in older districts where the one-crop method of farming has been adopted, for the story has been the same with wheat, barley, corn, tobacco, cotton, etc. If diversified farming could be adopted in the beginning, before



the fertility of the land has been more or less depleted, a great gain would be made. On the other hand, if we keep on raising

wheat exclusively, our land will become very foul with weeds and much of the humus will be used up.

PACK YOUR WHEAT IN THE HIDE OF A FAT STEER

There can be no doubt about it. Mixed farming—the salvation of the West—must come sooner or later. The wonder is that it is not already in general practice. The wheat farmer is all the time grumbling about freight rates. And yet he ships his produce in the most bulky form possible. He has never stopped to figure out that wheat on the hoof—grain packed in the hide of a well-fattened steer—will net him about \$1.50 a bushel delivered at the stock pens.

And there are no haulage charges to deduct from his profits. He doesn't figure that a few hogs will harvest their

own feed-crop, fertilize the land, and fatten like sixty while they do it. He hasn't inquired as to the proper practices required to raise mutton and wool at big profits, ridding his land of weed pests at the same time without additional cost to him. He hasn't milked a cow since the Lord knows when; and as to green vegetables—not the kind with the colored label on the tin with the colored contents—he has forgotten the flavor of them. Somebody told him, 'way back years ago, that he couldn't have any of these things, and he still believes the humbugging fallacy.

THEORY BASED ON FIFTH HAND MISINFORMATION

And yet there are ways and means of doing all these things with profit; ways as sure as judgment and as easy as stubbing your unguarded toe against the bed-room rocker. Take beef-raising, for instance. The all-grain farmer will tell you he knows a man, who knows a man, who thinks he knows a man who thinks it is unprofitable to raise beef in Western Canada. His theories are generally based upon fifth-hand misinformation.

Beef can be raised, and it's a paying crop. Don't listen to the old bugaboo about the cost of housing and winter care eating up all profits. As far as housing is concerned, you can fatten steers any winter outside with no more shelter than a straw stack, providing you feed proper rations. Your only concern need be the plentiful supply of water. As to this, you can sink a well and use a tank heater in the trough. Again, don't advance the winter housing objection. Steers fed outside from December to April have shown a net profit of over \$7.00 per head for 150

days feeding. And this with absolutely no artificial shelter or any extra provision for watering. But don't take these figures as an index to your own balance sheet. You can do better—very much better—if you make some provision for a continual supply of water by the well and tank-heater system. Outside feeding has its staunchest advocates in those men who have practised it for many years. But the choice between outside or inside feeding is up to you.

Don't jump into these new practices without some forethought and a careful study of local conditions. The greatest enemies of mixed farming are those men who have tried it on the "any old way" plan, and who, deservedly, lost on the deal. Don't try to put good beef on a poor framework. Start right. Trying to fatten the progeny of a scrub sire is the surest way back to the old all-grain wallow. Choose your stock carefully. You will find prize animals at your fairs—at Regina or Saskatoon



—and for a very moderate sum of money you can procure pure-bred animals. The fair officials have done a great deal to build up the average grade of Saskatchewan herds, and will give you every possible assistance in selection and shipment. There's a big and ready market for high class beeves, and the high class stock shows double the daily gain for the same

amount of feed as does the scrub type. The butcher wants carcasses with white fat and red flesh, and well marbled at that—give him the good beef-producing steers and he'll give you the bank-balance boosting prices. And remember this, the value of the manure equals the cost of labor, so the steer doesn't charge you anything for looking after him.

FROZEN WHEAT SOLD AT \$2.18½ A BUSHEL

As to feed, you need nothing beyond the roughage of any grain farm. Ever had any frosted grain which went begging for a buyer at thirty-five cents a bushel? Yes? Then listen to this. 'Naught seven was a poor year for ripening grain on the Government's farm at Lacombe, Alta. The wheat that year was only worth thirty-five cents a bushel on the market. Did the well-informed and canny superintendent sell his wheat at thirty-five cents per? You betcherlife he didn't. The farm purchased a car of feeder steers and set them to work raising the price of wheat. The frozen wheat was ground and fed to the steers, together with such

coarse and bulky fodders as were necessary. The steers were marketed in 109 days. Now then. After paying all expenses for hay, salt, etc.—deducting everything that wasn't straight profit—what d'you think that frozen wheat brought on the market? You'd never guess in fifty seasons. \$1.28½ per bushel!! Jot that down on the tablets of your memory. \$1.28½ *per bushel for frozen wheat*. Now, do you believe it pays to sell wheat on the hoof? If you don't believe it, write Superintendent Hutton about it; and ask him at the same time about his ideas on continual grain cropping as against mixed farming.

PICKING UP PEARLS IN THE PIG-PEN

Let's leave the roast in the meat safe and go back to the breakfast bacon. The pig-pen's the place to pick up pearls of profit. Hogs pay. Hogs will raise a mortgage quicker'n they can root up a hole in the missus's flower bed. There's a lot to learn about raising hogs, but don't be dismayed. Surely what the Prodigal Son could do while he was on the penitent's bench isn't difficult to catch onto in an off evening. The essentials are obvious.

First, choose a bacon type. Yorkshires, Berkshires or Tamworths are best for Western Canada. Have none but a pure bred boar—ten to fifteen dollars and express will bring one to you young. Grow your own feed bar-

ley, oats, roots and green feed. Get your neighbors going the same gait—car load lots from small areas will bring the buyers in droves, and competition in buying is the everlasting glory of the hog raiser. As it is with beef-raising so it is with bacon—avoid the “any old way” method. It is really easier and assuredly more profitable to do it right. Remember, the biggest money is in the bacon hog, and careful experiments have proved that a pound of meat on the bacon hog costs no more to produce in feed than a pound of meat on the fat hog. Get right into the better farming brigade, go the whole hog, and the Westerner will no longer need to blush at his breakfast because it came to him from the East.



Out where the alfalfa contest is in progress they let the hogs run in the field and pick up their own living off field-peas and other fodders. Corn-fed pork is no longer the XXXX gilt-edged kind—pea-fed bacon and hams are what the packers are paying the

fancy prices for and putting up under the gilt-edged label.

Even when you feed wheat to your pigs and market it in the form of pork at from eighty cents to \$1.00 a bushel, you are'n't losing any money—hardly—and combined with peas, its a good bet.

HOW TO WEED YOUR FARM AND GET PAID FOR IT

And now for the best four-legged friend of the grain-growing farmer, the sheep. Apart from all profit—and there is big profit in sheep-raising—there can be no doubt as to the utility of a flock of sheep on the grain-growers' farm. The flock is the solution of the weed problem. Weeds and sheep cannot live long together and it is invari-

ably the weeds which go on the casualty list. The day of the large sheep-ranch has waned; the homesteader and the farmer stays put and the law of agricultural development demands that the farm replace the ranch. Now comes the grain-grower's opportunity to become acquainted with his best friends. Many intelligent farmers, seeing



TENDING THE GARDEN PATCH IS A PLEASURE TO THE COOK, AND THE FARMER NEED FEAR NO "EXTRA."
THE COST OF ONE WEEK'S CANNED GOODS WILL COVER THE COST OF RAISING SUFFICIENT
GARDEN STUFF FOR A YEAR.



the decline [of the sheep ranch, have forestalled opportunity by raising mutton for themselves and raking in fat profits as a side-line. And nearly everyone goes around biting himself because he didn't start in the game earlier.

There can be no fear of over-production. The home demand in the west, curtailed at that because of scarcity of supply, exceeds the supply by over 100,000 head. The Western producer has an advantage of four to four and a half cents per pound dressed in freight rates and duty over the American and Australian shippers. The field is his. As to actual profits, apart from the values of securing clean, weedless farms, average figures are quoted by

the Provincial Department of Agriculture for Saskatchewan. The figures show "average" profits only, but proper methods will multiply these considerably. A flock of forty-eight head, after making a very liberal allowance for increasing, will return a net profit of \$132.50 per year. Not even the most prejudiced no-stock, all-wheat farmer can say sheep cannot be raised in Western Canada. True, coyotes *have* a mutt ny tooth, but a portable fence can be moved around in half a day, and a portable fence need be no larger than you wish to make it. No, there is nothing else to it: you must raise sheep—you can't afford to be without them.

DON'T "IF" AND "BUT"—GO AHEAD

See how easy it all is? And yet the West *imports* beef, bacon and legs-o'-mutton! And the butter, the cheese, and the vegetables; do not overlook the butter, cheese and vegetables. The general adoption of dairying will come in Western Canada. It must come. Increased values of farm lands, losses from wasteful tillage and the educational work of the Government will eventually awaken the one-crop farmer to the folly of his ways. It is a matter of time, and the sooner the better. The practice of dairying requires more intelligence than the average one-crop farmer ever possessed; else why isn't he practising it? There are millions of acres in Western Canada

eminently adapted to it. Take the wonderful park-like lands of Central Saskatchewan. No dairyman could ask for better shelter, better water and better feed than is there in abundance. The only handicap is the farmer's own indifference; he surely cannot plead ignorance. The Government of Saskatchewan, for instance, has spent many thousands upon educational work to foster the dairying industry. The knowledge gained by repeated experiments is the farmer's for the asking. All risks have been taken from him and yet many hesitate and "if" and "but" instead of stepping out lively on the sure way to greater fortune. And this is the land of milk and honey.

ALL FOOLISHNESS? LISTEN TO W. B. LANIGAN

Startling figures were given recently to a Toronto newspaper by W. B. Lanigan, the assistant freight traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who is in an advantageous position to observe conditions of import and export. The three Western provinces, according to him, are not doing their duty, and the farmers do not realize the seriousness of the conditions

in which they are placing themselves. Vast quantities of food-stuffs are being imported from the East, from the United States, and even from Europe.

"Last year," he said, "one firm alone shipped in 1,000 cars of packing house products to supply the cities of the West. In the same year \$10,000,000 worth of horses were brought into Western Canada from the United States. Again, between one and two hundred carloads of mutton were shipped



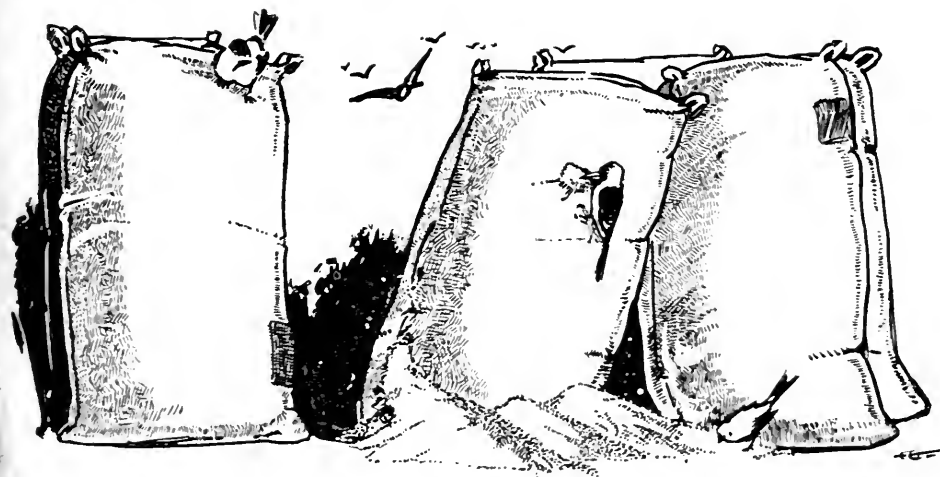
in for the mining camps of British Columbia, and a good deal of this came through Winnipeg. Also during the winter months of 1910-11 Winnipeg imported \$10,000 worth of milk from Dakota and Minnesota.

"Vegetables for Winnipeg and other Western cities are daily imported from Chicago and the Twin Cities, and potatoes consumed as far West as Revelstoke are shipped from as far East as Prince Edward Island. Again, fresh beef is being imported daily, killed in the abattoirs of Toronto, and no less than seven carloads were brought in one day recently for the West. In other words, Manitoba, which boasts of its agricultural wealth, does not produce the stuff to feed its own cities, and even the farmers themselves are buying farm products. Eggs, butter, cheese and honey are imported from Ontario, Wisconsin and as far South as California."

Indifference alone can be given as the reason for the lamentable lack of the vegetable garden in the Western farm home. The selection of early maturing varieties and protection from the July hot winds is all that is re-

quired to insure success. The selection is easy and the protection will be provided free by the Forestry branch. The work of preparing the soil for the windbreak can be done on an off day and no other labor will yield more profitable returns. Tending the garden patch is a pleasure to the cook, so the farmer need fear no "extras." The cost of one week's canned goods will cover the cost of raising sufficient garden stuff for a whole year. There's no excuse.

And so it goes. The Western farmer *can* raise the Westerner's Sunday dinner from soup to cheese and crackers. He *can* produce bread and butter, beef and mutton chops, green stuffs and cream cheese. And when he lowers the cost of living in the cities, he will raise the income on the farm. Will he do it? Yes—when he wakes up.





LAZY AUGUST TIME

WILBUR D. NESBIT

ALL in lazy August time
All the world dreams on in rhyme—
Lazy rhyme that comes and goes
With the stately pace of prose,
Filling morn and afternoon
With the song the breezes croon.
Golden glow and golden haze
Gleam across the lazy days,
Marigold and blazing phlox,
Trampish ragweeds, hollyhocks—
All of them in drowsy style
Edge the roads for mile on mile.
And the grapes grow sudden-plump,
While the nodding sumac clump
Bursts into a flaming red
As though there the day had bled.
And the woodbine waxes bronze
Through the idle dusks and dawns.
Garnered fields lie, full forspent,
In the coma of content;
In the orchard lurching bees
Pierce the fruit upon the trees
And go cider-drunken home
As more foolish tipplers roam.

The Half-Caste

by
Hilda Virginia Jones

Author of "Motomachi's Memory,"
"The Cock Who Called the Dawn,"
etc.

Illustrations by
Frederic M. Grant



"Better for him—that."

"Mother!" The girl's voice quivered like a wind-struck harp-string.

"Better," said her mother. "It were better if he had gone long since. Now, he has learned all you can teach him—all—and it is better that he go."

Fusa made a swift, un-Japanese gesture, the long kimono-sleeve falling away from her rounded arm. In that that instant she looked curiously like her English father, and, impassive as she was by training, a gleam of remembrance and pain passed across the mother's face.

"Fusa—my little flower," she answered slowly, "your own most wise father was wrong in allowing you the friendship of Chio. Your loneliness was a grief to him, and perhaps, blinded by Chio's desire to learn foreign wisdom and foreign ways, he thought that you two might continue to be only teacher and pupil. But Chio is Japanese in birth and tradition, and now that your father is gone from us, it is best that Chio go his own way. It is hard for me to refuse you the joy of his friendship, but it is best. Fusa, your mother before you found that it was

"HE has gone," she said. Noiselessly, quietly, the girl closed the creamy shoji, and stood, a slender, submissive figure in her blue-grey kimono, before her mother. For a moment she closed her smooth-lidded eyes, and then opening them, gazed silently, despairingly upon the small figure of the elder woman seated before a great copper-and-gold gong, puffing her tiny Japanese pipe incessantly. The gong was out of harmony with the tiny rice-matted room—where Christianity rules, what use remains for the temple's treasure save as a receptacle for dead ashes from the pipe, which even now almost filled its ample bowl?

"He has gone," she repeated slowly.

Still the mother made no sign, except that the little pipe glowed and faded a shade more swiftly. She was a Japanese of the old regime, schooled in the art of self-repression, and her voice betrayed no shadow of emotion when she replied at last, very evenly.

possible to live in loneliness and be content. Your father helped me in those days long ago; let me help you now, my daughter."

Fusa laughed a short laugh that in spite of its pretty ripple had a hint of harshness in it.

"He has gone—the joy is ended," she said curtly. "What remains?"

"The arrangements with the Furokawa," said her mother quietly, looking up under her lashes to watch Fusa's face. The girl quivered and shrank away.

"Have pity, mother," she begged unsteadily. "Wait—wait a little."

"That is not the best way to forget," observed her mother gently. "Moreover, the Furokawa do you great honor, in asking you to be the bride of their eldest son. Such an offer will perhaps never come again to the daughter of the Englishman. If you accept it, your position and your future will be assured. You will never know what it is to be ostracized as I have been all these years."

"But you were happy in your marriage, mother."

"I was happy!" The words were spoken almost fiercely. "I loved your father—yes, and he loved me; but was there any shade of happiness in the marriage for either of us? At first, perhaps, for a few days—before he knew that his world disapproved, and I knew that I had forever lost all caste in mine. It is not an easy thing to make over worlds."

"Mother!" The girl's voice was tender now, but it was not heeded.

"There was a little joy; then disillusion; and then you came, my flower. That was the irreparable wrong our love did—it brought you into the world to bear punishment that was not of your fault. Our love—the love you covet—died then and there. And yet you have brought me the only happiness of my life. I cannot let you spoil your life as I did, Fusa. It will be a little hard to marry the Furokawa's son now, but it will be the best in the end."

"They do not know me; he only saw me once, on the beach," protested the girl. "He is marrying me for my face,

for——" She broke off, and going over to the tokonoma absently rearranged the spray of plum blossoms in the cloisonne jar, choking back the tears that she could not keep from her eyes.

"That does not matter," replied her mother evenly. "It is a strong family, a powerful arm of the progressive government, and with your foreign education, your Christianity, your blood, native grace and beauty, and your ancestors on my side, you are just the necessary completion of what is best in our civilization to-day. It will not be more difficult to teach the son of the Furokawa than it was to teach Chio to love you."

"Spare me that, mother," cried the girl passionately, turning to face her. "That is too much for me to bear!" In another instant she had pushed the shoji hastily apart, and without a word of excuse or farewell left the room to the sole occupancy of the little figure before the hugu bowl.

For a moment the mother's eyes flashed at the almost unheard-of discourtesy; then she shook her head gently, and drawing the little pipe from the sleeve of her wistaria-embroidered kimono, resumed her regular puffing.

On the tiny balcony of her room, Fusa stared at the great golden circle of the moon, and slowly tears gathered in her eyes, brimmed over and fell quietly as rain. To cry was an ignoble thing here in her Japanese home—at the English school it had been so easy. But here everything was different. For the first time in her life she felt that she could not call upon God to help her. Chio filled her thoughts, the long happy days in the garden, the hours that they had studied from the same book, watched the same flower unfold, learned the same songs together and all the while unconsciously had been learning another lesson—the lesson of love. She had gathered much knowledge for a Japanese woman at the English school where her father had sent her, and Chio had eagerly sought to know all she had gained. She had reached out just as eagerly for his companionship, outcast from her



"HE HAS GONE," SHE SAID, AND QUIETLY THE GIRL CLOSED THE CREAMY SHOI AND STOOD BEFORE HER MOTHER.

own people and equally outcast from her father's race as she had always been, and found it the sweetest thing she had ever known. Now it had come to an end. Again the hot tears gathered and fell. She saw him again as she had first seen him at the mission school—a handsome, manly little figure, immaculately clad in his cotton kimono and sandals, black hair cropped short, and restless seeking eyes always alert for some new thing. He was a stranger in the school, and Fusa, the lonely, had championed his cause and helped fight his battles. Even when he had been made to realize the difference between them, their friendship suffered no change. He was insatiably curious about foreign ways and eager to learn all she could teach.

Then she had gone to the English school. The letters he had written her there made her smile forlornly, even through her tears. Such masterpieces of inexcusable English! How she had loved correcting them, and watching his improvement. The foreign dress and leather shoes she wore on her return to Japan only increased the boy's interest in her. Fusa recognized this, and gave it its due weight in her hold on his friendship; but in her heart she did not care. It was so good to have companionship, no matter what the reason or the price. Her father had fostered their friendship, and laughed at his wife's fears. Fusa had known that her mother disapproved, but as long as that disapproval was not openly expressed, she clung to Chio with a desperate determination to keep at least her one friend. Then her father had died, and now—

Her mind turned to the day she had met the son of the Furokawa, the man whom her mother was urging her to marry. She had been playing with some of the bare-legged, bare-headed children on the beach at Negishi, and at last, feeling weary, had sat down on the grass beside the roadway to rest. An approaching jinrikisha caused her to raise her head, and her eyes encountered those of a Japanese gentleman in foreign clothes. Before she realized it, he had jumped lightly to the ground, and was addressing her in a kindly

voice with just the hint of a foreign accent.

"May I offer my kuruma to Madame, who looks ill?" he asked quietly.

To this unheard of courtesy, Fusa had no instant reply, and he continued, "I am dining a little further up the cliff, and I am not depriving myself in the least. May I beg of you to permit my coolie to take you home?"

She tried to rise, and then suddenly felt his arm beneath hers, assisting her into the kuruma. She thanked him in English, and gave him her address quite simply. Then the coolie had taken her to her house, and she had seen the stranger no more. A few days later the first overtures from the Furokawa for her hand came to her mother. Fusa was ignorant of the name, and did not at all understand this sudden display of interest. At first she laughed; then when the photograph of the eldest son of the family and would-be bridegroom came, she recognized her chance acquaintance. Even then she refused to think seriously of the future, or of the Furokawa's offer, and her mother had bided her time to show up Chio in his true light of crafty selfishness and persuade her daughter to accept a match which she felt to be her dearest desire.

Fusa raised her head from her arms and looked out into the night. In the garden below sounded the drop and tinkle of the tiny waterfall, the cry of a night insect, the soft rush of a circling bat. The moonlight flooded in with an unfamiliar glow, making it seem far off, unfriendly. The girl shuddered and drew her kimono about her throat.

"After all," she murmured, "mother only wants me to be happy."

Softly she slipped her feet into her sandals, crept softly down the stairs, and pushed apart the shoji of her mother's room. There she sat alone, just as Fusa had left her, the tiny pipe bowl alternately glowing and fading. Silently the girl knelt beside her and tenderly put her arms about the elder woman.

Next day the declaration of war broke upon Japan.

No one had time to think of marry-

ing or giving in marriage now. All personal ambition, desire and anticipation vanished before the country's call. The overtures of the Furokawa were laid aside for the present, the visits of Chio ceased, the business of the entire city was put aside. One thought only occupied the minds and efforts of all Japanese—the war. Fusa and her mother, following the example of all heroic and patriotic women, gave their little to the cause with as much love and reverence as the wealthiest lady of the land contributed her fortune, and the poorest her mite. Their energy, their time, their thoughts were for more vital things than the marriage of one girl. Fusa felt a throb of pardonable pride to hear that the Furokawa's eldest son led one of the finest regiments to the seat of war. Chio was going, too, she heard—as a private. Her slim fingers worked faster on the garment she was making for the soldiers. Perhaps—there was one chance in a million that Chio might be the one to wear it.

Even as she thought of him there came from the garden a familiar signal, the one that she and Chio had used since their first school days. He had come back to say good-bye. She looked at her mother and rose to her feet.

"This last time, mother," she asked wistfully.

The elder woman hesitated.

"Yes, go to him, my daughter. Tell him everything—that the Furokawa want you to marry their son, that he must cease his visits here, and that you must say good-bye. Then, if he loves you, he will speak; but if he does not, you will marry the Furokawa."

Fusa bent her head.

"I will do so," she answered quietly, and left the room to meet him.

"Fusa!" he said eagerly, "Fusa! how beautiful you are!"

The girl extended her hand, keeping stern control over herself. "I thought you were gone, Chio."

"My regiment leaves in three days. Fusa, Fusa, I may never see you again."

She smiled lightly. "Oh, you will

come back safely and have a big banzai and we will all be very proud of you."

His voice lowered and took on a peculiar, husky note.

"Will you be proud of me, my star of delight?"

Fusa quivered, half afraid, half rejoicing, all astir. He did love her, then. He would speak. She had no words; she could only look up at him once from under lowered lids, and the next minute she was in his arms, feeling his breath on her cheek and, his kisses, hot, eager, insistent, on her throat as she averted her face.

"Chio! You must not!" she murmured, half-heartedly pushing him away, but she might as well have tried to push away a giant, so strong was his grip.

"Kiss me," he whispered, "kiss me as the English do, Fusa. Give yourself to me, my flower, my beloved. Come with me to Kamakura—give me one little, little day out of the existences. In three days my regiment goes, and I may never see you again. Come to me, Fusa."

The girl did not move, but she turned blazing black eyes full upon him. Was this the result of her teachings, this all he had to offer? Her slender body stiffened, her look met his. As if she had struck him, he released her, and they confronted each other in the garden path.

"I am going to marry the eldest son of the Furokawa," she said calmly, and turning, she went back to the house.

"Damn!" said Chio, in English.

The days dragged by, the long, long days of the war. The only things of import in the city were the bulletins announcing defeat or victory. Resources grew more meagre, prices went higher, the rich economized, the poor suffered, the eyes of the waiting women grew sadder and more wistful. Fusa and her mother lived quietly at home, seeing no one, hearing nothing of either the Furokawa or Chio. Fusa went about apparently unchanged, except that possibly she was more

silent than ever, and the little mother watched her when she thought she was unobserved.

Then at last came the news of victory—final, complete, decisive. Like the bouncing of a rubber ball, the city sprang into life; hopes, ambitions, desires awoke again; and within the week the Furokawa renewed their suit for Fusa's hand. She tried to force an interest in the proceedings, but she could not. When the parents brought her simple little remembrances she was touched. It was such a novelty for people to be kind. But when they sent her mother presents she was really grateful. It was the girl's one real happiness to watch the contentment in her mother's bearing and expression. She could not utter a word to break the spell of happiness that seemed to be settling over the house. Could it perhaps come to envelop her as well, she asked herself. But as yet she had not regained the capacity to feel.

From the moment of the Furokawa's offer of marriage, the social ostracism under which Fusa's mother had labored so long began to disappear. One by one, carefully, old friends returned to her life. What did it matter that long ago scandal of the worst kind had touched the name of the Furokawa's mother? What did it matter that Fusa's mother had married an Englishman? The Furokawa were powerful, the father a peer of the realm, one of the wise men in the councils of state. The son had elected to marry Fusa. His parents' friends must regard his wishes. The scandals of long ago must all die. Fusa's mother breathed again the air of her girlhood days, and was happy. She talked of the Furokawa, who was coming home in a few days with his regiment, of his bravery, of his honors, of his decorations.

"Are you not proud of him, Fusa?" she asked one day.

"I am proud that Japan has such sons," answered the girl, "but it doesn't make me love them, little mother."

Several days later she received a photograph from him, with a note asking her to join in his banzai. She

did not feel the slightest emotion when she replied, accepting the invitation. She was more alone than ever—a woman with a human heart, human desires, longings, passions—a woman friendless, outcast, alone. Chio had returned; she had seen him disembark with his regiment, noted the hard-won straps and the gold, the emaciated figure and haggard face, and felt a wave of pity and longing rise within her. Perhaps she had done him an injustice; at any rate, he was the only creature who had ever understood, and worthy or unworthy, she wanted to see him again, to hear his voice.

Mechanically she joined the procession in honor of the Furokawa, in company with his enthusiastic friends, but its splendor did not attract her in the least. As they traversed the winding streets, she was aware that people pointed her out as his future wife, and shrank within herself. The splendid red and gold band, with its triumphant music, the silver balls, the great gorgeous banners, the general joy and merriment all grated on her. But she went through it calmly, and extended her good wishes to the Furokawa with the others, while he devoured her with his eyes, for Fusa's long days of waiting had not altered her delicate and remarkable beauty.

With the banzai a thing of the past, the wedding day drew nearer. Submissively Fusa accepted all the details her mother planned. Perhaps, after all, she was wiser. The past held sadness and a little joy; the future held—what? Chio's name was never uttered, and she had not seen him since he had disembarked. Fusa packed her boxes to go to her new home; burned the letters he had written so long ago, and gave to a little neighbor girl everything that could remind her of him. Her mother watched her with relief and stroked her soft black hair.

"It is easier to forget so," she said tenderly. But Fusa made no reply.

That night, lying under her futon in the little room stripped of everything that had been hers, with every trace of her life erased from the little house she had known so intimately so many years, Fusa wept silently. Her

mind and body were both weary. If she could only see Chio once, could speak one word with him, could tell him she had never forgotten! Her love was now a holy thing, as had she yielded, it would have been vile. Perhaps Chio did not mean what she had thought; but whether he did or not, she must see him once—just once to last her always through the years. She rose at last and went to the little balcony as dawn shot long shafts of pinkish light across the sky. This was the day of Chio's banzai; she would see him, if but for a moment; she must.

It was no easy task for her to accomplish the manifold tasks of her wedding day and slip away unobserved, but making an excuse she left the house and by a stroke of unexpected luck came out of a narrow lane just as the head of Chio's procession passed by. Trembling, she took up a position at the side of the road, her heart beating furiously, her eyes fixed on a familiar figure steadily marching forward. When Chio was opposite her, she flung a bunch of flowers directly at him, and he looked around. Eye met eye for an instant, —then, a sweeping courtesy from the slender lavender-clad girl, a salute from the dapper man in blue, and Fusa fell in with the procession, knowing only that when it came to an end she must speak to Chio.

At last the banzai halted. They were in front of the Governor's residence. Arriving at the porte-cochere, Chio took his stand to greet his followers as one by one they passed before him. At the very end of the procession she waited, and when the last one had passed she stood before him.

"Fusa! You, too?" he said huskily.

She could not speak, but nodded assent.

"It has been a fine banzai, and I am feeling very proud," he said, constrained by her silence. "I am glad to see you and know you are interested. You aren't looking so well, Fusa. Have you been sick?" His voice trembled the least bit.

"I am to be—married—this evening, Chio," she answered, haltingly. "I—I had to see you just once—I have



FUSA RAISED HER HEAD FROM HER ARMS AND LOOKED OUT INTO THE NIGHT. "AFTER ALL," SHE MURMURED, "MOTHER ONLY WANTS ME TO BE HAPPY."

missed you so. Chio, why did you never send me a word?"

The man turned half away. Then he said, bitterly, "You didn't love me

as you loved your God. Why should I?"

"That is not right, Chio—you know it is not. I taught you I had a heart, but——. Oh, Chio, you knew I loved you."

A man behind her, a late arrival at the banzai, impatient at the delay, pushed her rudely. Chio did not turn, and the girl staggered aside, catching at a wistaria-vine for support. The road, long, hot, dusty, stretched before her, and along it she saw the kuruma of the Furokawa approaching.

She held her very breath in fear. Would he see her? Was all to be lost at the last moment, the future to which she had resigned herself, her mother's desire, her duty?

Not three hundred yards from where she stood the kuruma halted, and Chio, apparently unmindful of her presence, went forward to greet him.

"Ah, Nagasaki!" said the Furokawa, nodding his greetings to Chio. "These banzais are the most inspiring things in the world. I've just passed portions of yours, and it was indeed imposing. Congratulations."

Chio drew him by the arm towards the door of the Governor's home, with some light remark, but the Furokawa's

eye was caught by the figure of Fusa, her face buried in her long lavender sleeves, her whole figure shaking with sobs, by the wistaria vine. "It is hard on our womenkind, though," he continued carelessly. "This is the second I have seen overcome to-day. Perhaps she has lost someone she hoped to join in a banzai for."

"It is a comfort to know that they weep for us, at least," answered Chio, and smiling, they passed into the Governor's home.

Fusa rose unsteadily and crept away, a prayer on her lips and a smile in her eyes. Chio had saved her; he had atoned for all that had gone before. It was his way of showing gratitude for what she had done—an act of repayment that counted for much. Perhaps—perhaps . . . The road no longer seemed hot or dusty.

A few minutes later the Furokawa opened the door of the Governor's house.

"Hiko!" he called to the jinrikisha man, "assist the lady to the kuruma and carry her home." He pointed in the direction of the wistaria vine, but the coolie did not move.

"She has gone," he answered lazily. "She was only a woman of the people."

WEALTH

BY CHRISTINA DAVIS

THE wild flowers in the meadow
Are blossoming for me,
The song of birds is mine to-day,
My love loves me.

What to me are coronets,
Names of high degree—
The whole wide world is mine to-day,
My love loves me!

The White Crows

TO PROVE THAT ALL CROWS ARE NOT BLACK IT IS NECESSARY TO PRODUCE ONLY ONE WHITE CROW, AND TO PROVE THAT ALL PROPHECY IS NOT SPURIOUS IT IS NECESSARY TO PRODUCE ONLY ONE AUTHENTIC INSTANCE OF PROPHECY ACTUALLY FULFILLED

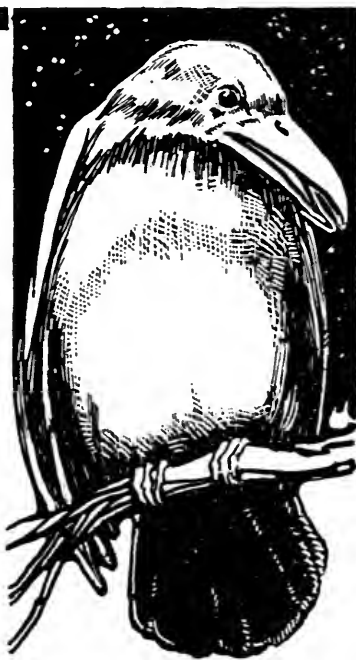
IN THIS, THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF THREE ARTICLES ON PROPHECY, THE AUTHOR CLAIMS TO PRODUCE THE WHITE CROW AND PROVE THAT PROPHECY DID NOT DIE WITH THE LAST OF THE GREAT HEBREWS

By William Dunseith Eaton

PART II.

MY first look-in upon divination came when I was eighteen years young, and correspondingly cocksure of everything. A New York Herald man of my acquaintance drifted along one day, uneasily drunk and anxious to get over it. His name was George Brown, and his manner of life was distinctly vivid. His father, a merchant in a country town, had to come forward several times and pay things up for him, on a rather large scale, relatively speaking. George's idea that day was to take a long walk in quiet streets. He thought I was the boy to see that he took it. I concurred in this, and we walked.

In a street noticeably quiet for even that quiet city, a sign on a house said a fortune teller lived inside. George was piped up to just about that kind of tune, and we must go in, and did.



I had the creeps, I remember, and would have liked to escape, but the sybil was there and waiting, and I could get through with it more gracefully than I could get out.

I know now she was a crystal gazer. It was all new to me then.

She was an old woman, sad eyed, and snuffling, as with impending tears. An irregularly shaped piece of bright glass lay in her lap, and after a mournful survey of us, she sighed and looked at it. A few moments of silence and then she began on George, and scared him sober with a Cassandra warning--

woe, woe! His own career was to be brilliant but short, yet long enough to let him kill his father. Not with his hands, but by his acts, for he would ruin that good old man, and through heartbreak working on a frame already enfeebled, bring him to the grave, where the mother soon would follow.

And for his own unhappy part, the cup would get him before his powers would have time to ripen. George shrank in his chair, chalk white, but he said nothing.

Then she attended to my case, and gave me a life reading, sketchy, but clear in the high spots, up to my eighty-fourth year—at which term, as she delicately put it, I would cease to take interest in the affairs of this world. In justice to that old girl, I must say she had it about right so far as my traipsing has carried me, and fixed me out with a comfortable ending, surrounded by friends, which I mean to evade, if evasion be possible, for I can't understand why anyone should want anyone else on the premises when he dies. It is better done *solus*, unless one be fortunate enough to die in battle.

However, being eighteen and cocksure, the whole thing seemed too trivial to engage the serious attention of a first class intellect (my own), and I dismissed it. But George's father died within two years, impoverished and heart broken even as said, and his mother lingered but a little while after. George's own life went down in darkness before he had reached thirty; and in the latter days of it he ate ashes like bread, and mingled his drink with weeping. Which made me wonder whether my keen judgment had not been a little too keen.

For some time that episode stood alone. Then, as a newspaper man, it fell to me to do a turn of investigating, for the explosion of a fraud. That was all in the day's work, but a few things came up that set me investigating on my own account. Sometimes it would be with friends, sometimes alone, but I pursued the subject until I had seen it in all its aspects. Most of them are rotten, nearly all are dangerous, none is understood by those who practise, or most of those who believe. For the thing is not what even its most honest followers think it; yet it carries a possibility of truth, now and then in some degree realized. Genuine prophecy is occasionally of-

fered. That much has been proven to me.

* * * *

At that time a Mrs. Simpson lived in Sheldon Street, near Union Park, Chicago. She was a slight, nervous woman, a Louisiana creole by birth, the mother of a family, and held in esteem by her neighbors, as I learned by inquiry. My old friend James H. McVicker had heard of her, and asked me to go over and find out what she could do. I knew no more about her than he told me, and that was only her name and address.

The sitting was interesting, but the main part of it seemed to me at the time too remote from probability to be worth considering. This is that part:

She told me that in about three years I would find myself at the turning-point of my career. I would be standing on the side of a mountain, looking out over a rolling prairie, white with snow in the morning sunlight; that before sunset that day I would come upon an Indian sitting on a boulder beside a stream, on the other bank of the stream being a thick outcropping of coal; that I would take up or locate that coal, and build a town near by; that this would occur in "the *couteaux of the Souris*," and that thereafter my life would lie in channels utterly foreign to anything I had known before. The phrase "*couteaux of the Souris*" puzzled me, and stuck in my memory.

Three years later all this actually did occur—Indian, coal, town, and new occupations. It was led up to by a series of happenings in the city of Washington, growing out of my newspaper work there. The forecast made by Mrs. Simpson recurred to my mind over near the international boundary line, in a region then unoccupied, on a day that began as described. I turned a bend in a stream that afternoon, and found an Indian sitting on a lump of rock opposite a cropping of lignite—tertiary coal. The rest followed. I founded there the town of Dunseith, North Dakota, about fifty miles south of the site of the present city of Brandon, Manitoba. It was some time before I got the finishing touch in the



explanation of the "coudeaux of the Souris."

The stream where the coal cropped emptied into a river the frontier people called the Mouse. I knew it by no other name. The little river where the coal was ran between low-cut hills sloping toward the Mouse. On an old Hudson's Bay Company map in the nearest land office the next summer, I found these hills marked "coudeaux of the Souris." Then I understood. Souris is French for mouse. I hadn't thought of that.

The old name has come back. I don't think the English equivalent lasted very long, though the French has lately been Englished. I was up there last summer and I heard the people call it "Souriss."

While my town was being built, I made a visit to Mrs. Simpson for acknowledgment, if nothing more. On this occasion I learned that still another change lay almost immediately before me.

I am by trade a printer. Though I had not followed the craft since my apprenticeship, I had been in continuous touch with it through one or another position of editorship. The new thing foreshadowed was to be a revolutionary invention in printing,



FREDERICK WARDE
The actor-manager who figured in fulfilling
one part of a three-ply prophecy

described as a large upright frame, with something in it that would take the place of typesetting. It was to come to me suddenly, unsought, as though dropped from above. I was to take it up and interest others, and be the means of bringing it into use.

Within six months, one evening in the Ebbitt house at Washington, Maj. W. S. Peabody, a retired army man, told me about a machine in Baltimore that he thought had pretty big possibilities. I went to Baltimore next day and found there the first and rudimentary linotype machine. It was

not known as the linotype then. I gave it the name, afterward. It was in trouble and a little shop, near the water front. The printers wouldn't look at it.

Never mind details. It appealed to me at sight as the first practical thing up to that time produced with a view to substituting mechanical composition for hand work in straight reading matter, and in that I was wholly right, as results have shown. I dropped everything else and worked fourteen months to pull it into the world—and succeeded, though for eight months I had to take laughter for my pains, and then for six months fight for a bargain

with the group of people in Washington who owned it, and who without some such deliverance would probably have owned it to this day. It was a rocky road that had no turning until I finally won the interest and aid of Melville E. Stone, now general manager of the Associated Press, then editor of the Chicago Daily News. Mr. Stone interested Victor Lawson, his partner. Whitelaw Reid soon joined us, and after that there was little difficulty.

It turned out to be just what Mrs. Simpson had foretold—revolutionary in the printing trade. It is used all over the world now. The inventor's name was Ottmar Mergenthaler. He completed by a process of reversal the discovery of that other inventor, John Gutenberg, who made printing commercially possible, over four hundred years ago; and the two names shall go to future time, together. Mergenthaler lived up to about five years ago, long enough to enjoy his success and the solid reward he had earned so well.

* * * *

While I was trying to get printers and publishers to listen to me about Mergenthaler's machine, I traveled everywhere between Omaha and Montreal, and from the Ohio river towns to St. Paul. That was the time when I was getting laughed at for my pains.

I had a friend in Chicago representing a group of people in Scotland who had heavy interests in Canada and the United States, and this friend held to what in these days is called Buddhism. Like other men of that thought, he knew about spiritualism and its phenomena, and took it for what it was worth, knowing full well its unmeritable and mistaken side. I never have known a saner man, nor a more fastidious. He was not above visiting practitioners of the better sort, and in New York, in London and in Edinburgh, he knew of several who could not be approached save through responsible introduction.

Aboard a Pennsylvania train on one of my many trips to New York, it came to me to wire him for an address and an introductory telegram, and I followed the impulse, wiring from Harrisburg. When I reached the Gilsey House in New York, his reply

was there awaiting me. It commended me to a Mrs. Hesse, in West Forty-Sixth Street. I enclosed the telegram with a note to Mrs. Hesse and sent it up by messenger. A reply came back appointing eight o'clock that evening, and at eight o'clock I was there.

The house was handsome, and in a neighborhood then next in quality to Murray Hill, so that I hesitated. All the media I had theretofore seen were poorly lodged, and this place looked good enough to raise a doubt. But I rang, and a neat maid came to the door and asked if I had the appointment for that hour. Getting the right answer she admitted me, just as a man and woman in evening dress came into the hallway, evidently from table. The woman came forward and said she was Mrs. Hesse. The man disappeared in the direction of the drawing room. I was shown into a small room at the right, well furnished and well lighted.

I can't say I had any specific purpose in view, nor that I was looking for any particular advices. I had acted on impulse merely, and wanted to fill the time. But if I had any expectation it was that something about my extremely doubtful business would come out, that being the usual thing on like occasions. I got nothing of the sort.

I had been a widower about five years then, and my little boy and girl were with an aunt in Kenosha, Wisconsin. My father-in-law and mother-in-law at Rochester had passed out a few months before, almost together, while I was up at Winnipeg on an inquiry relating to a railway contract. I had been informed of this, but no word had come to me about my father-in-law's estate, and indeed, if I had thought about it at all, it was to assume there was none, for he had met rather heavy reverses in his later years. That was why Mrs. Hesse's message took me aback.

She began by describing accurately the scene of my wife's death, which had come as by a rifle shot, in a crowded street car, from paralysis of the heart. This conveyed nothing new to me, but directly afterward I was told that the old gentleman had made a will under which my children were bene-



ficiaries, and that I was to attend at once to having the estate partitioned and these legacies put in trust for their benefit, a nephew being named as the guardian desired. The name of the place where the children were at the moment was boggled over and finally given up as being an Indian word, not Goshen, but very like it. Then followed a curious thing.

After my wife's funeral I had gone to a new house. In packing up for the change, I had been unable to find some of her belongings, heirlooms that had been in her mother's family in Germany, some of them about two hundred years. One item was a beautiful, creamy fabric of old lace, her mother's and her grandmother's bridal veil. Another was an oblong charm of old gold, used as a sachet, and attached to a fine gold chain. Others were a few pieces of old china and some silver. Careful search had failed to disclose these articles, and I had given them up as having been lost or stolen during the confusion following that swift death.

I was informed through Mrs. Hesse that in the store room of my new house, under a pile of trunks, in a packing-box bound with a small rope, I would find



MELVILLE E. STONE

Who was associated with the author in bringing out the linotype

them all, and several other things that I had not missed.

It was all "so." Enquiry confirmed the news of the legacy. I did have the estate divided and my nephew appointed guardian of my children's interests. Search of the store room revealed the packing-case, with all the missing articles in it, and many more. I had never seen that box, nor do I now know by whom it was packed, nor how it came to be under those trunks.

There was nothing more to it—not a word about the enterprise that was worrying the life out of me. Mrs.

Hesse had given me a mixture of clairvoyance and prophecy. That was all.

* * * *

Before the change that began in the north, part of my newspaper work had been in the criticism of drama. Toward the close of that phase of it I had reshaped several plays with approval, and had written one comedy that had considerable vogue during five seasons. Excepting one venture in collaboration with the late George Manville Fenn, while I was living in England, I did nothing more along that line until 1896, when the actor Frederick Warde, my friend of many years, urged me to try my hand again. I had long borne



in mind a possibility offered in a short story by D'Israeli, built around an incident in the life of Skanderbeg. I outlined the idea to Mr. Warde, who offered to produce the play if I would write it. I finished the script in June of that year, but the play was not produced until October of 1897.

Meantime I got into a business venture with some people at Cleveland and Toronto, and by reason of circumstances irrelevant to this narrative, I became the centre of a six-weeks' controversy between the spiritualists and the churchmen of Cleveland. It was carried on through *The Voice*, a high-class and clever Sunday paper, edited by Will Sage, who has since won wide notice by his critical work in the *Cleveland Leader*. While this squabble was in course, I became acquainted with several leading local media. One of these, Mrs. Ulrich, the first time I called upon her, told me with considerable particularity about the play, though I am satisfied she knew of me only as having written a provocative letter in *The Voice*. Her statement was made without hesitation, and included a description of the work, and an irritating prophecy. It was to the effect that there would be



MRS. MARY E. WEAVER
Who delivered one bewildering prophecy that came true

two productions, the first a bitter disappointment to me, but the second, "a long while after," a greater success than I had ever dreamed or hoped for.

Another woman, Mrs. Lake, a rather timid and retiring soul, but very earnest, gave me identical information, in the trance condition. Mrs. Ulrich had not employed the trance.

The first production was really a disappointment, or worse. I was ill of pneumonia at the time, and had no chance to be present at any of the rehearsals. I saw four performances, three at Columbus, Ohio, and one at Norwalk, before I had to go to New York on matters relating to western interests that had nothing to do with theatricals. In New York I found two of my associates were giving considerable time to hunting occult phenomena. One of these, Lowrey W. Goode, a successful man of affairs, formerly prominent in Des Moines, Iowa, was interested in "developing a psychic" over in Brooklyn. The name of this psychic was Corliss, and they styled him doctor.

On my own invitation, and quite privately, I crossed the East river one afternoon and found in Doctor Corliss'



reception room a singularly uninformed young man, a perennial fountain of monologue. He said he was the doctor's manager, and imparted a good deal of his own personal history. It was interesting only when it came to his occult powers, which had awakened sufficiently to let him see phantoms of men and women long since gone beyond. He said he was guided by one of these, the "sperrut" of Annie Bulleen, "that was queen of England wunst." This royal sperrut had found him in the gutter and by wise counsel and watchful care



VICTOR F. LAWSON
A distinguished editor, who was one of the original
linotype group

had built him up. The discovery that gentle, unhappy Anne Boleyn had taken to prowling the gutters of New York and forgotten how to pronounce her own name had just dawned upon me when word came that the doctor would see me.

He was worth while. I got more information about that play.

First, that I had written it in room 47, at the Kennard House, Cleveland, which was true, though I had to confirm the room number later by inquiry at that hotel. Next, that I had been helped in the work by James Hubert McVicker, my friend aforementioned, who had passed over the year before.

Then, that the company was in dire trouble at (I think it was) Brainerd, Minnesota—which was confirmed by a telegram that was handed me when I returned to New York. Then, that I would have to close it out and wait several years before another production would be made; that this other production would be highly prosperous; and finally, that on an offer for the European rights, I must and would make an outright sale, because while the work would go all right in England, it would not do at all for Germany, where the English

managers would try to put it over.

I saw Doctor Corliss that one time only. He passed away shortly afterward himself; and I am not aware of the subsequent doings of Annie Bulleen nor of her garrulous gutter-find. But to save the play, I did, though with extreme reluctance, close the season at Chicago in January following. It had been a solid agony of one-night stands, plagued by the ban-dogs of seasons past wherewith I had not been in any way concerned, distrained for the debts of others, and at all points discordant, unhappy, futile and unsalaried. The two points of comfort to me were that the play itself never had drawn an

adverse criticism, and that Mr. Warde had buffeted his way through all his troubles courageously, as a good man should. The rest of the three-ply prophecy remains as yet unacted. I pray it may be as fully justified of events as the first part most assuredly was.

* * * *

Other instances I might give of prophecy fulfilled in my personal case, but with one more, I think I will have shown good ground for refusing to believe the gift died with the last of the great Hebrews.

In March, 1907, I had a bereavement. A woman of great gifts and a remarkable power to attract friendships went to California, intending to remain there. I think the position will define itself when I say I was left disconsolate—but I had no reason for thinking she knew anything about that. The same month, being requested by a fellow club member to do so for his information, I called upon Mrs. Mary E. Weaver in DeKalb Street, away over on the west side in Chicago. He wanted to know whether she was any good as a reader.

Within ten minutes after I reached Mrs. Weaver's home, I had been told all about my deprivation, with addenda to the effect that either in the autumn or the next spring there would be a return from California—the season was noted only by bare trees. I would meet her at the train, and without so much as giving her time for a change of gowns, would go at once to a magistrate and be married. I doubt if anything could have been farther from my wildest hope. It seemed impossible, and I am afraid I gave a dubious report of Mrs. Weaver to my club-fellow. But it came out that way, exactly, in November. This, of course, is a rather intimate confession, but its very intimacy should avouch it. Mrs. Weaver is clairaudiant.

* * * *

Thus far I have dealt only with prophecy wholly or in part fulfilled, falling within the radius of my own experience. I have not done with these, nor with the reverse side of the case, but I am going to include another,

outside my individual radius, and foreign to the ways of civilization, but interesting as showing the presence of prophetic power and clear sight among peoples in an order of life less complex than our own.

* * * *

Above the fifty-sixth parallel and east of the Klondike there are not as yet more than five or six hundred white men. That is a vast geographical stretch. It runs up to the rim of the continent, and to the east it crosses the Hudson Bay to the Atlantic on the coast of Labrador. It is rich in soil, in timber, minerals and fisheries, and it will not long remain empty. But the white men there now are forelopers, breaking the way for busy populations yet to be.

Among them is one whom I am not at liberty to name, because he dislikes publicity. He operates twenty-eight regularly organized lines of transportation, reaching out fanwise from Edmonton in all directions save south, and has done more than anyone else, perhaps, to break down the old solitudes and dispel the erroneous notion that the north is inaccessible and of harsh climate. In truth, as some of us knew before, it is a very noble country, wonderful to see and good to be in or to live in at any season of any year.

For a long time he traded independently among the Indian tribes west of the Hudson Bay, speaking their dialects and living much as they did. He is unusually hard headed, of level commonsense and business ability sufficient to have made him rich, though he is still in his forties. The wilderness has not won him to wildness. He is enough at home in the cities to be unnoticeable among other well dressed men, and he is an influential member of the Alberta provincial parliament.

Without attempting to reward his story, I will give its points as he gave them to me.

We had been talking about the Indian idea of honor, and that sense of responsibility to invisible powers which enters so largely into the conduct of their affairs.

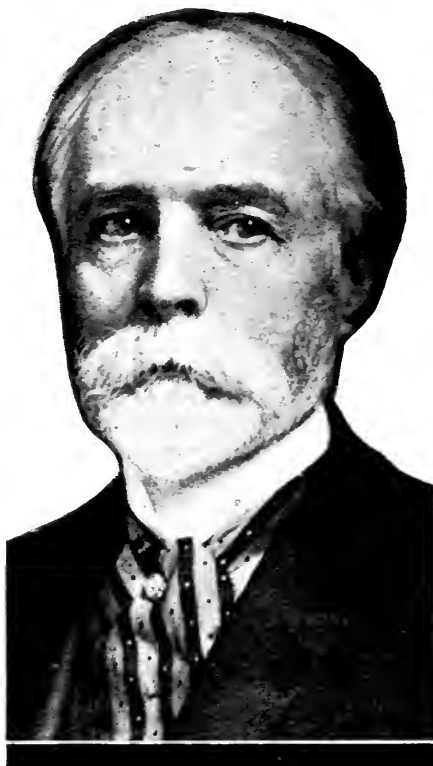
His party reached an Indian village near the Great Slave Lake late one



afternoon, and found a young squaw so alarmed over the prolonged absence of her husband that a wise old man had been asked to look for him with the eyes of the spirit. It seemed the husband had gone out to hunt a moose, and he had promised to return after two days. Four or five days had passed and brought no sight nor word of him, and they were fearful for his safety. The old man went into what looked like an hypnotic sleep, out of which he spoke comfort. The hunter, he said, had followed the moose long and far before he got a chance to round ahead of it, but had killed it in a place which was described. He had cut it up and was on his way home, heavy laden with good meat, so near he would arrive that evening.

That was all the old man had to say, but it fitted with the facts, for before dark the hunter came in, packing a prodigious quantity of moose-meat. Three or four days later, my friend the trader and his men came upon a place corresponding with the old man's description, and there in the middle of it lay the littered remains of the moose, the tracks of the man, and the ashes of his fire.

This same trader used to have with



HON. WHITELAW REID

Another of the group of men who financed the linotype, making the greatest revolution in printing since Gutenberg

him on his travels a half-breed of much taciturnity, who had a way of quietly leaving the camp fire and withdrawing to the shadows for an hour or two. Sometimes he would rise from his blanket in the dead of night and disappear, saying nothing. They never asked him why he did it, nor where he went. He would come back and roll himself in his blanket again, and go to sleep. But in the morning before they broke camp he would tell what was going to happen that day. Sometimes it would be an unexpected deflection into a piece of country

with certain features of hill or wood or stream, and the reasons for it, and what would be come upon there. Sometimes there would be other travellers to meet, in surroundings he would picture out. These things always occurred, just as he said they would. He got the foregleams while he was in the dark, alone.

"Hunches," I said, when my friend had told me about him. "Do you never get them yourself?"

Half introspectively he looked at me a moment.

"If you were to put in much time up there, in those big places, so close to nature, you'd have hunches yourself,"

said he, and committed himself no farther.

Likely enough. I've known old prospectors who acquired a sense of things unseen, through lonely years in the mountains; and there are strange tales of second sight among the Warm Spring Indians and the Klamaths in the Columbia river country and British Columbia.

I told this tale to Dr. Carlos Montezuma, an Apache Indian, but a properly qualified physician having a successful practice in Chicago.

"All Indians know these things," said Doctor Montezuma. "Your spiritualists have nothing to teach us, but much to unlearn."

* * * *

In saying that, Doctor Montezuma sent a shaft home i' the clout. They really have much to unlearn, and very little to teach either to Indians or

whites. Their media profess the power of prophecy, but not one of them, so far as I have been able to discover, knows what that power is, how it is directed, nor whence derived. The single fact of value to me in that behalf is that in widely separated cases, prophecy has been actually delivered and events have borne it out.

Professor James, of Harvard, once said in speaking of a kindred subject, that to disprove the dictum that all crows are black, it would be necessary to produce only one white crow. Now, real prophecy is a white crow for rarity. It is neither flying about where all may see, nor hiding in sordid houses or mean streets, whence small coins may evoke it. But it exists. I have seen enough such white crows to make a flock. Moreover, I have found out where they come from and how they come, and these things I propose to tell.

"The True Flame," which completes this series of articles, will appear in September Canada Monthly. It cites high scientific authority, and undertakes to show the course and method of prophetic inspiration.

STEAL AWAY

BY CY WARMAN

LET'S steal a month, love, out of the years,
While the red mathers are crooning;
Let's steal a month, love, out of the years,
Leaving behind all our sorrows and tears,
Hie us away honeymooning.

Let's steal a day, love, out of the moons,
While the wild birdies are waiting,
Let's steal a day, love, out of the moons,
Hark to the weird, lonely call of the loons!
I am so weary of waiting.

Let's steal an hour, love, out of the days,
Hark to the summer winds sighing!
Let's steal an hour, love, out of the days,
Hiding away from the world and its ways,
Soon will the summer be dying.



Putting One Over on Abram

By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrated by Peter Newell



WHEN Aunt Rhinocolura Betts heard that Abram Wangle was sparking Clorilla Minch, she just held up her hands and let the egg-beater drop right into the bowl.

"Well, of all things!" she said. "Poor critter. You s'pose old man Minch has told him yet about Clorilla's feet?"

That was what all Betzville wondered. Not that Clorilla wasn't a pretty nice girl, who could keep house with anybody, and always had somebody to take her to the county fair and the Sunday School picnic; but when it came to keeping steady company with her, 'most all the boys shied on account of her feet.

Clorilla's mother used to say that if Pa Minch only had sense enough to keep his mouth shut, Clorilla'd been married long ago, and in a way that was true. Just as soon as Clorilla had some fellow all primed up to pop the question, Pa Minch would take him out behind the barn kind of quiet, and tell him all about the Doosenbury feet. Clorilla's mother was a Doosenbury, and Pa Minch said he'd suffered all his life with the Doosenbury feet and he wasn't going to let another human fellow-creature run up against those feet unwarned, not if Clorilla never hooked up at all.

"For forty year," Pa Minch used to say, "I've been up against those feet on Clorilla's ma. For forty year, young feller, there hasn't been a night I haven't had Maria's hoofs, ice-cold, on the small of my back; and if I hadn't been a natural-born martyr with a meek disposition, I'd never stood it a week. Now my back-bone is froze up and I can't bend in the middle no more'n as if I was made o' black walnut."

'Bout then, the young feller would begin to look anxious, and Pa Minch would bite another hunk off his plug of Battle Ax and go on with a sigh you could hear clear across the road.

"It ain't no use doin' nothing for my back, Doc. Weaver says," he'd explain. "I used, when we was first married, to thaw it out every morning behind the kitchen stove. But now Maria's taken all the bend out of it freezin' it up every night, and I might as well try to thaw out the North Pole by teachin' a polar bear to sleep with it. And Clorilla has her ma's feet, only colder.

"Of course," he would add, "if you feel for Clorilla, I know nothin' will make any difference to you—it was just that way with me an' Clorilla's ma. I wouldn't listen to any warnings, and the result is that my figger's been ruined. You wouldn't think to look at me now that I was choir-leader once.

But do as you like—only don't say I didn't warn ye."

Clorilla's feet were truly remarkable, being all that her pa said, and more. In the hottest August weather frost used to gather on the outside of her shoes, and when the butter wouldn't come, all Clorilla had to do was to stick her feet up against the outside of the churn for a few minutes to get it ice-cold, and the buttermilk would begin to swash right away. In cold weather they were ten times colder. She could have made money hiring out as a refrigerator, but Clorilla wasn't willing to work around, and anyway she was sort of flighty—just as likely as not to go buggy-riding if she took a notion and let all the milk sour before she got back.

But flighty or not, and with cold feet or warm ones, there were two fellows that couldn't be frightened away from her. One was Abram Wangle, and the other was Phillipus Gooze.

Abram told Pa Minch that he guessed he could stand a small thing like a pair of cold feet, so long as he had had fair notice, and he went to work immediately getting into training. Every night when he retired, he took a fifty-pound cake of ice and slept with his back to it, hoping thus to become accustomed gradually to the temperature Clorilla's feet would be. At first he used to lie awake all night and shudder. Then he got so he could sleep, but had awful dreams of being a North Pole explorer with his rations reduced to gumdrops and strips off sealskin boots; and one night when he dreamed he was the cooling-house of a brewery with frost on his arms and legs a foot thick, he woke all the neighbors with his screams. But after a month or two he got so used to the ice that he didn't feel it at all, and at the end of the third month he began complaining that the Betzville Ice Company's ice was poor ice. Pretty soon he began to send north for his ice, and every week he got it from farther and farther north so as to get a colder quality. About that time the small of his back became so used to cold ice on it that it suffered with the heat when it had no ice on it, and he had to go around all day with a chunk of ice strapped on him inside his

vest. It melted, and ran down into his shoes, and Abram Wangle going along Main Street sounded like a cow in a slushy lane.

There was no doubt that Abram was in earnest about Clorilla, but Aunt Rhinocolura Betts said she thought there were limits to unselfishness, when she nursed him through pneumonia. Aunt Rhinocolura is a strong-minded old woman, and although Abram cried pitifully for ice on his back, she put a hot-water bottle there, and kept it on for hours at a time, until by the time Abram was ready to get up, he was almost at a normal temperature.

Meantime Phillipus Gooze had gone at it in another way. On Clorilla's birthday he sent her a fireless cooker, with his best love. For awhile Clorilla didn't see the point, but when he explained to her that if she cooked her feet in the fireless cooker every day she might cook the cold out of them, she saw it differently. Phillipus is a great hand to talk, and he took her buggy-riding and brought her over to his opinion real delicately. So every day after that Clorilla would cook up a bran mash real hot, and put it in the cooker and set her feet in it. At first the mash had a habit of turning into a solid chunk of iced bran immediately upon its coming in contact with Clorilla's feet, and then Ma and Pa Minch had to work for an hour with the ice-pick and a teakettle of boiling water to get it off. But gradually her feet began to warm up. As the weeks went by, they got warmer and warmer, until Clorilla couldn't get the mash warm enough to feel comfortable. Even when it was boiling hot, Clorilla complained that it felt chilly to her feet, and they became so permanently warm that when she put on her shoes they scorched the leather. Phillipus sent her some special shoes made to order, lined with asbestos, and began to fix up his house. He had it painted a pretty light-green with yellow trimmings, and got so he wore a red tie every day, and acted real attentive to Clorilla's ma.

By that time the very thought of cold against her feet made Clorilla tremble with fear, and she told Abram Wangle that everything was over between them,



EVERY DAY AFTER PHILLIPUS SENT HER THE FIRELESS COOKER, CLORILLA WOULD COOK UP A BRAN MASH VERY HOT AND PUT HER FEET IN IT.

for she could never marry a man with an icy back. It was just about then that Abram got pneumonia; and when he got well, he started right in training his back to like heat. He never allowed a mite of ice in the house, and instead of an ice-pack he began wearing a small oil stove on the small of his back. In a few months he got so he could lie down right on a red-hot range and never notice it. And he and Clorilla went everywhere together—to prayer-meeting and the picnic and the circus, and once Abram took her to the Fair. Phillipus Gooze left off his red neck-tie, and acted meeching, but he didn't give Clorilla up. He went and bought her a new fireless cooker, bigger than the other one, and sent it to her thinking it would please her.

But Clorilla was flighty, and instead of appreciating Phillipus' thoughtfulness, she said it was an insult, and she never would speak to Phillipus again. So to show her hatred for Phillipus, she put the fireless cooker up in the garret and started icing her feet, instead. For hours and hours at a time she would rest them on a cake of ice, and they steadily kept getting colder and colder. As for poor Abram, he had to start in icing his back, too, and Aunt Rhinocolura Betts said she never did see the beat of that Minch girl for foolishness, and that if Abram didn't deserve a heavenly crown she never saw anybody who did.

Abram iced his back and iced it, and then he began to be frightened, for it wouldn't get cold. It melted a fifty-pound cake of ice in no time, almost,

and Abram's ice-bill was something fearful. So he went to see Doc. Weaver and Doc. told him plainly that the sudden change from hot to cold and back to hot again had taken the temper out of the small of his back, and had rendered it impervious to influences of temperature. It was like a fireless cooker now, and would remain so as long as it remained at all. So Abram spoke to Clorilla, and she did what was right and began to heat up her feet again. But when she tried it, she found that her feet were like the small of Abram's back and had lost their temper so that they never would become warm again. They were like a sealed cold storage vault, and would remain cold as long as they were feet.

So at present it looks as if Abram and Clorilla would be separated forever, for Clorilla can't bear even to imagine anything hot against her feet, and Abram has to wear an asbestos-backed vest to keep from scorching his clothes, and he reminds you of the kitchen on ironing day even then. Uncle Ashdod Clute says it is one of the most striking warnings against flirting he has ever seen, for if Clorilla hadn't tried to draw Phillipus Gooze on, she would have had a good husband with an ice-cold back for her to put her ice-cold feet against.

But Pa Minch scoffs at this. He says that from what he knows of the Doosenbury feet, no one with the family tendencies would ever marry a man she couldn't annoy with them. And Aunt Rhinocolura Betts says that for once in his life Pa Minch is right.

Pushing Ahead of Trails

HOW A COURAGEOUS WOMAN EXPLORED AND MAPPED HITHERTO UNKNOWN AREAS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES



CROSSING A RIVER LIKE THIS IS ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK TO MRS. SCHAFER AND HER PARTY

By Currie Love

Illustrated with photographs

THE Rocky Mountains of Canada are fast becoming the tourist paradise, the playground of the world, and people from all over the continent, Great Britain and the United States have come to join the Canadian Alpine Club, which is establishing new records in mountain climbing. The Swiss guides, who used to go home for the winter months, are building a village of chalets at Golden, British Columbia, and are preparing to bring their wives and families over from Switzerland to live in Canada all the year round. Every summer brings

ever-increasing thousands of tourists to view the most wonderful scenery on the American continent.

With Pullman cars to transport them there, luxurious hotels to stay in, and experienced guides at their service, everything is made so easy for the traveler of this generation that it is hard for him to realize the hardships and difficulties of the pioneers in mountain climbing, the discoverers of mountain peaks and lakes, who had to explore pathless trails with neither guide nor map.

Perhaps no one is qualified to speak

with more authority on the trials of these early days than Mrs. Mary T. S. Schaffer, the widow of Dr. Charles Schaffer, a famous botanist of Philadelphia. Dr. Schaffer originally went to the Rocky Mountains on account of the health of his girl bride, who was delicate and needed outdoor life. Becoming interested in the wonderful variety and beauty of the mountain flora, he began to sketch it for his own pleasure, but he discovered so many new plants that he determined to create a botany text book on the subject that any layman could understand, and for this purpose he and his wife spent every summer in the mountains. Death cut short his plans in 1903, and Mrs. Schaffer, with a woman companion, determined to take up and finish her husband's work.

This involved the most difficult sort of travel through the wilds of the Canadian Rockies, where no white woman had ever before penetrated. Mrs. Schaffer existed for two or three months at a time in a tent, transporting all her food, cooking utensils, bedding and clothes on pack horses, and living for days and weeks at a stretch in the saddle.

Her account of her many trips is interesting in the extreme:

"I was just a girl when we came here first in 1889," she says. "Banff had no hotel, just a number of tiny chalets. Tom Wilson, an outfitter and trapper, who had been helping in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, told us of Lake Louise, but it was not until 1893 that we summoned up energy to take the trip.

"Tom Wilson secured horses for a party of nine from Morley, seventy miles away. At Laggan we met our guides, twin Indians, whose names, I remember, were William and Joshua. They picked out the best 'squaw ponies' for the women to ride, and we made our way to what they called 'the lakes in the clouds,' since called 'Lake Agnes' and 'Lake Moraine.'

"We had to sleep in tents, with boards put on the ground for mattress and horse blankets for covering. I

remember at the end of the first day I crawled under the blankets in my clothes, and then nearly froze to death. Mrs. Allan, one of our party, whose son, Sam Allan, was the first explorer on Lake Louise, brought me a hot stove lid and stayed beside me to put me to sleep.

"We had in our party that year Walter Wilcox, who afterwards discovered Consolation Valley, Paradise Valley, Desolation Valley and Abbott's Pass.

"In 1898 we brought a private car with sixteen people to see a lake we'd heard about that was 'all green,' and Tom Wilson provided horses and five guides to take us to Emerald Lake, where we camped. We were the first tourists to see the Yoho Valley, which then was not named, but was afterwards christened by Sir William Van Horne.

"In 1903 a prospector called Deutschman was chasing a grizzly bear over a precipice when he discovered Cougar Valley, and what was afterwards called Deutschman's Cave. Never shall I forget my first view of that cave. Deutschman asked me if I should like to see it, and of course I said I should. So he and his Swiss guide got a slip knot and, tying it around my waist, they paid out the rope at short intervals while they lowered me down the face of a cliff until I came to a three-cornered hole, through which I wriggled my way into absolute blackness. Deutschman was beside me and we dropped gently into another pot hole and so through four more until we stopped finally on what I thought was a ledge. I heard Deutschman say, 'Be careful not to hit me. Lean back against the rock as firmly as you can.'

"I did so, and felt a tiny ice-cold stream trickle down my neck from the rock behind. He flashed his pocket lamp, and there we were on a tiny ledge from which Deutschman's feet protruded over a sheer abyss of eighty feet with a river thundering below. I was standing on his feet, and he had his thumb in my belt, with absolutely no support for himself, not even a rope.

"I turned giddy and said rather faintly, 'Let's get out. This is rather getting on my nerves.'

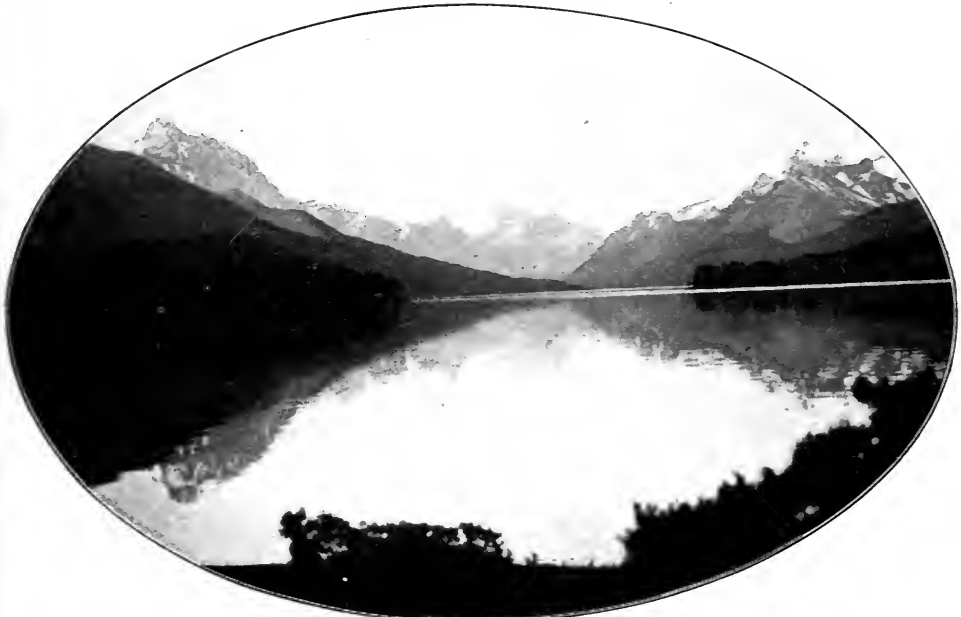
"'Right-o,' said Deutschman, and tugged on the rope for the guide to drag me out. He climbed out with absolutely no assistance, and I can assure you I was glad when he emerged alive.

"In 1907 I took a four months' trip through the Fortress Lake district. There one night we had a rather thrilling experience. We had come to Baker's Passes, perhaps the most difficult in the mountains, and we had spent

gully about 1,000 feet below, and getting down there he saw the mark of a horse's hoof. In ten minutes we had slid down the slope, had a fire built and supper ready.

"Mr. Unwin, the second in command, and I tried the trail leading from the gully and found ourselves on Mount Habbel, just seventy miles from home; so next day we started on our homeward trek, and following the sun and the rivers, arrived quite safely.

"It was in 1907 that James Simpson spoke to us about a lake twenty miles



THE LAKE AT LAST!

six hours in climbing one hill. At sixty-three at night we were 8,000 feet above sea level. The sun was going down and we had no place in view for a camp, nor had we any sign of food for the horses, who had not eaten all day. The poor beasts could scarcely move, and they were digging their feet into the mud to keep from sliding. It was fearfully cold and the outlook was pretty hopeless.

"Mr. Warren, who has conducted all my expeditions for several years, is not easily daunted, however, and he wandered off by himself to see if he could not find a way out of the difficulty. He saw a slough down in a

long which the Indians had told him lay back of Brazeau Lake, and it was Sampson Beaver, a Stony Indian whom we questioned about the lake, who confirmed his tale. Indians have little desire to give the secrets of their hunting-grounds to the white men, but after two years' acquaintance with us, Sampson evidently decided two white women were to be trusted, for, after a few tactful questions, he quickly sketched a crude map of the desired section, and gave us sundry advice on the subject in still more crude English.

"It was not until June, 1908, however, that we again ventured into the wilderness, armed with the little map



WE PITCHED OUR TENTS AT THE EDGE OF A FINE
FOREST OF SPRUCE

and carrying with us three guides, a botanist, and twenty-two horses. June was an early start, and we found much of our trail heavily clad in the winter's snow. Horse feed was very scarce, and the going was heavy for the saddle ponies.

"On July third we came to an apology for feed in an high valley. When camp had been set, three started out in different directions to see if any point of vantage would show the mysterious lake. All returned with the dismal intelligence that the valley was a blind and no lake to be seen from the highest point reached. We felt slightly discouraged.

"I wrote in my diary next day: 'July 4th.—Last night depression reached its lowest ebb. No lake, and little food for the horses. Thermometer at 30 and such a wind blowing that the tent, air-beds and occupants threatened to depart into the valley below. Nothing but pegging, reinforced by rocks, prevented such a catastrophe. Woke at six-thirty to the call of "hot water," and finally mustered courage to creep from beneath the warm blankets. The glorious fourth! I can hear the patriotic

youngsters at home. I can imagine the hot sun. And here are we with the aneroid registering 7,250 feet, with great fleecy clouds rolling and rushing across the sky from the valley of the Su Wapta and reaching our eyrie, whipping and lashing us with their millions of flakes.'

"On that day's travel we struck the division of the trail. We took the one turning sharply into the right, to a notch of hills, a trail I believe no white foot ever trod before. At the end of a day's hard, fatiguing travel, we came to a musical stream and named valley and creek 'Independence,' out of compliment to the day.

"The next day we discovered a trail leading off to a pass at the left of Independence Valley, and we took it. The pass was 7,300 feet high, and the snows very heavy, so that the horses stumbled and plunged through it very slowly. Then suddenly there burst upon us such a valley as I never saw before even in this country of valleys. From our very feet it stretched before us in limitless miles of green, green, green. As far as the eye could see there was no scar from fire. Out of the snow we waded down through fields of trollius, caltha and pulsatilla, and finally where the first carpet of grass had recently sprung.

"On July 7th we pitched our tents at the edge of a fine forest of spruce, and at lunch our Alpine climber announced he meant to take the field glasses and climb until he was sure whether that lake was within a radius of fifty miles or not. He stumbled into camp that night at ten-thirty, having walked twenty miles over the worst possible ground.

"He had eventually reached a point where the aneroid registered 8,750 feet, when the lake suddenly burst into view from a long valley at his feet, and he knew his hard work was rewarded.

"Crossing the somewhat formidable river flowing through the green valley, a perfect Paradise was found for the horses, and busy hands turned to constructing a raft to explore the lake. On the evening of the ninth, we were informed that H. M. S. Chaba would

sail at eight next morning for the upper end of the lake, provisioned for a three days' absence. To our complete astonishment, the lake was so long that the whole three days were absorbed for rafting, not one left for climbing, as we had hoped.

"It was a wonderful panorama. Sampson had sketched 'narrows' in the upper end of the lake, and we found those narrows just where he had drawn them, and above them a towering rocky peak we named for him. To our left loomed the 'Thumb,' and just beyond frowned down upon the strange invaders a double mass of rock, which we called Mount Warren. Among the lower rocks directly south of the lake rose a snowy pyramid, which might be Mount Brazeau, and to the east an unusually superb mountain of conical form which, if not Brazeau, we would call 'Maligne.'

"At the upper end glaciers swept their long tongues to the lake shore,

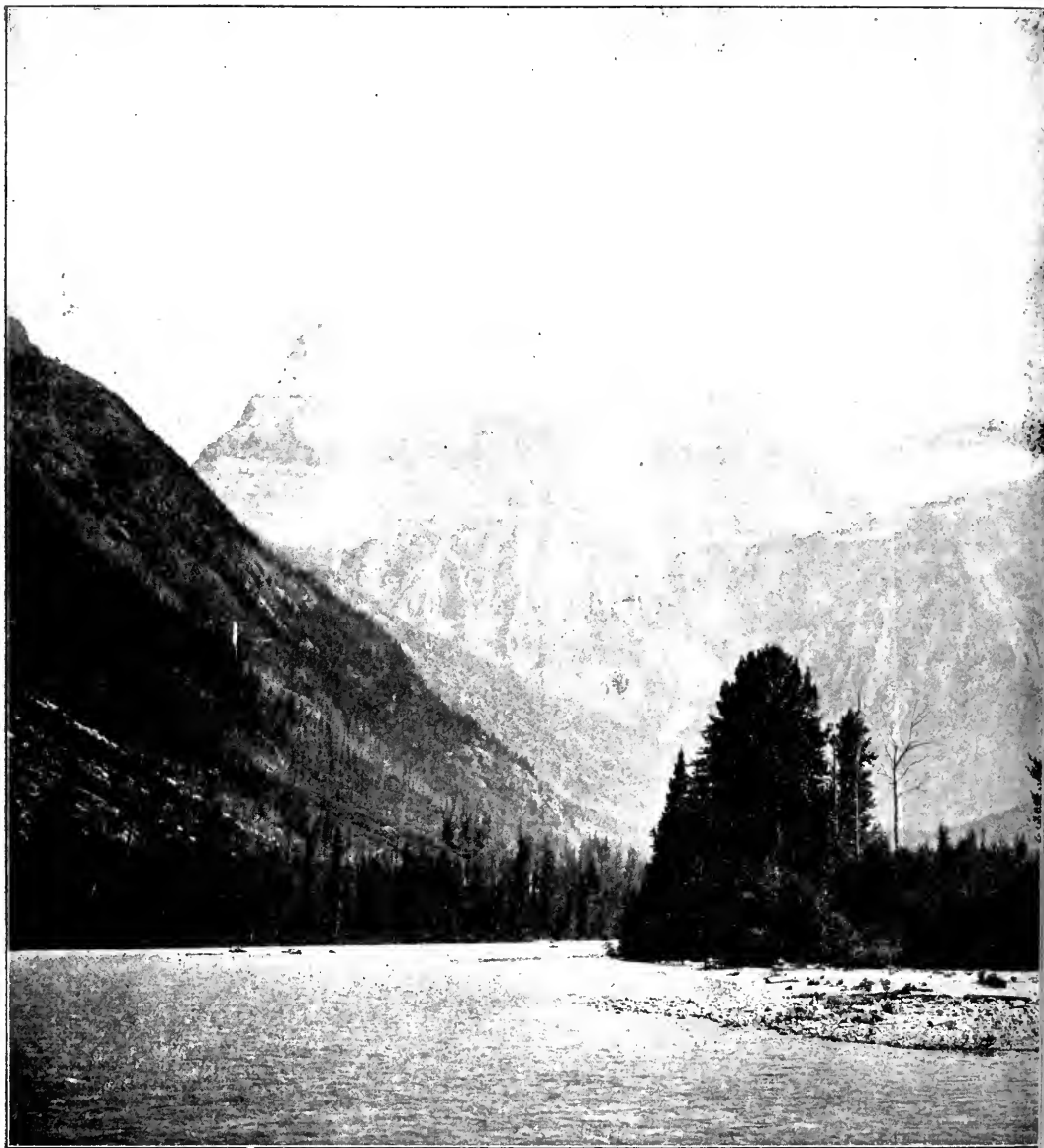


WE HEARD ABOUT A LAKE THAT WAS "ALL GREEN" AND WITH
TOM WILSON AND FIVE GUIDES SET OUT FOR
WHAT IS NOW EMERALD LAKE

streams of water from hidden snowfields reached the brink and tossed themselves hundreds of feet over vertical cliffs. Little deep green coves bade us slip among them and rest, but ne-

cessity called, and reluctantly and laboriously we paddled back to our horses and pork and beans.

"Camping for a few days at the lower end of the lake, where, by the way, is an inexhaustible camp ground, we



MOUNT ROBSON, THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE CANADIAN

calculated the sheet of water to be at least twenty miles long, found that a river which came from it fell by steep and dangerous rapids for a length of twelve miles to Medicine Lake, and from there as Maligne River, on the maps, flowed into the Athabasca about eleven miles away.

"And that was the very first view any 'paleface' ever had of the lake we called 'Maligne'.

"Game trails were numerous, the ripped logs bespeaking Bruin's presence, and the river sands marked by tracks of deer, sheep, goats, lynx and the smaller animals. The flora changed perceptibly and the large, luxurious strawberries made a delicious daily feast.

"On July 24th, with sunlight and cloud shadows chasing each other across the rippled surface of the lake,



ROCKIES, 13,700 FEET

creeping up the green mountain slopes and dying away behind the peaks, we said farewell to one of the most beautiful scenes that even we, who have traveled so many of these valleys, have ever seen, and began our toilsome journey back to civilization again.

"But instead of going back to railways and bath-tubs direct, we decided that we would take a look at the Mount

Robson country, and on July 29th we waved good-bye to companions of our seven weeks of pleasure and hardships, of sunshine and rain, and headed in another direction for a glimpse of the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, and a meal at Tete Jaune Cache.

"Tete Jaune Cache, by the way, is sentinelled by 'Swift's,' and Swift is something of a character. Yankee-born—from Ohio—he has married a squaw and is the father of four dusky children. On his land he has the water-power for a mill and hopes that this part of his property will be selected for a townsite some day. Thus he looks forward to riches, and in the meantime hitches up a broken 'gallus' with a nail.

"Swift is more than a stray settler. He is a fore-runner of the future, a type of the man who moves forward before the railway, a true pioneer of a country that has lain waiting for Ali Baba to say 'Open Sesame,' these many thousand years. To-morrow there will be orchard and wheatfield spread where the wild deer feed now, but it will not be half the fun for the mountain-climber. We turned up the valley with rather sober expressions, and set our faces again to the wilds."

"Woman's only world is love; man's only love is the world," says a cynical French proverb, but Mrs. Schaffer calmly disproves it. These extracts from her diary are typical, and picture as no mere author's description could do the life that she elects to lead for months out of every year. It is a life that would have little appeal to the average woman whose time is divided between her dressmaker's, her clubs and the management of her maids, but to Mrs. Schaffer it is a life she loves. Her work of exploration and mapping is extensive, her knowledge of the Canadian Rockies as wide as that of most men, and her courage has never been questioned—the episode of Deutschman's Cave, which she narrates so calmly, is only one of her many adventures in the roughest and most dangerous parts of the Canadian Rockies.



Cultus Jim: A Tale of the Cariboo Road



By E. Albert Orchard

Illustrated by V. A. Barnes

WE had been discussing Cultus Jim, the worst "bad Injun" on the whole Cariboo road, and my companion had seen fit to correct my interpretation of the adjective "cultus."

"'Tain't no Latin, as you call it, 'tis straight Chinook, and it don't mean refined at all, leastways, not with Injuns. It just means 'no good,' and worse, 'cause there's no word for it in English that's bad enough. I tell y' what, edjacashun's all right fer a feller what's got to work in a ofus, but 'tain't much good out here when you've got ta do the razzle-dazzle with a pick an' shovel an' so on." A comprehensive sweep of the arm rounded off the sage remark, and my garrulous old friend, Sam Jones—one-time miner in a South Wales colliery—settled his eyes wistfully on a piece of quartz, emblem of his present calling in the west, and mechanically refreshed himself with a nibble at his "blackstrap."

"Talkin' o' Jim 'minds me," he went on, "of a feller we used to call Big Jack. Jack Kenway his right name was. Mebbe you've heard o' him, years afore yore time though. He was a well-edjacated man in his day, but it didn't do him much good. We crossed the Plains together 'long in the fifties; wuz in 'Frisco in '51 when things were goin' lively. Make money? Na-ah!" he drawled derisively.

"Blowed it faster'n we cud make it. But we had some pretty good times, though, an' no one need to go broke fer a dollar if pore ol' Jack had it. Anyway, to cut a long story short, he an' me an' a few others come up to Cariboo in '61. We worked on William's Creek for quite a while, but never seemed to strike it good, so Jack took to teamin'. When he started in at it he didn't know no more about a mewl-team than a two-year old, but he teamed awhile up an' down the road with Mexican Pete till Pete got put out of business by the Injuns at Kanaka Bar. Then Jack took over the whole outfit on his own, and say, talk o' skinnin' mewls! Why, he got at last so he on'y had to whisper an' they'd fairly jump out'n their hides. A-a-nd drive! I believe he cud tie 'em in a knot an' untangle 'em again with his bull-whip. But swearin' was Jack's long suit. He cud talk to his 'babies' as he called 'em in Mexican an' half a dozen other langwidges in a way 'ud make yer hair rise. That wuz one time I seen edjacashun come useful to a man." At this point he shifted his quid to the other cheek.

"If ever Big Jack got into a scrap," he went on, "an' that warn't often, he allus did his man up. Why, he had a fist like a ham; stood jest six feet four in his moccasins, with a head an' shoulders like a bull. Pore ol' Jack!

D'you know," he continued reflectively, "I allus had a kind o' sneakin' idee that the same Cultus Jim we was a-talkin' of knowed more about what come o' Jack than he ever let on. But, Lord, what cud we do? Jack goes up with a load to Barkerville, comes back safe again so far as this and disappears. Clean gone! We hunted everywhere at the time, but no, sir, it wuz good-bye, Jack. Strange, too, very strange; no whisky spree, no hold-up, no nothin'. All we found wuz his mewl-team, tangled up in the gulch jest up the road a piece."

In the spring following our conversation, that is to say, in '92, Sam was blown over the "Great Divide" by a premature blast, and perhaps it was as well for Cultus Jim that it so happened, for this is what Jim told me a year later as we sat on the steps of the store one morning after I had swept out in readiness for the desultory business of the day. This was, of course, many years after the Big Jack episode.

The store business had been gradually dwindling ever since the days of the railway construction, when hundred of dollars used to go over the busy counters daily, and the boss, "Honest Old John"—than whom was none better—was getting very shaky. Torn betwixt an affection of the foot, which kept our stock of patent medicines in a constant state of depletion, and a spiritual conviction imbibed from the outriders of the Salvation Army, which affected his cash account in a similar manner, his latter days weré, I fear, a hard struggle. Yet one lasting memento at least remains of him, in the shape of a beautiful orchard and ranch extending from the store to the base of the mountain and almost a mile up the road.

On the particular morning I have mentioned, Cultus Jim had walked up from the Rancherie, or Indian settlement, situated a mile down the river, and accosted me with his usual "Huh-hh!" "Klahowyah" was too long and friendly a form of greeting for Jim, even though addressing the "Store Man," who was always his "Skookum Tillicum." Then he squatted down beside me and, inveterate old

cadger that he was, promptly asked me "Bacca stop?"

Yes, tobacco I had, so I handed him my plug. He drew his hunting knife and, cutting off a liberal supply, mixed it with some dried "kannicanic" from a large buckskin pouch hanging shoulderwise; then, drawing forth a long pipe with stone bowl, proceeded to light up.

Being an ardent fisherman, I judged from the now less unamiable expression on his face that I might venture a question.

Some three miles up the river a high rock stood at the water's edge, and I casually mentioned it as a likely spot, perhaps, to get one of the large trout that are so often met with in these waters. The whole weight of the river here throws itself against the rock, or did then, only to be deflected in an angry turmoil back into midstream again, leaving on the inside a grand eddy, black, deep and dangerous. God help



CULTUS JIM ACCOSTED ME WITH HIS USUAL "HUH-HH!"
"KLAHOWYAH!" BEING TOO LONG A GREETING

the man who should ever slip off that rocky ledge!

I uttered this thought aloud to Jim for I knew that his mind would appreciate such a gruesome idea. For a moment he shot a keen side-glance at me. He seemed to hesitate before replying, as if in doubt about something—and I remember this struck me at the time as curious. But my wonderment soon changed to an inward feeling of horror, for his features assumed the most diabolical expression I have ever seen on any man. His mouth, always large, drew out into a slit, showing two rows of teeth level as the edge of a knife-blade. Head thrown back, eyes two black beads, gaunt frame rigid—his whole attitude as he replied, was such as only a Doré could paint. I never heard Cultus Jim laugh but once. It was then. "Nawitka" (yes), said he, "wixsia mam'loose, d'lait wixsia" (soon die, very soon). The irony of his rejoinder is intensified when it is understood that the word "mam'loose"—to die—comprehends without inflection every person and tense of the verb, so that, whereas I had used it quite in a general sense, his cruel nature must have led him to put some sinister construction upon it, otherwise, I thought, why should he laugh? I hastened to change the subject.

There had recently been held a "potlatch," or "gift-gathering" of the Indians, and this carried my mind back to old Indian customs, for I knew that they held some special ceremonial dance or other to commemorate almost every happening, from the cradle to the grave. One special ceremony, held, as nearly as I could gather, at the full moon twice every year, was the "Dance of the Virgins." At this "dance" the eligible young Indian bachelor who should touch the foot or the breast of a girl as she went around was deemed to have so made an irrevocable offer of marriage. Needless to say, this gave rise often to bitter jealousies.

I asked Jim if he had ever proposed in this manner, and he said that once he had done so but had been unsuccessful in his suit. Did a white man ever

so propose? I asked—for I had heard of one such instance, and coupled with it was the name of Big Jack. At all events, there could be no harm in asking.

"Yes," said he, and as there was no one now to hold the terror of the law before his eyes, his recital gradually assumed a tone of reckless defiance. "A white man, named Big Jack, did this thing many suns ago, when we were holding a dance of virgins to commemorate an ancient custom, long since gone. It was in the first days, and he and some others came up the river with teams. I knew him, for I saw him once before talking to our people. He was tall and with a black, hairy face and large arms, a very strong man. He came to the camp at the mouth of the N'kam-Chee one evening. The dance was over and the fires had burnt down low, but I saw him talking to a woman. He spoke in the Chinook language and she was listening and smiling. Just then the fire crackled, and in the light of the sparks I saw them. It was N'swah-ko, she who could make the best moccasins and knew everything about all the roots and the berries and the birds and all manner of mountain knowledge, little N'swah-ko, whose feet were light as a deer's foot and whose face was as the sparkling river. She it was whom he had touched, saying strong words, laughing, and with many whispers.

"Then I knew she had seen him before, when he made a journey with freight, and I said to myself, 'She is no longer free as the deer, for the thin twine noose is drawn tightly on her foot, and the end is come.' So I went to my lodge saying to myself, 'The end is come.'

"The next day, and for two full moons, none of us saw N'swah-ko. She had gone. Her supply of winter moccasins was also gone, and her light footstep was hushed in the camp. The birds ceased to come around because N'swah-ko was not there to call them. Her people mourned for her as dead, and they said, 'She has been drowned whilst crossing in her canoe, or is stolen by the bad spirits.' So they held a funeral dance. And I said

to myself, 'By and by I will find her; then, if I bring her back, perhaps her people will give her to me.' But in this my heart lied, for I knew her proud spirit. So I went out silently, for I would not say what I had seen that night, nor would I say how my Snaam had awakened me before day-break in time to climb the mountain and see a white man driving away up the road and lashing his team into a run.

"Returning to camp I got my musket and made pretence to go hunting, for I wanted to be alone. I hunted for food, but it was not my stomach that was hungry. Three times every day I bathed and purified, and after much purifying and fasting I became gifted with strong magic. One night I lay under a large pine tree and dreamed. My Snaam appeared to me and said 'You will see N'swah-ko again. I will send my brother, the Chipmunk, to you beside the river one clear moon hence and as he runs you must follow. He will hide in the rocks; wait where he disappears. You shall see N'swah-ko again, but you will not speak to her.' I replied that I would speak to her, as I was seeking her to take her home. 'Nay, you will not speak,' he said.

"And it all happened so. One clear moon after this I was descending the mountain opposite the N'kam-Cheen.



'WHEN THE DANCE WAS OVER AND THE FIRES HAD BURNT LOW, I SAW HIM TALKING TO A WOMAN'

The sun was climbing over the trees and kissing the river as it danced along far below me. My heart also danced, for I knew that I should see N'swah-ko and perhaps speak to her. Yet, I was sad also, for the spirits of the waters were angry and were singing a new song

It echoed in my ears, "Taah! ta-ah!" (No! no!) Two bow-shots away my canoe lay hidden in the willows, and I could see the smoke of the camp in the distance, and I felt angry with the river for mocking me, angry with myself and everyone. Suppose my Snaam had lied? And as I descended the mountain I cursed all white men, who know of nothing but gold, who lie and steal, even from each other, and who bring strong drink with them to kill us because their customs do not allow them to shoot us with muskets. And so at length I reached the bank of the river and the steep rock you spoke of just now, with the swift water outside and the deep, silent water behind, where the large fish are. Whilst I waited, I washed myself and braided my hair—for it was much longer in those days—and then I climbed up to where I had left my musket, for my Snaam had certainly lied to me and I would wait no longer.

"Suddenly 'Tlip-tlip' (the Chipmunk) sprang up from beside me and ran down the rocks, crying 'tlip-tlip' for me to follow. So I dropped my musket and followed him down the steep rocky bank to the deep water, where he disappeared amongst the rocks. My heart jumped 'tump, tump, tump,' like a deer running on soft ground; for now I knew my Snaam had spoken truly. I sat down.

"Many long breaths I waited until at last, hearing a noise as of a woman weeping, I looked up.

"On the very top of the high rock, and in the full light of the sun, stood N'swah-ko. She had no moccasins on her feet, which were bloody, her soft deerskin dress was torn, her headband was loose, and her hair was unbraided and blew about wildly. She looked not at me, although she must have seen me, but gazed up the long

road, holding out both arms as if in entreaty.

"I tried to call her name, but between rage at seeing her there, deserted and despoiled, and fear lest she might lose her balance, I was silent. Three times I tried to call, but my mouth was dried up and my throat became as a root-oven before the baking. I was cold and yet burning. My open hands became as wet as my brow with horror and fright. Then I decided to climb up and approach her, but my legs trembled like the legs of the young deer which is left in the bushes by the stream whilst its mother feeds in the heat of the day, and I sank down.

"I prayed to my Snaam to ask the Great Cuhk-pe to help me, and as I did so the Chipmunk ran away from under my feet, laughing 'tlip-tlip!' When I looked up again, N'swah-ko had thrown off everything but her short kirtle and her headband. Facing the bright sun she threw up her arms, and for one breath stood thus. Then, singing her death-song, she turned quickly and sprang far out into the stream.

"Thus was our little Mountain-Goat—our young Deer—killed by the white man—the big man with the black, hairy face—whom they call Big Jack. I caught her headband as it washed in at my feet and went for my musket. . . . Late that night I crossed the river in my canoe and went home."

As Jim concluded his narrative I began to see light, and deliberately asked him if he knew what happened to Big Jack.

In a subdued voice, strangely contrasting with his previous emotion, he replied nonchalantly, "Nawitka, wixsia mam'loose, d'lait wixsia." Then I knew why Cultus Jim had laughed. He had used the verb in the past tense.

The SCARLET STRAND



BY EDWARD B. WATERWORTH
ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

SYNOPSIS

The report comes in to the Montreal papers that several mysterious murders have occurred in the North Shore woods, and the Indians believe some evil spirit in the shape of a wolf is responsible for them. At first little attention is paid to the "scare," but when a hard-headed millionaire leaves his summer cottage and says his wife has been nearly frightened out of her reason by the sight of a mysterious Thing That Limpers prowling about the house, the newspapers send representatives to cover the story. Four men and one woman reporter meet on the ground, and under chaperonage of the millionaire's housekeeper take possession of his luxurious cottage, prepared to enjoy a "soft assignment." They learn that all the Indians are leaving the country, and that, as one farmer puts it, "they's some-thin' we don't know about up here," but are inclined to think the panic unfounded. They cover the country, but with the exception of a Chinaman who says he is raising mushrooms in underground cellars, and whose hands are singularly well kept for a farmer's, find nothing unusual, until evening, when Morton, the deputy sheriff, gallops in, abject with terror of the werewolf, which he has met on a lonely road. The next evening when they are photographing Nora on the lawn she suddenly screams out that the werewolf is near her, but no trace of it can be found. In the shock of danger Brady realizes that he loves her and tells her so. Emmett meantime goes to develop the plate, but tears up the first proof.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"What did you do that for?" asked the astonished deputy.

"It's a bad impression," said Emmett in a voice which shook a little. "It's that cigar of yours, Ham. Would you mind stepping outside with it for a moment? I'm afraid even that faint spark affected it."

"Sure," said the deputy heartily, and in another moment Emmett could hear him laughing and talking with Brady, who had strolled to the porch.

"Thompson," called the photographer in a low voice, "come here."

Thompson entered the room and closed the door.

"Why, what's the matter?" he said. "You're as white as a sheet."

"I've reason to be," said Emmett quietly, as with trembling hands he

prepared to make another impression. "I've something to show you."

It was with nervous fingers that Thompson took the dripping sheet which his photographer finally handed to him. It was a beautifully clear flashlight from the photographic standpoint, showing the white outlines of the arbor and the dark skirts of the girl blowing in the stiff breeze, one hand upraised to keep her hair from flying into her eyes. But as Thompson looked at it he swore loudly.

For the figure of the girl was tense and strained, and in her countenance was an expression of wondering fear and vague alarm that showed as clearly as though touched by the brush of an artist—and, creeping stealthily around the corner of the arbor behind her was a figure so sinister that both men

shook with a momentary chill as they gazed at it. The figure was that of a Thing—it could hardly be said to resemble anything human, yet it walked erect on two legs, or rather was bent forward almost into the shape of a bow. Swathed in a long dark cloak and with a hat like that of a provincial French priest pulled so low over the head that the features could not be distinguished, it was yet of a skeleton-like thinness that could hardly be human—as could clearly be seen with the wind-whipped garments about it. The feet were in shadow, but the outline of a bony leg could be seen and it was curved up forward as the Thing crept toward the girl, in the fashion of a dog made to walk upon two legs. One arm was outstretched toward the girl, and the quivering intensity of that murderous approach could be seen in every outline of the figure. It actually seemed to breathe on the plate. But as Thompson looked at what projected from the cloak where the hand should have been, he felt a chill of fear that almost amounted to nausea—for it looked like a paw, with the talons hooked, as if to strike, clearly visible.

"And it was going after her!" he muttered in horror-struck tones.

"Yes," said Emmett, in a voice that was a prayer of thanksgiving, "my flash came just in time. It scared it away."

Thompson, still holding the picture, glanced for a moment into Emmett's pale face. Each knew what the other was thinking of.

"It's the greatest scoop that was ever made," he whispered. "It brings us into the unknown and shows us how little we really have in our boasted knowledge of the loup-garou! It's our duty to send this to the paper."

"Yes," said Emmett dully, "it's our duty."

They looked at each other in silence for a moment, then Thompson spoke again.

"I've violated my newspaper principles once on this trip," he said. "I'm going to do it again. We've seen what a nervous wreck can be, Emmett. Think of that big strong countryman we had last night. Think of what it

will mean to let this girl know what actually occurred behind her—how near she came to death in a horrible form. It might drive her insane."

Emmett nodded.

"It's our duty to send this to the paper," he repeated as he threw the wet plate on the floor and ground it to pieces with his heel, while Thompson tore the photograph to shreds. "That for the paper!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"WHAT'S that?" cried Thompson, starting violently—a start which was imitated by Emmett, whose nerves were clearly unstrung. Then Thompson's face cleared, and he gave a sigh of relief.

"An auto," he said. "It's Swanson back again, I'll bet."

And as Emmett extinguished his light Thompson rushed into the front room to find the car purring peacefully before the door and Swanson getting ready to alight, the two huge lamps in front throwing out beams which seemed to defy any denizen of the wilderness to come out and show itself. In one instant the presence of the huge machine seemed to bring them back in touch with civilization, and for a moment, as Swanson alighted and greeted them all cordially, Thompson almost forgot the terror through which they had been passing. Even Nora, although by turns shy and nervous, came down from her room and cheered up immediately when she found the new arrival and saw the car before the door. It seemed to connect her again with the world she had left behind. When Swanson had turned the car about, headed toward the drive, and shut off the motor, he joined the party about the hearth, where Brady had stirred up the fire. With the circle once more complete, with the kindly face of Swanson beaming among them and with plenty of arms lying about, Thompson could only think of the presence he had just seen portrayed, as a horrid nightmare, obtruding itself now and then, but sometimes dropping from his mind for a moment. Still, a brooding anxiety possessed him that Nora should go to her room and retire,

when the men of the party could talk the episode over. He made a careful round of the house, seeing that all the doors and windows were closed, shaking his head over the fact that some windows in the kitchen and dining room were unshuttered. Anything attempting entrance through one of those windows could find it readily enough. All through the time that the women were still downstairs, he prowled about the house, sometimes making a circuit of the grounds outside and scowling warningly at Swanson when the latter commenced to joke him about his restlessness. After what seemed an interminable interval, Nora went upstairs again, and Mrs. Lawson followed her.

Thompson called Emmett aside. "Shall we tell Bennett?" he asked.

"He showed he was good stuff out there on the lawn," he said. "Yes, I'd tell him."

So while the four others sat grouped about the fire, the blaze from the logs lighting up their faces with a ruddy glow as they puffed on cigarette or cigar, Thompson told his story. And as he talked he saw the faces of the three who did not know grow graver and graver, and there was an angry oath from all when he told how the Thing in the picture had evidently been planning a murderous attack. Beyond an exclamation or two from the deputy, there was no interruption. And when he finished there was silence. But every man, as he concluded, moved by a common impulse, reached for his weapons and looked to see that they were loaded.

It was Brady who first broke the silence. "It's got to be another night of watch," he said, "but we can't all sit together like you did last night. There's no telling what uncanny power this thing may have. As we've found that it really exists, we might as well believe a few more of the old tales of its power to pass locked doors and so on. We've got to post ourselves in rooms at all parts of the house to-night and keep an eye on the outside. I never was so glad to see the moon before."

Brady had accepted the situation

with the imperturbability of the newspaper man, unaccustomed to show surprise at any contingency. But with the deputy it was different. That he was alarmed and astounded it was easy to see. But it was also evident that he was a man in whom the narrative stirred anger more than fear. After spluttering exclamations of wild astonishment, he settled down into an attitude of angry vindictiveness that such a thing should be.

"And he was crawlin' up on Miss Nora?" he demanded. "Wait till I get within range of him! I'll see how far a bullet will go through!"

Thompson and Brady nodded approvingly. It was Emmett who spoke next, and in a quiet voice.

"If we're to believe all things said about this Thing," he remarked, "you must remember that folk-lore has it that the were-wolf is impervious to bullets—that is, the ordinary kind. It can only be killed by a silver bullet, dipped in holy water and blessed by the priest."

An exclamation from Swanson drew all attention to him, and the others stared in astonishment. For he was shivering and shaking just as Morton had done the night before. His blue eyes, only recently beaming with kindly friendliness, were now staring and frightened as those of a child. In the red glow of the fire it could be seen that his brow was covered with sweat and that his lips quivered convulsively as he tried to speak. He had sunk limply down into his chair like an unconscious man, one trembling hand hanging over the arm of his chair.

"Why, Eric, what's the matter?" cried Thompson in astonished alarm. Swanson made no reply. His eyes stared unseeingly into the fire, wild with horror.

"Eric! Eric! Sit up!" commanded Brady, shaking him by the shoulder. "Sit up! What's the matter? It's a fit of some kind," he cried, turning to the others.

The deputy had rushed forward to help him lift Swanson to a sofa. But as the big countryman bent down to take his legs, so they might bear him to a couch, Swanson wearily straight-

ened himself and waved them away with a trembling hand.

"So it's true!" he cried in a voice that was a piteous wail. "It's come! It shows how little good it is to live, anyway! Years ago, across the water, they used to frighten me with this Thing. And I would have gone mad with terror if lost in the woods, and at night I used to keep my head buried under the clothes when it was dark and shiver myself to sleep! And when I came to this country I laughed at the tales the old folks told and wondered how anyone could believe them! And now it's true!"

Brady stared at him in astonishment. Could this be Swanson, on whose strength, on whose kindly disposition they had learned to rely so much?

"Eric!" he cried, "don't let it affect you that way. Just think, man, how we need you. We may have a fight on our hands."

The deputy, although palpably frightened, swore loudly and spat with disgust into the fire.

"Maybe it does shake you a bit," he exclaimed contemptuously, "but the best way to get out of that is to fight! Get up and see who comes out on top if there's a clash." And from the vindictive way in which he made the last remark, the others realized that he would hold his own in case of a pinch. For nearly a minute no one spoke. All stood gazing at Swanson with a surprise and bewilderment which almost wiped out thoughts of the werewolf itself. That their mainstay, the one on whom they all depended, should thus betray them at a crisis caused a feeling that was more pain and indignation than fear of what might be the consequences. Thompson came forward with a glass of brandy.

"Here, drink this!" he commanded roughly, holding the glass to Swanson's mouth. And like a sick child the big man gulped it down, spilling it over his vest and coat as he did so. He paid no attention to the look of reproach and scorn in their faces, or to their significant silence as they stood accusingly about him, but continued his lament.

"Fighting? You said fight? Who can fight the unknown? What can our bullets do against this Thing from the under world? No! We're in its power! We might just as well lie down and let it wreak its will. The only thing to kill it with is the consecrated bullet of silver!"

"And I thought you was a man!" cried the deputy in bitter contempt. Bennett's anger had so thoroughly stirred him by this time that he reached over and grasped the shotgun.

"I'll just take a turn around here," he said, "and if anything is sneakin' about——"

He went out, slamming the door behind him, and started on his circuit of the house. The newspaper men looked at each other in the same silence and glanced away. Each felt almost as ashamed as if he had been caught in some dishonorable act. Brady walked quietly back to the kitchen and brought some more brandy. In their shame and mortification at thus witnessing the moral downfall of a comrade, they could only sit silent by, gazing into the fire and carefully avoiding looking at Swanson, Emmett slowly smoking a cigarette and never changing his attitude as he bent forward, elbows on knees and his chin in his hand. It was fully ten minutes before Swanson spoke. He had finished the brandy which Brady had silently placed on the table beside him, and he straightened up a trifle and wiped his face.

"Boys," he said in a shaking voice that was almost a whisper. "I know what you think of me! I'm not a man until I've done something to redeem myself! But you can't understand—you can't understand——" here his voice rose to a wail again—"how those things are bred into our very bones at home! How the old folks believed them as if they were the gospel! And if you knew the horror of them all—of the things that they told and believed—you can understand how I feel when I find it's true! I've no apology to make. I know what I am—a weak coward, ready to sit down with two women upstairs! But I'll try to redeem myself. Give me a gun! Let me go out and watch

the front of the house, anyway—and I'll die fighting!"

The hopeless tone of his voice made his companions glance at each other with real concern. It was clear that he thought the matter was already over—that so far as he was concerned it was a forlorn hope.

"Let him go," whispered Emmett, "but tell him to pace only up and down the porch. The air may do him good. But if his head is touched, we want to keep him in sight."

Thompson quietly obeyed and Swanson stumbled over the threshold, fumbling with the door, and could be seen outside through the window pacing up and down the porch, with drooping head and dejectedly bent shoulders, passing and repassing the big window. The deputy, coming noisily back from his tour of the grounds, passed him without speaking and entered.

"Nothin' to be seen," he said, then nodding a head toward the window, he added scornfully, "what good is he out there?"

"He can't hurt anything," said Emmett briefly, "and it may help him."

"You see, Ham," explained Thompson, almost apologetically, "this isn't like Eric, this switch to hysteria. He's always been as game as any man, and I've always seen him acquit himself in a way any fellow might be proud of. We don't any of us understand what's got into him to behave like this, and I don't think he really knows himself. But he wants a chance to retrieve himself, and we don't any of us want to hold him back if he thinks he can go out there and make up for what happened awhile ago."

"Sure," agreed the deputy, without enthusiasm. I don't know about this hys—hysterier—what'd you call it?—but if I'd played the baby, I'd want another chance, too. What'd you say it was?

Emmett explained in a low tone and the deputy nodded in understanding. Then, carefully examining their arms once more, they commenced a whispered discussion as to how they should array themselves for the night. But Swanson, oblivious to everything besides the great awe in his soul, walked



ALTHOUGH HE CONFESSED TO HIMSELF THAT HE WAS STILL BADLY FRIGHTENED, SWANSON FELT THAT NOW AT LEAST HE COULD DO HIS PART IN THE STRUGGLE

slowly up and down the porch, fighting the hardest struggle a man can ever have—that with himself. Generation after generation of Scandinavian blood, impregnated with the gloomy superstitions of the north, was that which flowed in his veins. His childhood had been passed, as he said, among companions, yes, even his parents and grandparents, who firmly believed all the tales they told him, just as their own fathers and grandfathers had done before them. And while Swanson had almost forgotten some of the superstitions related to him in his youth,

through being in this new country where they had scarcely been heard of, that very fact brought them back with a rush that had overwhelmed him. And now, when he had accepted the attitude of the new world and smiled at the beliefs, to find they were true!

Moodily he leaned on his rifle. Pausing at one end of his beat, he gazed out over the glorious prospect of the lake, shining and glittering in the light of the moon and touching the tops of the tall pines which rose from the slope of the bluff barely above the summit. To see that beautiful range of nature before him, to hear the lap of the waves, to feel the touch of the clear air, just touched with a suspicion of frost—and then to feel that in the darkness lurked the embodiment of all that was foul and sinful in human nature, waiting for a chance to prey upon the blood of mortals! Tears came to his eyes as he gazed out over the lake, and, even as the superstitious side of his nature had been touched, so now another chord awoke. The blood of the old Norse ancestry told its tale. Almost unconsciously the old sagas telling of the deeds of heroes came back to him, and it seemed to him as if a fleeting vision of the Vikings going out to conquer or die passed through his brain, and he straightened himself a trifle—and with this awakening came the spirit of the new world that slowly year by year he had acquired. His eye lost its dull hue, he straightened himself still more and raised his head, although he jumped in affright that left his heart beating rapidly as a bat flitted by. It was a struggle of the old world against the new. And slowly the spirit of the new told.

It was five minutes later that Swanson, now fairly composed, ceased his stroll up and down the porch and glanced about the lawn. Once more his mind had turned itself into the groove of the modern times, and although he confessed to himself that he was still badly frightened, he felt that he could at least do his part in whatever struggle might be needed. Even in the cool air he could feel the red flush of shame mount to his cheeks

as he thought of the part he had played. And with this feeling of indignation against himself came a fierce anger against this unseen enemy, no matter what it was.

"So that I won't all my life have the same contempt I feel for myself now," he thought with a bitter smile, "I'd better walk about the place a bit and see if there is anything I could do."

It was more than physical courage which led Swanson around through the darker portions of the shrubbery for the next twenty minutes. It was more than moral courage which, when stopping by the garden where the horses were enclosed, kept him from a wild stampede when one of the animals moved suddenly toward him through the darkness. It was the soul of the man itself, fighting for recognition against what he firmly believed were the powers of darkness. Carefully and thoroughly, with hands as cold as ice and with a heart that felt dead within his breast, he made the rounds. When, at times, an almost overwhelming desire seized him to dash madly back to lights and human companionship, he would fight it down and walk slowly back over the same route again until he had recovered himself. It took him some time to make the rounds and entering the dark stretch of the drive was the hardest test of all. But he went through it, returning at length to the grove of birches that shone like silver at the edge of the bluff within one hundred feet of the house. And although weak and covered with a cold perspiration, he felt himself a man again as he stepped forth and looked out over the waters of the lake. Now that his task was over, once more he felt that almost irresistible desire to flee. And once again he fought it down, even turning his back resolutely on the shadow behind him and gazing out over the waters below, determined not to return to the house until he had mastered himself completely.

"When I go back," he muttered to himself, "I want to show them that I've got a spark of manhood left, at least."

And even as he uttered those words he felt his knees bend beneath him and

his spine turn to water. Like a man whose every tendon has been cut he sank limply down against a tree and even before his anguished eyes could roll slowly toward the path by which he had come, he knew what he should see. For down the shaded grove came stealthily creeping the outlines of a black figure, wrapped in a long black cloak and moving forward cautiously with one craving, pawing hand outstretched hungrily before it. Swanson tried to utter the wail which his soul longed to give. But his tongue was lifeless. Down the breeze came horrible sickly odor which made him shudder in dread.

Nearer and nearer came the Thing, but more cautiously now. The path it was pursuing would take it about ten feet from Swanson, and for an instant a faint hope stirred in his breast that he would escape notice. But the figure moved more and more slowly, peering greedily forward in the direction of the house. It was still in shadow, and when it halted about fifteen feet away, its form still bent toward its goal, he had not yet seen the countenance. Just then a sudden gust of wind swept the trees apart and let in the moonlight, and the creature slowly turned and dropped the arm it held above its face, and the eyes that met Swanson's were like two green lamps, the countenance was that of a wolf and a paw instead of a hand was clutching the black robe. The shriek of terror which Swanson gave as he found his utterance rang through the woods like the wail of a lost soul—and when Brady and the deputy came dashing to the scene with loud shouts and weapons ready, they found him on the ground, unharmed but unconscious. The old world instinct had triumphed!

CHAPTER IX.

FOR nearly an hour they worked over Swanson, who lay breathing heavily on the lounge where they had placed him. Nora and Mrs. Lawson took turns at bathing his forehead, and the men chafed him and rubbed his hands, always with an armed guard standing at the door with the grim determination to shoot at the first sign of moving

thing. Time and again the nervous contortions of Swanson's face, and the manner in which he would leap almost from under their hands showed the intense mental strain under which his tortured brain was laboring. But to their surprise, when he at last opened his eyes in a state of utter exhaustion, he was perfectly collected and in a state of utter despair.

"What's the use?" he moaned feebly, turning his head away from them. "There's no use fighting—there's no use fighting."

"Brace up, Eric," said Brady, angrily, "think of the part you may have to take."

"We can only die," moaned the big Scandinavian again.

In fact, he was in such a state of absolutely despondent lethargy that it was plain nothing could be done with him. Arguments were of no avail. He had not even the moral strength to try to regain some part of his self-respect, as he had attempted to do but a short hour before. With that passive lack of resistance, characteristic of the man or animal whose spirit is utterly broken, he was content to lie idle and let the worst come without so much as lifting a finger. It was the form which fatalism took in his nature. Like the Turk's saying, "It is Allah's will," Swanson's code now seemed to be, "What use of fighting when it is of no avail?" On the contrary, Brady, Thompson, Bennett and even the reserved and self-contained Emmett had worked themselves into a pitch of fighting wrath that boded ill for anything that might cross their paths. And it was with grim faces, in which there was little but contempt, that they finally bore Swanson to the shuttered room and stretched him upon the bed, throwing some of the bed clothes roughly over him. Weak with the exhaustion of his nervous strain, after a few minutes of moaning they heard the troubled breathing which indicated that he had fallen into a restless sleep.

Two new problems now faced them. First to care properly for Nora and Mrs. Lawson, who were clearly so alarmed over the turn affairs were taking that a nervous breakdown from either seemed

imminent; the other to provide for some watch over Swanson in case any attack was made upon them. They finally inserted the key in his door on the side of the room leading to the main chamber, and determined that the man who stood guard in the back room of that wing should lock him in as he passed. If they did not do this, they feared that he might become stricken with so violent a panic as to be as much a menace within as anything without could be. It was long before Nora and Mrs. Lawson could be induced to go to their room. Both were clearly holding themselves under restraint with difficulty, and it was also evident they had a horror of being alone on the second floor while companionship could be had below. At last, they reluctantly climbed the stairs, and the men prepared to take their stations for the night.

"Steve," said Thompson softly, as soon as the door above closed, "we'll have to get out of this to-morrow. That is, the women will. They can't stand it. We'll have to send Swanson back, too, and attend to his stuff for him. I was afraid he was going to come out of that swoon an insane man. That's why I avoided asking him questions. But I can imagine. I saw the picture, you know."

Brady nodded.

"The only safe place for us or for any person seems to be with the deputies," he said. "An attack on this place by an unholy creature might find us unprepared or at a disadvantage as we are now. With two women and a man apt to become demented should that creature even appear again, Lord knows what would happen. If Swanson is able to drive that car in the morning, he will have to take Nora to the Springs. Can you drive it at all?"

"A little," said Thompson, "but there's no special object now in not having a chauffeur. If this thing is really at large, we won't have much chance of exclusive stories. Newspaper men will be flocking in from all sides."

Brady nodded in silent acquiescence. At last he said:

"Those women will have to be guarded on the way down. We can't take any chances. You and Emmett had better go with them, Thompson. I can ride over with Bennett and join the deputies. We will close the house before leaving and I can lead the horses over with me and have them sent home as soon as I can hire a man to take them. I think the deputies are at some farm about six miles north of here."

"Yes," said Thompson, "we can put Miss Westemonde in her hotel and let her write up separate stories for all of us while waiting. Emmett and I can make a quick run back in the auto. Something is bound to develop out of this."

Arrangements were then made for posting a guard for the night. At one extremity of the wing on the south side of the house was the kitchen. Here Thompson took his stand, having first dragged a large wicker rocker back to a place where he could sit and watch through windows at both side and rear on to the moonlit sweep of lawn. In the rear room at the opposite wing, Emmett took his station, having first split holes in the shutters with an axe, large enough for him to look through. It was arranged that, in passing the door of Swanson's room, should there be an alarm, he was to turn the key. Bennett and Brady posted themselves in the large front room, letting the fire die down and talking in low whispers.

"Isn't it strange how a few hours make a change in things," said Brady, musingly. "Just think how few hours ago it was that we first came into this room. That first evening was one of the pleasantest I ever spent. Music and companionship, light and warmth and jollity. Look at it now! Here we are sitting in the dark, afraid of our lives at the hands of we don't know what, and with one of our number in a state which means that he can never be the same to us again, after what has occurred—for he will draw the bars if we don't. In fact, I believe this will affect his entire life—I do not believe he will ever be the same man."

"He isn't the same man now," said the deputy in a low tone. "I'm glad



AT LAST NORA RELUCTANTLY CLIMBED THE STAIRS, AND LEFT THE MEN TO THEIR WATCH

I'm with you people here. Maybe I can help some—and if shootin' will do it, I'm there," he concluded grimly.

Brady nodded warmly at this evidence of spirit, and realized that Ham would indeed prove of value. He had risen early that morning and was weary. So he stretched himself partly back

in one corner of the long couch which he occupied at night, leaving his elbow on its high leather arm, and resting his head against the padded back. The lounge was at the extreme rear of the room, as they had thought it advisable to sit as far as possible from the front window, even if there was no fire

in the big hearth except a few smouldering ashes. Bennett dragged an arm chair to the front of the couch and seated himself therein. Both men placed their revolvers across their knees while Thompson and Emmett were armed respectively with the rifle and shot gun. Each, moreover, had one of the automatic pistols, while Emmett had added Swanson's weapon to his own battery.

If waiting had been tiresome for the watchers in the gloom of the night before, amid the storm, it was doubly so now. Brady realized what the strain must have been and he felt a keen sympathy for Thompson and Emmett. True, they had slept in the afternoon, but that could hardly compensate for a nerve strain such as they must have passed through. And now they had to endure it again. He himself had risen early, and the exhaustion following the high pitch to which he had been keyed up, was making itself felt. But he braced himself up resolutely, sat up straighter as he felt himself becoming sleepy and addressed a remark now and then to Bennett.

The latter's answers, however, came more and more uncertainly. It was plain that Ham, fresh from country life and accustomed to early hours for bed time, was having a desperate struggle to keep awake. Repeatedly his head nodded until it was only when he almost rolled over on the floor that he awoke. And each time it was clear that he was sleepier and sleepier. Brady felt rather indignant at first, thinking that the crisis should have been enough to keep any one awake.

"If we depended on his watching, we might have all our throats cut before he knew it," he reflected. "I can understand now the reason why the sentinel who slept on his post was dealt with in summary fashion. If he's too much of a hog to care for the safety of lives, when all it requires is a little strength of will, it's only right he should pay the penalty with his own."

But in a moment or two he grew calmer, and reflected that perhaps it did no real harm.

"I can kick him out of that chair if anything comes," he mused, "and if a

shot is fired, he certainly will be awake in a moment."

In a few minutes his ears told him that Bennett had indeed fallen fast asleep and soon was snoring lustily in the armchair until he was awakened by his revolver sliding with a clatter to the floor. The instant start with which he leaped to his feet, a trifle bewildered, showed Brady that he certainly would awake on a slight noise. He listened with a sort of grim amusement to the deputy's asseverations that he had not been asleep at all and waited for him to doze again. Which Ham promptly did, five minutes after he had seated himself again. Brady rose and paced the floor restlessly. The north air had made him wretchedly sleepy too, and he would have given much to have thrown himself on the lounge and sunk into the sleep of exhaustion. He did not care to leave the room in the possession of the sleeping deputy or he would have paid a visit to Thompson and Emmett. He wished that he had asked Mrs. Lawson to make some strong, black coffee for the party and blamed himself for this oversight. Strolling back and forth in front of the sleeping Bennett, he finally walked himself into wakefulness and again seated himself on the end of the lounge. Here he gazed out at the moon which now hung just before him above the shimmering waters, glorious in the clear and soft light it shed. It was as bright an orb as he had seen since they arrived, and he again reflected how things had changed. To him the whole place was now hateful. On that first evening of his arrival he had drunk in the scene with something like intoxication and had expressed the hope that the assignment might extend over a fortnight. If the party could get away on the morrow, he now realized, they would all be relieved.

"And yet we've all got a reputation for being fair newspaper workers," he told himself, half in amusement, half in reproach.

Sitting on the lounge had made him sleepy again, and for a moment he leaned back, permitting himself the luxury of closing his eyes for a moment and of leaning his head against the soft

back of the big sofa. Then, as he slowly opened them, he was galvanized into a sudden wakefulness and a tense alertness—while, in spite of himself, he felt a sensation as if someone was rubbing a piece of ice down his back. For, emerging from the shadow of the trees, not fifty yards from the front porch, came a dark and menacing figure.

With a gasp he sat up straight and grasped his revolver. There was no need to tell him what that hesitating walk, that poised attitude like a coiled snake, meant in the black-robed figure stealing softly toward the porch. Ten yards out from the trees it halted, and although he could not see the features he could see the garb. On the head was the hat described by Thompson, and he noticed the legs projecting from beneath the gown—they were not the legs of a human being. The creature took another limping step and again stopped.

"The Thing that hirlples on one foot!" gasped Brady.

"Thompson!" he called softly, "Emmett!"

There was no answer. The quickness with which the Thing halted showed that it must have heard something. Brady's forehead was wet with sweat, and for one moment he wavered. His breath came in gasps, his heart beat furiously and he felt a sinking sensation in the stomach like that of one falling from a great height. For a moment the desire to call out, to bring human companions about him, to drive this foul creature away, was almost irresistible. He quivered as he sat and turned to wake the deputy. In the meantime the silent figure had again halted, this time not twenty feet from the porch. But even as he reached over to wake Bennett a sense of shame came to him, for he knew it was a deadly fear that was prompting his move. The Thing had already shown that it would flee when approached by numbers—it had also twice shown it could escape. To summon Thompson or Emmett, to wake the deputy, would frighten it now, for it obviously was awaiting every movement within the house. And in

the deathlike stillness of the night almost any move was audible.

Unconsciously, Brady was going through the same mental process as Swanson had done while tramping up and down the porch. He realized that he was afraid. And, as in Swanson's case, a red blush mounted to his neck and forehead until the veins stood out. But in Brady's case it was the flush of wild anger. What! To be afraid of that cowardly murdering Thing that menaced them in the dark! And he, Brady, about to disgrace his name by frightening it away instead of getting it! He gritted his teeth and raised his heavy revolver. Near him stood a tall, high-backed chair. Brady rested his revolver on this, pointing steadily at the figure outside, now standing, as if hesitating at the foot of the steps.

"Whether it comes up or not, it gets one bullet," he muttered.

But it was coming up. The next instant with a faint scuffling sound that was audible inside, it had mounted one step and again hesitated—another step—another step—peering, crouching, listening, always with that wolflike crouch and an occasional eager, clutching, vampire-like movement of an outstretched arm. Even in his horrified fascination, Brady watched to see whether a hand or a claw ended that arm. But the long black cloak concealed it.

Another step—another—and the Thing was on the porch—here it crouched almost on all fours and shuffled slowly toward the window. It bore slightly to one side and in its slow, careful, tortoise-like movements was evidently working a way to one corner of the big plate glass sheet where it could peer into the room with less likelihood of being seen. And still the cloak concealed its face and the reporter could see nothing. The uncanny mystery of the whole affair had again closed in on him as though he were in a vault, and hot and cold chills were running over him. Then he thought of Nora upstairs. In an instant his jaws had snapped together again, and the muzzle of the revolver ceased to quiver and pointed directly upon his target.

The window ran so low—almost to the floor—that he could distinctly follow each movement of the creeping figure. Then the head commenced slowly to rise above the sill.

Inch by inch it came—first the black cap, then a white expanse as if some band were tied across to conceal the features, then a closely muffled, lower portion of the head where the black cloak was wrapped about the throat. For a moment a gust of wind arose and blew the protecting cloak to one side—and at the same moment a tiny fragment of wood in the fireplace broke into a blaze, bringing into relief the face pressed against the window. And it was with a cry of horror that Brady fired straight into the grinning visage that leered through the window—for it was not that of a man—and as he saw the heavy window smash squarely over the spot where that awful spectacle was pressed, the Thing sprang erect and fled down the stairs, while he followed it with shots through the glass.

The reports of the heavy revolver

rang out like thunder in the stillness, the house shaking with their reverberations and with the sharp pinging of glass as the heavy window sung sharply where the high pressure bullets went through. But Brady did not wait. He leaped at the door, cursing loudly because it was locked, tore it open, and dashed to the porch, clearing the steps at a single bound. And even as he did so he heard two sharp reports above him, and, not even firing the shots he had intended at the speeding figure, he turned back to the house with a sharp cry of desperation.

"Nora! Nora! Are you safe?"

"I'm safe, Steve," said a frightened voice from Nora's window. "I fired twice when that Thing stopped for a moment in the middle of the lawn."

Just as Thompson, Emmett and the deputy came rushing to the scene, from the darkness rose so horrible a howl of rage and pain that they shuddered as they stood. But Brady shook his fist at the dark woods.

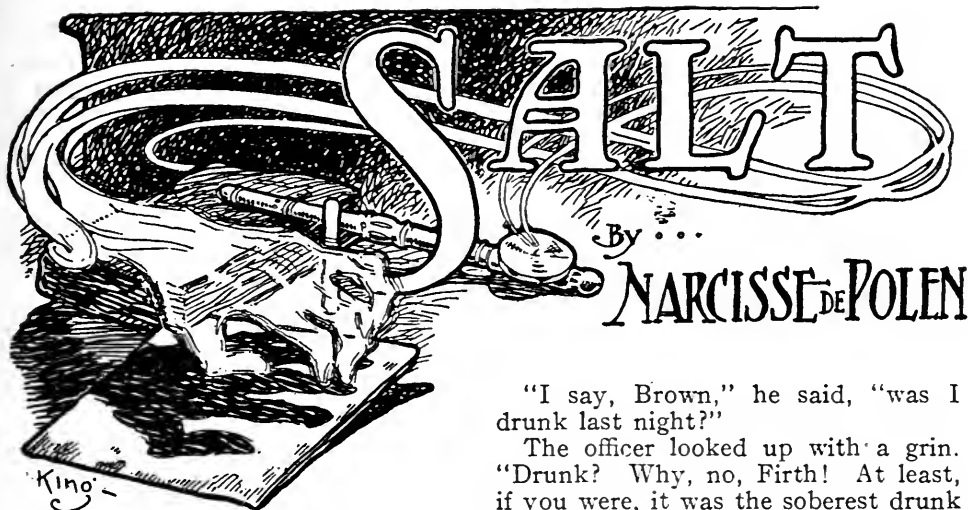
To be continued

OUT OF THE GLOOM

BY S. E. KISER

THE day was dark, the leaves
Hung limp and still and wet,
And sadness seemed to look
From every face I met;
The woeful world's affairs
All made me think of cares
I wanted to forget.

The song-bird from the tree
Sent forth a plaintive air;
But suddenly the sad
Old world forgot its care;
A little child's glad shout
Came sweetly ringing out,
And joy was everywhere.



There are powers of the earth and powers of the air, and there is power in all things. But the powers that are in dull things are elemental powers, and the most evil of them all is the power that is in Salt. Whoso covets too much savor of salt, hath Satan for a companion.—Koran.

THE Foo-Chow, from Bombay for London, lay in the Suez Canal two miles from Suez. She was tied up, and likely to remain where she was, for a steamer had grounded and got stuck across the canal in front of her.

The doctor stood outside the chart-room, lighting a cigarette. He looked somewhat harassed, and as he threw away the match, he swore gently to himself. In appearance he was an ordinary looking Scotsman, distinguished only by a great beard, of which he was inordinately proud, and a pair of keen, gray eyes, with a quizzical expression that made sea-sick passengers say he was unsympathetic.

The present disturbance in his well regulated mind drew two deep lines between his eyebrows.

The third officer came up from the bridge to fetch something from the chart-room. As he came out the doctor wheeled around.

"I say, Brown," he said, "was I drunk last night?"

The officer looked up with a grin. "Drunk? Why, no, Firth! At least, if you were, it was the soberest drunk I ever saw. But why do you ask me? What's up? Don't you know yourself whether you were sober or not?"

"Nothing. I merely asked your unbiassed opinion. What does the skipper say to this block ahead?"

"Says a good deal. That we shall be here all night, for one thing. That beastly tub is a tea ship; she's tipping her cargo into lighters for all she's worth now. They will work all night and expect to float her about five o'clock. We shall pass her between eight and nine. The old man's painting his language red about it. We shall have a night of it." And the third officer clattered down from the bridge with a laugh.

The doctor leaned over the rail, thinking of what he had seen the night before.

Among four hundred first and second-class passengers, there was only one individual who interested him in the least. This individual had come on board at Bombay. He was a man of about forty, of medium height, with broad shoulders—but so thin that he seemed a walking skeleton. The skin of his clean-shaven face looked like a piece of old parchment—all leathery and yellowish white. His hair and eyes were a dull, uninteresting brown, while his eyebrows, which were black and very thick, met over his nose, giving him a curious expression. The doctor had watched this man on deck and in the saloon, and on enquiring

had discovered his name to be Tressland. Day after day and all day long the man sat in his deck-chair, poring over a dirty book. When he was not reading, his eyes were fixed on the horizon in a vacant, apathetic stare.

Firth had seen this before in the slums of Bombay, and without any hesitation, he classed Tressland as an opium smoker, and an interesting case. Two nights after they had left Bombay, he had gone up forward for a quiet smoke. Tressland was sitting there on a coil of rope, his eyes closed, his hands clasped round his knees, and an opium pipe in his mouth. Firth stumbled over his foot in the darkness and murmured a hasty apology.

The man opened his eyes slowly and looked up at him, but said nothing. Firth spoke to him once or twice, and on receiving no answer shook him roughly by the shoulder. He found he was already in a comatose condition, and without a word he put his arm around him and dragged him to his feet. Tressland offered no resistance even when the little silver pipe was screwed from between his clenched teeth; his eyes had closed again and his hands hung helplessly at his sides. Firth towed him along the dark side of the deck to his own cabin, where he stretched him out on the bunk, and after shutting the door and turning the key, he mixed himself a strong whisky-peg and sat down with a pipe to watch his unconscious guest.

Once, as he leaned over the bunk to look at the patient, he kicked against something on the floor. He picked it up and found it was the book he had seen the man reading—a small and very dirty copy of the Koran. It had fallen out of Tressland's coat pocket.

He turned a few pages, and becoming interested, stood there reading it. After a half hour he got a cramp in one foot and sat down, still absorbed.

At three in the morning his patient stirred and opened his eyes, stretching both hands over his head. Firth shut up the book and went and stood beside the berth. Tressland stared up at him for a moment in silence, and then sat up.

"I am awfully sorry," he mumbled.

"Why did you bring me in here?"

Firth took one of his bony wrists in his cool, firm grasp, and found a feeble pulse. His keen eyes seemed to look through and through the other's weak mind with pitying scorn.

"Why did I bring you here?" he said.

"First, because it's absurd to think of sleeping on deck all night; and second, because I didn't know which your cabin was, and had to stow you somewhere. Now, look here. Lie down again while I make you some coffee."

Tressland obeyed with a weak smile, watching Firth's movements with the interest of a child.

When he had finished a cup of strong coffee the doctor helped him up, and opening the door took him out on the deck, saying;

"Now, then, buck up. Take my arm and come and walk some sense into your head."

And thus they tramped up and down for an hour in the cool gray dawn, Firth treating his patient with biting sarcasm on the subject of opium smoking; Tressland, only half awake, whimpering and saying he "couldn't live without it." That was now about ten days ago, and since then the two men had been fairly friendly. Firth had confiscated the opium pipe and borrowed the Koran, which interested him enormously.

But the matter that was disturbing him now had happened only the night before. Just as he was thinking of turning in that night, Wilson, the purser, had come to his cabin with a scared face.

"Look sharp, Firth! You're wanted on the second-class deck, right aft—"

"What's up now? A baby in convulsions?" said Firth, reaching his cap from the peg.

"Not exactly. It's Tressland, in a sort of fit. He must be mad, I think."

"What's a saloon passenger doing on the second-cabin deck?" he grumbled as he hurried aft. As he turned the corner of the deck-house he came upon two figures.

Leaning against the deck-house was a Chinaman, his yellow, impassive face gleaming like carved ivory in the brilliant moonlight. Tressland lay flat

on his face on the deck, his arms crossed and his chin resting on them. In front of him was a square bronze plate, nearly covered with salt, which sparkled and glittered in the moonlight. At the top right hand corner hovered a little green flame, and on this Tressland's eyes were fixed. Beside him on the deck lay the silver opium pipe and a tiny splash of white ash.

Slowly the green flame moved from right to left in a track an inch wide, and as it flickered along the plate, it burned the salt into dark characters in places—they seemed to be Persian characters—and as Tressland bent over it the flame touched his lips, though it did not burn them. When the flame reached the left hand bottom corner of the plate it died out. Tressland raised himself on his elbows, then rolled over and lay on his back unconscious. His eyes were fixed in a glassy stare, the pupils contracted till they were mere pin points. His thin lips were strained tightly over his teeth, and from his nose to his chin was a thin, smoky line where the fire had touched him.

Wilson gazed at him aghast. "Good God, Firth, what a horrid sight! Is he dead?"

"Dead? No. It's an hypnotic trance, and that damned Chinese has had a hand in it."

He turned to where the Chinaman had stood, but he was gone. Together they put Tressland to bed, and as before, Firth watched over him. As he sat there through the night, verses of the Koran kept recurring to his mind, and somehow he associated them with the sleeping man.

"Whosoever hath Satan for a companion, an evil companion hath he," seemed to repeat itself in his brain persistently as a clock ticks.

After an hour or two Tressland's eyes closed naturally and his lips relaxed. He awoke at six o'clock to find Firth standing in the doorway watching him. He sat up in the bunk.

"Well," said the doctor, "you've been at it again. You won't take long to kill yourself this way if that's your aim. I suppose you got the opium of that Chinaman?"

"Which Chinaman?" asked Tressland with a bewildered expression. "Oh, yes—yes, of course I did. I told you I couldn't do without it."

Firth looked at him keenly for a minute, then turned away. He thought it best to ignore what he had seen the night before, so he merely remarked:

"You'd better have a wash and brush-up before you come out. You're not a pretty sight. I'll tell the boy to bring you some coffee."

When he came back to his cabin a half hour later Tressland had gone, and he had not seen him again all day.

So, as he stood outside the chart-room looking at the tea-ship with unseeing eyes, Firth thought over the events of the past night. He had seen a good deal of the results of opium smoking at one time and another, but in his matter-of-fact mind he could find no solution or explanation of the mysticism and black magic of the East. This particular form of invocation he never had met with before, and it stirred him curiously. Looking down from the bridge, he saw Tressland slouching up the deck with the dirty old copy of the Koran under his arm.

Firth went slowly down from the bridge and met him at the bottom.

"How do you feel, Tressland?" he said, in a cheery voice. "How do you like the prospect of spending a night here—grilling in the desert, as it were?"

While he was speaking, his eye was taking professional note of the man's state of mind and body. Tressland's eyes wandered restlessly over the miles and miles of sand that stretched away to the sky, and he answered in a full, sing-song voice, repeating his words now and again:

"Oh, I don't mind—mind—much. I like the heat—like hot weather—it suits me. I say, Firth, what's that over there—that white stuff that sparkles?"

As he spoke the last few words the man seemed to wake up, his face grew bright, his whole body alert, and he gripped Firth's shoulder in his excitement.

"What is it? Don't you know?"

"Well, don't be in such a hurry,"

said the doctor: "it's only salt. Haven't you seen it before?"

A look of cunning grew in Tressland's eyes. "Oh, really," he said, in a perfectly ordinary tone. "I didn't know it was found in these parts. I must walk out and have a look at it."

"Nonsense," said Firth, "it's nothing to see. Besides, you cannot leave the ship."

"Why not? There's a rope ladder over the side into that native boat. I can get down that."

"No, you can't. It's just sunset. You might get lost or left behind, and we don't know when we shall be able to pass the tea-ship. That salt is miles away, too."

As he finished speaking, the captain called him, and he left Tressland still looking at the patch of salt.

About ten o'clock that evening the doctor stepped outside his cabin with a very strong field glass to look at the stars. The silence of the desert was broken only by the inharmonious cries of the donkey boys from Suez, who had camped alongside of the ship in the hope of tempting passengers to go for a moonlight ride.

"Fine donkey, dis one—Missis Cornwallis West, she run fast—you come for ride."

"My donkey, Mr. Gladstone, he much better, he bigger donkey—very strong."

The doctor lowered his glass to the stretches of sand, and found the patch of salt that had so excited Tressland.

As he looked a black mark barred the glistening whiteness—seemed to move slowly round it, and disappeared.

"Tressland, by Jove!" he muttered.

Without an instant's delay he ran along to his cabin and slipped a flask of brandy into his pocket. He was down the rope ladder and ashore in no time, and had soon chartered the best donkey, engaging that the boy should wait by the ship till he came back.

Firth struck his heels into the donkey's sides and found that his choice had been good. For an hour and a half he rode as fast as the donkey would go—straight for the patch of salt. About a quarter of a mile from it he saw a stump sticking out of the

sand, and pulling in his donkey, he tied it up securely and walked on as fast as he could. He looked at his watch and found that it was ten minutes past twelve. As he neared the strip of salt he saw what he expected to find.

Right in the centre of the salt, which glittered and sparkled with an unearthly light, lay Tressland. His body was perfectly rigid, his jaw had dropped and his face was drawn and fixed in an expression of mad terror. Beside him lay the bronze plate and the opium pipe, and under one shoulder was the greasy copy of the Koran. Across his mouth was the smoky line, just as it had been the night before—but in the salt on the bronze plate, instead of the characters, was the impress of a left hand, and on the breast of Tressland's coat the same mark glistened in the moonlight. It was as if the hand had been placed on the plate and then pressed over the man's heart, transferring the salt.

Firth stooped down and lifted the man in his arms, and dragged him off the salt patch. He tried to pour brandy down the stiffened throat, and held his watch glass over the blue lips, but in vain. Brushing the salt hand-print off Tressland's coat he unbuttoned the waistcoat. On the shirt was the mark, blackened and burnt, and over the heart on the skin it was again repeated, and this was the worst horror of all—for the flesh under where the hand had rested was of a dull purplish blue, and shone with low phosphorescent light, just as bad salt meat would do.

There was not the faintest sign of life. Tressland was stone dead and perfectly rigid. Firth shivered and hastily buttoned his coat over the horrible mark. He buried the opium pipe and the bronze plate in the sand just where Tressland had lain, and put the Koran in his pocket.

Then he fetched his donkey, and placing the dead man across the saddle, he started on his long walk back to the ship. It was one o'clock when he started, and it took him three hours, for the body was so stiff that it was difficult to balance. When he got

back to the ship, the owner of the donkey was the only one left, and he was fast asleep.

Firth tied up the donkey, laid the dead man on the sand and went up the ladder. He woke up one of the officers, telling him that Tressland had died of a fit in the desert and that he wanted to get the body quietly on board.

Together, with the help of a rope tied under the dead man's arms, they got him up the ladder and took him to Firth's cabin.

In the morning the doctor went to the captain and told him that Tressland, the night before, had gone for a walk in the desert, and knowing that the man was subject to fits, he had

followed him, found him dead, and brought him back to the ship.

Firth washed the smoke line from Tressland's mouth, but the mark on the heart seemed burnt indelibly into the flesh. The body was taken to Suez and there was buried.

When talk turns on "magic," Firth sits silent, with a queer look in his eyes. He keeps the old copy of the Koran among his other books. The salt still crackles in the binding as he turns the leaves, and he can always see in his mind's eye the horrible hand-mark over Tressland's heart.

And the words in the Koran seem to protrude at him grinningly: "Whoever hath Satan for a companion, an evil companion hath he."

La Petite Gabrielle

THE STORY OF GASCON WHO LOVED HIS WIFE

By J. A. Dobson



JACQUES, the guide, blew a wreath of blue smoke from his pipe and watched the graceful rings as they dissolved in the bracing atmosphere. As they slowly disappeared he turned to his companion and said:

"Y-as, we do not only have the hunt for eggsite-a-ment. Each man, M'sieur, has a spot in hees heart that is sore or filled wid joy. You see Gascon," pointing down the path that led into the woods, "he walks away when we laugh and sing. Hees heart has de sore spot, while mine," and he touched his brawny breast, "has only joy."

The young Englishman looked in-

quiringly up at his guide. He was not so tired after the long hunt that he was an unwilling listener to a story told by the stalwart, merry hearted half-breed, who had so far been the leader in this excursion into the Canadian wilds.

The trophies of the day's success were around them. A huge moose, whose antlers spread out like a miniature tree, lay at their feet. Rupert Gordon gazed at it with pride. It was his shot that had brought it down. The admiration of his companions at his skill had filled him with pardonable elation, and this, with the excitement of the chase, filled his veins with a

strange thrill that drove away all desire for sleep.

"A love story, eh?" he answered, following with his eyes the slowly disappearing figure of Gascon.

"Y-as," said Jacques in the slow, soft accents of the native of the north. "Y-as, Gascon he love his wife."

"She died?" and Gordon settled himself a little more comfortably to listen.

"Y-as, Gascon was not a guide at first. He come here with his wife, ah, so pretty an' so brave. She fear nothing with Gascon. So he build a lit' cabin in the woods an' farm an' hunt an' fish. All roun' heem," and he gave a graceful sweep of his arm, "the woods were full of game, the stre-am alive wid fish, the ground was reech for the maize. An' Gascon was strong, and Gabrielle, y-as, her name was Gabrielle, lived happy when waiting for heem to come back from field or hunt."

Here Jacques stopped and watched again the blue rings from his pipe. The fire snapped and crackled as the huge pine boughs fed the smoldering flames, for the nights were cool, and the warmth of the blaze was most grateful. Gordon also smoked in silence. At the threshold of a tragedy one always involuntarily pauses. One man knew and felt, the other was sympathetic and receptive.

"Y-as, she was happy an' sung an' watched each day until de sun was going down for heem, an' then they talk an' plan. Dis yea-r would bring dem so much, an' nex' yea-r, ah, dat was to be de hap-piest of all. For den dere would be de laugh of a little chile to make mu-sic for the home and make com-panie for Gabrielle.

"One day Gascon came in. He laugh an' tell Gabrielle he heard the bellow of a mo-ose in the woods. He followed an' den had los' heem, but he was su-re he would come back to de spot where he had heard him first. Ah, he would shoot heem, an' de antlers he would hang them over the door an' de skin it would make a cov-er-in' for de floor. An' they both laugh an' be gay, then Gabrielle say:

"De mo-ose is so cruel, so strong, suppose he turn on you?"

"An' Gascon laugh, he so proud of

heemself when he shoot, an' tells her not to fear.

"So each day when he goes out, he takes his gun an' tells her:

"I will bring back de mo-ose to-night."

"An' she laugh back at heem a half smile and half tear an' says:

"Be careful!"

"But he does not find the mo-ose. He hears heem, but he seems to know, an' where Gascon is he does not come.

"So Gabrielle works in her garden and plants her flowers an' counts the days as they pass.

"It is strange, but with hees fields full of corn, high and wavin' in de breeze, hees garden ripening in de sun, hees wife ten-der and lov-ing, he grows moody. He does not smile as he smokes hees pipe, M'sieu', an' many times hees ears are dull when Gabrielle speaks. She weeps when alone but she does not blame heem. He is bewitch, de mo-ose have bewitch her Gascon. She will pray for heem, an' she goes to her lit' room where hangs de crucifix an' de Blessed Virgin an' prays. You not believe in prayer, M'sieu'? Sometimes when I look at Gascon an' think of Gabrielle I almost doubt, too. For when we wish to do wrong de Evil One seems so near and le bon Dieu so far away.

"De time draws near when de lit' chile shall come. An' Gabrielle has all de lit' clothes laid out and she an' Gascon look at dem an' he almost smile. In hees big hands they are so small, M'sieu', he can not believe they will feet hees lit' chile. An' when he smile so an' look at her she is ver' happy. But Gascon soon grows dull again. He seet an' smoke an' sigh, an' sometimes he swear so dat Gabrielle puts her han' over her ears. She does not laike such words, an' from Gascon—she runs to her room an' her prayers.

"One morning he goes out, an' when he shuttin' de door he says:

"I will not come home widout de mo-ose to-night, Gabrielle. If I do not get heem, perhaps I will never come back!" An' before she can say de word of love or warn' he is gone.

"An' she find he has take de food with heem an' she knows he may be

gone de night. An' she seet all day, her work undone, her tears fall so fast she cannot see. An' de night comes an' goes an' no Gascon an' she half wild with de fear an' grief can only walk back an' forth from de door to de windo' of de lit' cabin.

"An' den, while she stands, she hears a loud noise laike de bellow of Pierre LaConte's bull. It come wid a roar an' a noise like de tearin' of de trees of de forest. She listen, an' then she hears a call. It comes so low, so faint, her heart stands steel, for it is de voice of Gascon, an' yet, M'sieu', it ees not.

"She stands affright. Den thro' de woods comes a dash an' a roar an' between de trees she sees de antlers of de mo-ose. She knows now, and she take de gun dat always hangs beside de door an' starts across de lit' clearin' dat lays between de cabin an' de woods. She thinks of nothin' only Gascon, he is in danger. An' then she sees heem. He is slippin' between de trees and de brush, he walk slow, he limp, he is hurt. She runs faster, her breath comes quick. An' den de mo-ose see her. You eve' see a mo-ose wild wid de mad? Ah, when you do it will make you feel laike de whole worl' has gone down side up an' lef' no chance for you.

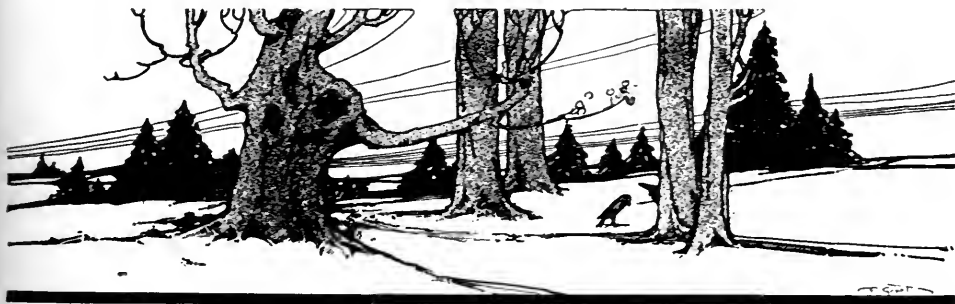
"But Gabrielle did not know an' did not care. Gascon was dere hurt, he go so slow, an' so she run, dis lit' Gabrielle, right to de mo-ose. An' jus' den Gascon see her an' he cry out so loud dat she hears it above de bellow of dat mo-ose.

"Mon Dieu! Gabrielle! Go back, go back!"

"But she neve' stop. An' de mo-ose run to her, tearin' de branches off de trees an' trampin' de groun' laike there was whole herd comin'. An' den she fired, dat lit' Gabrielle, she fired, an' dat mo-ose stagger an' den run some mo-re. He struck her, M'sieu', struck her to de groun'. den fell slowly on his forefeet an' died.

"Gascon he run laike mad. He speak to Gabrielle, she only moves her eyelids an' press his hand. He take her in his arms an' run to de lit' home, an' den I happened to come along, M'sieu', and went for the good Curé. But he could do lit'. She whispered to Gascon how she had watched for heem de long, long night—an' he knew de rest.

"It was a tiny lit' one they laid on her breast, poor Gabrielle, an' Gascon he come wid us now when we hunt de mo-ose, an' de lit' cabin is empty."



PRAIRIE EXILE

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE.

THE hot rails shimmer in the sun,
The hot west wind blows wide and free.
I smell the pines of English River.
And hear the sobbing of the sea.



My Partner in Crime

By Mary Wheelwright

Illustrated by M. B. Aleshire

OF course I'm old enough to know better.

Jim says so, and I suppose he ought to know. Still, it was a tempting opportunity, and then, he didn't have any business to dare me to do it. I never would take a dare.

I suppose I really started it, because I heard Minnie Welfern playing the pipe organ as Jim and I strolled past St. Wolfgang's one evening, and I dragged him into the jaws of a woman's missionary meeting just to hear Minnie's music. A little missionary goes a long way with Jim, and we had hardly slipped into the backsliders' seat on the last row before he began to solace himself by catching June bugs. You know how they're attracted by lights—especially in church—I've seen a whole Bible training school graduating class routed off the platform by the horrid things. Well, they were thick here, and Jim practised upsetting the poor creatures on the palm of his hand. Of course, they tried frantically to right themselves and fly away, and they certainly did look absurd with their whiskery brown legs waving in ten different directions at once. I couldn't help laughing at their antics, though I tried to smother my giggles in my handkerchief. Jim was as solemn as a funeral. Once in awhile he would look around at me, rather grieved, but patient, and then he would glance apologetically at the lady missionary who was exhorting the other missionaries to renewed efforts in behalf of some place or other in Africa—Borriboola Gha, I think they called it. I know I've some missionary association with that name. After awhile he dared me to upset one of the June bugs, and I did. Then he suggested that I shy

a specially lively kicker at the missionary who was on her feet at the moment, and I did that, too, only he flew before he reached her and got away. I guess he didn't hate her looks any more than we did.

About that time, I decided we'd better be going, for the missionaries were eying us coldly, so we departed. Jim had a nonsensical mood in his head, and I couldn't get him to stop talking about crawly things. Was I scared of spiders? or mice? or snakes? or caterpillars—woolly ones? or pinching-bugs? I tried to head him off, but every time he brought the conversation back with a diplomatic yank, and by the time he reached cows, I was armed in frozen silence.

"I'm sure you're afraid of cows," he said. "Big, red cows with horns and no upper teeth. You are afraid, aren't you? I knew you were. Still, it isn't anything to be ashamed of—lots of people are afraid of cows. Why, I knew a roustabout on the St. Lawrence River—weighed two hundred and over—and he would go into cataleptic fits whenever he saw a glass of milk."

Now, I have no particular love for crawly things that walk on the back of your neck, but I'm *not* afraid of cows. I was brought up with them. One of my earliest pets was a big red calf named Rosie, and Rosie took her daily exercises in butting me over as fast as I could get up for fifteen consecutive minutes by the clock. I know something about cows, but I'm not afraid of them. So, after Jim had raveled away for two or three blocks with a string of mythological anecdotes about cows he had met, I began to boil over, which was just what he was waiting for.

"If you'd let anybody get in a word edgewise," I said witheringly, "you might learn that I'm not afraid of cows. I'm—I'm *fond* of cows."

Well, of course, that was just the rise he wanted from me, and he went on sympathizing with me until I could have run a hatpin into him. When we came home, he kept it up, too, and Brother Billy helped him until the front porch shook to the family's amusement. Even Papa remembered about that Rosie calf of mine, and told everything that he could think of whenever the boys stopped to rest their imaginations. I never saw anything like the invention those two boys have about things that don't do anybody any good. If they'd put half the brain-work into something useful, they'd be millionaires by now. But would they do it? No, indeedy! They'd rather put in their time on little sister, and get a chance to remind her that her hair is red. And I can't help the color of my topknot, anyway.

Sunday morning, Billy rattled a tattoo on my door as soon as the sparrows began to chirp.

"Hi, Tinkledots!" said he. "Wake up! Arise, arise, my lady sweet, arise! Get up and milk the condensed cream can. It's late! Are you awake, Fuzzle top, or shall I get the sponge?"

"Yes, I'm awake!" I said. "What do you think I am—a deaf and dumb asylum? I'm awake, and I'm up, and I know we're going fishing, and I'll have the coffee made before you get through raking your haymow. Go along with you."

Billy has that curly kind of hair that takes four military brushes and a bucket of water to subdue even partially. I can always score there, for my hair goes up smooth as silk, even if it is red. But he came down to the kitchen with a smooth and sleek head, just as the coffee came to a boil, and I heard Jim's step on the back walk.

"Top o' the mornin'," sang Billy, in the way that I particularly like.

"Hello, Freckles!" said Jim, putting his head in the pantry window with the milk-can in his teeth. "Want this?"

"Seeing that it's empty, I don't," I

answered. "Come in, and have some coffee."

"I hoped you might have learned to milk the gentle bossy-cow by this time," he said, with a heavy sigh of pretended disappointment. "Still, I can be patient. But there's nothing really dangerous about a cow, girly. You shouldn't entertain unfounded prejudices."

I poured the coffee and we all sat down to the kitchen table. Thank goodness, boys are always too busy to talk when there's anything to eat around, and nothing more happened. We got the fishing tackle and went across the cool, quiet, four-o'clock-in-the-morning streets, down the bluff and across the bottoms to the river. Both the boys were on their good behaviour, and nobody can be any nicer than Jim when he chooses. He's even a little bit nicer than Brother Billy, and that's saying a good deal. So I had a perfectly heavenly time, for the fish rose well, and were game enough to make things exciting until the sun was so high no self-respecting fish would think of taking anybody's bait. Still Billy kept casting and casting, but even he finally gave it up, and voted that we trot back to the bluffs and make lunch-camp. We had *cached* our bacon and beans and coffee in an old hiding-place under a stone when we came down, and we headed straight back to them, getting hungrier every minute.

It was a nice little place where we camped—a sort of shelf in the limestone that jutted out directly above a row of little cottages a hundred feet or so beneath us. There was a big shady tree, and a little rock fireplace, and a nodding bunch of columbines growing in a tiny patch of grass. I let the boys do the work—Brother Billy is a dandy camp-cook, and Jim isn't far behind him—while I loafed and watched the people wandering along to church among the rickety old wooden sidewalks and clumps of willow. I noticed a cow feeding almost directly below me, and idly hunted about for a pebble to throw at her. But the nearest one was out of reach, and I

gave up the attempt. Besides, Billy was calling dinner.

After dinner, when we were all full of contentment and fried fish, the boys took their cigarette-cases out and lay back on the grass.

"Here's a peppermint drop for you, Sis," said Billy, after a teasing sweep of a cigarette before me.

"If you're good, maybe I can find another one by and by. I'll give it to you when you learn to milk a cow. How'll that suit you?"

I just sniffed, for I wasn't in a fighting mood.

"I do wish you boys would let cows alone, and leave me in peace," said I. "I don't see any fun in it."

"I know you don't," chuckled Billy. "But you're so easy, Sis, it's like taking money from home to get you mad. And you're so funny when you do get red-headed. And it's so absurd for you to be so afraid of cows."

"I've told you two hundred and fifty times——" I began, and then stopped short, for both of 'em were going off into fits of laughter.

Well, right there came the turn of my Waterloo. Jim sat up, looked across the bottoms, and saw the peaceful red cow browsing among the willows.

"Here's the chance for Freckles to vindicate herself," says he, chuckling.

Billy leaned over his shoulder and chortled.

"I'll dare you to go down and milk that cow," said Billy, turning to me.

"Oh, that isn't exciting enough," said Jim. "I'll dare her to go and tie the old lady to somebody's front door—no granny knots allowed."

"Done!" said I, and before they could remonstrate, I was half-way down the bluff to the cow. I knew they didn't expect me to do it, or they wouldn't have suggested it, but I was mad, and I went down that hill head-foremost, intent on putting that cow in the most conspicuous place on the East Bottoms, if I lost all my hairpins doing it.

She was a serene, milky-breathed Durham beast, busy with her lunch, and peacefully unconscious of the Sabbath. When I came near, she raised her head and looked sternly at me with the air of an old lady regard-

ing a misbehaving Sunday school scholar. I held out my hand and said, "Soh, Bossy. soh!" She didn't soh; she snorted a kind of bubbly little snort and lowered her head. I backed three or four steps and waited. She snatched another mouthful of grass, and came on watch again. I tried soh-ing her again, and for ten minutes we kept up that game. Then I heard a rustle in the bushes, and Jim stepped out just as I was beginning to have hopes of getting her quieted.

"Virginia!" he said soberly.

"Well?" said I. "Soh, boss! Good girl!" as she snorted again.

"You've done enough. I'll take back my dare. Don't monkey with that cross beast, girl—I won't let you."

"I'm going to monkey with her," said I, with my nose in the air. "And I'm not only going to monkey with her, but I'm going to unhitch her and move her somewhere else. I'm tired of this everlasting ragging about cows. I'm not afraid of cows. I've never been afraid of cows. I never intend to be afraid of cows. And I think it's awfully silly of you to pretend that I am afraid of cows when I'm not. Anyway, I'm going to show you. You go back to camp and let me alone."

I marched upon the picket-pin and yanked it up with one jerk. Madam Bossy promptly stepped out upon the highroad and started decorously homeward. Probably we upset her digestion, and she was glad to get away. I followed her, swinging the picket-pin jauntily. Jim stood among the willows and watched the procession. Some little German children swung on their gate and stared, round-eyed. A hen and her chickens scuttered away, squawking. I glanced up and saw Billy's enchanted grin twinkling above me. I waved one hand to him, and he responded by pointing to a little gray cottage across the street. It had a shiny glass-knob doorbell, just right to tie cows to—one of those old-fashioned bells, you know, that you take hold of and pull to make it ring. I piloted Madam Bossy to the lawn and sneaked up to the porch with the rope in my hand.

Goodness only knows what fancy

dances my heart did when I was tying my double-hitch knot. I was scared to death for fear somebody would come to the door, or pass the house. But I got it done, and then I scooted, leaving the cow to work out her own salvation or the doorbell as she chose. I don't think I ever made quicker time anywhere than I did up that hill. I wanted to get somewhere out of sight before the whole family came out for my blood, and when I reached the ledge I was panting and hot.

"Good work, Sis," said Brother Billy. "You've done it this time. They're just boilin' out of those houses like bees."

I threw myself down beside him and looked. They certainly were. It looked like a country fair.

"You got the minister's house," said Jim, whose dignity had departed in his amusement. "Missionary chap named Jennings. Met him at the Y. M. C. A. the other night. Zephaniah Mission. I guess the racial ructions are rising down there now, all right. The cow's braced to pull the bell out. Three cheers for the cow!"

"All the missionaries are there, anyhow," said I, observing. There was Mrs. Missionary, a kitchen apron over her Sunday black silk, and Mrs. Missionary's little hired girl, with lots of pink ribbons flying, and all the small Missionaries in rattling Sunday starch. All the neighbors were there, too, and such a waving of aprons and poking of pokers, and grabbing of skirts, and shooings I never heard in all my born days. One woman came out and punched at the cow with an ironing board.

"I hope they didn't spot your aurora-borealis hair before you got away, Sis," said Brother Billy. "Why didn't you tie a handkerchief over your head before you went?"

"I'll dye my hair, and wear my dresses wrong-side out, if necessary, for disguise," said I. "Anyhow, I've vindicated my womanly independence, and I feel better. But oh, my cherished grandmothers! What a mess I have stirred up!"

"Bravo!" said Jim suddenly. "Here comes the Prince Albert himself."

Sure enough, there was Brother Jennings gallivanting down the sidewalk, his coat-tails flapping behind him and a small Missionary skipping in the rear. They'd none of them thought to cut the rope, but Mr. Missionary was a man of presence of mind. I don't know what he said—I suppose it must have been Biblical, but I'll bet it was heartfelt.

"He'll pass those German kids that saw you, Freckles," said Jim suddenly, as Mr. Missionary prepared to lead the cow back to her legitimate pasture, "and he'll probably find out the author of the deed. I think we'd better make tracks. I don't want to meet a six-foot missionary with a grievance."

We made tracks. In fact, they were tracks that were a considerable distance apart until we were out of sight and could sit down to gasp awhile. When I got my breath, I turned to those two boys.

"Now, look here, we've got to keep still about this. You just forget about it at home, will you? I'm supposed to be old enough to know better than this, and I don't want to be in disgrace."

"That's all right, Sis," said Brother Billy. "We'll never breathe the word *cow* in the same landscape with you again. You've certainly made it worth the price of admission, though. Gee how that woman with the ironing-board did look!"

And then we all looked at each other shamefacedly for a minute before we began to laugh. It really was a scandalous thing to do.

We will pass over a space, as the *Wedded But Parted* novels say. Nobody thought to ask us why we got home so early that afternoon, and nothing happened until Wednesday, when Aunt Catherine had callers.

Aunt Catherine is one of those little inoffensive brown women, and all her callers are missionaries, so I wasn't surprised when I heard them talking in the parlor. But I didn't know that she had asked them to supper until I walked in, looking hungry, and was being introduced as "my little niece, Virginia," by Aunt Catherine. I was looking over her head at the time, but she has introduced me that way since

I was six years old and seems unable to break the habit.

"Brother Jennings, Virginia," she purred to me. "He is the new pastor of the Zephaniah Mission, my dear, and we expect great things from him."

Brother Jennings! Of the Zephaniah Mission! Metaphorically speaking, I died right then and there. Billy and I exchanged glances across the head of Sister Jennings—the head that three short days before we had seen in un-missionary disorder before my cow. Billy looked appreciative. He says that I looked dazed.

"I fear," he said in his deep chest voice to Aunt Catherine, "I fear that I have to deal with a lawless and un-regenerate community. There is manifest a spirit of irreverence that is painful to perceive. If I could secure a few refined young people to work among them, I am sure it would be a great benefit. Now, Miss Virginia—could

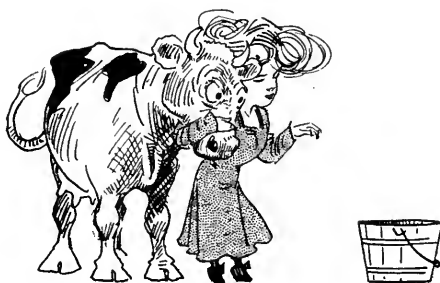
you not arrange to take a class in our mission? You should be doing your share of labor in the vineyard, you know."

I murmured something or other.

"Your mere example," he went on, "would do so much. I fear the young girls of our community are sadly deficient in womanliness. Last Lord's day one of them attached a neighbor's cow to the doorbell of the manse, and frightened the whole neighborhood—on the Lord's day, when she should be thinking of higher things! I am sure your influence would be a power for good, Miss Virginia."

It was no use. The spectacle of the cow rose before me. The vision of my wild scramble up the bluff to shelter overcame me, and with a hysterical excuse, I fled.

As I slipped through the portieres, I heard Aunt Catherine's deprecating voice explaining that I was so shy!





This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

THE ROMANCE AGE.

DO MOTHERS always sympathize with the "romance age" of their daughters? Did you ever hear your girl singing to herself—in a low voice—a little love-song? You, far away in some upstairs room doing some bit of practical commonplace work—you with your "romance age" over, your dreams come true, your hours filled with dull duties or social obligations or church work. How do you know what thoughts of love and life are locked up in that little heart? You who have forgotten the moonlit nights of long ago, the exquisite thrilling word of love low-spoken, the silences so laden with words, in the gloaming the excitement of the anticipated dance, the delight of the new ball dress—the way you stroked the little dancing shoes in the hope that He would be there—that unknown Prince who figures in every girl's dreams. You have forgotten all that, grown away from it in your fuller life of commonplace practicalities and you have closed the doors behind you. Some tone in the little girl's voice singing to herself downstairs opens those doors for a moment, and Remembrance, rose-scented, flows back and for a little while you are young

again—and oh, so fresh and pretty and yearning and lonely, just like the little girl downstairs who is hiding all these in her heart as you did long ago.

Sweet youth with its desires and unrests and hopes and fancies! Perhaps as the low song goes on, an exquisite tear softens the eye, a great warm wave of understanding for all that is human and lonely and beautiful sweeps over the heart, and you remember how you used to sing "In the Gloaming, Oh, my Darling," and "When Sparrows Build," at home evenings when the folks had gone somewhere and you were all alone. How your voice quavered over "Some Day," and you were lost in sorrow over your own life which seemed—poor little life—so sad and lonely and misunderstood. What a lot you've been through since! Disappointment and smashed illusions and ungratified ambitions and sorrow and the dark cloud of Death.

How earnestly you hope the little girl who is singing down there will not have all that to go through, but will find more wayside flowers growing along the road, and fewer hills to climb, and smoother rivers to cross. No rough winds should blow on her if you could prevent it—all the motherhood in you wakes with the little song. Fiercely

protective, it rises as a shield of steel against pain and sorrow upon that little life—the life of your girl. Let all or anything happen to your poor body, suffering and death, but for her—if you could have your way—only rose-wreaths and sunshine. And long after the song has ceased, when you kiss her good-night, your lips linger with gentle pressure, and from your mother's soul flows a wide understanding of all that the song meant and which in some occult or astral way your little girl understands better than if any words were spoken.

UNDER THE ROSE

THERE was no doubt about it. Something had given away with a snap, and a black stocking was free to ramble where it listed. A low and grovelling curiosity was dragging it down to inspect the state of its shoes, and she was on the public street and was walking with Him! Now, if it had been one of her own chums—Harry, or red-headed Billy, she would simply say: "See here, Billy, my shoe has come untied, and I want to fix it. No, I won't let you tie it—I'll just step into the next big store and go up to the rest room—" but to talk that way to this stately and bashful individual—never!

How surprised and annoyed he'd be if her—ahem!—hose came down and shuffled around her shoe. How untidy and careless he'd think her! How disgusted with her he'd be for placing him in such an undignified position. He would never take her out again. Just as she had taken him from Letty, too. Back he'll go, for he'll say to himself that Letty would never bring about anything so unpleasant. She, always so neat and tidy, has too much sense and dignity to go about with her hose in jeopardy. Drat that suspender, anyway!

And all this time the stately Mr. H. was talking about Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives"—she hadn't read a word of it—and asking her if it was true that women liked masterful men best—and that stocking was slipping, though she had developed a hop to save it. Then, the hop failing, she slunk along, dragging one foot, till the restaurant

whither they were bound hove in sight. Never did marooned sailor on a desert island more wildly welcome a sail. If only she could reach that table without the worst happening. They sat down. She still retained sufficient consciousness to order her favorite cakes to accompany their pot of tea, then eagerly awaited a propitious moment. It will come soon, she told herself cheerfully, and then came the thought that it was not the general custom for young ladies to crawl under refreshment tables and leave the escort eating in solitary widowerhood.

"I wish I were home," she thought, "I wish I had a chaperon—I wish I hadn't come." Then came a happy idea. She wiggled a hairpin from under her turban and slid it down her left side. Then she ducked as though to pick up her handkerchief. He also ducked politely to help her. She mumbled something and dropped her hairpin. By now the stocking was romping gaily over her shoe-top on its wild vacation. Desperation seized her—likewise a brilliant thought. "Please don't mind me," she said, sweetly—"I just trod on the hem of my skirt and tore it and I want to pin it together." Then she swooped sideways, scraped up the wandering hose with her good foot and with a swift turn pinned it tightly round her ankle with the hairpin. "That will hold you awhile," she muttered, as she rose with scarlet face only to hear him knock his head on the edge of the table. He had again ducked politely and had seen the whole proceeding.

TO THE TRUE FAITH

SOME controversy has been going on lately in Toronto over the question of "converting" the Jews of a certain quarter of the city to Christianity. The Jewish race is composed of deeply religious men and women, and there is only impertinence in our attacking the Hebrew creed—a faith as old and strong and enduring as the very hills, and which—for all we know to the contrary—may be the true faith itself. Has Christianity become so smug and self-assured that it allows none outside its pale, that it accounts as damned the



DID YOU EVER HEAR YOUR GIRL SINGING
TO HERSELF IN A LOW VOICE A
LITTLE LOVE-SONG ?

followers of Buddha, of Mahomet, of Moses—of the thousand and one great prophets and wise men of Eastern creeds, and this when there are dissensions among the Christian Churches themselves, and when even parsons are found questioning the Scriptures and debating as to the truth of this and that passage in the Bible?

No more moral race exists than the Jewish: no more intelligent, intellectual or artistic. We all agree the Jews are masters of finance, but some seem to be loath to attribute to them

the other great qualities which undoubtedly are theirs. Their religion is solemn and dignified and worthy of all respect. They are an estimable people, charitable towards one another to an extent unknown among Gentiles. I fail to see what we, followers of the Jewish Son of the Carpenter, may teach them. Why even concern ourselves with the question when our jails are filled with our own people, when the social evil is still thriving among us, and wives are beaten to death by their husbands and little children are mur-



THE PRETTY EMPRESS OF CHINA HAD DELIBERATELY
PLANNED TO BE LATE.

dered for gain? There is much need for missionary work among ourselves. The Jews want none of it, and are in need of none of it.

THE OUTCAST EMPRESS

EVERYONE turned to look at her as she entered the London ball-room. The great fancy ball was at its height, for the pretty Empress of China had deliberately planned to be late. She was young and lovely and her make-up was perfect, so perfect that for a long time she puzzled her closest friends. She danced every dance and had she three programmes instead of one they

would all have been filled. With her black eyes sparkling, her eyebrows aslant, her small feet in turn-up shoes, her kimono of royal yellow and the great golden flowers behind her ears she looked more Japanese than Chinese. Mysterious purple strokes and squares upon her golden robes proclaimed her of royal descent. Her wig, especially, which had come direct from China, was so becoming that two or three of her girl friends vowed they would wear it or one exactly like it at the next Covent Garden masque. After a jolly night—"the happiest of my life," the girl said—the ball broke up and every one went home, and the prize for the best costumed lady—a very beautiful piece of rare china—was sent to Her Imperial Highness, the Empress San Ann Daik Tal-Yun.

A few weeks after, a very pretty girl closely veiled called on a Harley Street physician. Removing her veil she disclosed a curious mark upon her forehead. The medical man diagnosed it as eczema and treated it accordingly.

But the mark did not disappear, and one month afterwards a weeping girl, all alone, deserted by every friend, was put aboard a vessel sailing from Liverpool. Closely confined in a cabin set aside for that purpose, her food passed in through a revolving shelf in the door, shunned by everyone and viewed through a grille once a day by a highly sterilized physician, the once lovely and happy-hearted child began the dreadful journey that was to end at Molokai, the leper colony, where, while a slow and dreadful disease progressed, she was to wait for the friendly hand of Death. The wig from the East had done its work.

And now, for all this occurred during the current year, every effort is being made to discover who may have worn the wig after this unlucky girl, for surely it has infected others with the terrible disease. Efforts, too, are being made to trace all those who came in contact with her at or since the ball, and many a young fellow who footed it gaily with the Empress of China at the dance a few months ago is quaking at the turn events have taken. "Everyone for himself" says the old adage.

And all the while a mere girl is waiting at Molokai for the only friend she may have in this world, the friend who will lead her out of it.

PRESENTED AT COURT

EVERY other body seems to have been "presented at Court" this season. A wicked satirist once said that royal drawing rooms were held for the especial benefit of pick-pockets, the King desiring that all his subjects may be able to live. Certainly thieves flock about in numbers whenever there is a Coronation or a Jubilee or a Court Drawing Room.

The Buckingham Palace presentation is an ordeal very different from our dear Dublin ceremonial, where the "Lord Liftinant" used to kiss every debutante on the cheek and so give her a lovely opportunity for blushing. The rehearsals for six weeks previous to the function were the best part of the show. You tie a sheet round you for a train—at least that's the way we do it in

Ireland—stick a cock's feather in your head, clear out the drawing room, and with your Aunt for Royalty perched on a high stool, and any male acquaintances who happen to be round doing duty as officials, you begin your peregrinations. Cousin Jimmy—the Lord Chamberlain—chokes with laughter as you advance at a jog, your tail wiggling behind you, your cock's feathers all a-tremble, until you fall in a bundle at the King's feet. The King—Aunt Mary Kate—upsets you with "That will never do. Go back and begin all over again." Back with you, grinning like a griffin and poked in the back by Jim as you paddle on determined to get it right or die. The Lord Liftinant's hand is out ready for the kiss, but you would need the neck of a giraffe to reach it, or else you get so near that you tumble over it and capsize Himself—Aunt Mary Kate—and roll on the floor with her till you were nearly "killed entirely with the laughter".

Then when the great day arrives, you

COUSIN JIMMY—THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN—CHOKES
WITH LAUGHTER AS YOU ADVANCE, YOUR TRAIN
WIGGLING BEHIND YOU, YOUR DUST-BRUSH
BOUQUET GRACEFULLY HELD.



take three hours and a half to get into your things and wait three more hours in a line of other carriages while the joking crowd of the great unwashed make fun of you and the starched and stilted gentlemen in uniforms and swords that get between their legs and trip 'em up, and just as you dismount, somebody blows a whiff of "shag" over you, entreating you to take that into the Castle and give the Lady Liftinant a little of the perfume of the people. But you forget all about it, and everything else when Himself salutes you, and you back over your train and tangle your feet in it and count yourself lucky if you don't fall flat on your back and call upon the hills to cover you.

But the best fun of all was telling all about it to old Bartly Quin, the "gardner" who used to dig and weed, rake and hoe for the munificent sum of tenpence a day "an' a bit to ate"—Bartly required minute descriptions, and he got them flavoured with prodigious lies.

"An' did Himself, the Lord Liftinant, wear his spurs, agra?"

"He did, Bartly, and his stirrups too, and his garters outside his clothes."

"The Lord save us!" said Bartly. "'Tis a quare sight he'd be, I don't doubt. I'm tould he does be kissin' the wimmen."

"He does, Bartly, and he likes it as well."

"Faix an' there's wan woman he couldn't take such a liberty with, an' her name is Mrs. Bartly Quin," said Bartly. "She'd scratch his eyes out."

I can see Lord Aberdeen's face if he found that it was obligatory on him to salute the chaste cheek of Bridgeen Quin.

"He'd faint sooner, Bartly."

"Bedad, 'twould be safer for him," said Bartly.

PHONETIC SPELLING

HERE is a small puzzle with which to while away an idle moment. I picked it up for a song and popped it into my pack. You can have it for another.

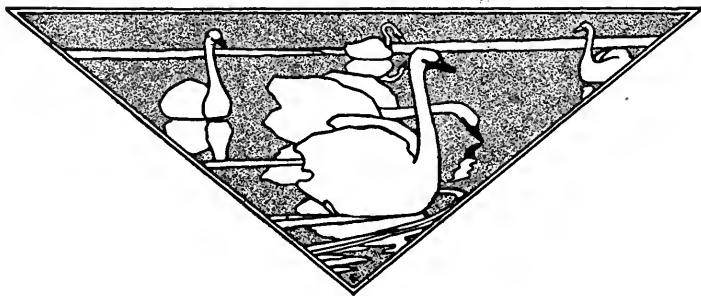
A man received one morning the following bill from a phonetic creditor who demanded immediate payment:

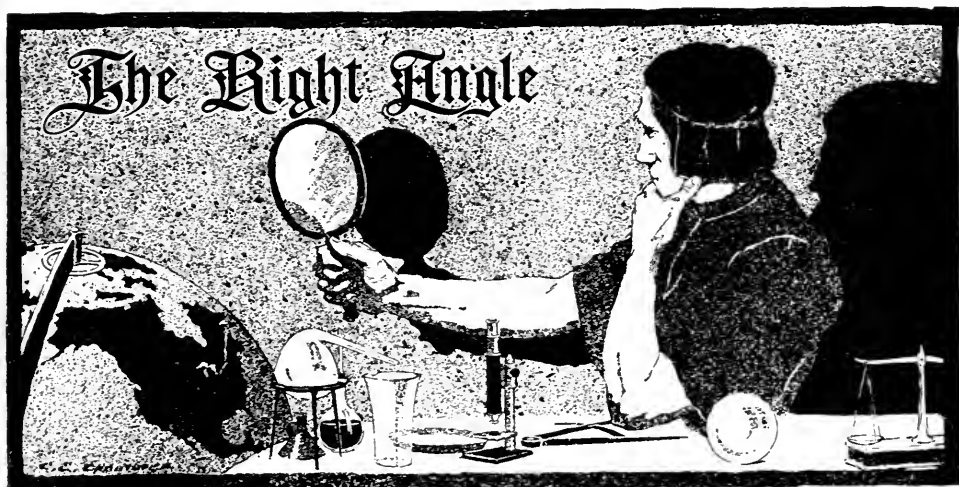
Osvorada	}	£2.
Avordeos		
Vechinonimome		

THE PAGEANT OF SUMMER

THE golden summer is slowly passing

Already the faint blue haze of autumn is crowning the tree-tops in the valley. The leaves are heavy with dust and have lost their lovely young freshness. The birds have reared their young and many are turning their thoughts southward and thinking of flocking time. The nights are sultry and town is comparatively empty. People are still coming and going upon their holidays and royal September and purple October are yet to come, loveliest time of all the year. Yet we cannot see summer whom we welcomed so eagerly, going slowly across the hills of Time—not to return for some of us—never to return quite the same for the girl who heard her first love story on some night in June, or the bride on whose finger the heavy ring was slipped under the misty veil. Yes, the roses are fading, the petals are dropping and a touch of sadness creeps into the heart of summer.





WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MONEY-MAD FARMING.

IN the campaign for better agriculture which CANADA MONTHLY has been waging in the series of articles entitled "Money-Mad Farming" is involved a big and important issue—a matter vital to the whole nation. Farming questions are ordinarily confined to agricultural journals and farm bulletins which reach and interest only a part of the people. But the problem presented in the West by continued wheat cropping is more than a "trade" question—it has a nation-wide significance that gives it no limited audience, but one that embraces every man who has Canada's interests at heart.

This is probably the first time that a standard magazine of general circulation has gone into an extended campaign on a purely agricultural question; and by that same token its importance to Canada at large is shown. When we first planned it, we were a little doubtful how many people would realize the seriousness of the danger we were prophesying. But no sooner was the first number issued than we began to receive comments. Men in all businesses—manufacturers, financiers, merchants, as well as all the soil experts and experiment station men in Canada told us that we were doing the right thing or wrote us letters of approval and encouragement.

W. A. Wilson, of the Saskatchewan department of agriculture, wrote: "I am very much in sympathy with your undertaking to show the advantages of the more general adoption of diversified farming methods in Canada and to oppose the straight wheat farming." A. Frank Mantle, the provincial deputy minister of agriculture wrote: "I am in thorough sympathy with your movement. The subject of the profits to be derived from diversified farming as compared to exclusive grain-growing will, I understand, be taken up by the college of agriculture as soon as their organization work permits." In the same letter he states that if any doubting Thomas requires to be shown to what extent continued wheat-growing depletes the soil, Professor Shutt's bulletin on the subject contains "valuable

data concerning the rate at which nitrogen is being worked out of our best soils under the system of continuous grain-growing."

Supporting Professor Shutt's elaborate and detailed testimony as contained in his bulletin, W. A. Munro, of the Rosthern Experimental Farm, writes us: "Regarding the advisability of the general adoption of diversified farming as opposed to continuous wheat farming, it is *the only permanent basis upon which agriculture can be carried on*. When the results of your investigations are published, I should like to read them and use them in my work lecturing to the farmers."

These are strong words, but in our belief they are fully justified. W. C. McKillican, of the Brandon Experimental Farm, affirms it even more emphatically. His letter is quoted by Mr. Croasdell elsewhere in this number. "There is no question," he says, "but that the system of growing grain only cannot continue. It robs the land of its fertility, and of its physical texture." Mr. Fairfield, of the Lethbridge Experimental Farm, says the same thing. On the eve of his retirement recently from office, Dr. William Saunders, Dominion director of the experiment farms and father of the experiment farm idea, wrote us reiterating his faith in mixed farming and urging that the good work be kept up. "Remember, the keeping of cattle gives the farmer employment during the winter months and thus enables him to utilize his time to advantage." He also stated that even where wheat could be grown to great advantage and where it was more profitable than the mixed crop would be, the practice has its serious dangers which every wheat farmer sooner or later would come to realize.

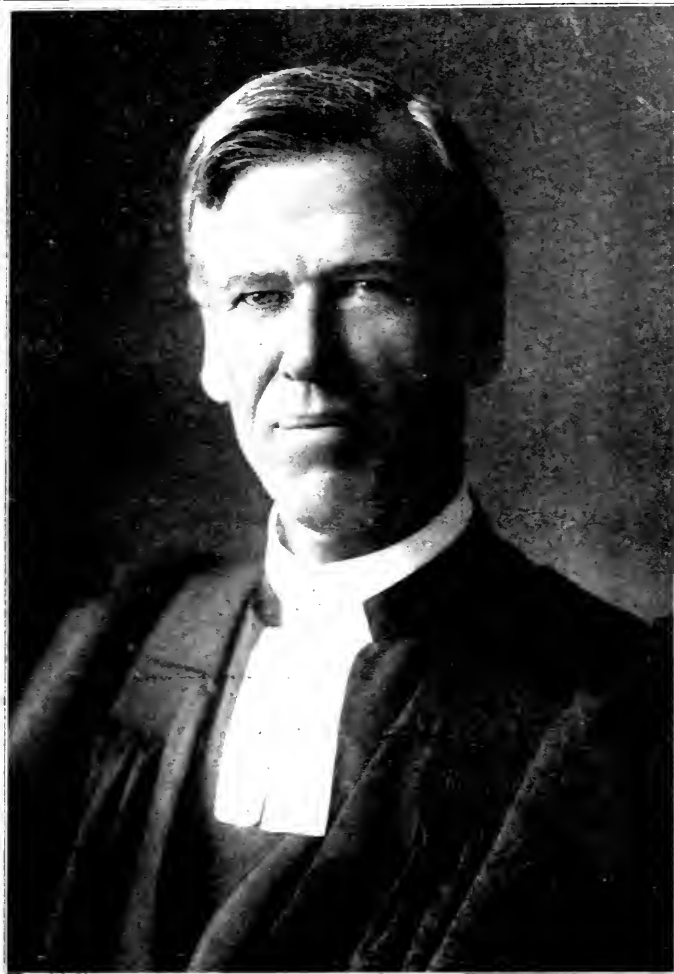
Other men of equal experience and authority corroborate the letters quoted above, and in addition to the experts, the practical farmers who do their work with their brains instead of their muscles alone have written to us commending the articles and encouraging us to print more of them.

We shall continue to run the "Money-mad Farming" series from month to month, preaching the mixed farming gospel. Mr. Croasdell and other men who have studied the farming question first hand will deal with varying phases of the subject, and we believe their work will be of genuine practical help to Western Canada. If they make so much as one farmer discontinue the constant all-wheat production that is slowly sapping Canada's fertile soil, they will have been worth while—but the results will not be confined to one farm, or two, or a dozen—it is our sincere belief that the farmers of Canada are wide-awake enough and patriotic enough to avoid a real danger once it is pointed out to them, and that the cause of mixed farming all over the West will be definitely helped by these articles.

AN EDMONTON LEADER.

MALCOLM MELVILLE, which, by the way, is only the pen-name of

a prominent Edmontonian, in writing of certain of Canada's Trail Blazers says:



THE REV. DR. MCQUEEN OF EDMONTON.

Twenty-five years ago he left home to become a missionary in the then far-off foreign field of Edmonton.

"Some men must play a very large part in the developing and settling of new countries, and the moulding of their characters. Of such is the Rev. Dr. McQueen, of Edmonton.

"Many years ago, long before railways were dreamed of in the country

west of Edmonton, or even in Edmonton itself, when the buffalo roamed the plains, and even trails were not cut out, men and women came to Edmonton to make homes. Some may have fancied in their rosiest dreams that a day would come when street-cars would

run on Jasper Avenue, then only a trail, but there were no real signs of the advance of such a miracle.

"Of those who journeyed westward, some came for adventure, some came for gain, and others to cheer and comfort. Among the latter is the Rev. Dr. McQueen, now of the First Presbyterian Church of Edmonton. Some twenty-five years ago he left home and people to become a missionary in this then far-off foreign field, and many have blessed the day that he set foot in the Province. Though many of his original flock lie chilled in the dust of their long home, their children worship still at the shrine he so ably adorns. Reverend, kind, charitable and considerate of the shortcomings of his fellow-men, no one can meet Dr. McQueen without being impressed by his Christian bearing, or fail to recognize in him a true disciple of the Galilean.

"In those long-ago days he faced long, lonely sleigh-rides in the depth of winter to speak a cheering and consoling word to a brother passing hence, and to-day he keeps the same manly spirit, uncorrupted by ostentation or pulpit rhetoric, and offers the same kindly grasp of greeting that cheered the lonely wanderer sick and far away from kith and kin. Men of this stamp do more to mould the essential character of a new country than we realize, and although Dr. McQueen will probably never receive the recognition he deserves, the Master will surely give him his reward. Many young men and women of Edmonton remember how, when temptation was very hard to bear, Dr. McQueen looked with them across the broad field of dissipation and destruction, and with kindly sympathy and understanding led them again to the still waters of peace.

"When many public men now better known have long been dust and their very names forgotten, Dr. McQueen will be remembered in Edmonton for his courage, charity, and goodness of heart and soul."

MR. OPTIMIST'S DISPOSITION

DID you ever see one of those foolish little weather-forecasters on which

if the day were to be fair, the overalls of the pictured small boy were pink; if it were to be rainy, blue? In my childhood days those overalls were an insoluble mystery, a source of never-ending speculation; and even to this hour I have a lingering respect for that youngster who knew so accurately when one would be captured and forced to wear his rubbers to school.

Besides, those overalls had a symbolic significance. Who does not feel metaphorically blue when the rain drives persistently against the flowing window-sash, and the chickens stand dismally on one leg under the shed, and the road is a silver mirror for the grey and weeping heaven? Who has not flattened his small nose disconsolately on the dripping pane and repeated the old rhyme:

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day.

though without much hope of its doing good, considering the number of previous failures? Who has not had an umbrella snatched from his grasp and turned into a mere weltering wreck of twisted ribs and useless silk? Who has not been caught unawares and drenched by the unrelenting weather? Decidedly, those overalls ought to have turned indigo instead of delicate sky; and the man who said, "When God sorts out the weather an' sends rain, w'y, rain's my choice," should be tabooed by the Poet's Union. It's a wonder that people who live in wet climates have any disposition at all.

Now, there's Mr. Optimist, of Calgary, and Mrs. Optimist and the brood of little Optimists. Arthur Stringer introduced you to Mr. Optimist not very long ago, the only trouble being that he confined his hero to Calgary. The Optimist family live in every city and town and hamlet in Western Canada, and it is our private opinion that the mellow sunshine of "sunny Alberta" and sunny Saskatchewan and sunny Manitoba has a good deal to do with their dispositions.

Rain on the prairie is not a beating, dreary, all-day affair that whistles, and drizzles, and thins for an hour and wipes out the world and the hen-house in Scotch mist, and is still at it

when you wake up next morning. One of the little Optimists, his potato-brown thatch bleached taffy-color with the sun, spies a shower forty miles away, looming up black and thunder-headed. Mrs. Optimist gathers in the drying dish-towels, shuts the woodshed door, and watches the cloud from the west window. Will it follow the valley and rain on the oats, or will it go north of the ridge and miss the quarter completely?

There is a faint coolness in the air, a forerunner of the storm that is steadily driving across the sky, and darkening the brilliant day. Shadowy and more shadowy it grows, while the men come up from the field and stable the horses. Patches of blue and purple and dull olive star the tawny of the prairie; a big drop falls. Then comes the wind, and with a wall of bending grasses before it, the storm is upon you, blotting out the universe in a drumming white sheet of rain. For an hour it pours as if the bung were out of the up-stairs water-barrel; clears up as suddenly as it came; and departs in a prismatic glory of rainbows, while the fields lift up their drop-weighted heads, and the meadow-larks sing as if they were demented. But there are no gray days, no persistent drizzles, no chill and dispiriting mists in the air, and it is no wonder that Mr. and Mrs. Optimist and all the little Optimists wear faces as sunny as the sky and look as cheerful as a morning robin topping off his breakfast with a cherry.

"It's all right!" is the universal gospel of Canada. Big and breezy and good-natured Mr. Optimist smiles at you as he says it. "Everything's all right—bound to be all right." And we'll venture there isn't a pair of blue-weather overalls in all Western Canada.

UNCHRONICLED CELEBRATIONS

IT is a curious and moving thing to think of how many people in how many far places were thinking at a

certain hour on June 22nd of King George and Queen Mary, and the stately pageant among the shadowy arches of Westminster Abbey, where the Archbishop of Canterbury said the time-honored words that made George V. a king.

No other country could muster its subjects from so many parts of the world on a coronation day. India and Ceylon among the palm-trees; Australia, where the hot winds blow through Torres Strait; far-flung Auckland, where the island girls sing on the wharves and the lazy streets whisper with the sound of bare feet; the baked levels of South Africa; the stairwayed streets of Quebec; the flaring frame highway of Dawson, all bore one thought that day, and expressed it with pageant or Union Jack or speech or merely a thought sent out across the seas to old London.

Most of the celebrations in far-away places where newspaper and magazine are not will forever remain unchronicled and unknown to the world at large, but there is one which came to our knowledge that is perhaps as picturesque as any. About the hour of the Coronation in London the steamship *Princess May*, of the Canadian Pacific's Coast Alaska service, came abreast of the great Taku Glacier, on American soil. The ship was dressed with flags and a salute fired. Immediately afterwards the passengers and crew united in singing "God Save the King," a number of American passengers joining.

Curious, is it not? In Westminster, the Archbishop and the holy oil on the head of the new-crowned king: and half-a-world away a coastwise steamer slipping along the face of a prehistoric glacier, and firing a salute in his honor, while descendants of the men who fought against the fourth George joined with Englishmen in singing the praise of his successor and namesake.



THE CHINESE VIEW.

A WOMAN missionary in China was taking tea with a mandarin's eight wives. The Chinese ladies examined her clothing, her hair, her teeth, and so on, but her feet especially amazed them.

"Why," cried one, "you can walk and run as well as a man."

"Yes, to be sure," said the missionary.

"Can you ride a horse, and swim, too?"

"Yes."

"Then you must be as strong as a man!"

"I am."

"And you wouldn't let a man beat you—not even if he was your husband—would you?"

"Indeed I wouldn't!" the missionary said.

The mandarin's eight wives looked at one another, nodding their heads. Then the oldest said, softly:

"Now I understand why the foreign devil never has more than one wife. He is afraid!"

THE PERILOUS VERGE.

AN actor, famous in monologue and as an impromptu wag, was a good deal the worse for several days' hitting 'em up and was lurching up Portage Avenue one night in the middle of the street. An acquaintance called out:

"Hey, Jimmy! Why don't you take the sidewalk?"

"Who do you think I am?" rejoined James. "Blondin?"

LONG TIME ORDERS.

JOE McHUGH once came into a newspaper office after a round of the hotels on just such a hot Sunday as can be pictured readily now. He narrated a conversation between three travelling men precipitated by the complaint of one that the hot weather made the sale of his goods impossible.

The other two listened while he wailed.

Finally No. 2 said: "Quit your kicking. I haven't made a sale since last February."

"What do you sell?" asked No. 1.

"Snow plows."

No. 3 came to bat. "It will be a year in August since I got an order," he said.

"What is your line?" asked No. 1 and No. 2 in chorus.

"Suspension bridges."

WHEN THE, ETC.

WHEN the class goes for a picnic,
and they find a sylvan glade,
And somebody tips the barrel that contains the lemonade,
And some one falls from the hammock,
and the teacher wants to swear
But must smile with saintly patience
When a twig pulls off her hair,
O, it's then that hearts are joyous and
it's then that life is gay,
When the class all gets sun-blistered
on its happy picnic day,
And you sit you down to dinner but
you rise to frown and sigh,
For the bugs are in the ice cream and
the ants are in the pie.



CANADA MONTHLY



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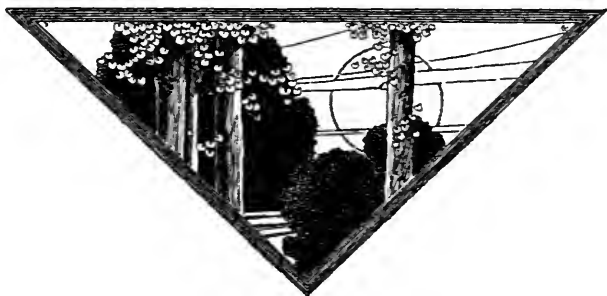
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WHERE SUMMER WAS

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

WHERE summer was the grass is gray and brown,
And withered leaves are scattered here and there
To mark how they have softly fluttered down
On sighing breezes, or through breathless air.
The flowers flaunt no more their banners gay,
Nor toss their perfumes to the laughing wind—
No trace the more of joyous June or May
Do we in all the dying landscape find.

Where summer was, the lone tree on the hill
Lifts up its arms of sacrificial fire,
Heaped high with leaves that flame all mystic-still
In red and gold—a beacon and a pyre.
But one brave blossom lifts its petalled cup
From the recesses of the drooping vine
As though before it died it would raise up
The parting draught of summer's scented wine.





FREDERIC M. GRANT 1911

"HOW OLD IS HE?" FULVIA ASKED ABRUPTLY, MAKING A LITTLE HALF-CONTEMPTUOUS GESTURE AFTER ALEX.
"I SHOULD THINK HE COULD TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF, HE'S OLD ENOUGH"

SEPTEMBER



The Reawakened Church

By Shailer Mathews



There have always been critics of the Church, just as there have always been critics of every institution and person devoted to the higher things of life. Within the past few years in particular has the Church been subjected to severe criticism. Both by its enemies and its friends has it been told that it was growing out of sympathy with its age and becoming, at least among Protestants, an institution of the capitalistic class, whose membership was rapidly becoming feminized; whose ambitions were too exclusively other-worldly; and whose leaders were afraid of a candid and scientific investigation of their teachings. To a very considerable extent these criticisms were just, and are still just, but they are as far as possible from being the whole truth. Within the past five years, and particularly within the last two or three years, churches of all denominations have been passing through a very remarkable awakening. It is this awakening, particularly among Protestant churches in America, that I plan to describe in this series of articles. It is no time for the friends of the Church to despair. It is rather time for them to take account of stock and realize on their assets. They have been counting their liabilities too long.

THERE are two sorts of scholarship: learning and investigation.

Periods devoted exclusively to learning are not generally periods in which the frontiers of knowledge are extended. The chief faculties employed are memory and reasoning. Conclusions are reached deductively from premises about which no questions are to be asked. This was the temper of mind of the Middle Ages and, indeed, as far as theology was concerned, that which has ruled throughout practically the entire Christian period. The starting point of most theologies has been some premise which was not

examined seriously, if at all. Once given such premises, it was not difficult to build up a system by the use of syllogisms.

The other sort of scholarship is that with which we have become generally acquainted during the past twenty-five years in America, and the past century in Germany. It is of the sort that questions all major premises; that bids us begin our thinking with something other than the presuppositions given by authority. It is the sort of scholarship that we find in the laboratory. It is interested in facts and is impatient of generalities. It is skeptical in the

literal sense of the word, in that it looks into things, and often it is skeptical, in the other sense of the word, in that it doubts that which the Church has believed.

It is no wonder, therefore, that men have said that the Church could not tolerate scholarship of this second sort. They have charged that the Church is afraid to have its major premises examined, that faith is but a synonym of credulity and that the free thinker

must of necessity be an infidel.

It cannot be denied that there was some ground for such accusation. Certain of the Christian communities still set their faces like a flint against anything that looks like really serious investigation. But it is not true of the Church to-day as it was a few years in the past. For, just as the Renaissance preceded the Reformation, has the scientific method introduced a new era in modern religious thinking.

The Church is Applying Scientific Scholarship to the Bible.



It is not so many years ago that the term "higher criticism" was one at which good churchmen trembled. It seemed to them to be the very synonym of all that was negative and destructive in religious thinking. New movements are apt to become fanatical even in fields of scholarship, and the first critics, both biblical and otherwise, were swept off into a maze of conjectures and theories, the most striking characteristics of which were an arrogant contempt of that which men once believed and a sublime confidence in literary analysis and myth cycles. Much of this temper has been passed, but even at its best the historical criticism was, and still is, to some degree destructive. Just because it recognizes the work of historical forces it must refuse to accept certain theories as to the origin of the Bible, which have grown up since the seventeenth century and which have been among the presuppositions of theology, notwithstanding they have been shown repeatedly to be neither necessary for the true Christian religion nor approved by the great theologians.

But the Church, at least in its most influential members, has outgrown this fear. Criticism itself has lost some of the easy assurance of its early days, and its results are being seen to be less hostile to evangelical theology than was first feared.

This newer attitude of mind has not been reached without a struggle over

freedom of teaching. It may be said to have been foreshadowed in the great Andover controversy. It is true that the point at issue in that case was not in the field of criticism, but rather in that now all but undiscussed field, the state of the soul after death. But the point of view of the remarkable body of men who then constituted the faculty of Andover Seminary was essentially modern, and the issue which their position forced was whether an "orthodox" theological seminary should have the right to teach that which its professors honestly believe to be true, within the general field of evangelical theology, or whether that which was believed to be true when certain endowments were given the seminary, should be always its standard of teaching. We have to-day largely forgotten the controversy, except as it seems to have affected the future of the seminary itself, but the decision of the courts which refused to let a dead hand write the creeds of a religious denomination was really a milestone in the development of scientific theology in America.

In 1893, Charles R. Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary, was tried by the authorities of the Presbyterian denomination on charges of heresy. In point of theology Professor Briggs was, and is, most conservative. He had, however, become a champion of critical views as to the authorship of the Old Testament books, which had already brought Robertson Smith to a similar

trial in Scotland, and had promulgated his views with an aggressiveness and belligerency which aroused bitter hostility. The findings of the council were against him, and he became an Episcopalian. But freedom in theological

teaching was not checked thereby. The Union Theological Seminary itself refused to dismiss him, and thereby recognized the principal of freedom of investigation in so far as biblical criticism is concerned.

*Our Theological Seminaries are Teaching
Men to Honor the Scientific Search
for Truth.*



This position was further recognized by the seminary in its retention of Professor McGiffert, whose work on the Apostolic Age (1897) had aroused serious discussion. In his case, however, there was no trial for heresy,

as Professor McGiffert, in the interests of peace, joined the Congregationalists. Union Seminary for a time suffered for its position, some of its students leaving for "safer" Princeton, but it gained in the end. American Christianity is not bigoted. In the past few years Union Seminary's attendance has greatly increased and its men are in demand among the churches, where they have proved singularly effective. What is more, the great Presbyterian denomination, despite the annual discussion in the General Assembly, is not openly hostile to biblical teachers whose leanings are critical, and although its seminaries, under the control of the general assembly, are conservative—notably in the case of Princeton—it claims to be in sympathy with the methods if not with all the results of historical-critical scholarship. Knox College in Toronto has been a leader in this conservative and constructive progress.

To William R. Harper the Church also owes much in this same field, for he educated the laity as well as the ministers. First as a professor in Yale, and then as president of the University of Chicago and head of the Old Testament department in its Divinity School, he stood for a thorough going critical method, with wonderful tact and patience under misrepresentation and accusation. The Baptist denomination has generally been regarded as ultra conservative. As a



good many other "ultra conservative" institutions have done, however, it has never made any strenuous denial of the charge but equally, it has done nothing to give such a charge, foundation. The "hard-shell" days have been equally shared in by other faiths, and are now over for all. As an actual matter of fact, however, at the present time its theological seminaries are progressive and number among their faculties a number of the leaders in theological reconstruction. Its history has never been marked by trials for heresy, although its members, particularly the editors of some of its privately owned newspapers, have assailed the critical position vigorously, and in some cases continue to attack the position of those teachers and preachers who favor critical views.

But any man who knows Baptist affairs will admit that the denomination harbors a liberality of thinking and of speech second to that in no denomination, if indeed not superior to that in some. The graduates of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, where academic freedom of teaching is recognized frankly, are seldom radical and are almost uniformly of marked evangelistic temper and are in constant demand among the churches. The same is true of the other seminaries in the United States and Canada, whose positions, though possibly more cautiously expressed, are those which exposed President Harper and his colleagues at one time to severe criticism.

In the great Methodist denomination a Divinity School like that of Boston University has been subjected to official investigation, which, in the

case of Professor H. G. Mitchell, led to the removal of one of the leading Old Testament scholars of America. The action, however, of the bishops which led to his removal was due to a number of circumstances which were declared to be technical in character, and Professor Mitchell has of late been able to regain his status in his denomination and is now connected with the University, although

not in the School of Theology. The other Methodist seminaries of the north are marked by liberality of teaching, and recent attempts on the part of ultra-conservatives to bring charges against members of their faculties, as well as Doctor Buckley, their leading editor, have been handled so tactfully that there has been no limitation of a reasonable liberty of teaching.

*The Church is Utilizing the Results of
Other than Theological Sciences.*



Within the great and influential body of Disciples of Christ there has of late grown up a body of earnest and notably efficient young men under the leadership of Professor Herbert L. Willett.

As in the case of the Baptists, the organization of the Disciples prevents any ecclesiastical trial for heresy, and despite opposition, the liberal wing of Disciples is really proving its worth by the fruits of its labor. The Disciples of the north, however, have no theological seminary, and their "Bible chairs" in connection with state universities are generally manned by men of the conservative critical type.

The Congregationalists have always been among the leaders of intellectual life among American churches. The splendid chain of colleges, from Bowdoin in Maine to Pomona and Whitman on the Pacific coast, is a perpetual testimony to the intellectual leadership of this comparatively small but wonderfully effective group of Christians. The Congregational theological seminaries, like Bangor, Hartford, Andover, Yale and Oberlin, are the centers of thoroughgoing scholarship of the most modern sort, though their temper is not radical but constructive. Chicago Theological Seminary has of late suffered from the removal of Professor George H. Gilbert from the chair of New Testament interpretation, on grounds it is very difficult to justify. The conditions, however, of the case are not likely to arise again and the teaching of the seminary to-day is as

free as that of other seminaries of the denomination.

The Unitarians have always stood for freedom of thought, and their theological schools—if Harvard with its largely Congregationalist faculty be included—are committed to biblical scholarship of a somewhat radical type.

Churchmen of the south are still much more conservative theologically than those of the north, but this attitude is giving way to the influence of the rapidly developing influence of the colleges and universities. The Methodist Church (south) must be regarded here as the leader. Vanderbilt University and Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina, are notable representatives of progressive theological teaching and scholarship, and the great body of influential clergymen of the church are open-minded. So, too, in the case of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, which only a few years ago was in the middle of an unfortunate controversy over the teaching of Professor Whitsitt on a point judged vital to the defense of the Baptist position, there is at present nothing like illiberality. While its teachers are regarded as more conservative than those of its sister seminaries in the north, it stands for a progressive scholarship of a solid kind.

The Episcopal church has always been regarded as a place of refuge for men of liberal tendencies of other denominations. Its theological seminaries, barring the possible exception of that of Cambridge, are conservative



theologically, but in the range of biblical scholarship most of their teachers stand committed to the critical position, and Episcopalian writers like

Nash, Batten and Peters are notable illustrations of the new tendency of the Church to recognize the rights of scholarship of a scientific sort.

*The Laymen are Welcoming the New
Theological Scholarship.*



It is sometimes asserted that the laymen are in advance of the ministry in point of liberality. In my judgment the contrary is true. The influential laymen of our churches, speaking generally, are business men; they do not care for theological discussions; they want, so to speak, a businesslike theology. The refinements of scholarship are as far beyond them as the mysteries of double-entry bookkeeping are beyond the average clergyman. Some denominations, like the Presbyterians, put much severer theological tests upon their clergy than they do upon their church members, but the great mass of the church members have been suspicious of theological change. Nevertheless, a new attitude is developing.

Farthest possible from being radical, the great Sunday school movement, by the vote of the convention of 1908, has committed itself to a graded series of lessons which, while by no means committed to critical theories, is none the less a recognition of the scientific method in education. The Young Men's Christian Association is also growing less suspicious of the newer biblical scholarship, and while, as an organization, it is justly cautious about taking positions that in any way threaten the

significance of the evangelical test, it is recognizing, especially in the college associations, the necessity of utilizing such results of scholarships as are distinctly helpful to the spiritual life. The American Institute of Sacred Literature, founded by the late President Harper, has had and still has a widespread influence in the popularizing of the better method of Bible study. Its lessons are not technical, yet they recognize the principles of the historical method and are being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country.

There are, of course, counter movements, like the Bible Study League, looking toward the preservation of the more traditional views regarding the Bible, but even the position of such a man as Professor Orr, who just now is the great champion of conservatism, would have been judged dangerous if fully disclosed twenty years ago. And no one would for a moment charge lack of scholarship to him and to others of the defenders of older theological views. As a rule they stand committed to many of the critical positions regarded as dangerous a generation ago, although they are concerned primarily with the defense of strictly theological formulas.



*Where Science and Religion No Longer
Are At War.*



Another fact is of the utmost importance. A few years ago men who had come under the influence of scientific methods of our universities and professional schools found it difficult to co-operate with the evangelical leaders of our churches, and in many

cases drifted off into an agnosticism. Of late, however, the tide is turning. Professional men are coming into our churches to work in certain lines of church work. A man like Dr. W. C. Bitting, of St. Louis, can attract to his church and congregation a notable



group of men of this sort, and that, too, without the loss of any of the spiritual fervor which has been the glory of the older theological positions. Educated

men want to think about religion and will listen sympathetically to a man who they believe is both deeply religious and honestly scholarly.

*Putting the Church on a Practical
Working Basis.*



This change in the attitude of the laity, while, of course, subject to any number of exceptions, is not to be mistaken for a complete committal to critical positions. It is rather a more or less deliberate recognition of the

legitimacy of a genuine biblical scholarship that does not assume that which it ought to prove. As fast as churches get convinced that the chief business of the critically trained preacher is not to discuss critical questions in the pulpit, they grow tolerant. This tolerance grows as progressive ministers recognize the fact that their business is not to teach people what not to believe but what to believe. The laity as a class are coming to feel with the theological seminaries that scholarship is after all an agency, not an end, in the Church. They see, for instance, that the question of the number of Isaiahs is altogether secondary to the pressing question as to whether the fundamental teachings of the Bible, however derived, are workable. In proportion as the rank and file of members come to believe that scholarship does not assail the real efficiency of the Church, but rather increases it, do they grant larger liberty to thought and teaching on the part of their pastors. No really sensible, constructive man need fear interference to-day from most churches on the score of liberality.

Such a statement is in one way too sweeping. It would be more accurate to say that the church workers are coming to feel that the entire range of scientific investigation may furnish material for religious activity. Thus, in the region of biology the old suspicion of the theories of evolution is rapidly passing. The ordinary position

of the intelligent churchman is that it makes little difference just how humanity came into existence, whether in an evolutionary fashion or by creation. In either case it was due to the operation of God. Similarly, in the psychology of religion, it is only recently that our psychologists have seriously considered religious experience. Now there are few psychologists who are not to some extent working in the field, and the literature on the psychology side of religion is rapidly assuming large proportions.

Sunday schools are being reorganized along strictly pedagogical lines. The Religious Education Association, composed of some of the most prominent educators in the country, is every year becoming a larger source of inspiration and of influence, and that, too, without competitive work or publication. The evangelist is coming to understand the psychology of his profession and our ministers are coming to feel that the religious worker can not be too well grounded in the essential facts of psychology.

This condition of affairs, thus imperfectly sketched, has been brought to pass largely within the last ten, indeed, the last three, years. It ought to give pause to the man who holds that the Church is afraid of scientific methods. There is still opposition to radicalism of what is judged a destructive sort, but the really formative men of the Church are increasingly open-minded and tolerant. The man who judges otherwise, I am convinced, argues from his limited range of facts. The day of warfare between science and theology, is not past, but is passing.





ANGELA

BY THOMAS A. DALY

AH! yes, I been away; an', pleass.
I hida from you, too!
For dough ees wrong for do like dees
Weeth kind old frand like you:
I 'fraid you'd joke of "weengs" an' tease.
So like you use' to do.
You no remembra, long ago,
Wan morna w'en you came
An' see me makin' lova so
Weeth w'at you call my "flame."
How you are beg me lat you know
W'at ees da lady's name?

An' w'en I tal you "Angela,"
You laugh an' joke at dat,
"An' eef she's angela," you say,
"W'at kinda weengs she gat?"
An' many times you ask "eef dey
Are starta growin' yat?"
Eet was a joke for you an' me.
Dose "weengs"—but notta now—
An' O! eet nevva more can be—
You ondrastanda how
I no could joke of dem. You see
You see—she got dem now!

The Woman's Way

by Frances Hodgson

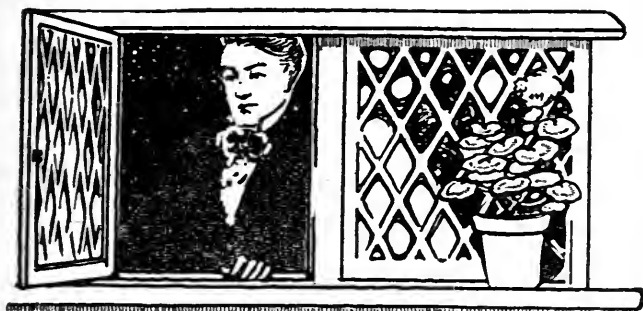
Drawings by
Frederic M. Grant



THERE was foreign blood in her veins; anybody could see that, not only by her dark little foreign face, and big, fringed, uncanny black eyes, but by her scornful ways, and queer, high-handed fashions, that were so different from other people. I have seen a great many English, and Irish, and Scotch

girls in my time, and I never saw an English, Irish or Scotch girl who could flare up and fly into a passion and out of one in a breath as Fulvia Desmond could, and be so daring in a high-handed, scornful way. She never seemed to care for what people said, or to be afraid of anything in the wide world, and many a time since I first began to understand her, have I been thankful that I did not do the poor forlorn young creature any greater injustice than to think at times that her neglected childhood had made her something uncaring for the feelings of those about her. Yes, there was foreign blood in her veins, and I said so to myself the very first instant I set eyes upon her; and I found out, very soon afterward, that I had not been mistaken.

I am an old woman now, but I have not forgotten, and don't think I ever shall forget the night she came to Ballomuth, which was the name of Mr. Alexander Muith's estate in the north of Ireland, and where I had been living for many a year as nurse and housekeeper to Mr. Muith's nephew and niece, who were his adopted children. It's as fresh in my mind this minute as ever it was—the way that strange, young thing marched into the old dining-hall, where I was sitting with the children before the big peat fire in the huge old fire-place. It was mid-winter, and a bad enough night at that, and we had had no warning whatever of her coming until we heard the stage



kissed her, but Fulvia Desmond made no attempt to meet her, and there was not a shadow of any feeling but deliberate curiosity in her black eyes; so Cathie stopped half-way, blundering out a few good-natured words and then broke down.

It was a bad enough beginning, and the rest

slough through the mud in the road and then stop before the door for someone to get out. We were just wondering who it could be, when the door opened, and she marched in, looking as unconcerned as if she did not care whether we expected her or not. And she didn't care, either, for she told us so afterward, and certainly she did not look as if she cared much when she walked up to Alexander and spoke to him, looking straight into his face with her big, scornful black eyes.

"I am Fulvia Desmond," she says to him, "and Mr. Alexander Muith sent me here to be taken care of."

Whereupon my Alexander began to laugh in his light-hearted way. (I always call the children by their Christian names, and I am not likely to do otherwise, considering that they have been like my own flesh and blood all their lives, and though Alex was twenty-four at the time, and Cathie nearly twenty, they were always "the children" with me).

"And I am sure we are glad to see you, Miss Fulvia Desmond," he said, laughing as hard as he could, "and we are much obliged to Uncle Alexander for doing us so much honor. Welcome to Ballomuth. Cathie, this is Miss Fulvia Desmond—Miss Fulvia Desmond, this is nurse Ferguson, who has taken care of us since Mr. Muith declined the pleasurable task about twenty years ago."

She did not say a word—just looked at him, and then turned round to Cathie, who had risen to greet her.

Cathie was like Alex in her warm-hearted Irish way, and she went to the queer little creature and would have

of the evening seemed to promise a worse ending. Miss Fulvia Desmond would not talk, but sat silent, on one of the broad, old-fashioned foot-stools, and stared into the fire. Mr. Alexander Muith had sent no letter of explanation, and all that we learned was that, when her mother, who was a Frenchwoman, had died a month before in Boulogne, he had come for her and sent her to Ballomuth.

Cathie was full of pity when she told us this, and she spoke out and told her so in that straightforward way I have always taught the children to have; for, as I have said to them often, it is better to risk not being understood than risk losing the chance of saying a kind word to those who need it.

But when Cathie sympathized with her over her mother's death, and said she was sorry, the girl looked up from the fire a minute and stared at her with a queer look in her eyes that was like a flash of the flames.

"I wasn't sorry," she said quite coolly. "I was glad. She was a bad woman."

I had my doubts from that moment about that mother of hers. It was not natural for a young thing, little more than a child, to have the hard, defiant look Fulvia Desmond had; and it was quite natural that the neglect of a bad mother should have made a neglected child reckless and bitter-natur-



ed; so, if I did not like Fulvia Desmond after hearing her make that speech, I did not blame her much. And when Mr. Alexander Muith took it into his crotchety head to write to us from Dublin, I found out I had not been wrong in suspecting what I did. Her mother had been the worst of bad women. She had run away from her husband with a French officer, when Fulvia was a baby, and the child had been dragged through all her shameful wanderings, more because she could not easily get rid of her than because she had any feeling for the poor, little forsaken thing. It was not a wonder that the child was proud, and obstinate and suspicious.

"She used to beat me," she told us once, in her deliberate fashion. "She beat me once with a horse-whip that belonged to one of the men who used to come to see us, and she beat me till the blood was running down my back; and when I fought and tried to strike her again, the man laughed—he laughed at me." And she stamped her vicious little foot, with her eyes all in a blaze.

Such speeches as these were the key-notes to her whole nature. The shame and misery of her childhood had left traces in every feeling she had. Baby as she had been, she had felt the full sting of her wretched, outcast life, perhaps because the degradation around her had made her otherwise.

Since I first came to Ballomuth myself, when Cathie was a baby, and Alexander not more than four years old, Mr. Alexander Muith had not been to see us more than a dozen times, and after Fulvia came, we heard nothing from him beyond the explanatory letter, which was as short and businesslike as possible. The girl had money from her father, he said, and she was to be taken good care of. Alexander was old enough to act as the head of our little family, and there the matter seemed to end, as far as the old gentleman was concerned; but he was an eccentric old fellow and we had learned to understand him; so we did not trouble him with any further enquiries, and went on as usual, living in our quiet way. I often used to wonder how it would have been if I had not cared for the children as I did, or if

some other woman had been chosen to take my place. Ballomuth was a great, barren, uncultivated estate, and the House, as the people called it, was a huge, and rambling, and barren a place as could be; so we had lived in a queer, lonely, independent sort of fashion. But Fulvia Desmond's coming made a little change. In course of time, when we began to understand her queer ways, she was a great deal of company for us. She had seen so much of the world in her wandering, vagabond life, that nothing was new to her, and, indeed, she sometimes startled me with the odd stories she told; but she always told them innocently, I know, and I was not afraid that anything she would say could harm Cathie. Many a time after she came to Ballomuth did we sit by the peat-fire and listen to her telling about the satins, and velvets, and diamonds, and fine things the people wore who crowded about the little tables in her mother's house to play cards and dice (she had queer French names for the games) for piles of gold pieces. She used to creep to the door and watch them, she said, and sometimes, as the men came out, they would toss her money, but her mother always took it from her.

But she never told such stories before Alex, I noticed. I used to think sometimes that she did not like him, for though she made friends with Cathie in time, she never made friends with Alex, and never even altered her scornful way toward him. But that Alex liked her it was very easy to see. In his stay-at-home, careless life, he had seen very few women except the red-cloaked colleens who rode to market in their jaunting cars with butter and eggs to sell; and Fulvia Desmond's high-handed way was the very thing to take the fancy of my light-hearted, easy-natured Alex. She was so passionate and imperious, and cared so little for him that, of course, man-like, he was ready to let her trample on him if she chose, and never lose a touch of his gay good temper. And then there was an odd sort of fascination about the girl. Her mother's French blood showed itself in a hundred different

ways, but most of all in her looks and her fondness for dress. She had never been stinted in dress, it was easy to see, for when her trunks came they were loaded with French finery of all kinds—queer little high-heeled slippers, all rosettes and big buckles, such as we had only seen in old-fashioned pictures, though they were new-fashioned enough, it seemed; queer, oddly-made dresses, trimmed and trained and puffed out in a way that made us open our ignorant eyes; and such boxes full of ribbons, and velvets, and laces as Cathie could never have worn in a dozen years. But Fulvia wore them every day, though very few people ever saw her beside we three and the servants. And she was generous enough with them, too. She would give them to Cathie, and took as much pride in dressing the girl up to her fanciful notions as Cathie took in being dressed; but though she was always sweet and pretty enough, no dressing ever made Cathie look like Fulvia. She had not her odd, fiery way and quick motions to begin with, and though Fulvia always looked better for her high-heeled French shoes, with their buckles and rosettes, and the grand French dresses, with their trimmings and furbelows, I always thought Cathie seemed more at home in the plain frocks I had always seen her wear.

But the sharp tongue and black eyes and fantastic dresses bewitched Alex until his head was almost turned. He had been used to spending nearly all his time out of doors, shooting and fishing; but after Fulvia came he began to remain at home, and, if he went out, never stayed long, and never came home without bringing his game to her. But she never treated him very well, and she often treated him very ill. And yet she was by no means ill-natured toward the rest of us. She would quarrel with Cathie sometimes, and quarrel with me, but she was always passionately affectionate and always ready to make sacrifices; and I never knew her to break her word in my life. She had strange, independent notions, too, though we never found them out unless by the merest accident, as it seemed, for she was very

apt to keep what she thought to herself when it was not anybody's business.

"How old is he?" she asked Cathie abruptly one day, making a little, half-contemptuous gesture towards Alex as he was leaving the room.

"He is twenty-four," Cathie answered surprisedly. "Why, Fulvia?"

"I was wondering why he stays here," was the short answer.

"Stays here!" says Cathie innocently. "Where should he stay but here? We have lived at Ballomuth ever since Mr. Alexander Muith first began to take care of us."

"Take care of you!" repeated Fulvia with her most scornful face. "I should think he could take care of himself—he's old enough. Bah!"

Cathie opened her eyes in a sort of trouble. She was a little afraid of these scornful words of Fulvia's.

"You—you are not angry, Fulvia, are you?" she stammered. "Not angry with Alex, I mean. I don't quite understand you."

Fulvia turned her shoulder upon her snappishly, and held her bit of a slipper over the fire to warm.

"No," she said. "What should I be angry with him for? I don't care anything about him. He has nothing to do with me."

But, being a little out of patience with her, I fired up a trifle myself and spoke out.

"Then, if you are not vexed with Alex, what do you snap at him for?" I said. "Snap at those who fret you, and not at those who don't. You are too ready with your tongue, it seems to me, Fulvia Desmond."

She turned upon me like fire, with her big black eyes all in a blaze.

"Mind your own business!" she says, as vicious as you please. "I don't want you to meddle with me."

But I did not care for that, for I knew it was nothing but temper, and she bore me no ill-will; and, for the matter of that, before ten minutes were out it was all blown over. But for two or three days after she scarcely condescended to notice Alex, and was so ill-natured with him that he got quite discouraged, and came to me for comfort, as he always did.

It was the day after she had spoken to Cathie that he came to me as I was sewing in my small sitting-room, and he threw himself on the floor at my feet and laid his head on my lap, as he had a fashion of doing.

"Faith, but she's a vixen!" he said, in his light-hearted fashion, but I knew he was vexed in the face of it. "She's a vixen, isn't she, Norah?"

"Who?" I asked, pretending to be as careless as he was.

"Who?" says he. "Who but Miss Fulvia, to be sure. What other vixen have we here but Miss Fulvia, and isn't she vixen enough entirely for one establishment?" with a nonsensical bit of a brogue.

"Oh!" I answered. "If it's her you're talking about, I wouldn't mind anything she says. She doesn't mean any great harm, though she's sour enough sometimes."

"Aye!" says he, sharply; "and sweet enough, too."

I looked down at him in a minute, and he raised his eyes to mine and half laughed in spite of the fret that was on his handsome face.

"Aye!" I said, sharply, too, for my heart was in my mouth, through a new thought that came to me all of a sudden. "You don't mean to say you've been simple enough to take a fancy to her, Alex Muith?"

He laughed again, with the fret still on his white forehead, under the yellow curls.

"Just that simple, Norah, avour-reen," was his answer. "Just simple enough to love the little vixen desperately, but not so simple as to think she cares enough for me even to be civil."

Well, this was a sort of blow to me, to tell the truth, though I ought to have had sense enough to see how things were going on; but somehow this was the first time I had thought of my boy's being more than a boy, and old enough to care for pretty faces, after man-fashion.

But though this was the first time we talked about Fulvia Desmond in such a manner, it was not the last. As time went on, Alex seemed to care for her more, and she, for her part, seemed

only to care for him less. She slighted him a dozen times in a day, and sometimes treated him so badly that I could not understand it, for she was, heart and soul, fond of Cathie. Living as we did, alone in the big, old, half-empty barracks of a house, and with so few people about us, of course we were nearly dependent on each other for amusement; and when she was in the humor, Fulvia Desmond could have cheered up a wilderness with her fantastic, whimsical nonsense; but she never tried to amuse Alex. She could dress, and dance, and tell stories, and chatter like a jay for Cathie and me when we were alone together, but she was always scornful and indifferent to Alex.

"I'm out of heart to-day, Norah, acushla," he would say to me every now and then, for though I was getting to be an elderly woman, the children still held to their old pet names for me. "I'm out of heart to-day, Norah, acushla. Her ladyship is sharper than ever." And then he would laugh, but his fair face was never quite free from the fret even when he laughed the most.

But, though he bore it patiently for a long time, one day he took her to task about it.

"You don't like me, Cousin Fulvia," he said to her, half in jest, as usual. "You don't like me even well enough to be civil—asking pardon for saying so. I should like to know what I have done, if it pleases you to tell me?"

She opened her big scornful eyes wide, and stared at him as if it would be a condescension to answer him; but she did answer him, notwithstanding.

"You don't know what you are talking about," she said, not as politely as she might have done. "You have done nothing. Nothing you could do would have anything to do with me. I don't care anything at all about you."

"Thank you," he said, looking a trifle pale and knitting his forehead, for she had raised his temper at last. "I suppose that means I'm not worth the troubling after."

"It means whatever you choose to think it means," she said viciously,



"YOU DON'T LIKE ME, COUSIN FULVIA," HE SAID. "I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT I HAVE DONE, IF IT PLEASURES YOU TO TELL ME"

"or it means nothing at all. I tell you I don't care anything at all about it."

"Very well," said Alex. "If that's it, I won't trouble you again. I will keep out of your way, Miss Fulvia Desmond."

I was sitting on the other side of the fire, and looked up at this, and was surprised to see that she was pale, too; and I had an idea that she had turned pale all of a sudden, but she looked angry enough, and gave her little foot a bit of a stamp on the hearth-flag.

"You don't trouble me, I tell you," he said. "You couldn't trouble me if you tried."

Now I knew there was something at the bottom of this. If she had been

a different girl, I should have thought that maybe she had some little spite against him; but there never was any spite in Fulvia, if she did have a temper, and so I was sure there must be a reason for her dislike for Alex, and so I watched her, but for several days I found out nothing. Alex kept out of her way, as he said he would. He began to fish and shoot again, as he used to do, staying out whole days, and never even coming home to his meals; and when he did come home he scarcely took any notice of her at all, but would go whistling by her through the house as if she had never been about.

But one night, going accidentally into her room, as I opened the door I

heard the sound of low, passionate sobbing, and advancing toward the fire, found Fulvia crouched down in one corner of a big chair, crying, with her head resting on her arms.

She started up when she saw me, and finding that she could not hide the truth, spoke to me angrily.

"What do you want?" she said. "I wish you would let me alone."

I was determined to sift the matter to the bottom, so I walked to the door and shut it, and then came back again deliberately and sat down.

"I want to know what you are crying for, Fulvia Desmond," I said.

"I am not crying," she answered boldly.

"That's not true," I answered her back. "You are crying, or you were when I came in; and as I was put here to take care of you, I mean to know the reason why."

"You'll have to find out for yourself, then," she said sullenly; and then all at once she broke down and dashed her face on to her folded arms, and began to cry again. "I wish I was dead!" she cried out. "I wish I had never been born! I wish I could die this minute!"

"You'd better not wish that," I said dryly. "You might be sorry if your wish was granted. You are not exactly in a fit condition to die this minute."

"It doesn't matter," she said passionately. "Who cares? Who would care if I died to-night? Cathie might for a day or so, but nobody else would."

I did not take any notice of this speech, because I thought best to let it pass; so I turned quietly to the subject I wanted to clear up.

"What made you quarrel with Alex the other day?" I said. "He is always good-natured enough with you."

"I didn't quarrel with him," she said. "Why can't he let me alone?"

"He never troubles you," I said.

She stopped crying all in a minute, and lifted her face up and looked at me.

"You don't know what you are talking about," now she said. "I am not Catharine Muith; I am Fulvia Desmond."

"I don't see where there need be a difference," I said.

"Difference!" she echoed, with her face on fire. "I don't see how the two could be alike."

"Why not?" I asked her, feeling puzzled, though I knew I was coming to the secret.

"Men don't speak to her as they speak to me," she said, flaring up. "She has not lived as I have, dragged about among bad men and women all her life. She has not the black blood in her veins that I have. Her mother was not an outcast, with a mark of shame branded on her forehead. She is Catharine Muith, and I—well, I am Fulvia Desmond, and that is saying enough."

I had got to the bottom of the secret now, and having got to the bottom of it, scarcely knew what to say. It was bitter shame, it seemed, not a girl's whim or petty spite; it was the remembrance of her neglected childhood, the burning, shameful wrong that had been done to her, that made her passionate and bitter.

"I have seen men speak to my mother," she went on, with her face buried on her arms, and her black hair hanging over them, "and I knew what their fine speeches meant, if I was a child. They used to laugh and jeer at her, when her back was turned, and sneer at the wrinkles and paint on her face; and once I saw her sit before her mirror and cry, with the tears running down her cheeks over the powder and rouge, because she heard them. It was the only time I ever felt sorry for her, but I did feel sorry for her then, and I made up my mind that no man should jeer at me or make me listen to him. He"—she meant Alex—"knows I am not like Cathie, and I hate him for it. I hate him!"

She was shaking all over with sobs, and when I tried to comfort her I knew very well that nothing I could say would have any effect. She would have reasoned out of them in a night, so I said very little, though what I did say was to the point, and at last she sobbed and raged herself quiet, with her face still hidden.

"And then, what does he stay here for?" she broke out resentfully. "He is not a child, he is a man. What right has he to let Mr. Muith take care of him? He is old enough to take care of himself, and not live here, from year to year, hunting and fishing, and spending other people's money. I am only a woman, but I would not live here if I had money of my own. I don't blame Cathie; but I only came to Ballamuith because I wanted to hide away from everybody and be out of the way of the world. A man has no right to live as he is doing—and that makes me hate him, too."

I did not say very much in answer to that speech, either. I had determined to leave everything to Alex, and, perhaps, I was not really sorry for the last part of her outbreak. I had cared so much for the children, and so much for Alex, particularly, that I had sometimes secretly wished he was more ambitious and less easy-natured. Not that I could blame him exactly, for Mr. Alexander Muith had taken him so completely in charge all his life, and seemed to set aside so completely any idea of his working for a living, that it would scarcely have been natural for him to be other than careless and easy-going.

I did not even wait for the next day to tell Alex how matters were standing. I went to him in his room that very night, after I left Fulvia, and repeated to him word for word what she had said.

He turned pale then in real earnest, and began to walk up and down the floor, and walked so for fully five minutes before he said a word, but he turned round at last and broke the silence.

"That's it, is it?" he said. "I can't stand that, Norah. I can't stand that, upon my soul. You must help me, Norah, dear, and tell me what to do." And there were actually drops of perspiration on his forehead as he dropped into his chair again and hid his face in his hands.

It scarcely matters telling now what we said to each other during the rest of the time we stayed together. It is quite sufficient at present to say that we made some plans of our own, and

that, after I left him, he sat down and wrote a long letter to Mr. Alexander Muith in Dublin.

He did not alter his manner toward Fulvia much, though, for the next two or three days, he was not quite so indifferent to her presence, and certainly she did not alter her manner toward him at all. She was as high-handed and scornful as ever, and had as little to say. She was not even as good-natured toward Cathie, and once or twice she snapped at me more viciously than I had ever known her to do before; but I set it all down to her trouble and passed it over.

She was in one of her worst moods one night when we were all sitting together in the old dining-hall, and after making two or three vicious speeches, she stopped talking altogether, and had been sitting in silence for half an hour, staring into the fire with that queer expression in her big, black, foreign-looking eyes, when Alex, who had been out all day, came in with a letter from Dublin in his hand. He was rather pale, and the old fret was on his fair face, but he tossed the letter to me and flung himself into a chair.

"It's done, Norah, creena," he said, trying to smile. "It's as you said it would be; but I am going for all that."

Cathie looked up with a start, and I fancied that Fulvia started, too, but she did not raise her black eyelashes.

"Going!" said Cathie. "And where is it you are going to, Alex, dear?"

Alex looked at Fulvia Desmond for a minute, and then answered her.

"To Australia, Cathie," he said. "What do you think of that?"

Cathie broke into a little cry and sat up, staring at him with a frightened face.

"You are not in real earnest, Alex," she burst out. "You cannot mean what you say. You are joking us."

He shook his yellow curls back from his forehead, still looking at Fulvia.

"Not a bit of it, mavourneen," he said. "Not a taste of a joke. I am in earnest this time. I am going to Australia, for Fulvia's sake."

Fulvia did start then in honest truth, and she changed color, too, but she did not look at him, and he went on talking,

and the queer part of it was that, though he was talking to Cathie, he was watching Fulvia all the time.

"I am going for Miss Fulvia's sake, Cathie," he said; "and it was she put it into my head to go, though she never said a word to me about it. Fulvia thinks a man has no right to live the life I have been living, and she is right. I have been an idle sort of good-for-nothing, but I am going to try to behave myself better, because, you see, I care for Fulvia, though she does not care for me, and never will. I love Fulvia, though she does not love me; and I would go to the world's end to win a good word from Fulvia, though Fulvia would rather die than look at me this minute, and would give old Lion in his kennel, out in the court-yard there, a hundred good words, where she would not give me one if I went down on my knees to ask her for it."

If I were to live a hundred years I should never forget Fulvia Desmond's face as it was that minute. It was white as death, and though her eyes were fixed steadily on the peat fire, they were like burning coals themselves. There were little lines on her forehead, too, and her mouth was set hard. I saw this for a minute, while Alex was speaking, and then there was a little rustle and a rush, and she had run out of the room and banged the door after her.

Well, here was an end of that night; but, two or three days later, Mr. Alexander Muith came down to Ballomuih, from Dublin, in a towering passion. His answer to Alex's letter had shown that he was angry, but even I had not expected that he would be as wild as he was. He stormed at Alex as if he was frantic. He had chosen to bring him up like a gentleman, he said, and he should not make a fool of himself now. Ballomuih would belong to him some day, and so would his own property, and on the interest he might amuse himself as he pleased; he might travel or stay at home, but he should not throw himself away in any Australian bush, like a beggarly adventurer, or do anything else.

"You're a fool, sir!" he said, when

Alex tried to reason the matter. "You are worse—you're a madman. You ought to be locked up in a mad-house, and put into a straight-jacket. I choose to have one gentleman in the family, and I am going to have one; and if you are not willing to fill the position, you can go to Australia or to the devil, and I will find someone who will fill it, for you don't get a shilling from me—so there the matter ends."

Of course, this was rather embarrassing for Alex, for he had nowhere else to look to, but his love for Fulvia had given him new ideas about life, so he held firm to his resolve, and told Mr. Muith that he meant to hold to it as a matter of conscience. And he was in earnest, too, for he was a brave-natured fellow, my Alex, and had only needed a touch to set his feet on the right track; and once having taken to it, he was not the one to falter before a bit of trouble.

"I have been a good-for-nothing, Norah," he had said to me, "but somehow I never thought of it before; and now I feel ashamed of myself, and I can't go back, even if I lose Fulvia herself."

Through all the two or three days' trouble that followed the old gentleman's coming Fulvia had nothing to say, and kept out of the way as much as she could. But, through watching closely, I could see a queer change in her. She did not look like herself, and I noticed that she had scarcely any appetite at all, though she made pretence enough of eating. There was an odd look about her mouth, too. I always could read her moods by the way she had of setting her mouth, so that there was a little hard line about each corner, and there was this look about it from morning till night. But she took no notice of Alex, only walked about stiff and quiet and said nothing. Between Cathie and her there was a sort of coldness, though I always thought the fault lay more on Cathie's side than on Fulvia's this time. The fact was, Cathie blamed her for the way she had treated Alex, and blamed her, too, for being the cause of his going away, for Alex had been

Cathie's idol, and she could not bear the idea of losing him, and fretted dreadfully.

"It is all her fault that he is going into the world without a friend, Norah," she would say. "I used to care for Fulvia, but I shall never care for her again if Alex leaves us."

Indeed, between the four of them, I had a hard time of it, for what with the old gentleman growling, Cathie fretting, and Fulvia walking about like a ghost, there was no peace to be had.

But it was settled at last, though it was settled miserably enough for poor Alex. He was to go away as soon as he could get ready, and was to expect nothing more from his uncle, who went back to Dublin as soon as ever he found he could not frighten him out of his resolution. And so we began to make preparations between us, Cathie and I, and Alex made preparations, too, and Fulvia looked on without a word for two or three weeks.

But one night, after she had been sitting over the fire for a long time as usual, she got up from her place all at once and came to the table where Cathie was sewing with me.

"Let me help you," she said abruptly. "I can sew well enough. Let me do something."

All the time I had lived there I had never seen Cathie fire up as she did at that minute.

"No!" she said. "You shall not help. You shall not set a stitch on, Fulvia Desmond. But for you we had no need to have the work to do. It's your doing, and it's you that's to blame if Alex never comes back again, and dies thousands of miles away without seeing any of us."

It seemed as if every drop of blood died out of Fulvia's face. She just stood up for a minute, straight by the table, and as still as death, and then she went back to her seat again without uttering a word. And she did not utter a word for three hours after. It was a fierce battle she had with herself, I know, when all was over, still as she sat, and steadfast as she looked. I thought, for my part, that she was going to sit there all night. I should not have

been at all surprised if she had done so. Cathie had been gone to bed full an hour, and Alex and I had been talking together for a long time, and she was still sitting there when Alex got up to go, too, and he had bidden her good night and reached the door before she said a word. But as he laid his hand upon the handle, I saw her face flash up and turn white, and her breast began to heave, and then all in a minute it seemed she sprang up and turned on him like some wild, hunted thing at bay.

"Stay!" she said. "Come back! Norah, make him come back."

He was face to face with her in a minute, though he was even more bewildered than I was at first; but the moment he came back I saw what was the matter, and how it was all going to end.

"You shall not go away!" she cried out, panting and trembling and sobbing all at once. "You shall not go. They shall not blame me for that; they shall not dare to do it. Besides, I cannot bear it, either," catching her breath and holding her clenched hand hard against her heart. "If you are going away because you love me, stay because you love me. I would not tell you before, but now—now I must tell you, because it would kill me to hide it. I love you, too. I would die for you. I will do anything you say I must do. I will give up everything. I have been bad enough, but I give up now. Only, don't go away; or, if you must go, take me with you, if it is to the world's end. I love you—yes, I love you, and if you leave me I shall go mad or die!" And she fell upon her knees, burying her face in her arms upon the footstool, and trembling like a leaf.

I never dreamed of such a tempest being in the girl's nature, fiery as I knew she was. She had broken down utterly at last, and was more at his mercy than any other girl could possibly have been.

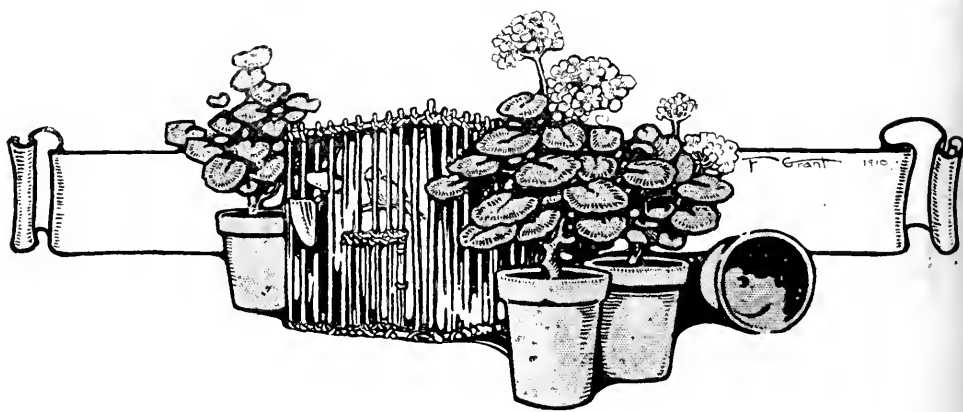
Alex was down on the hearth beside her in a second, and had her in his arms and was kissing her as if he had gone crazy, and calling her all the frantic love names in the world, and coaxing her like a child; while she, poor,

wronged young creature, never even tried to get away from him, but clung to his shoulder, sobbing and shaking and taking his kisses and coaxing as if it was the breath of new life to her. I felt out of place a little, seeing that all was going right, so I crept out of the room and shut the door softly behind me so as not to disturb them; and then I slipped upstairs to Cathie and wakened her to tell her about it.

The girl sat up in bed and listened to me with her eyes wide open, like great violets with the dew on them, and she turned from red to white, and from white to red; and, of course, girl-like, changed her mind about Fulvia in a minute, and cried over what I said as a child might cry for joy and excitement and bewildered happiness.

"And he won't go away?" she said, over and over again. "He won't go away, will he, Norah? And they'll be married, won't they? And we will all live together, and it will be like the old times, only maybe Fulvia will be happy."

There never were three people happier than those three children were when everything was settled and straightened out, as of course it was; and there never was a girl changed as was Fulvia Desmond. It seemed as if all her old scornful ways were lost in her love for Alex; and the soft, little, timid shyness which stole into her manner made her more like a young girl, and less like a hard, bitter-natured woman. And though Mr. Alexander Muith changed his mind, and came round in time, Alex held to his plans; and though, for Cathie's sake, he did not go to Australia, he went to work on Ballomuth, and fought hard, too, with the old, easy-going, careless way of the place and people, and in enriching the estate by his labor and management, enriched himself, too; so that at this day they stand as high as the highest; and I have reason to be prouder of my children than ever, for Fulvia is the greatest lady in the country, and her handsome children are the pride of the county.



The True Flame

"I can call spirits from
the vasty deep!"
"But will they come when
you do call for them?"
King Henry IV.



By



William Dunseith
Eaton

IT was a woman who said, "Of course I don't believe in ghosts, but I'm horribly afraid of them."

There you have the general attitude toward spiritism: doubt, curiosity, and veiled fear: for in spiritism ghosts are pretty much the whole thing.

No consideration of prophecy nor any search for the influences by which it is transmitted can go far without taking account of that strange cult, its assumption of knowledge covering future as well as past or present things, and its dealings with the dead.

It is a muddle. The one thing certain in it is that if King David was right as well as hasty when he said all men are liars, his axiom is only slightly modified beyond the grave; for of that sort are most of those who communicate through its media with those who are still on this side that melancholy excavation. The exceptions are rare, and have the usual effect upon the rule.

All the demonstration directly within my own knowledge has been through people openly or tacitly committed to spiritism, but a long course of search and sifting has disclosed the operation of two modes: one personal and unblushing in its claim to specific inspiration, the other impersonal and silent on that point. Whatever of real merit has

come to me came through the second of these.

* * * * *

There are many kinds of "readers," nearly all worthless, or worse. Most of them have an extraordinary hold in that their patrons are prepared to believe whatever they say, and ready to help out by blurting answers to leading questions.

I mean, as a generality. The determined doubter who may still have a secret wistfulness feels it due himself and his own cold head to admit nothing and meet everything with a matter-of-fact solution, if he can't deny it out of hand. The discredit readiest in the mouths of such people is the charge of conspiracy, or underground information, or mind reading.

A merchant friend of mine in Lispenard Street once referred me to a Mrs. Striker, in West Twenty-third Street—New York. When I called, Mrs. Striker was out, but expected shortly. In her waiting room sat an elderly stout man, marked all over with opulence and decision. When Mrs. Striker returned she came into the room and spoke to this man first, calling him by name. He tightened up, and bowed stiffly.

"You came from Skeneateles to see me on account of the trouble you've

had with your son, but all I can tell you is that he is just as sore as you are—and that your wife's headstone was broken by accident, not on purpose," said Mrs. Striker.

His face reddened like a harvest moon new-risen, and as soon as his gasp was over, he came back heatedly:

"I might have known it. You've had detectives looking me up."

"Certainly," retorted Mrs. Striker. "I have had detectives looking you up where you live, for several days, and it has only cost me about a hundred dollars. My fee is two dollars. That's the way I am getting rich. I never have seen nor heard of you until this moment, and please let me never see nor hear of you again. No—there'll be no charge. Good day to you."

"They make me tired," she said, when he had gone, adding as a descriptive afterthought, "The old fool!"

Then she tried to read for me, and gave me nothing. "I can't see anything for you," she said, and would not accept a fee.

* * * * *

Where the gift is real, it is a gift inborn. It is a strange one, but understandable, and its occurrence is old in history. If you will read the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, you will find good authority for that statement.

In the net result, it shows unmistakably the action of intelligences highly advanced, and having over us some such advantage of vision as a man on a hilltop has over a man shut up in a valley.

What are they? We know what they are commonly said to be, but that fails to answer the question. Thought transference does not account for them where they deal with things unthought of, as in my own experience with the Indian and the coal, with the linotype machine, or in the case of Mrs. Hesse. And then, how many who offer that answer can satisfactorily clear up thought transference? Nor am I sure they fall within the province of psychology, if, as Professor Ladd tells us, psychology is employed with "recognizing and defining states of consciousness as such." Psychology is not

yet a science; its data are too meagre and too crude. They appear to me rather to belong in the domain of biology, because they seem to be just outside the present limit of biological exploration. They are, above all things, *alive*, and become apprehensible when certain truths are assembled and the meaning of those truths is read.

* * * * *

Gilliatt sometimes found in his nets curious marine organisms that were not perceptible in the water, but became so at once they were lifted into air, and this made him speculate upon the possibility that in the air also other organisms might exist, invisible there, but tangible in an element as much finer than air as air is finer than water. Hugo was super-scientific when he wrote that story, but at least he set up something that would have explanatory effect upon many things physical science cannot touch, and psychology would fumble at. We have less ground for assuming that all life and all sense must cease when we do here, or even in another stage next to this one, than for assuming the opposite. "To the minnow," says Teufelsdröckh, "every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native creek may have become familiar," but the minnow is not aware of the ocean, with its teeming, multiform, sometimes monstrous life, its mountainous heavings, its myriad manmade ships. Yet the ocean, the life, the ships and the men are there, under a scopeless firmament, flecked with brave floating continents of cloud, fretted at night with golden fire, the light of other worlds. The corollary is plain.

Life has an infinitude of forms, and the higher these rise, the greater their power, the farther beyond analysis.

* * * * *

Faith in all ages has postulated a hereafter. Higher knowledge has tended latterly toward its acceptance as a fact. There even have been cases in which individuals claim to have temporarily reached the plane of spiritual consciousness, and actually made demonstration of another life; but there is neither sequence nor continuity to

these experiences, and we are told that sometimes the first exaltation and ecstasy are succeeded by other experiences of a nature too horrible and degrading for expression. If you want more about such cases, read "The Varieties of Religious Experience," a book written by the same Professor James whose observation concerning white crows I have quoted. Professor James was a distinguished scholar, holding the chair of philosophy in Harvard University, a doctor of laws, a corresponding member of the Institute of France, and of the Royal Prussian Academy of Science. He contributed much of importance, and with authority, to this department of knowledge.

* * * * *

No man ranks higher in physical science than Sir Oliver Lodge, head of the University of Birmingham. In his work on "Life and Matter," Sir Oliver says of those who think reality is limited to its terrestrial manifestations, that they "doubtless have a philosophy of their own, to which they are entitled and to which at any rate they are welcome; but if they set up to teach others that monism signifies a limitation of mind to the potentialities of matter as at present known; if they teach a pantheism which identifies God with nature in this narrow sense; if they hold that mind and what they call matter are so intimately connected that no *transcendence* is possible; then such philosophers must be content with an audience of uneducated persons, or if writing as men of science, must hold themselves liable to be opposed by other men of science who are able, at any rate in their own judgment, to take a wider survey of existence, and to perceive possibilities to which said narrow and over-definite philosophers were blind." A finely veiled suggestion to the school of Haeckel.

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Such a wider survey of existence brings into view a sequent line of fact that leaves only a little for inference in explaining prophetic power, though it does not extend as far as the faculty that sets prophetic power in action.

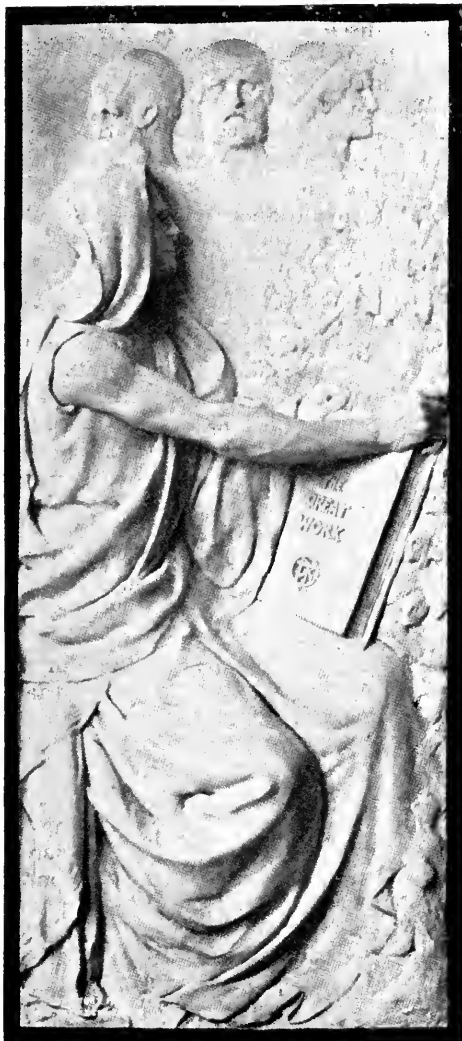
Any philosophical view not hampered by tradition or coarsely physical data must discern that reality is not "limited to its terrestrial manifestations"; that life does not terminate with the death of the body; that it proceeds farther than the senses permitted us here may trace its progress; that we are part of a universe into which nothing can come, because it includes all, and out of which nothing can go, because it has no outside. In this brief stage where we manifest and employ ourselves, we are quite properly excluded from familiarity with the permanent and less gross phases of life. Spiritism offers glimpses of them, but in nearly all cases such glimpses are distorted by what the player king in Hamlet calls a "bisson rheum," and we are not obliged to take them at their professed value. There are more respectable data to go by, at least part way.

In 1903 the school of Nancy in France found ocular evidence of the presence in the physical body of another body, composed of physical magnetism, and so suffusing the physical body that it was repeatedly photographed, showing itself in accordant action with every movement of muscle or limb.

Last April Dr. W. J. Kilner, of London, succeeded in visualizing this aura (as he styles it) by strictly scientific methods. The European correspondent of the Laffan news bureau was present at a demonstration made by Doctor Felkin, a colleague of Doctor Kilner.

"The doctor," he says, "has made an apparatus which consists of a number of what he calls spectauranine glass screens, each about four inches in length and an inch and a half wide. Each screen is made of two plates of very thin glass, between which, hermetically sealed in, is a fluid. The screens vary in color. Some are red, others are blue, varying in depth of color to suit the eyes of the investigator.

"In a small room was the subject of the experiments, a well made woman of medium height and apparently in good health. Doctor Felkin first of all told her exactly the nature of the experiments he was about to make. Then, having instructed the observer to look steadily at the daylight through



one of the spectauranine screens, and having placed the woman about a foot away from a dead, dark background facing the only window in the room, he proceeded to draw a dark blind half way down this window.

"From below he drew up a blind of dark serge until it overlapped the upper blind sufficiently to allow light so dim to filter into the room that only the white form of the subject's body could be discerned in the gloom."

"Now, turn round," said Doctor Felkin, "and tell me what you see, or if you see anything at all, for there are perhaps four or five persons out of every hundred who, through some in-

herent defect in the eyesight, are physically unable to perceive the aura.

"For perhaps a quarter of a minute the only object that could be made out in the darkness was the subject's form and its outline. Then gradually, as the eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, a sort of double mist or halo, the one within the other and the inner one denser than the outer, became more and more distinctly visible.

"The outlines of this mist exactly followed the curves and the contour of the subject's body. The color of the outer aura seemed to be a blue gray, that of the inner aura was darker; also, apparently the inner aura was denser. In the triangular space formed by the sides of the body and the angle of the arms, as the subject remained with her hands resting lightly on her hips, the halo could be seen most clearly.

"Presently, acting upon Doctor Felkin's instructions, the subject raised and extended first one arm, then the other. Then she joined her hands at the back of her neck. And always the mist of aura followed, as though it were itself an outline of some sort of shadow of the limbs.

"Doctor Felkin's next experiment was to make hypnotic passes in the direction of the patient, first from one side, then from the other, while finally he stood beside her, and raising his arms vertically bent over his hand, allowing his partly extended fingers to point down directly to the crown of her head.

"Every time these passes were made a fine streak of indescribable hue seemed to shoot out from the tip of each finger straight toward the subject."

The observer, naturally, wanted to know what practical use could be made of the "discovery." Doctor-like, the exhibitor explained that "the aura varies in shade, density, breadth and shape, according to the subject's health. An acute and lasting pain such as sciatica is made visible by the length to which the aura of a particular shade and density extends along the limb in which the pain is felt. The aura of a subject suffering from hysteria differs entirely in outline from that of one suffering from epilepsy."

Dr. Patrick S. O'Donnell, of Dublin, who is now in America, has improved upon Doctor Kilner's method of observation and made successful use of the visible aura in diagnosis. Doctor O'Donnell has gone even farther than his English colleague in defining the aura. He has found a fine inner division, conforming precisely with the lines of the body and appearing less as an emanation than an extrusion, and this he calls the etheric double. It is constant, of varying color with different people, and less affected by health and conditions than the other two.

About 1895, Charles W. Leadbeater published a full description of these auræ, with their meanings in mentality and moods. His book is extant, but commands no attention because it is dogmatic, the output of a philosophy and not a report of deductions scientifically obtained.

Prof. Elmer Gates in his Washington laboratory secured photographs of this same magnetic body some five years back, in one instance showing its departure out of an animal body immediately after physical death; and more than twenty years ago Prof. Elliott Cowes, biologist of the Smithsonian Institution, succeeded in demonstrating it with a living human subject, and found that it had no independent power of thought or will. Of itself, it was what Professor Cowes called "stuff"—attenuated matter, merely.

It is sometimes called the astral shell, and is capable of being independently projected in our field of vision with considerable appearance of solidity, especially when the physical body is in suspended animation.

As it acts upon the physical body, so is it in turn directed by a finer body of magnetic matter which for the purpose of present understanding may be called spiritual, and this third body has conscious intelligence. The two are contained in the physical body as water and sand may at the same time occupy one cup.

We know the total organism has intelligence. We know that in death the physical body has no such thing. It has been found that the body of



physical magnetism when isolated is similarly lacking. Apprehension, memory, and all the confluent results of living, are with the finer body of spiritual magnetism, and properties of it alone. The ultimate destination of this third or spiritual body may be largely an inference, but the inference is hard to escape. Doctor Drummond, of the University of Montreal, made a rational case for it in his singularly interesting book, "The Ascent of Man."

The three-fold constitution of a human being is no new concept. It is old as the "problem" of life. If it be not true at least in its conclusion, then the whole scheme of creation is a blind ferocity, having no purpose but cruelty.

no outcome at all. A chaos not to be thought of, in fact, impossible to think of.

* * * * *

The steps in the process from our present condition to that in which those advanced intelligences have their being are traceable with comparative clearness. The way in which they sometimes impart to us word of things that are outside our ability to foresee is explicable.

When a man's physical body dies, his magnetic body is set free, carrying with it the really conscious body of spiritual magnetism. The condition then entered upon is variously known as purgatory or limbo, or the valley of the shadow, or the land of shades. The interior spiritual body is in turn set free, when it has outgrown the magnetic body—somewhat as the magnetic body outwore the physical and the physical outwore its clothes.

Soon or later after it is cut loose, it passes beyond our power to follow with any certainty that could easily be made clear. The change may be abrupt, but insofar as concerns the one that occurs with the death of the body it brings no corresponding abrupt change in the nature or character of the body's late inhabitant. The "twinkling of an eye" change comes not then, but far off in the sempiternal spaces, outside the little circle of this world and its dull dial-light.

A scoundrel here is a scoundrel there—a good man is a good man, but the scoundrel lingers longest, and is most free to talk or otherwise display himself according to his evil nature, whenever he can. The eidolon of a bad man, actuated by a spiritual consciousness in a low stage of development, is dull, and hangs as long as possible around the scene of its fleshly history. It is earthbound, and eager with a longing to gratify the old appetites and passions, to repossess itself of a fleshly body for that gratification. Hence obsession, an affliction not uncommon, but seldom understood. Hence likewise the grewsome performances in dark seances, and the maunderings of most psychics.

On the other hand, a high individu-

ality stays near us but a little while. It follows a natural tendency and passes onward, and there we lose touch of it. Such a one has no more wish—or power—to turn back than a full-grown man has to resume the status of a child. The wish to retrograde is in a ratio inverse to the degree of development; the power is absent even if the wish were there, for just as lighter bodies ascend where heavier would either sink or remain stationary, so the finer souls pass on, and in a little while are outside the most remote rim of our perception. Not even faith, to which so many of us pin so much, has held out hope that love or longing or anything else can bring them back across that boundary. It is in very truth the bourne from which no traveller returns.

"O, how far,
How far and safe, God, dost thou keep thy
saints
When once gone from us! We may call
against
The lighted windows of thy fair June heaven,
Where all the souls are happy, and not one.
Not even my father, look from work or play
To ask 'who is it that cries after us,
Below there, in the dark?'"

How do I know this to be so? The answer in full would open quite another province of life, and lead away from the sole argument at present sought to be established. But I may say I have twice had word of—not from—those who were about to pass out of the second remove from earth, into the third; once of the wife who had gone out with such tragic suddenness, and again of one of the sanest and broadest men of great affairs—America in the nineteenth century produced—I withhold his name for family reasons only. In both cases I was informed they were about to go another step beyond and would lose sight of me until my own arrival in that freer state.

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In all cases, the deserted body of physical magnetism eventually returns to its original elements, as the flesh-body does, but sometimes its dissolution is arrested; and then, as one writer says, "it may be taken possession of by spiritual intelligences other than its original owner, and preserved intact

for a considerable time. It may be, and often is, employed as a sort of mask by unscrupulous intelligences on the spiritual plane, for the purpose of impersonating its original owner to subjective psychics who are unable to control the processes by which they are impressed with subjective clairvoyance."

Besides furnishing inspiration to such clairvoyants, these dangerous simulacra, original or impersonating, cause all physical manifestations—absolutely all save those that are produced by deliberate jugglery. Their impersonation is by no means confined to "the original owner," but may be whatever the usurping tenant pleases to make it.

Take an instance: I had two sittings with a Mrs. Lukens, in Louisiana Avenue, Washington. They were separated by an interval of two weeks. I tried them at the suggestion of Dr. Phœbus Baxter, then chief medical dispensing officer of the United States army. Mrs. Lukens believed herself to be controlled by the spirit of Leopold de Meyer, a famous musician. A more impatient or dictatorial control I've never come across. At the second sitting I ventured to question some statement that seemed to me unsound.

"Don't contradict me," came with a burst. "I'll bet you every dollar this woman has in the world that I am right."

I withdrew the question. I don't recall just what it was, but I can't forget that sporting offer.

The conversation went on to cover events known to me as having marked de Meyer's professional work in America. "Corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative." He or it claimed to have died the bodily death several years before.

At the time, I was associate editor of the Washington Republican, now the Post. The first thing I picked up from my desk when I returned to the office was a copy of Freund's Musical Journal, just issued, and the first thing I saw in it was the announcement of the death of Leopold de Meyer in Europe, the week before. I have no

doubt the control was genuine, but likewise there was not the slightest doubt he was a liar excarnate. He had impersonated de Meyer to me at my first sitting, two weeks before, while the real de Meyer was still in the flesh.

It is common with media to pretend to comply with a wish that some certain personality be produced. The benefit of a doubt may be extended now and then, where the medium is imposed upon by a cheat, as in this case, but their writs have no force in shadow land. They cannot command visits from designated shades, no matter how ready they are to take money for assuming to do it.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep," said Glendower, vaunting himself.

"But," snapped Mortimer, "will they come when you do call for them?"

Glendower made no answer to that. It is not impossible for a clean soul to manifest itself while it still remains near enough, but it seldom happens so. Unclean spirits, with souls still small and dark, come when they will to come, and can; not when they are called. It is a rare occasion when one of them cries a truthful "adsum" to even the most strenuous requisition.

I have had prophecy a-plenty purporting to come from spirits. Not one such has worked out in fulfillment, Not one. As I have already said, those that were fulfilled came with no charge that they were of any such origin. They came as prophecies merely.

* * * * *

Our solar system is travelling toward the star Arcturus, a sun a million times the size of our own. Arcturus moves in an ellipse still farther flung, toward another and a greater sun. If you could stand upon the farthest of them all, there would be others, still as far away—and so on, for ever, and for ever. To the Ineffable that holds these endless systems in perfect and harmonious balance, there is no such figment as time, neither past nor future, but only "a universal Here, an everlasting Now."

That is obvious; and being so, it also must be that what we call the

future is quite as much a fixity as what we call the past.

To say this is not to declare fatalism, in the abject Arabian sense. I take leave to back it up with the authority of the Westminster Assembly, whose formulary after declaring God to be a spirit, "infinite, eternal and unchangeable," omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient, goes on to say with precision that "He hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass," supplementing Isaiah's majestic presentment of Him "Declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done."

Here is no quibble, nor any attempt to limit the illimitable, and it is a declaration basal in the structure of one of the greatest of all modern religions. It involves no derogation of the human will, for will is a power, not a faculty, and the laws governing its use and direction are not in conflict with other laws. Universal law is another name for universal harmony.

It is there—the future, with all its happenings. Now and then comes a rift, a vista is opened, fleeting, fragmentary, but lucid. There is nothing miraculous about it. It is as natural as anything else, only we do not understand all that lies back of it. The whole past was once a future, and it has happened. By chance? There is no such thing, for if all things were not parts of a settled order, nothing whatever could possibly be. By the mutable will of a placable god? No, for such gods die painfully, among their worshippers. "Sweep away the illusion of time," as Carlyle advised, and the answer will begin to appear.

* * * * *

I have spoken of intelligences upon an advanced plane of life having over us some such advantage of vision as a man on a hilltop has over one shut in a valley. Given the sympathetic element and an organism open to it, there is no more mystery in communication between those intelligences and others on this plane than there is in the transmission of intelligence by electrical impulse over wide distances, on the waves of etheric tides. But it is a high thing, no more common than

it should be. Bearing in mind the processes following physical death, it is not difficult to understand, yet our knowledge can go but a little way beyond a recognition of the fact, and the method. Nor is it necessary we should be farther informed. When in the ascending scale of life called evolution we have spiritually risen far enough, fuller knowledge will come of itself. To desire it now is natural, and a part of that ferment which is growth; but to grope for it would be like grappling with infant fingers at a shoreless sea, and closing our hands on water. We have other things to do, moreover, than cry for the doing. It is a wise providence that hides from beasts what men, from men what angels know.

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Our powers enable us to perceive and dimly understand nothing higher than conscious intelligence. This is a faculty, manifest not only in the operation of the universe, but in the human soul. In our fleshly condition, consciousness is reached through senses that are affected or actuated by things outside the body, and these senses are commonly mistaken for consciousness, though they are transitory, while consciousness is permanent. It is the sensorium of the soul, as the brain is the sensorium of the body. The brain and the body "die." The body of physical magnetism is thereupon liberated, carrying the spiritual body within it. In turn the physical magnetic body also dies or disintegrates, and the spiritual magnetic body, carrying the soul and its conscious intelligence, passes beyond. Consciousness remains what it was, but emerges from its obscuring folds and rises higher as these changes successively take place. The higher it rises, the more it *transcends the limitation of time*.

This brings us to the place where prophecy becomes possible, and where it is proper to show how it comes.

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There are people so constituted, physically and psychically, that their (inner) consciousness can and at times does rise into contact with consciousness set free and share in the command

of vastly wider horizons both of past and future, than are open to the rest of us. At such times their outer senses may or may not be active, but the interior faculty of consciousness is in temporary independent action. It retains connection with the body and the objective senses, through which it sends its messages, to be delivered by the physical organs of speech.

Where this psycho-physical organism is found, real prophecy is possible; but nowhere else. Though trance is sometimes employed, such a medium usually speaks in the ordinary way, having every appearance of normality. The half-breed of the Great Slave Lake was such a one. His process was simple. When he felt the intimation, he did what you hear so many ineffectual men and so many women of too much leisure talk about doing. He "withdrew into the silence." It would not be a bad thing if they would—and stay there.

A curious thing is that these genuine media seem to have no idea of the truth in their own cases. If you ask them, as I have done, how they get what they deliver, the answer will be, "It comes to me," or "I hear it," or "I see it in symbols."

Where the answer says "sperruts," or if a specific "sperrut" is named, take up your hat and walk. You are in the wrong flat.

* * * * *

It is no part of my intent to do more than set out the presence of prophecy as a living quantity, now as always. The empirical modes employed by card and palm readers and by astrologers are as much in their way responses to a universal craving as the procedures of psychics and the genuine messages that sometimes float down to us; and I have tried to show them all. But

in doing that, and in the final consideration, a recognition of life as something far more than a passing show on a comparatively gross level of matter, is not to be escaped by any course of reasoning that goes at all farther than the nearest material things. I quote again from Sir Oliver Lodge's "Life and Matter":

"Whatever life is or is not, it is certainly this: It is a guiding and controlling entity which reacts upon our world according to laws so partially known that we have to say they are practically unknown, and therefore appear in some sense mysterious. . . . I conceive that it is independent, that its essential existence is continuous and permanent, though its interactions with matter are discontinuous and temporary.

"It is intelligence that directs; it is physical energy which is directed and controlled, and produces the result in time and space.

"Is it the material molecular aggregate that has of its own unaided latent power generated this individuality, evolved these ideas? There are some who try to think it is. There are others who recognize in this extraordinary development a contact between this material frame of things and a universe higher and other than anything known to our senses; a universe not dominated by physics and chemistry, but using the interactions of matter for its own purposes; a universe where the human spirit is more at home than it is among these temporary collocations of atoms; a universe capable of infinite development, of noble contemplation, and of lofty joy, long after this planet—nay, the whole solar system—shall have fulfilled its present sphere of destiny and retired, cold and lifeless, upon its endless way."

The SCARLET STRAND



BY EDWARD B. WATERWORTH
ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

SYNOPSIS

The report comes in to the Montreal papers that several mysterious murders have occurred in the North Shore woods, and the Indians believe some evil spirit in the shape of a wolf is responsible for them. At first little attention is paid to the "scare," but when a hard-headed millionaire leaves his summer cottage and says his wife has been nearly frightened out of her reason by the sight of a mysterious Thing That Limpes prowling about the house, the newspapers send representatives to cover the story. Four men and one woman reporter meet on the ground, and under chaperonage of the millionaire's housekeeper take possession of his luxurious cottage, prepared to enjoy a "soft assignment." They learn that all the Indians are leaving the country, and that, as one farmer puts it, "they's somethin' we don't know about up here," but are inclined to think the panic unfounded. They cover the country, but with the exception of a Ch'naman who says he is raising mushrooms in underground cellars, and whose hands are singularly well kept for a farmer's, find nothing unusual, until evening, when Morton, the deputy sheriff, gallops in, abject with terror of the werewolf, which he has met on a lonely road. The next evening when they are photographing Nora on the lawn she suddenly screams out that the werewolf is near her, but no trace of it can be found. In the shock of danger Brady realizes that he loves her and tells her so. Emmett meantime goes to develop the plate, and finds he has photographed the creature crouching to spring upon Nora. Swanson goes out to patrol the premises, meets the werewolf and goes utterly to pieces. Later in the night the thing creeps up to the front window, is fired at by Brady, but manages to make its escape. Brady follows it.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"We'll get you yet, you spawn of Hell!" he cried. "Thompson, bring the lantern!"

"Steve, Steve, you're not going into those woods!" screamed Nora.

"No, but I'm going to see what his tracks are like," said Brady, bending over some impressions in the ground, "the trees make it too dark here."

The party had completely forgotten Swanson, but when Thompson entered the main room he found him, a helpless wreck as before, again coiled in a chair. And Nora, who had come downstairs in a long dressing gown, was ministering to him. She was no longer the nervous girl—she was the woman aiding one in

distress, regardless of surroundings.

Thompson took the lantern to the lawn, and Nora and Emmett, who remained with her, shotgun in hand, could see the little group outside bending over something and discussing it earnestly. Then the lantern commenced to dance toward the house, where it stopped for a moment and a scrutiny of the porch was made. Then the three men silently entered the room, ignoring the cringing Swanson, who was moaning:

"Human bullets will do no good! No good!"

"Shut up," said Thompson, roughly. "Are you absolutely certain you hit it, Steve?"

"I fancy the first shot reached the mark," said Brady. "I saw the glass fly to pieces directly where its face was pressed hard against it. Whether the glass deflected the other bullets I don't know."

"And yet there's no blood on the porch," said Thompson, thoughtfully.

"Is there any on the lawn?" asked Nora, quietly.

"No," said Thompson, in some surprise. "We followed the route it took. Why do you ask?"

"Because I thought I hit it at least once when it stopped for an instant," answered Nora, quietly.

They looked at each other in silence. Nora was the first to speak.

"Did you find the tracks?" she asked.

"Yes," said Brady, slowly.

"What were they?" she demanded.

"They were not like the tracks of any living thing I have ever seen," said Brady.

Then they were all again startled by a wild cry and a heavy fall on the floor. For Swanson had fainted again.

CHAPTER X.

THE night that followed was one that lived long in the remembrance of them all. Tired and worn, they finally restored the broken down Swanson and placed him, a limp mass of humanity, on the bed in the room from which he had come. As before, he only moaned feebly, but to the anxious scrutiny of his companions there was no sign that his brain was affected. Some of his spirit seemed to have affected the atmosphere, for all were more careless in their goings and comings. A sort of fatalism seemed to imbue them all. Thompson would stroll listlessly to the rear window to glance over the lawn, and then return, stopping for a few minutes' conversation in the big room, where Nora and Mrs. Lawson were seated, silently waiting the coming of the dawn. Even Emmett did not maintain the attitude of alert watchfulness he had kept earlier in the night, and followed Thompson's tactics of merely walking to his post every once in a while to glance out.

"If anything comes," said Emmett

thoughtfully, "we might just as well fight it here."

"And it'll be a d——d hard fight," interposed Bennett savagely. He was evidently ashamed of himself for having fallen asleep at his post and was ready to fight anything, no matter whether it was of this world or another. Brady, after carefully loading his revolver, sat in the background, gazing at Nora. The girl was seated bent forward in a big chair, her arms clasped around one knee and her eyes fixed thoughtfully on the blaze. Her hair hung down her back in one long braid and one small slippered foot was thrust out to the fire. The occasion was one when there was no time for anyone to think of conventionality, and Brady, gazing at her as the fire, which had been replenished with wood, blazed up and brought her tired face into relief, compressed his lips grimly. Unconsciously he nodded when Bennett made his remark about the fight.

"It surely will be one hard scrap," he thought.

Weary hour followed weary hour and conversation grew more and more scant as the dawn drew near. All were worn with their vigil, and, although Nora protested at first, Brady decided that she would have to go back to the Springs with Mrs. Lawson, and she at last agreed, with a sweet obedience that made it difficult for Brady to refrain from kissing her then and there.

"We'll see you get everything, Miss Westemonde," said Thompson earnestly. "We've agreed to give each other anything we get. All you need to do is to spend a day of quiet rest at Iroquois. This thing ought to be settled by then. Besides," he added, lowering his voice and glancing at the door of Swanson's room, "we'll have to get Eric out of here. What's come over the man I can't say. But he'll be a maniac if this keeps up."

So when the day finally commenced to show itself, the light struggling feebly through the trees, Nora accompanied Mrs. Lawson upstairs and the two commenced to pack the few belongings that they had brought with them. It was a silent breakfast that they ate, and as he glanced about

the place, Brady once more contrasted it with the first impressions they had formed in the house. Here were the same viands, the same company. But now they were all haggard, one of the number was in a condition bordering on insanity, and all were depressed and anxious to be away. So, with a sensation of relief they watched Swanson swallow a few gulps of coffee, doing even that with difficulty, and then watched him silently go out and crank up the automobile. He had made no protest over the suggestion that he go down to the Springs and await the rest of the party there. In fact, he, too, seemed relieved, although nothing could break the deadly calm of hopelessness into which he had fallen.

"Thompson," said Brady, when Swanson had left the room, "Eric is in no condition to drive that car. Any little fright and he's apt to run it over the bluff. Do you know anything about the machine?"

"A little," answered Thompson.

"What's the matter with you taking the wheel and letting Eric show you how to run it?" asked Brady. "You can let him sit at your left. Then, in case of any necessity, you can control the speed of the car yourself."

"That's all right, Steve," said Thompson slowly, "and I'll do it. But there's another point. Suppose we do run across something? I can't drive the car and control Swanson, too. He's a more powerful man than I am and it's almost certain he will go absolutely crazy on slight provocation. What will we do about that?"

"You'll have to take Emmett along," responded Brady, after a moment of reflection. "He can keep Eric from jumping out of the car or doing anything in momentary delirium, I know. He knows all the wrestling grips that he picked up at the turnvereins, when he used to take photos of the members. I can handle this until you get back."

"We'll run back just as quick as we make arrangements at the hotel," answered Thompson.

"Don't you do it," retorted Brady. "You've had no sleep to speak of for a good many hours now. Neither have

I. But I'm going to close up this place and go to that farm a few miles north of here where the deputies are. The only way to work this thing out is to fall in with one of the posses and follow them around. You and Emmett will both be of more value if you stay overnight and come back from Iroquois after a good rest to-morrow morning. Then you can relieve me. If I get a chance to snatch a bit of sleep up at the farm where the posse is staying I'll do it. Maybe I can get a few of them to come back and stay here while they're scouring the woods in this neighborhood. For that creature, whatever it is, is somewhere near here."

"I hate leaving you and Bennett alone here, Steve," said Thompson uneasily, "but I don't see what else we can do. I'll take your advice on the sleep proposition, though. I'm nearly all in. Emmett and I will be back to-morrow morning. If we don't find you here we'll look for you up the road."

It was with a feeling akin to that with which he would have quitted civilization for good that Brady stood waving his hand on the porch as the big auto rolled slowly away down the drive. Thompson handling the steering wheel, with Eric Swanson beside him, giving him instructions in a dispirited tone. In the tonneau sat Emmett, opposite the two women. And the last thing that Brady saw was the little brown-clad figure that sat facing him and the gleam of white as she waved her handkerchief as the auto rounded a curve. Then the woods swallowed it up and he and Bennett stood gazing blankly at the spot where it had disappeared. There was apparently no immediate need for their departure. The morning was still young, and Brady wanted the place to be as neat as possible when they left, so he planned to go over it thoroughly. He looked regretfully at the big plate-glass window and examined in careful fashion the spots where his bullets went through.

"Up here in the centre, when I fired as that Thing was running away across the lawn," he said, "the bullets have bored neat round holes. But down



BRADY IN THE BACKGROUND GAZED THOUGHTFULLY AT NORA, AND SET HIS LIPS GRIMLY.
 "IT SURELY WILL BE ONE HARD SCRAP," HE THOUGHT

here in the corner, where the glass is held firmly in a sash and where, I suppose, there could be no vibration to take up the shock of the bullet, it smashed out those pieces you see. That's what puzzles me. Why isn't there some blood on the porch?"

"Just what was that face like?" asked Bennett, who had been making a careful search in the ornamental

railings of the porch for any trace of Brady's bullet.

"I can't describe it," answered the reporter. "I can't say it was a wolf's face exactly and that's what makes the thing all the more gruesome. It looked more like a human face to me. But the eyes were those of a wild animal —there can be no doubt about that. They shone with that same green light

you see in any savage wild creature when aroused. You know the legend, don't you?"

And he repeated the details of the article he had read in the encyclopædia—of how, in many parts of continental Europe the were-wolf is supposed to assume the garb of a priest and semi-human shape, thus enabling it to approach more closely to little children and perpetuate its unholy existence by drawing the life blood from their jugular veins after it had throttled them. Bennett shuddered as he listened, but remained ready for action.

"Let's go over the lawn again, Steve," he said; "maybe there's something we can find."

But examination of the tracks of the night before revealed nothing. In fact, drifting dust and fine sand, blown from the quick drying soil by the high wind, already made the impressions less clear than on the previous evening.

"Miss Nora thought she hit him," murmured the deputy, "and she surely can shoot with that little gun—she showed me yesterday. But there's no blood here."

"There's a lot of things we don't know," said Brady, dreamily gazing out over the tree tops below and across the broad expanse of water.

"A lot," agreed the deputy, also relapsing into silence.

So heavily did the mystery hang over them that it was in an absorbed fashion that they cleared up the house as best they could. They restored to their places the tennis rackets and net they had used, saw that the kitchen was cleared of all signs of their occupancy, and even folded the bedding and put it away. Brady pasted paper over the smaller holes in the window to prevent insects from entering and tacked a shingle across the larger orifice in the corner. Then, after seeing that everything was secure, he looked about him, ready to depart.

"I'll have to lead our horses up to the farm above here when I go," he said. "There may be no one here for a day or two to water the animals. They've got plenty of grazing in that little lot. I think I'll just turn them over to the farmer up here, whoever he is, and ask

him to have them sent down at the first opportunity."

But even as he spoke there echoed the same sound his companions had heard in the night while he was at Iroquois—the sound of a furiously ridden horse. The rapid thumping of his hoofs could be heard over the road at the entry to the estate, the muffled sound indicating that he was traversing the sandy stretch of road which led to the drive. Then came the louder clatter as he struck the gravel section of the way and in an instant he shot madly from beneath the trees, his rider urging him on with whip and spur. At the foot of the porch he pulled up sharply, but even before he did so, Bennett had exclaimed in surprise:

"The sheriff!"

"Ham," cried the sheriff sharply, without stopping to greet him, "get your horse ready at once! Where are those other people of yours?" he added abruptly, turning to Brady.

"They just went to Iroquois in their auto," said Brady in surprise. "Why do you ask?"

"I'm glad you sent them in," said the sheriff curtly, "for I was going to do it myself. There's some devilish business going on here and it wasn't safe those women should stay. Another child was killed last night."

"Another child?" ejaculated the reporter and deputy together, in astonished horror.

The sheriff nodded grimly.

"Little Flossie Myers," he said in a tone which showed the inward storm that was boiling.

"Flossie!" cried the deputy; "that little golden-haired kid! Why—well, wait till I get my horse," he broke off and departed on a run for the enclosure where the animals were quartered. From his tone there was no mistaking his intention in the matter. The sheriff, speaking rapidly but clearly, outlined his plan to Brady.

"You'll have to get out of this," he said, "for it would be dangerous for anyone to go prowling about the woods right now. Any deputy would be apt to shoot him down. You'll be in danger if you stay here."

"I know that," responded the reporter quietly, and he related his experience of the night before. The sheriff's face grew even graver as he proceeded.

"Are you sure you hit the face?" he said at length.

"Well, I can't be certain," said Brady, "but anything creeping up the steps would naturally keep to one side so as to avoid being seen from within. This countenance peered at me just from the lower corner of the pane there. And you can see where the glass is broken. But I'll admit that my nerves were a bit shaken—still, I don't see how I could have missed."

For several minutes the sheriff sat, with scowling brow, thoughtfully debating the question. Then he spoke with decision.

"It's best for you to come with us, Steve, or join the deputies five or six miles up north here. I'm goin' to rouse the whole district. We'll send a line of deputies beating the woods in one direction and another line down to meet them from the other way. You can go with which you choose. But you can't hang around here."

Brady thought for an instant.

"I'll keep one horse," he said, "and join the party to the north. This creature, whatever it is, ought to flee away from civilization. It's more likely to run toward our end of the trap."

"Maybe so," said the sheriff impatiently. "Do as you please. But I'd advise you to pull out right away. We don't know what kind of a deal this is we're handling. Here comes Ham, now."

The deputy came cantering around the corner of the house with a grim light of determination in his eye.

"Steve," he called, "are you going to take any of them guns with you?"

"You can take either the shotgun or rifle," answered the reporter. "I kept both the automatics, and the party in the car all have their weapons—but they counted on coming back here, so left the two guns. I kept Thompson's automatic and he took my revolver. Emmett has left his camera in here, too. I kept the automatics because

you can load them so quickly."

"Then I'll take the shotgun," said Bennett.

"Come on, Ham," ordered the sheriff restlessly. "Let's be goin'. I'm turnin' south," he said to Brady, "and if you want Ham to lead your other horses along with us, we can put them up at Blagdon's down the road. I've got to go this way, where it's settled, and I can swear in some more deputies."

Brady eagerly welcomed this proposition. It saved him the trouble of leading the horses with him, and he aided Bennett in tying their halters together so they could be taken away. He kept his own horse, reflecting that the gray, although lazy, had still shown sturdy and lasting qualities which might prove of value later on. But even the pang with which he had seen the auto containing his friends speed away was not equal to that which he felt when he saw Bennett and the sheriff disappear with the horses around the bend of the road, the sheriff's last shouted injunction being:

"You ought to get out of here as quick as you can; an' I wish you'd stop up the road and tell the Chinks the same thing. I've got no time to go up there right now."

Brady nodded assent and the next moment he was absolutely alone. It was the first time in his life, he reflected, that he could say that. And yet, but a few days before, he had been in the very centre of the throbbing heart of a great city where the word solitude was unknown. There is something about an absolutely deserted house, or one that has even just recently been left empty, that brings a feeling of depression to anyone who may be forced to pass his time therein. So, when Brady made his last tour of the premises, to see that no matches were lying about which mice might nibble, he had to confess to himself that he was nervous. When he finally shut the door behind him with a bang, locking it and picking his saddle from the porch, he felt a sense of distinct relief. And when he was mounted and had his horse's head turned away from the place, he pulled the animal up for just one final glance about the premises.

How lovely it was, he reflected, and yet, how the associations made it a sight hateful to him! The sun shone as brilliantly as ever, the lake broke on the beach below with the same continuous sound, the whitecaps showing sparkingly all over its surface, with here and there a gull flashing its white wing far below him; the tall pines swayed and their breath came to his nostrils as strongly as ever; but over it all now hung a kind of indefinable poison. He glanced toward the row of silvery birch trees and reflected that in their very shadow, even now, could be found the trace of some foul Thing whose presence had changed this beauty spot of earth into a loathsome nest to be avoided. And with an exclamation of relief, he turned his horse down the drive and cantered away from the scene. On account of the intention of Thompson and Emmett to return, he had left Emmett's camera and some of his other belongings behind. His own suit case was also in the house. He had decided to leave the rifle behind, preferring to trust to the automatics, in case need arose for a weapon. And into the upper pocket of his vest on either side he slipped an additional magazine, each containing eight cartridges. He had buttoned the flap of his left pocket to prevent the pistol from jolting out. But he kept the other open and the weapon ready to hand.

Once he had reached the highroad, however, these precautions seemed absurd. The supreme beauty of the day, the fact that he was well off the grounds where so much that was hideous had occurred, and all his surroundings, in fact, made it seem impossible that there could be death lurking near. Moreover, he noted with satisfaction that the woods were open for a mile or more, affording no place of concealment—in strong contrast to the tangle of forest about the place he had just quitted. So it was with relief that he settled himself to enjoy the ride and eased his horse to a quiet gait. His first mission was to inform the Chinaman of the danger in the neighborhood. Whether the blandly smiling Celestial would believe him,

or pay any attention to his warning, he did not know. He thought probably he would not. Still, that was his own affair, he reflected with a shrug, and turned his horse down the path which Morton and he had taken on the occasion of the visit to the house.

At this point the main road was nearly one half mile from the lake. For the first quarter mile the road lay through woods like those he had just been traversing. Then came a tract of dense shrubbery, through which he rode carefully, keeping one hand on his automatic. Then, with the suddenness of drawing a curtain, he rounded a curve and passed through a stretch where the shrubbery, low and stunted, reaching barely to his horse's shoulder, did not obstruct his view of the house. Beyond this again came another stretch of dense woods and then the gate which led to the open fields. Brady looked carefully at the house as he crossed the open space, but not a living creature was near it. Far on the other side of the field could be seen a figure mounted on horseback, riding slowly towards the still more distant pasture, evidently with the intention of driving in the cows that were browsing there. By his flowing blue garments, he recognized that this must be the assistant of whom the Americanized Chinaman had spoken. No more peaceful scene could have been imagined, and the reporter smiled at his own fears as he rode through the last stretch of woods, unlatched the gate by bending from his saddle, and rode toward the house, the gate closing after him with a low click.

On the side of the house toward which he was riding not even a blind was drawn. So he determined, instead of approaching the rear door where he and Morton had first conversed with the Chinaman, that he would ride to the front door and knock. So he proceeded at a slow walk, the feet of his plodding mount making no noise in the sand, and suddenly turned the corner of the dwelling—and in that one instant he understood. Even before he saw the face of the Chinaman light up in hideous rage and noticed the wild spring he made for



"NOW FOR GOD'S SAKE, OLD MAN, TELL WHAT HAPPENED," SAID THOMPSON

the interior of the house, the reporter had wheeled his horse, driving the spurs in until the animal plunged madly in a gallop and headed straight for the gate by which he had come. It was a ride of many yards across the open space and he did not pause to glance at what was raising the uncanny howls behind him but drew his automatic and bent low over the horse's neck, watching over his shoulder for the Chinaman to appear. And as he rode he kept spurring his horse till the frantic beast put down its head and strained every muscle in its stride.

There was the banging sound of a door torn hurriedly open and the Chinaman appeared on the back porch, bearing a rifle. Brady saw him stoop, rest the rifle on the rail, and saw a faint puff of vapor come from the muzzle as the sharp whine of the bullet sounded past his ear—and he pressed the trigger of his automatic and sent a splutter of bullets back in the direction of his assailant. He was at the gate now, but there was no time to bend and open it—and he knew the clumsy animal he rode could never clear it in

a leap. So he struck in his spurs once more and sent him straight at the frail wooden pickets. There was a crash, a splintering of wood, a momentary stumbling of his horse from the shock—and he was flying down the wooded section of the path with another bullet cutting the leaves just above his head.

It was only a furlong to the open space, to cross which and gain the woods near the main road it would be necessary to expose himself to the view of the house. But he did not hesitate. To trust to concealment where he was would be to invite certain death. Short as the distance was he had to cover, he saw his only hope mapped out before him as if thrown on a lantern slide. That was, to gain the denser woods, further on, where his automatics might prove as effective as a rifle at short range, and where he might find a hiding place in the dense brush until night enabled him to escape—for he knew that if the Chinaman gave pursuit his own horse had not the speed to escape with him. All this passed through his brain in an instant, and at the thought of his comrades, a great

sob of joy that was almost a prayer went up as he exclaimed "Thank God, they're gone!" For he knew what the move would be in the next second or two, if he fell. One momentary picture flashed through his mind of the stealthy descent by what lay behind him to the Brandt homestead—of the silent attack on the inmates—or Nora! And as he thought of Nora, he gritted his teeth savagely, and it was with a wild sort of fighting joy that he charged out into the open space, his other automatic spitting out shots before the Chinaman had started to fire.

But the Celestial was prepared now. The first sharp crack behind him followed a leap from Brady's clumsy mount which told him the animal had been hit, the next pinged sharply past his shoulder. Then he felt a shock in the left arm as if somebody had hit him forcibly with a club and numbed it. His arm dropped helpless; but he let the reins lie on the horse's neck, seized his automatic between his teeth, pulled out the empty magazine with his right hand, forced in a loaded one and, although he could feel the enamel splintering on his teeth, he clinched them on the weapon and

drove back the carrier until he had worked the first cartridge into the barrel. The next moment he had galloped into the dense woods again with a parting shot shivering the leaves behind him—and rode headlong around the curve into a group of galloping deputies and safety.

CHAPTER XI.

"Now, for God's sake old man, tell us what happened," said Thompson, seating himself at the side of Brady's bed, while Emmett coiled up in the uncomfortable hotel rocker. "Begin at the beginning and go on to the end. Now that damn doctor is gone, we can talk. Feeling comfortable?"

"Fair to middling," said Brady with a rueful grin. "Can't expect that arm to be really contented for awhile, I suppose. But anyway, here goes."

Brady's arm had been set at last, and the two newspaper men had been roused out of their slumbers to see it done. Sleepy Iroquois had been in bed for four hours, but they had raked a doctor out of his blankets and pressed the hotel clerk into service; and Brady settled back among his pillows to tell the tale.

To be concluded

ALONE BY THE LAKE

BY A. B. HOGG

FROM rustling trees, a balmy breeze;
A darkling distant hill;
Like fairy feet, the wavelets beat;
The starlit waters still.

Sparkling clear, and strangely near,
Each star in heaven burns;
From men apart, to nature's heart,
My sullied soul returns.



SEMI-RIGID CROSS TYPE OF AIRSHIP READY FOR ASCENT

Being a Bird-Man

By W. A. Blonck

Illustrated with Photographs

I DID not know that I was in motion. The sensation was one of being stationary, while the earth dropped away below me. As the balloon travelled steadily with the breeze and I looked over the edge of the basket, it seemed as though an immense and variegated carpet was being dragged over the surface of a vast concavity. When a twist of air caused us to veer or turn round a few times, the concavity with its wonderful pattern of fields and towns, roads and trees and houses, were seeming to be revolved—not us. And as we went higher, the concavity appeared to descend until men were like mites, and the towns and houses, trees and hills, dwarfed into a toy-like expanse of beautiful scenery. No sound came to us then. The city and the great crowd that had gathered in it had motion, but no voice. And always the horizon, the rim of the concavity, remained level with my eyes. The hollow seemed depressible, but its edge rose with us. Not that we had

any sense of rising. We were alone and alive over a concave and elastic world, hanging from a round, fixed rim.

It was in Frankfort-on-the-Main, and I was nineteen years old. I had but then entered on the engineering course in my college, and was having my initial view of the great globe I had been taught so much about, and many of whose secrets I knew. The balloon was a captive, with a limit of fifteen hundred skyward feet. The trip did not last long, but when the horizon had lowered to its accustomed level and the surface once more become flat, I stepped out of the car with a new idea. That idea I have followed ever since—the idea of aerial navigation. It was a most awakening experience, which has shaped my course in life.

Air navigation excites at present the warmest interest of the entire civilized world, because it means the abandonment of one of our oldest traditional beliefs—that we are chained

to the surface. Far back in the history of man, as indicated by the myth of Daedalus and Icarus, men have wanted to fly. But not until the twentieth century, through the rapid development of the gasoline engine, was the beginning of the conquest of the air made possible. The old balloons, possessing powers of levitation and descent, but not of self-direction nor of opposition to air currents, had no



PARSEVAL AMONG THE BAVARIAN ALPS

value beyond imparting sensations such as I have described. Once afloat, they were helpless—yet they always had a fascination for the majority of people, often heightened to thrills of delightful dread when an appearance of risk came into play.

I remember one old fellow who tried an ascent, his first, in a captive vessel, and came half way over the side within the first hundred feet with a demand to be "let down."

"Leave me down, darn ye," he called. "I don't like it. I'm skairt."

The operator at the drum gave no attention, and in another half minute he was hanging over the side again, this time half way, reaching underneath with a big jack knife.

"Leave me down," he thundered, "or I'll cut the string."

They "left him down" at once. It was his first go at flying, as I have said, and very likely it also was his last. But I cannot forget the excited anticipation of that crowd over the prospect of seeing him float away to sure dis-

aster, untethered and untutored—nor the disappointment, amounting to disgust, when he was reeved back to them and stepped out, sick but triumphant.

There are balloons yet, and prizes for balloon races—events which lack all elements of sport save that which is known as foolishness. They are teaching nothing, and they have no interest for the men who are earnestly and by scientific means trying to establish a system of air navigation that will have practical, useful, everyday value in commerce and travel.

These men or their successors will succeed. It is an axiom in the mechanic arts that whosoever says a thing is impossible because it has not yet been done, simply states his own limitations. The great things all originated in dreams, and all have come when they were needed. Experts in things already estab-

lished are invariably quick to discredit anything really new; and conservative (I love that synonym for incapable) mechanics have a scoff always ready for those who propose bold departures. Once I knew a skilled mechanic who declared the turbine engine an impossibility. I asked him why.

"Because," he said, "I tried to make one myself, and I couldn't."

Yet Delaval developed a successful rotary, and the splendid work of Parsors with turbines has made possible the greatest steamships that ever plowed the deep. He had never heard of either, but on the other hand, the world has never heard of him. Of such is the tribe of doubters. We are on no ground of guesswork in respect of ships that shall sail the upper blue. The next ten years will see them operating over our heads in an organized system of traffic.

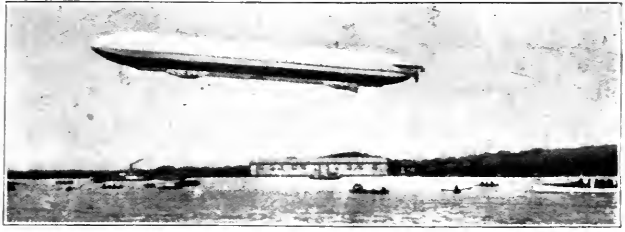
Such a system requires a vessel that will rise direct from its resting place; will have its rate of travel from mere

motion to the limit of its propelling power; will travel backward, as a ship does when the engines are reversed; will be free from the employment of any of its power for any purpose other than propulsion; will drive through either cataracts or uprushes of air; and be freely and perfectly dirigible by mechanical processes within itself, without depending upon the instantaneous co-ordination of mechanical parts with an expert man's most alert brain and nerves, for equilibration. It must not depend upon power alone for the means of sustension and movement.

It must be safe, for the sake of human life. It must have levitative power sufficient to make it useful in carrying people and goods from any one point to any other point or series of points desired, at a rate of travel (within its limit of speed) absolutely at the control of its pilot. And it must alight like a bird.

Such a vessel we have not yet, but it will come. That is one of the things made certain by universal desire, by the intense purpose which animates the minds and the labor of so many hundreds of the ablest men who grace and accelerate the progress of this age.

At the present time there are two types of airships partly developed: the heavier than air machines, as built by the Wrights and several others on this side and in France, and the



ZEPPELIN OVER LAKE CONSTANCE

lighter than air machines, or "dirigible balloons," as they are somewhat erroneously styled, as built by private corporations in Europe, especially in Germany, for military purposes really, but incidentally for passenger traffic and advertising service in commercial enterprises.

The lighter than air machines possess not one of the requirements I have enumerated as being primarily essential to everyday usefulness in commerce and travel. I need not go into any argument to establish that point, since in view of their construction, history and performances, the argument presents itself, of itself, with unanswerable force. It is not implied by this that we owe them nothing; for in truth we owe them much, because they have brought forward many features that are fundamental and sound. The deflecting plane, the rudder, and several other items developed by their inventors will be found in the ultimate vessel when the ultimate vessel arrives.

The other type, the dirigible balloon, has advanced far in respect of construction. The major part of this advance has been accomplished in Germany, where there are now three distinct groups in operation: the rigid, or Zeppelin type; the semi-rigid, or Gross type; and the non-rigid, or Parseval type. Of the three, the Parseval type appears to me to show the farthest advance toward a commercially practical vessel.

In this article I cannot go into details of description, nor do I think they would interest other than engineers or people educated in scientific mechanics. But I can say at least that in dirigibles we have come to a place from which we can figure the where-



PARSEVAL PACKED FOR SHIPMENT

about of the ultimate vessel below our present horizon. So much has been done that the rest will simply have to follow. Let me explain just what I mean by that.

No important invention ever yet was finally completed by the original inventor. The reason why so much money is "lost in patents" is that backers have permitted inventors to go on perfecting their work long after the basic and valuable invention had completed itself.

On the other hand, the really successful inventions have been commercialized just as soon as they would do the work for which they were intended, no matter how clumsily. In this latter case, swarms of other men see and make improvements, and keep at it until perfection is attained.

Take three instances: If Cyrus McCormick had held back his reaper until it had been brought up to its present state, it never would have been brought up or brought out at all. As soon as he had a machine that would work, he began to make and sell it. The rest came of itself, and could not have been headed off.

If John Stephenson had held back his locomotive until the development of our mountain climbers, we would have had no mountain climbers. We might never have had a railway train. When he had built an engine that would haul a train of coaches, he brought it out. Hence our marvelous space annihilating railway service, the union of the ends of the earth, and a civilization so highly developed that it makes one dizzy to consider it too deeply, or for very long at one time. The mogul engine now daily visible and unregarded contains Stephenson's invention in its heart, but Stephenson did not perfect it. He's dead, and they are still improving the thing he did.

If Ottmar Mergenthaler had been permitted to do all he thought remained to be done with the linotype invention, he would have been fiddling around in his little shop in Baltimore to the day of his death, and we would not have had our great daily newspapers. When Eaton dis-

covered it and recognized the tremendous significance of the basic combination of mechanical elements he had brought together, it was commercialized at once. The quadruple magazine 1911 type of machine is the result of the work of an enormous brood of geniuses evoked by the sheer fascination its earlier weaknesses created among those who used it. It is used all over the world now, and Mergenthaler died rich.

There you have three histories of inventions that prefigure the inevitable development of the ultimate airship. In my opinion we have in the German Parseval machine the first workable model from which that ultimate vessel will evolve, no matter through what means, nor at whose hands. It is already available commercially. The rest will come, and that right soon.

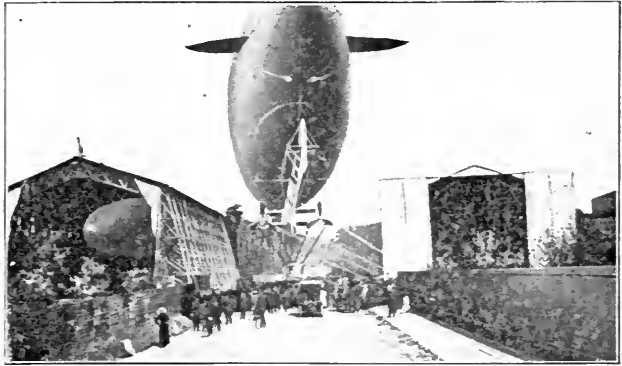
It cannot come too soon. A world demand for it exists and must be met. The true airship will be a servant of art and aesthetics as well as of commerce, just as the marine engine is when it moves luxurious private yachts, or great merchant ships.

No one who has not experienced it can realize the pure and deep pleasure of sailing the air. You see the world that is your home in new aspects of greater beauty than is possible in any view of it from a position fixed on the surface, or on the side of even the loftiest mountain. It is wonderful to watch the ground travel beneath you, to feel so strange a quiet and such a calm sense of safety even at the greatest speeds; to see the shadow of your vessel traveling below you—in the late afternoon maybe a mile behind you—and watch it veer and vary as your vessel does, declaring in every movement the strange truth that you are moving in space, free from all contact with the earth other than the atmosphere surrounding it, held to it only by a diminished gravitative attraction. There is exhilaration and delight, without danger—and you never weary of its repetition.

I have made many flights and participated in many events that have been watched by the nations, but I hope I

have many more before me; and I will go to whatever rewards or hurts the next life may have stored up waiting for me if I may live to be a part of the first world event carried off by airships of the kind I here have confidently prophesied.

Of this I have a hope amounting to something very like a certainty. In the summer of this year I visited France and Germany for the express purpose of learning at first hand the last improvements made in the types of vessel most suited for travel, and found commerce already established in the air. The airship is in precisely the same position occupied by the automobile fifteen years ago, but the rapid action of these later days will bring within the next five or ten years an advance in airships equivalent to the advance made in motor vehicles since 1896. The changes necessary to that result are prefigured now, and all that is necessary to their working out



SEMI-RIGID GROSS READY TO START. PARSEVAL HANGER ON THE LEFT

is the active interest of a class of men similar to those who developed the automobile. Such an interest can readily be aroused by anyone conversant with the subject who has the time to give it and the power to command attention in the right quarters. Given that combination and a corresponding enthusiasm, the airship will soon be an object as familiar as the motor car, and man will have come into command of the last unconquered terrestrial element.

SUNSET HILL

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

O, YOUTH has gone across the hill
To find the evening star,
Along the windy pasture lands,
Where the late asters are.

He said an hour's light good-bye,
And promised merrily
That he'd come back o'er Sunset Hill
To dwell again with me.

He stood a moment on the crest
To flute a lilting strain
.

Ah, Youth has gone to Fairyland!
When will he come again?

The Price He Paid

By Frank Houghton

Drawings by G. O. Longabaugh



For all things pass away and become a mere tale, and complete oblivion soon buries them.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

GEORGE KING was as mad as the average Englishman, the Esquimaux decided. And perhaps that might account for his spending an autumn camped with several of the tribe in a belt of timber growing along the Ark-i-lin-ik river in the north.

As winter approached, a family joined them, a family consisting of a man and his wife with a daughter of about nineteen and a boy perhaps two years younger. The girl at once attracted King's attention. She was much fairer than most Esquimaux women, her coloring being unusually fine, her eyes brown rather than black, and her eye-brows delicately arched. Her figure was tall and slight, her hands and feet finely formed. Altogether, King found her distinctly handsome, among a race whose women ran to fatness, pig-eyes and dirt.

One day he had gone a little way into the timber to examine some snares he had set for hares, when he came suddenly upon her, bending over one of his traps. At the sound of his approach she sprang erect and faced him, a dead hare dangling by the hind feet from one hand. Her appearance startled him. For an instant he thought her to be a white woman. She met his eye calmly, flashing a quick smile at him and disclosing as she did so a set of white and perfectly even

teeth. He smiled in response, and without thinking, said in his own language:

"What are you doing here?"

To his intense surprise she replied to him in good English:

"I was walking, I saw this in your trap and was bringing it to you."

"You speak English!" he exclaimed.

A sudden wave of shyness passed over her, the hot blood dyed her cheeks and she faced him in silence, fidgeting with the dead hare.

From an Esquimaux standpoint she was well, nay, handsomely, dressed. She wore a closely-fitting skirt of caribou skin, tanned almost to the whiteness of snow, finely embroidered with beads. By way of skirts, very loosely fitting trousers reached to her ankles; while on her feet, which were small and well shaped, were a pair of exquisitely worked moccasins. Circling her forehead, in her heavy black hair was a band of gleaming brass, polished until it shone like gold.

"Yes," she replied at length, "I speak English very well; my father was an Englishman. We lived at Churchill, on the Bay. Then my father died, my mother took another man, she is an Esquimaux again."

"You have no man?" Of a sudden he felt a strong interest in her reply.

"Ah, no, my mother wants a big price for me, no man in the tribe can pay." Of a sudden her face was stricken with gravity. "I am afraid it is too much, and I will never have a man."

"What is the price?" he asked curiously.

"Oh, it is much," she replied; "a rifle, two pipes, tobacco, beads, a sack of sugar, two handkerchiefs and two packages of needles; that is much, and I am not very fat. I fear there is no man for me," again she sighed.

King drew a package of cigarettes from his pocket and handed her one.

She looked at it a moment, then at him. He explained its use to her and struck a match.

"Oh," she exclaimed, then lighted it and smoked.

"Of course," said King, "you learned English from your father?"

She blew a cloud of smoke from her full red lips and with half closed eyes watched it lazily.

"Yes," she replied; "I was fifteen years old when he died. I was with him always, he was the dear, lovely man. My mother speaks English, too, but not as I do. It is my tongue."

"Where are you all going to now?"

"I do not know." She paused a moment, and then added: "We will hunt the caribou and musk-ox, that is all that Esquimaux do, and live in the iglu."

"Would you rather live in a wooden house like those at Fort Churchill?"

"Of course, with a stove, and bread to eat, and tea and tobacco. There was a white man there that said he would buy me. He was very pretty. He kissed me a good deal." She knocked the ash off her cigarette with her little finger, frowning thoughtfully, then continued: "I like the way Englishmen kiss, it is—oh, it is lovely! It makes you feel so good, as though—as though you could cr-r-r-rush them." She looked at him and smiled lingeringly, entrancingly. King noticed that she did not blush. She spoke evenly, naturally, without the smallest hint of coquetry in her tones. Some times even yet she felt a sorrow creeping over her, chilling her heart, when she thought of that other Englishman. It was too cruel that he had never bought her. If he had she might have had something to care for, perhaps, to cheer her, to drive the loneliness away

in the long winter evenings when the men were all away hunting caribou. She would perhaps have had his babies to care for, his and hers, the mother in her often yearned.

The Englishman sitting beside her reminded her of the one she had lost, but he was a bigger man; she stole a glance at him, she noted his handsome face, his ruddy color, his fair clustering hair which curled a little about his white brow; his blue, blue English eyes. She told herself that he was a very pretty man, much prettier than that other. She had seated herself upon a log and smoked in silence for a time. Suddenly she rose to her feet.

"I must go back to the tupec," she said, adding: "Goodbye, Englishman." So they separated, he continuing on the round of his snares.

Until he met her again, three days later, she was seldom absent from his thoughts. After that they met daily for a time, and she always called him Englishman and seemed pleased to see him.

Then came a driving storm, lasting three days. It was bitterly cold and draughty in the deer-skin lodges. He was told that they would build the iglus when the storm abated.

On the morning of the third day, with several packages of cigarettes in his pocket he walked over to the girl's camp. Their dogs, five great huskies, bayed savagely at his approach. An Esquimaux woman, at the noise, put her head out, grinned, and in English told him to come in. In the centre of the lodge the usual fire burned, over which, suspended on a notched stick, hung a blackened pail. The girl was engaged in embroidering a design in silk on a white caribou skin. The father and son were both absent. Seating himself he produced his cigarettes, and when they were all smoking he addressed the girl.

"What is your name?"

"Mary," she replied; "and yours?"

"George King."

"George King," she repeated after him, then put a question. "What are you doing here, in this country, George King?"

"I came to see your people, to trade with them, and hunt the musk-ox and caribou."

"Trade?" she repeated interrogatively.

"A little," he replied, "but I like hunting better."

"You must be a rich man?"

King laughed, shaking his head.

"Oh, yes," she insisted. "All Englishmen who come here are very rich. That one I knew at Churchill, oh, he was rich. He had three pair of blankets, a rifle, much tobacco, and he drank tea every day."

Her mother, stout, middle-aged, supremely ugly, sat on the far side of the lodge, smoking and watching them.

"How many women do you keep?" was her next somewhat embarrassing question.

"I have no wives," he replied gravely.

"In my country we generally find one as many as we can manage."

The older woman took the cigarette from her mouth, looked at her daughter and laughed; then she said something to her quickly in Esquimau and they both laughed. The girl questioned him again.

"Are you going to build a post?"

"No," he replied, "I am going to hunt". adding, "will you, your mother and your father, hunt with me? I will pay you."

She did not answer him at once, but spoke again with her mother. Then she turned to him.

"What do you want us for since you have others?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I want you, Mary, because you speak English. I like one with me who can speak my tongue."

Again she spoke to her mother, and again the two women laughed.

"You will give us plenty of tobacco, tea and needles?"

"Plenty, plenty," the man nodded.

She spoke again to her mother, finally promising their decision the next day. He rose to his feet.

"I am going to shoot ptarmigan when the storm is over. Will you come with me?"

She smiled lingeringly, blushing.

"Yes," she replied, "I will come with you, George King."

She dwelt on his name, drawing it a little. Bidding them good-day he left. The following morning broke clear and calm. He had finished his breakfast and was smoking when the lodge door was pulled aside, and Mary's face appeared.

"If you are going to shoot birds, come; I will wait here."

In a few moments he joined her. All morning they tramped through the timber. The birds were plentiful and she carried the bag. They had their luncheon and cigarettes in a thick clump of second growth spruce, a cheery fire blazing.

The week that followed he was with her every day. Once while seated by his fire smoking, he heard the sound of approaching steps. They halted at his door, which was immediately pulled aside and Mary entered. His blankets, in a long roll with caribou skins over them, made a low seat; he pointed to them, telling her to sit down. In silence she obeyed him.

He stirred up his fire, putting more wood upon it. Then, standing with his back to it, he handed her cigarettes and began talking. He noted her unusual embarrassment. Only Esquimau women who were married went to their husbands' lodges. Her former conversation, when she told him of her fondness for Englishmen, recurred to his mind. As he watched her seated before him, he felt that hitherto he had never seen a woman who fitted in so well with her environment, never one more eminently capable. Lastly he told himself that he had never seen one more desirable. Again she looked at him, a trouble in her eyes; then she spoke.

"I have brought you a book: it was my father's. He told me all Englishmen read books."

"A book?" he exclaimed.

She nodded, handing him a little, old, worn volume. He opened it curiously. It was a copy of Marcus Aurelius. On the fly-leaf, in small neat handwriting, was the inscription. "Charles E. Rothsay, Magdalen Col-

lege, Cambridge," and the date "17th November, 1876." In looking through the book he noticed a passage scored with a pencil, which ran

"Soon, very soon, thou wilt be ashes of a skeleton, and either a name or not even a name; but a name is sound and echo. And the things which are much valued in life are empty and rotten and trifling."

He read the paragraph slowly, the pathos of the prophecy striking him. "Charles Rothsay," he murmured to himself. The name sounded a good

one. Had he found those things which are valued in this life "empty and rotten and trifling"? Had he, like a certain great one of this earth, found that "life is very difficult"; so difficult as to have driven him into that wild no-man's land where he had met his death?

George King was a "Varsity" man himself. Such a memento of a wasted life gave him food for reflection. He thought of the ugly, dirty creature who had lived with him, and shuddered. Such an infatuation he could not understand. He raised his eyes to meet those of the woman before him. Was he, too, going the way of that lost, lonely man? Was he, too, to find the valued things of his life "empty and rotten and trifling"?

Mary had risen and stood before him. Her arms were bare to the elbow, rounded, beautifully shaped arms; the fingers were supple and slender. He glanced up from the volume he held.

"May I read it, Mary?"

"Of course, George." Her smile was grave; then she spoke again. "Father read it often. He loved it, he read it aloud to me; I too, loved his voice—it

was soft, beautiful. I have another book—it is a fat book. I will bring it to you some day; it is all about a man who lived long ago and did wonderful things; his name was Jesus Christ! It is all true. Father said so. He read it to me always before I went to sleep."

"It was the Bible, Mary."

"The Bible? Yes, that was it. Have you read the Bible?"

"I am afraid not all of it," he smiled a little sadly. Then he asked her if she could read.

"Oh, yes. Father taught me every day, till on a hateful day that I will remember till I pass into the great silence, he, my father, went after a white whale and was drowned."

He spoke to her again after a moment's pause, and his face was grave.

"Do you know that you are very beautiful?"

She did not answer at once; then she spoke calmly, naturally:

"Yes, George, I think I am, but I am glad you think so, too. I have a little glass, and when I look in it I think so, the color of my eyes, oh, it is lovely; my teeth are even and white—that, too, is beautiful; but, George, I do not like my skin—it is too brown; I think, too, I am too thin. Alas! I am afraid no man will buy me; my mother wants too much."

"Do not despair, Mary. Some day the man may come."

"Do you think so, George?" She spoke more hopefully; again a mournful note crept into her voice. "I do not know. Sometimes I think my beauty is not of the kind admired by Esquimaux. I am not fat."



The man sat in silence, turning over the leaves of the little book. He looked up at her and smiled.

"I can easily imagine that," he said, adding: "No, you are not fat; but perhaps it will not be an Esquimau who will come."

"Who, then, George? An Englishman?" she asked eagerly.

He looked at her for a few moments in silence.

"Sit down," he said very quietly, a little sternly perhaps, indicating, with a gesture, the blankets by his side. For an instant she looked at him, then, flushing, obeyed him like a child. Her beauty, her nearness, their secluded familiarity, sex, everything, was affecting him as it was bound to do. Her hands folded Madonna wise in her lap, her bare beautiful arms, her head bowed forward a little, she waited, a charming picture of savage modesty, his will or speech.

"And when he comes," he took one of her hands as he spoke, "will you go with him, obey him, love him?"

Her voice sank to a passionate whisper.

"I will be his," she said. "In this land a woman always obeys her man; if she does not he beats her. He owns her as he owns his dogs."

"Then you will not leave me, Mary?"

She turned her eyes upon his face, her voice grew soft, tenderly soft. "I must obey him to whom I belong," she murmured.

He passed his arm about her waist and drew her to his side. With a delicious surrendering of self she swayed towards him. Then—then their lips were joined in a long kiss. She, the untamed daughter of the wilds, had her desire. Her man had come to her at last. She held him in her strong young arms. Again, again, again their lips were joined. She was ecstatically happy. Time, everything was forgotten until the fire died down and the air grew chilly. The man rose to his feet, and for the first time since that rapturous embrace he spoke to her, knowing what he said.

"I will pay the price." As he spoke his face grew grave.

"Now, now, this afternoon, George then I will not leave you?"

"This afternoon," he said, speaking slowly, gravely, as one who makes a momentous decision reckoning the cost, not in the heated way of youth, unthinking, caring naught for consequences. "Will you come with me to your mother?"

She shook her head.

"I will stay here, George, and get your supper ready."

He gave a short laugh. It seemed so simple, the little arrangement. The purchase he found was even simpler than he had thought. He merely told her mother what he wanted. She listened, smoking, then told him the price. He jotted each separate item down on the back of an old letter, promising her everything the following day. She was perfectly satisfied.

"Where Mary now?" she enquired.

He told her. She laughed, remarking:

"She give you heap baby."

So the deal was made, the interview ended. He returned to his lodge and to Mary, telling himself that it was infinitely simpler and much more satisfactory than the civilized method of procuring a life partner. Was he, too, going the way of that lost Englishman? He did not attempt an answer to the question. At present he had what he wanted—a free, independent existence, and, considering the life he contemplated, a charming woman for a companion.

* * * * *

Shortly after Mary had taken up her abode in his lodge, he made a discovery. He had picked up the Marcus Aurelius, their only book, to give her a lesson, and for the first time noticed that he had much difficulty in reading the print. He asked her if she could read it distinctly.

"Of course, George," she replied.

Her reading had been a pleasant surprise to him, for although she read in a labored, halting fashion, it was much better than he had expected, while the pleasure she showed at his satisfaction touched him.

Though he said nothing about his



"MARY! MARY! I CAN SEE THE GLOW OF THE LIGHT—TILL I CAN
GET MY SIGHT AGAIN!"

failing eyesight to her, he thought of it a great deal.

At length there was a move made by the Esquimaux for the open country, King and Mary accompanying them, and the following month they hunted musk-ox and caribou, killing only five of the former, but any number of the latter.

Towards the end of the month King received a shock. It was during one of the frequent spells for a smoke, while seated on his loaded sleigh, he drew the Marcus Aurelius from his pocket and opened it. The printing was a blur and he could not determine a word. He rubbed his eyes and tried again, with a like result. An hour later he had a shot at a caribou standing broad-side on at about seventy paces. He had much difficulty in seeing the sights, and fired, missing it clean.

He realized his position then. He was about one thousand miles from the outskirts of civilization with a horde of savages, and his sight was going. It would be hard to conceive of anything more awful. He looked about him to where the snow and sky met on the horizon; then at the nearer objects, the Esquimaux, their dogs and sleighs. The former, grouped together, were watching him and laughing at his unaccountable miss. He had always been a fair shot.

He walked back to his own loaded sleigh, to the woman seated on it awaiting him. Seating himself he filled and lighted his pipe and smoked in sombre silence. He had noticed that the sick or old were never with the tribe. The thought made him reflect and he spoke to the woman by his side.

"Tell me," he enquired, "are the men and women of your tribe never ill?"

"Sometimes," she replied.

"What is done with them?"

"They stay in their iglu or lodge. If it is the woman the man gets meat for her, and if the man is sick the woman hunts."

"If one dies?"

She laughed. "Oh, the other follows the trail, perhaps he dies." She

threw out her hands in a quick gesture that spoke volumes.

"If the woman does not care for the man?"

"Ah, she leaves him."

"Horrible!" exclaimed King with a shudder, looking out across the desolate white waste.

Another week passed. His eyes were much worse and sometimes he stumbled as he walked. The woman noticed it and remarked. The man merely



"I COME WITH YOU?" SHE CRIED. "KNOW THIS, WHILE YOU SLEPT

laughed; a hatred of acknowledging his infirmity tied his tongue. She guessed his trouble; her eyes, with a world of devotion in their depths, were ever on his face.

He never now attempted to shoot, but always gave the rifle to the woman. The deer had become to him but moving shadows on an illimitable white field. Another three days passed, and on a morning in the iglu the man awakened, blind! Their bed, as is the custom, was on a raised, broad snow-bench, running along one inner side, covered with caribou skins.

Mary had risen and was moving about. King sat up, hearing her but unable to see her. Instinctively he

passed his hand about his eyes. For an instant he did not realize the full horror of his position. Then suddenly, with the devilish cruelty of a blow, the realization struck him. He threw himself face downwards on the rough hides and blankets, and gripping them with his hands he moaned. The woman, his woman, was beside him in an instant. Bending over him she placed her soft arms about his neck.



OPOLOCTOC, I WOULD CUT YOUR HEART OUT BESIDE ME."

"George, dear George, what is it, darling? Tell me."

"It is only a little thing, Mary," he said; "a very little thing. God has stricken me with blindness, and I cannot even see you, my Mary." He bowed his head, covering his face with his hands. She sat by his side and drew his face to hers, covering it with kisses. She murmured love and sweetest sympathy to him.

"George, my own George, you must be brave. I shall be your eyes, dearest one." Her words were smothered in her caresses. She pressed him to her soft heart. How long they remained locked in a passionate embrace neither knew. A sound, the crunching of snow just outside the door, recalled them to the

present. A voice told them that it was time to start. She replied, telling him to wait a moment for her. She pressed her dear one back upon the couch and, saying she would be back immediately, left him. She found all the sleighs loaded, their dogs loitering about unharnessed. She spoke to the others, telling them what had happened. She told them to go on, that she would follow with her man. One, a man who had always wanted her for a second wife, spoke to her, laughing; the others standing near heard him and laughed, too.

"Come," he said. "Your man is done, he is no good. I am a great hunter; come with me, Flower-face." He laid his hand upon her arm as he spoke. She broke from him, catching her breath, her eyes blazing.

"Dog!" she cried, a biting fury in her tones, drawing a revolver from her belt. "Dare to touch me and you die. I come with you! Know this, Opoloc-toc, I would cut your heart out while you slept beside me."

Their laughter ceased and they looked at her. Turning, she walked back to her own iglu and a moment later she was with her beloved. Again she held him to her in a gust of savage tenderness. During the month that followed she was everything to him, both hands and eyes. There was nothing she would allow him to do if she could do it. Despite her queer wild blood she showed herself to be one to whom God had vouchsafed those divine gifts, sympathy, tenderness and love in their highest sense. She had to do now as those women she had told him of did for their sick husbands; she had to get food for him. She proved herself to be a most capable provider and an excellent shot, while at skinning and cutting up a caribou she was as good as any man. The great love she bore King was leaving its impress upon her. She was a grave woman now, with the vital things of life to perplex her, but that gravity only seemed to heighten her beauty.

Once while hunting caribou she was delayed about four hours. To the lonely man, with only his gloomy thoughts for company, the time had seemed very

long indeed. He forgot his loneliness in a terrible anxiety.

If anything should happen to her! The thought was a bitter agony. He crawled through the little door of the iglu. A husky dog walked up to him and stuck a damp nose into his hand. He faced the slight breeze. Apparently he was looking out across that frozen waste. Far, far away he heard the melancholy howl of a wolf, and he shuddered and prayed aloud where he stood.

"Dear God, protect her. O Christ, have mercy upon her; lead her back to me, O Christ."

He went back into the iglu and sat down. He was deserving of some slight credit during that time of dreadful waiting, never a thought of his own awful position, should anything happen to the woman, occurred to him; his every thought, his anxiety, his prayers were solely for her. The hours dragged their cruel length on; a horrid misery racked the waiting man. Suddenly a dog barked. He crawled outside again. His ear, quickened by his blindness, heard the creaking of snow.

"Mary!" he shouted, and a moment later he crushed her in his arms.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, and again, "thank God! thank God!"

She had killed a caribou nearly fifteen miles away and had packed a great load of the meat back to their iglu. He lifted the load, then spoke to her seriously, trying to put sternness in his voice.

"Mary, it is too heavy a load. I will not allow you to carry such loads for a useless creature like me."

She turned and looked at him a moment, a curiously beautiful smile about her lips, an added softness in her deep eyes. Then she laughed a little, a full rich laugh. He had not heard her laugh for days.

Another month passed on, and on a morning the woman lit a candle, one of the few remaining ones that King had brought into that wild land. The man, uttering an exclamation, sat up.

"Mary, Mary! Oh, my dearest, I can see the glow of light like a white shadow. Oh, God! am I to get my sight again?" He became more and

more excited. The woman sat beside him, with her soft arms about him, and calmed him.

"I think your eyes will get better, George," she said.

The smile that touched her lips was very lovely, it seemed a pity that the man could not have seen it. Once he asked if she would go back to civilization with him.

"Yes, George," she replied, somewhat in the language of that beautiful woman, Ruth. "Where you go, dear, I will go; the people of your country I will know and they will be my people."

"And thy God will be my God," he quoted.

"Of course, dear. I will worship your God if He is good to you."

"Do you think you would like living in that strange country far away from your own people?"

"I do not know, George. Never to see again the lovely dancing lights in heaven (the aurora borealis); never again to see the musk-ox trail past slowly, or the great herds of caribou? No, George; I do not think I would like to leave my country. But you do not think of going?"

He looked towards her for a moment in silence, then replied.

"No, Mary, I do not think of going."

A month passed, and every day his sight improved, and on a morning the great change came quickly. He was awakened as usual by the woman moving about. He opened his eyes and—he could see again. For a moment he sat in silence watching the woman. Then he spoke.

"Mary," he said very quietly, "the Christian God has not forgotten me, I think."

She turned towards him, the expression on his face riveting her attention. She stood a moment looking at him, and then she knew. She fell upon her knees. Her hands, locked together, were extended at arms' length before her as though she prayed.

"George, dear George," she cried. Then, swaying, she fell forward on his knees and wept.

* * * * *

The following spring saw them again in the timber on the shores of the

Ark-i-lin ik. King's eyes were nearly as well as they had ever been.

Towards the middle of July two canoes landed opposite their lodge. They were manned by white men. For three days they camped there. The man in charge of the party, a geological surveyor in the employ of the Canadian Government, did his best to persuade King to return with him, telling him he was wasting his life. Once Mary heard them talking. That night she spoke to him.

"George, you must go back. This is not the life for you," she said.

"Will you come back with me?"

She looked at him a moment and shook her head.

"No, dear," she said, "I love you too well to do you such an injury."

"Mary," he said solemnly, taking her hand in his, "on God's green earth there is no one like you, my Mary."

She laughed a little, but her laughter ended in a sob. He drew her to him.

"George, dearest, that God of yours has been too good to me. I am so happy George."

"He has been very good to both of us," the man replied.

The day came when the white men had to leave. King walked to the shore with them. The surveyor again tried to persuade him

"You had better change your mind. before it is too late, and come." King shook his head.

"No," he replied, "I think I cannot go just now." Then they shook hands. King stood with Mary and watched the canoes out of sight. Then, hand in hand, they walked back to their lodge while through the gnarled spruce stems there stole a shaft of golden sunlight.



VICTORY

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

THIS is his shield, deep dinted,
These are his knightly spurs;
Strife in each marring hinted.

Death in yon cut broad-printed —
And oh, in the courtyard's shadow,
The peal of the trumpeters!



The Glad Hand West and Some of its Givers



MR. AND MRS. F. C. LOWES WITH THEIR PRIZE-WINNING TEAM AT THE
CALGARY HORSE SHOW

By Currie Love

Illustrated with Photographs

*The top of the mornin' to you,
It's the same thing as how d'ye do,
Glad to see you,
Sure, how be you,
Have ye heard anything new?*

SO runs the lilting refrain of one of Blanche Ring's joyous songs, and in its cheeriness, its note of blithe camaraderie, and its atmosphere of unquestioning welcome, it might be adopted as the slogan of the west, where nobody asks, "What did your father do?" but "What can you

do?" Are you amusing, interesting and a "good head"? "If so, come on in, the water's fine."

Calgary, which might be called the capital of the middle west, since it is the largest and most important city between Winnipeg and Vancouver, is in that state of progressiveness where

one is uncertain just who is *in* Society, with a capital S, and who is outside the pale.

"So distressing to a newcomer, my dear, to find the people who back east were nobodies, positively nobodies. my dear, out here are quite top of the heap."

So murmured a distressed woman who had snubbed the "nobodies from back east," only to discover the next day that they had entered the Holy of Holies, the innermost shrine of polite society in Calgary. and might have pulled her in after them.

To the English people, the distressing thing is that the "society is so mixed."

"Positively, girls in offices are received everywhere. My husband says it gives him quite a start to meet the girl who took dictation from him that day at a bridge table that same night. And the tradespeople! Fancy meeting your grocer and his wife, as well as your stenographer, at a dinner-dance! Isn't it quite too dreadful?"

The American, with his beautiful home on Mount Royal, a suburb which has such a colony of Yankees that it has earned the sobriquet of "American Hill," has still another story to tell.

"Confound this English bunch, anyway," he mutters, as he absorbs a whisky and soda. "They spoil everything with their haw-haw ways and their attempts to introduce polo and lawn tennis. Tennis! Humph! I suppose we'll go back to croquet and ping-pong next."

The fact of the matter is that English dignity, Yankee freedom and Canadian common sense unite to form an excellent combination, as unique as charming. Society in Calgary is more dignified than in the average American town, more varied than in the average English town, and more sparkling than in the average Canadian town.

As is natural in the centre of one of the best ranching countries in the world, the horse gets his due share of attention. The Polo Club, the Hunt Club and the annual spring Horse Show give some evidence of the extent to which this attention is carried. This latter function brings out some



MRS. LOUGHEED, WIFE OF SENATOR LOUGHEED, IS ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT HOSTESSES OF CALGARY

splendid specimens of horseflesh, and exhibits good riding and driving, in which the women whips are particularly successful. This spring the world's record for amateur high jumping was broken by an Alberta girl,



Among the givers of the Glad Hand West are Mrs. H. Cardell, Miss Pinkham, Miss Pirie, Mrs. Mewbern, and Mrs. F. Wrigley

Miss Bernice Walsh, when her little cow-pony cleared a hurdle over six feet high. Miss Walsh received the red ribbon and an ovation.

Motors abound in this lively western city, and not a few of the women drive

their own cars. One enterprising daughter of the west, who combines insurance and real estate business with society, riding, a golf championship and one or two diversions like that, has just bought herself a smart run-about, in which she dashes triumphantly through the streets, to the admiration of all and sundry.

The Calgary Motor Club is a flourishing organization, which is doing a great deal to help along the good roads movement in the west. Already it is good travelling from Calgary to Banff, and the most beautiful motor road in America stretches from Golden through the Columbia Valley. When the gaps are bridged, and the highway is completed from Calgary to Vancouver, enthusiastic motorists predict great "doings" in Sunny Alberta.

The Golf Club draws a smart coterie of maids and matrons, to say nothing of many men. Saturday afternoon, one of the married women in the club is usually hostess at afternoon tea, when automobiles, carriages and riding horses are clustered thick about the Golf Club grounds. The fall tournament is productive of much skilful playing, and the annual Golf Club dance is a thing to be remembered.

And, speaking of dances, never was there a town so devoted to the terpsichorean art. Calgarians count that week lost which has not at least one dance, and often there are as many as four dances in one week. The Golf Club, the Hunt Club, the Tennis Club, the Cricket Club, the Daughters of the Empire, the Girls' Hospital Aid, the Old Timers' and the Assemblies—these are a few of the regular dances. The Mounted Police give an assembly every second week, known as the "barracks dance," which has been an institution for many years and which brings out all the ranchers and the Old Timers.

Particularly interesting to the newcomers are the Old Timers. They're the George Lanes and the Colonel Walkers of the community, who stick to their wide felt hats in defiance of fashion, and who could buy and sell a dozen of the newcomers and never

notice it. They disdain what Montague Glass calls "real estaters"; but—whisper it softly—many of the old timers have made their fortunes in real estate, and they love to tell you: "When I came west in '82, that corner over there sold for twenty-five dollars. To-day you couldn't buy it for half a million."

Hurrah for the optimistic ozone of the west.

"They do say" that in those olden days society was much more picturesque than it dares to be now, and the revelry by night much more pronounced. Then Calgary was a wide open town, and gambling flourished on every corner. In those days a man who is now a sedate householder, the father of a family, is said to have walked naked down the main street to win a bet. Another rode his horse into a hotel dining room, and a third, an Englishman of title, arrived at a formal dinner in flannel shirt and riding breeches. To the credit of his hostess, be it said, she marched him home dinnerless, telling him that though he might be in what he thought the wild and woolly, there was still a courtesy due to the lady who entertained. The story goes that he returned, imperturbable and correctly garbed, a half hour later, and was admitted.

But nowadays we have changed all that. The men are clothed as impeccably as on Broadway or Regent Street. The women import their gowns from Paris, or have them made from Parisian models by one of the excellent dressmakers in town. Entertaining is done on as lavish a scale as in the older centres of the east, and Calgary women are most gracious hostesses.

Withal, Calgary is a remarkably clean little city. Considering that it is barely out of its swaddling clothes as a city, and that it is making money "hand over fist," it is wonderfully free from scandals, and its women unite in maintaining the high standard of both public and private morals.

One of the most charming of Calgary's many gracious hostesses is Mrs. Loughheed, wife of Senator Loughheed.



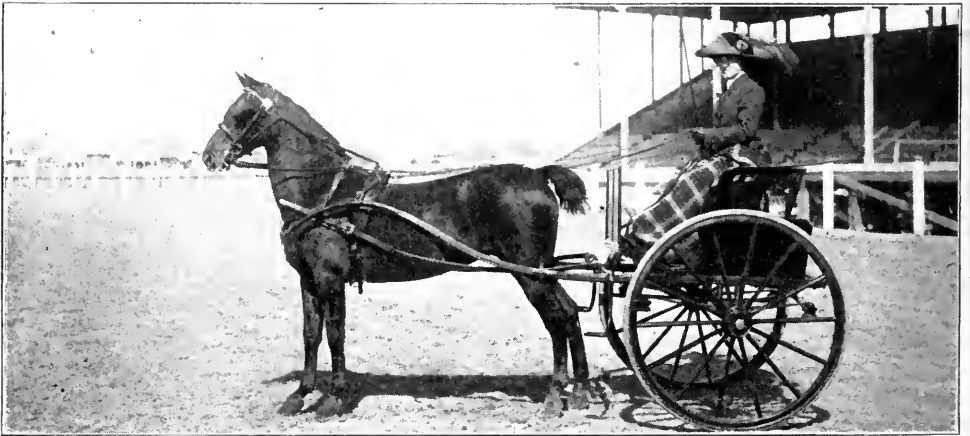
Calgary Hostesses whose doors are always open. Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Pinkham, Miss Lottie Hamilton and Mrs. J. H. Woods

one of the prominent political figures of the west. Mrs. Loughheed throws open her magnificent home to the many charitable organizations of the city, and her spacious ball room is thronged several times during the season with



MISS JANET SPARROW

An energetic horsewoman, golfer and business woman, who also drives her own motor



MISS KATE LOWES AND ONE OF HER FAVORITE HORSES

The horse receives his due share of attention in Calgary, and the women whips are particularly successful at the annual horse show

the many young friends of her sons.

The Calgary Tennis Club is one of the most flourishing organizations devoted to out-of-doors sports. It is particularly well patronized by the English set, and the excellent courts are the rendezvous of many well known young people.

During tournament week in August, tennis players from all over the province competed for the provincial championship events, and the local hostesses gave dances, teas, theatre-parties and motor-rides for the visitors. Miss Griffith was one of the hard-work-



MRS. DAINTRY, FORMERLY MISS
GREENE, AN ENGLISH
BRIDE



MRS. A. M. GROGAN, ONE OF CAL-
GARY'S MOST CHARMING
HOSTESSES

ing members of the entertainment committee, and her car was always at the disposal of the visiting players. Mrs. Dudley Smith, of Calgary, an excellent violiniste, won the ladies' championship of the Province.

Musical and literary women are not lacking. The daily newspapers devote a great deal of space to women's work, and each has a clever woman writer on its staff. There are a number of women graduates of British, American and



MRS. PERCY BARTON

Canadian universities who are particularly energetic in club and charitable work, and who are a strong factor in the work connected with the proposed Calgary University.

4. Madame Ellis-Browne, a graduate of

the Royal Academy in London, is one of the foremost singers of the city, and her pupils have taken an enviable position in the musical world of the Province. Mrs. Annie Glen Broder, also an Englishwoman, is a brilliant pianiste whose musical compositions earned her a personal invitation to the coronation of King George and Queen Mary. Mrs. (Judge) Winter is another accomplished singer and clever actress, whose services are always in demand for amateur theatricals.

One of the comparatively new woman's clubs in town is the Woman's Canadian Club, which is numerically the strongest in the city. This Club is waging a war against tuberculosis, and is conducting a vigorous campaign for the construction of a sanitarium for tubercular patients.

The Woman's Hospital Auxiliary and the Girl's Hospital Aid are also working to ameliorate the conditions surrounding tubercular patients who come to Sunny Alberta in the hope that the clear, bracing air and high altitude may restore them to health.

Mrs. Lowes is a frequent hostess at the Golf Club; Mrs. and Miss Pinkham, wife and daughter of the Bishop of Calgary, are prominent in philanthropic work; Mrs. Grogan and Mrs. O'Sullivan, both talented musicians and almost inseparable companions, entertain at smart dinners and teas; Mrs. Burns, wife of Pat Burns, the cattle king, opens her Thirteenth Avenue mansion two or three times during the season for formal entertaining. Many of the younger hostesses content themselves with afternoon cards, luncheons and teas, but the round of gaieties never ceases, and, as one exhausted debutante gasped: "It seems to me I get out of a luncheon frock only to change into an afternoon gown, and then hurry home to change for the evening before I have time to breathe."

Calgary society life is strenuous, and the roll of hostesses a long and gracious one. In this stronghold of the "glad hand west," the woman who bears her credentials in her own personality is certain of welcome.

The Game That He Lost

Wherein Highpockets Cost Happy His Last Two Bits,
and Looked Into a Pair of Blue Eyes

By M. de Leon

A HORSE loped down the street at that easy gait so well known to the western animal and stopped in front of Malick's Pool Hall, where the sun beat down on the alkali dust between the young cottonwoods. The rider, dismounting, threw the lines over a nearby post and turned to get in out of the heat when the clatter of hoofs and wheels caused him to hesitate. A carriage rounded the corner and passed very near, leaving him to blink in its dust; but he had seen the two women—one a bit overdone, the other cool and sweet in white.

"I sure am from the country to stare like that," he remarked. "That horse was some mettlesome, though, and her eyes were—oh, *racamos*—" He jerked papers and tobacco from his pocket and entered the hall, his spurs clinking. The men, mostly cowboys, looked up as the man entered, one calling out loudly: "Here's old Highpockets now. Come on, man, and back me up. This kid here offered me the belt when I told him a few plain facts 'bout your game. Play, won't you?"

Highpockets, so called because of the distance from the ground up to even the lowest pocket, blinked some more dust out of his eyes, inserted the now rolled cigarette between his strong white teeth and looked at the speaker.

"Thanks," he drawled. "Go on with your game, boys; I'll watch."

The game continued. The Kid's game was brilliant. Highpockets

found himself watching intently, eyes half closed above the smoke. Yes, that was a clever shot. He threw his cigarette away and moved nearer the table.

"Jove!" in an undertone, as the Kid, making another equally good play, cleared the table and looked up at the tall man watching him.

"Let's play," remarked Highpockets.

"Sure," agreed the Kid, his manner a bit too agreeable. The boys started betting. "There's my last two-bits," cried Happy Hooligan, "and it goes on old High."

Outside it was hot and still and noiseless except for an occasional clatter of Mexicans passing, or horse jogging by, his rider listless in the saddle.

Inside it was breathless. The squeak as one of the men chalked his cue seemed unusually loud, and one of the boys got a dig in the ribs and a polite request to "shut up" for whispering.

Through the hot afternoon the game extended, the Kid playing just as brilliantly though erratically, the cowboy steady and cool, never a move missing his gray eyes.

The Kid missed the tie ball.

"My last cent," said Happy in an audibly sad whisper, and no one kicked him.

The cowboy chalked his cue deliberately, drew it back for the final shot and—listened. A terrible clatter of wheels and hoofs startled all. Highpockets dropped his cue, cleared the space be-

tween table and horse in short order, jumped on and tore after the racing, toppling buggy ahead, loosening the long coil of rope at his side.

The town, suddenly come to life, followed in carriages, wagons, on horse or afoot; racing, running or walking as the mood struck them, but all eyes intent upon the cloud of dust ahead and the light rider and horse swaying into it.

"That sure is a mean horse," the cowboy mused, between the storming hoof-beats of his own mount "and the devil to pay if they strike that pink tea of Mexicans. Consarn this dust!" He lowered his head and spurred. Gaining the side of the carriage, he swung his rope deftly. The noose dropped over the crazed animal's head and tightened. The horse set back hard; the carriage lurched forward. A white heap landed at the feet of the cow-pony and rider.

The pony knew his business. he must hold that snorting cayuse and yet keep from stepping on the white thing at his feet. The man knew his, too, but he must have forgotten, or else knew and trusted his animal well, for he was standing in the dust, hat gone, looking down on the limp form, oblivious to the followers, who fortunately arrived in time to do that of which the man appeared unconscious. He, a man of action, quick in the corral, stood looking down into the upturned face of the girl, unable to collect his senses. Would she never open her eyes? He lifted her carefully.

"There she is in that tall man's

arms. Oh, Mary, child! Oh, what has happened? Bring her here, please."

The voice, high pitched with anxiety, brought the man's senses back to his present surroundings. He looked from the carriage which had driven close to him to the one from which the girl had been thrown. She had been alone, then. He pulled himself together.

"She is all right, I think, though badly shaken. That hat broke the fall." He indicated the crushed crown of the sailor rakishly tipped over the soft hair. "You best get her out of this round-up."

Very gently he laid her on the carriage seat. The girl sighed. Opening her eyes she looked squarely into the man's, and he knew he had never seen any so wonderfully deep and blue. She smiled at his frown of anxiety and tried to say something as the carriage moved away.

The cowboy raised his hand to his head and turned for his pony, which had wandered off to nibble salt grass after being released from business that apparently bored him.

Happy, waiting his chance to help, heard Highpockets mutter something about things being badly scattered, and ran off to catch up the horse. Riding back, the stirrups dangling about a foot below his boots, he chuckled:

"I still carry those two-bits, High. Comin' in soon?"

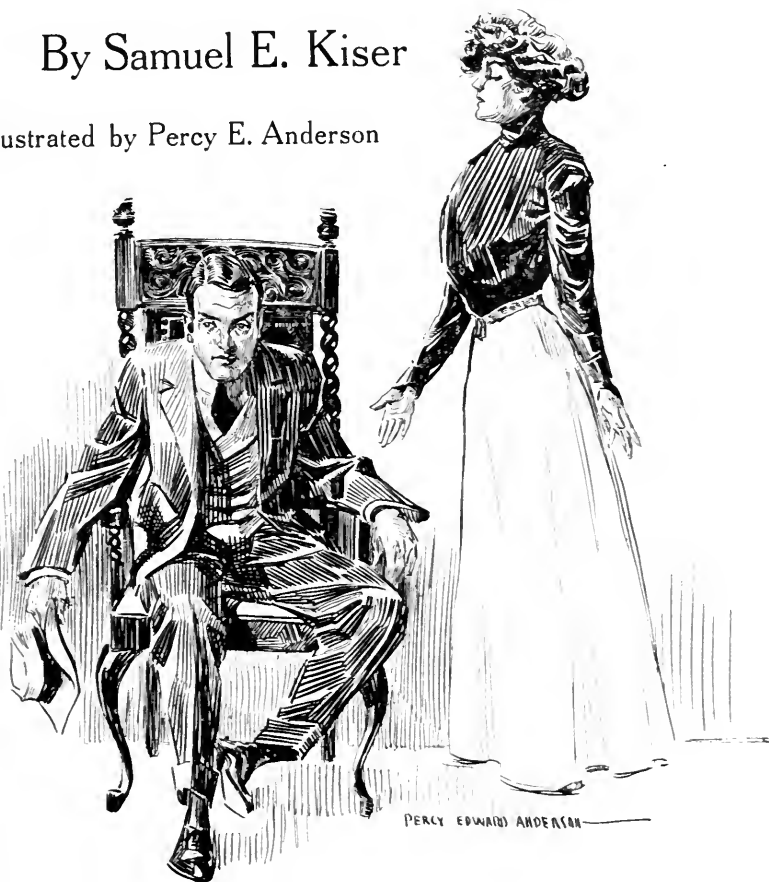
"Sure am," replied the tall man, and felt himself grow red under the tan as he swung himself into the saddle and loped off into the lengthening shadows.



The Cad

By Samuel E. Kiser

Illustrated by Percy E. Anderson



"ACCORDING TO MY LIGHTS, HOWARD, I HAVE ALWAYS
BEEN A GOOD WOMAN"

"**N**O, Lilah, it's no use. If you've got yourself into trouble running around with the hands, it's your own fault, and you can't expect me to do anything about it. Run along, now; I'm busy."

"All right," said the girl dully. "I ain't never expected nothin' else: 'tain't no use expectin' in the mill." She turned towards the door, a shabby, pathetic little figure in her cheap coquetry of muslin and shoddy high-heeled slippers. The manager of Mill No. 2 called her back.

"And, Lilah," he said, "if you do any

talking"—his pleasant, florid face suddenly darkened and concentrated upon her—"if you do any talking, you get out of this mill, and your folks get out, too. Hear me? Don't come around here again."

She nodded, and went, her feet dragging. Howard Ralston shut down his desk, washed his hands scrupulously, and putting on his top-coat shrugged the matter away. He was tired of the girl, and, besides, she might prove inconvenient now that he was engaged to Pauline Chester.

The Chester string of factories to

which No. 2 belonged would be Pauline's property when old Philip Chester died, as well as sundry other valuable assets that her father had laid up for himself. She was the catch of the town, pretty enough, spoiled, and vain, though with a genuine affection for Howard Ralston under her frothy ways. With the usual freedom of a small city where everybody knows everybody else, Ralston had grown up with Pauline, played tennis with her, taken her to picnics, called on her, and now that she had come back from boarding-school with marvelous frocks and a chic way of wearing them that singled her out from the other girls, had deliberately gone in to win. Pauline was a good investment for the son of Widow Ralston, who had not a penny to his name other than what he had earned for himself.

"Hello, Paul," he greeted her as he ran up the steps after supper. She peeped over the edge of the hammock where she swung idly, and looked at him the kiss that she dared not give openly. It was needless to say that the elder Chester knew nothing of his superintendent's success with his daughter.

"Hello, Howard," she answered. "You look sober."

"Let's hope I am," he countered, laughing. "For the sake of my reputation among the good folks of the city, I hope my sobriety isn't worth such surprised comment."

"Silly!" She made a pretty little moue at him. "There's a sleepy-hollow chair with a lot of cushions in it yonder. Make yourself comfy."

"Too far away." He dragged another one closer to the hammock and settled down within hand-touch.

"Be careful," she warned. "Dad isn't in bed yet."

He glanced at the window behind them. It was dark. From Philip Chester's study, across the hall, a faint glimmer shone. He looked at Pauline's tempting mouth, weighed chances a second, and leaned back. There was no use in giving the game away yet. "Old Chester" was not a man to be trifled with. He thought of Lilah,

and frowned a little. That episode was too new yet for him to come out boldly for Pauline, and besides, old Chester wouldn't stand for a penniless son-in-law. As for Pauline, she swung lightly to and fro, and mocked him.

"Fraidy-cat, fraidy-cat!" she sang softly. "Always was a fraidy-cat."

His eyes sparkled, and he bent forward. "I'm not a fraidy-cat, and you know it. Want me to prove it?"

Some imp was at work in her tonight. She pushed the swing with a slippered toe and laughed.

"I'm sure I don't care what you do. But I always did hate these northern men just off the ice. After you've been south awhile you get thawed out—but, oh me! oh, my! it takes you a long time to melt."

She looked at him provokingly. He was sure the coast was clear, and with a sudden quick movement swept her into his arms and kissed her under cover of the gathering dusk. Startled, she gave a subdued little scream and wriggled; and as he kissed her again, a heavy step sounded upon the piazza.

"What! What's this?" Philip Chester demanded, as the two sprang apart. "Look here, Ralston, I don't pay you to make love to my daughter; I pay you to run my mill, and by Gad, sir, I'll have you understand you aren't to overstep your boundaries. Pauline! How long has this sort of thing been going on?"

Pauline was out of the hammock and on her feet now, a frightened little girl instinctively shrinking towards Ralston for protection. She glanced up at him appealingly, but he was not looking at her. He looked almost frightened himself, seeing his carefully arranged plans for success crumbling before him, and he twisted his fingers nervously.

"Pauline! Talk quick!"

She was her father's daughter, and seeing that no help was coming from her lover, she spat it out sharply.

"Howard and I have been engaged for two weeks. We were going to tell you as soon as he got a better position."

"Clandestine! clandestine!" snorted old Chester indignantly. "Let me tell

you, young man, I should have thought a good deal better of you if you had come to me like a man in the first place but since you have seen fit to suit your own convenience, I'll tell you, here and now, that I won't have my daughter marry a damn English nobleman's son who can't prove who his mother was."

"Nobleman—English—" stammered Ralston, turning yellow. "Why, the Ralstons——"

The mill owner cut swiftly across the sentence.

"Ralston, hell!" he said. "Your name isn't Ralston. You're old Sir John Archer's natural son, as anybody who knew your father in England will tell you. There's bad blood in you, young man, and your behaviour to-night proves it. Pauline, you go in; you're a fool. As for you, Ralston, you stick to the mill. If I ever catch you around my daughter again you'll know it."

Pauline made a movement to protest, but he cut her short, and taking her arm firmly, he led her into the house, leaving Ralston trying dazedly to adjust his ideas.

There was nothing to do but make the best of it now, and after a few moments' ugly reflection, he went directly home. At least his mother—if she was his mother—must know the truth of this preposterous story. He would have it out of her. Ralston was of too cold a temperament to boil very long over Chester's cavalier treatment of himself, and before he was half-way home he was scheming some way of recognition by Sir John Archer.

"You're early, Howard," said Mrs. Ralston, half rising from the porch rocker. "Wasn't Pauline at home?"

He ignored the question.

"Sit down," he said curtly. "I want to talk to you. Look here, what's this story about——" he lowered his voice with a glance around—"about my being Sir John Archer's son?"

She caught her breath sharply, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Who—who told you?" she murmured weakly, sinking back into the chair.

"Never mind who told me. What I want to know is—am I?"

"I—I don't know," she faltered, and then passionately, "no, no, you aren't. You're my boy, Howard; I've brought you up from a little tiny baby. You're mine, Howard. Don't look at me like that."

"Cut out that bunk, mother," he said briefly. "I want facts. When did you get me—how—where—everything. Don't weep. This is business."

She was afraid of Howard, and he knew it. She choked back her sobs and told him all she knew. He listened to the end.

"So it all depends upon this Annabel Sowerby, this nurse-woman, whether I'm the son of Sir John and Lady Lucy, or the child of that girl who was in trouble, eh?" he said at last. "Haven't you any trinket or token that might identify me?"

She rose and went into the house, presently returning with a heavy, old-fashioned locket set with pearls.

"You had this around your neck when she brought you to my house," Mrs. Ralston told him. "I've never had it out since."

"H'm!" Howard Ralston examined it curiously. "This is like one Pauline has. Hers has a spring—ah, I thought so."

He had investigated with the point of a penknife, and the back of the discolored lid flew open, revealing the inscription, "John to Lucy, April fourteenth, 1862," and the faded portrait of a young man wearing the extravagant whiskers of the English sixties.

"My respected pater, I suppose," he commented, holding it in the circle of the porch light. "And there's nothing in your story to show that Lady Lucy isn't my mother. Gee! Think of all this business of the exchanged babies and the locket coming true here in Seabrook. Thought things like that never happened except in novels. Guess I'll make a few things hum in the baronial halls of Sir John. How much did you get paid for your share in the deal, eh?"

"Howard!"

He laughed, not brutally or insolent-

ly, but with a certain sort of loathsome wisdom, like a hoarding raven over his pilferings.

"Don't tell me you and this Annabel woman didn't fix it up between you. That's too thin."

Mrs. Ralston, who had seated herself, rose to her feet with unexpected dignity.

"According to my lights, Howard, I have tried to be a good woman," she said slowly. "I don't mean to say that I haven't fallen short a great many times, and done things that I should not have done. But, except in keeping your doubtful origin from you, I have never deliberately deceived, and I did that only because I thought it was for the best. If I have done wrong in that, may God forgive me; and may He be my witness that I have never connived at any plot to keep you from an inheritance that may be yours—or may not."

She stood for a moment breathing quickly, her cheeks flushed with indignation, earnestness, and the unwontedness of so long a speech. Howard lowered his eyes.

"Well," he said ungraciously, "that doesn't matter now, of course. You've brought me up in poverty, when I might have been rich enough to make some of these people who've looked down so high-and-mighty come around and lick my boots. But that can't be helped. If you've told me everything, I'm going to bed."

She nodded, and he went to his own room, to lie awake and plan how he might reinstate himself as the son of Sir John Archer.

All next day he sat smoking and thinking in his office at the mill, giving a gruff ear to the foreman's occasional difficulties, and returning again to his brooding. One thing was clear. He must go to England at once. There would be sure to be some old gossips who could tell him more than his mother knew, for she had left England almost as soon as she had taken him from Annabel, Lady Lucy's nurse. Perhaps he might come across Annabel herself, although she must be very old. At least he had the locket.

When he left the mill that night, and cut across lots towards the Ralston cottage, he was met by Pauline. Her eyes had dark circles about them, and she looked as though she had not slept. She held out her hands to him.

"Howard," she said plaintively, "oh, Howard!"

He made no move to take them, and his face hardened.

"Well?" he said.

"I'm so sorry about—about what happened last night," she faltered uncertainly. "I—I've just been crazy all day. I had to see you to-night, so I slipped out—Howard, don't be angry with me. It wasn't my fault."

"Oh, no," he said sarcastically. "Of course not. But I'm extremely surprised that you should condescend to speak to such dirt as I am. Your father's views were made very clear to me, and your own did not appear to differ from them very widely."

"Howard!" Her eyes sparkled at that. She had her father's quick temper.

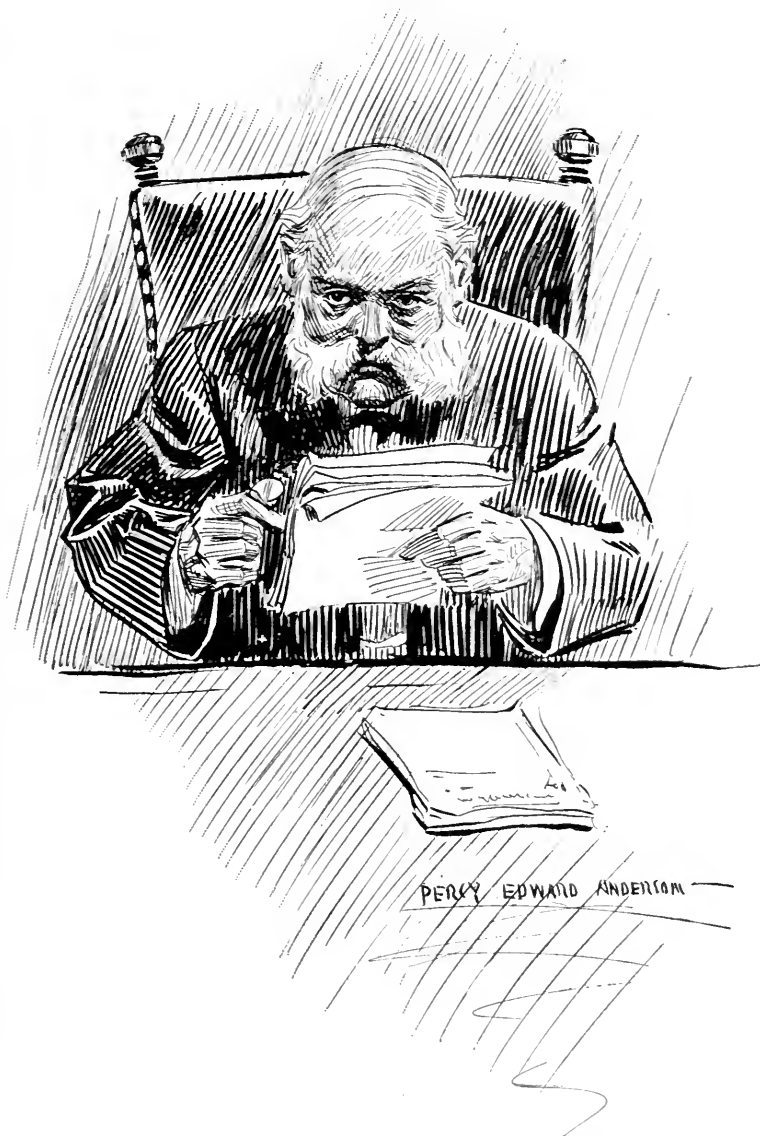
"Oh, yes, Howard, and Howard again! I'll tell you one thing, Pauline Chester, I'm through with you and your father. You'll have to come to me on your knees before you get anything out of me again. I'm done, I tell you; done; And after this, I'm Mr. Ralston to you. Good night."

He passed her with an impatient brush that was almost a shove, and marched away. She stood looking after him, dumbfounded for a moment, and then, leaning her face against the fence-rail gave way to hysterical tears.

* * * * *

"I transact *all* business for Sir John, Mr. Ralston."

Howard Ralston took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. In the month he had spent in England he had been able to procure no incontrovertible proof of his being Sir John's son, and he had counted a good deal on sentiment and an old man's weakness in this interview, on which he was staking his future. This well-groomed, reserved, business-like secretary was an element upon which he had not figured.



"OLD CHESTER" WAS NOT A MAN TO BE TRIPLED WITH

"It is extremely private," he said reluctantly. "I do not think Sir John would care to have it handled by anyone but himself. Family affairs——"

"It is entirely impossible for you to see Sir John at present," responded the secretary. "I am quite conversant with all Sir John's family affairs—I am myself an Archer—and have his authority to act for him in all matters. In short, you will have to transact your affairs with me, or postpone them in-

definitely. Sir John's orders are very clear on this point." The secretary did not like Howard Ralston, and spoke with finality.

Again Ralston hesitated. His money was getting low, and he could not afford to wait indefinitely in England for an interview that might never come. He decided to take his chance.

"Did you ever see that locket?"

The secretary did not offer to take it.

"I have never had that pleasure."

"Will you open the back? Here is the spring."

A flash of interest lighted Mr. Archer's face as he examined the old portrait and the inscription. He glanced interrogatively at Ralston.

"Twenty-nine years ago, on August eighteenth, a woman named Annabel Sowerby brought me to the house of a Mrs. Ralston, at that time living on this estate, hinting that I was Lady Lucy's child. I was wearing this locket about my neck at the time. Another child, reported to be Lady Lucy's baby, was at the Hall, but although her baby was healthy when it first came, it suddenly became sickly, and shortly afterwards died. I have reason to believe——"

"Annabel Sowerby, you say?" inquired the secretary evenly—so evenly that it hardly seemed an interruption. Ralston nodded, breathing quickly.

"You will pardon me a moment." The secretary left the room, and presently returned with a legal document, which he offered to Howard Ralston.

"The undersigned, Annabel Sowerby, being about to die, depose and saith," he read half-aloud, and then ran swiftly down the paragraphs in silence, his face growing yellowish as he gathered the import of the deposition. It was not long, and as he came to the laborious shaky signature of the old nurse, he threw the paper on the floor.

"It's a damned lie!" he cried, jumping up, the blood suddenly suffusing his face till the veins stood out on the temples. "You fixed this Sowerby woman; you faked this whole thing up. Damn you, you're all against me, every one of you. I tell you it's a lie."

The secretary regarded him quietly, a cynical expression on his clean-shaven face.

"You anticipate my expression, Mr. Ralston," he replied. "I was about to make exactly the same remark with another application."

"You mean to admit——"

"I mean to 'admit' nothing." Mr. Archer cut the sentence short. "It is indisputably true. Sowerby of her own accord called in the curate when she was dying and told him the whole

story, because she said she couldn't die with it on her conscience. He thought it was of enough importance to put her confession in legal form, in case the bogus heir should some day appear. You will observe that the deposition is entirely in form, and I shall be glad to have you make any inquiries of Mr. Hardwick, the curate, or Mr. Fields, our solicitor. The only lie in the case is that of poor old Sowerby and '*de mortuis*'—you know."

Ralston looked at him with a covert sneer.

"Do you inherit this estate?" he inquired.

For the first time he saw emotion on that quiet, reserved face.

The secretary doubled up his fists swiftly and made one quick step towards Ralston, who backed instantly. Then he turned to the door and threw it open.

"Good morning, Mr. Ralston," he said briefly. "James, show this—this gentleman out." An instant later Howard Ralston was descending the steps of the Hall, a nameless, penniless, untitled man.

It was a crash indeed. The document was plain enough. Annabel Sowerby had thought to feign an exchange of Lady Lucy's baby, and later to bring him, the child of the girl whom Mrs. Ralston had spoken of as being in trouble, forward as the heir to the Archer estates. But as time passed, she repented of her design, or perhaps was frightened at the possible consequences, and had done nothing. Now he was confronted with her death-bed deposition of the whole story, with names and dates, utterly confuting his pretensions. He sunk his chin upon his chest and plodded along through the dust, he hardly knew whither.

So it had all ended here, he reflected. How Seabrook would laugh, if it knew. He had had dreams of going back with his title and his English clothes and his well-filled pocketbook, and paying off a few old scores against the ultra-society families who had not cared to know the superintendent of Mill No. 2. Most of the Seabrook people were church-going, comfortable middle-class folk, who had

admitted him freely, although he was only the son of "poor Mrs. Ralston," but there were a few whose doors had never been opened to him. Family was their god, and Ralston knew very well how quickly those doors would have swung had he come back as heir to an English estate. Family! He stamped his foot in the dust.

"Not even a name!" he muttered. "Not even that."

He had not been able to find out who the "poor girl who was in trouble" had been, and suddenly he remembered Lilah—Lilah with her pretty pointed face and her big eyes. Perhaps his mother had been like Lilah, perhaps even now Lilah had a child in her arms that had no name, like himself. He would give Lilah some money when he went back. . . . Still—and his face took on an expression of cunning—the very giving of the money might acknowledge his interest in her more closely than he cared to do. For there still remained Pauline. He could win her back, he reflected further; Pauline was vain and impressionable, and if he chose, he could win her back. It might be possible to persuade her to a runaway marriage, and then trust to her bringing Chester around. Or—possibly a marriage might not be necessary. Possibly he might hold a heavier whip over her father if he omitted the ceremony. Why not? It would be a very satisfactory moment when he knew the truth; Ralston smiled uglyly as he rolled that morsel under his tongue.

"If Pauline is fool enough, I could manage that very well," he murmured, cutting the head off a thistle beside the road with his heavy stick.

Suddenly his mood changed, and awaking from his imaginings, he saw altogether too clearly Pauline's firm little mouth, and the eyes that were so like her father's under her straight black brows. Fool! He could never go back and face Seabrook; no more could he get Pauline to commit such a mad folly. As for the woman whom he had called his mother for so long, she could swim for herself. He would go away somewhere, and start afresh, and this

month in England would be forgotten forever.

"So, that's settled," he said aloud, and by way of emphasizing its settlement, he began to look about him, and to brush the dust off his coat.

The road that he followed led through farmlands for a mile or two and then brought him out on the high, thyme-scented downs of Sussex. Mile after mile they swept away, till in the distance one caught the blue shimmer of the sea. Far off to the left, Ralston, awaking from his brooding, noted a flock of sheep grazing, and saw a gull flying in great wide-arched curves. The only thing in the landscape that moved was a child coming down the slope of the next down, a basket on her arm, and an air of matronly discretion about her, even at that distance. Ralston glanced at her basket, and suddenly realized that he was hungry. He threw himself down on the grass by the road to wait for her.

It was not in his nature to be directly brutal, cad though he was. The oblique method was preferable, and made less noise. So he accosted the girl pleasantly.

"Going to market, sister?"

"No, sir," she responded, evidently not at all afraid. "I'm taking some clotted cream and new bread to the White Horse Inn for mother. You'm a stranger in these parts."

"I am," he agreed pleasantly. "Will you sell me some of your cream and bread?"

"No, sir. Mother said I was to take it to the White Horse."

He held up a bright shilling. She looked at it wistfully, but shook her head.

"Come, I'll give you this for your mother, and another like it for yourself."

Again she shook her head. "Mother said I was to take it to the White Horse," she repeated. He looked at her a moment doubtfully, and then suddenly lost his temper. Here was another of them against him. With a swift snatch at the basket he secured it, and gave the child a smart slap on the cheek.

"Serve you right!" he said impatiently as she burst into a wail. "I told you I wanted it."

Without paying any more attention to her, he opened the basket and tore off the end of a crisp loaf. Then, as she continued to cry, he flung the shilling

he had offered her into the road. "There," he said, "get out. Don't stay whining around here."

Still crying she picked up the shilling, and turned mournfully toward home, leaving him munching beside the road.

THE LAND OF THE GREAT SPIRIT

BY KATHLEEN BOWKER

OUT of the land to eastward,
 Into the wilder west,
 For loss or for gain, with labour and pain,
 Our brave forefathers pressed.
 They had made the native a stranger,
 Ere ever the fight was done—
 But dearer, because of the danger,
 They loved the land they won.
 The farmer plants in April,
 And prays for sun and rain—
 And if they fail, or frost, or hail
 Cut down the ripened grain,
 He will waste no time in sorrow—
 Next year, he will pinch and strain,
 He will buy, or beg, or borrow,
 And plant as much again.
 And the woman must toil and travail,
 Labour without relief—
 And if, with it all, some ill befall,
 She must not stop for grief—
 Tho' she bury her first-born deeply,
 With a heart that is all bereft,
 She must manage the mourning cheaply,
 Because of the child that's left.
 This is a land of promise—
 Why—do you ask me why?
 Again and again, in the hearts of men,
 New hopes come springing high;
 And the roll of the prairie shows us,
 What is taught by the arching sky—
 And we know there's a God who knows us,
 And will not pass us by.



This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

TAWNY Autumn is here. The valleys lie wreathed in faint blue mists. The woods have not yet begun to thin, though the first leaves are fluttering to the ground. The harvest moon has passed with other good summer things, such as strawberries and roses, but the pumpkins are mellowing for the pie, and the brown-faced girls are returning from the summer camp. City life, so dead and dusty during the hot months, is awakening, and with renewed vigor slackened business is tightening up its sinews in preparation for the strenuous struggle again.

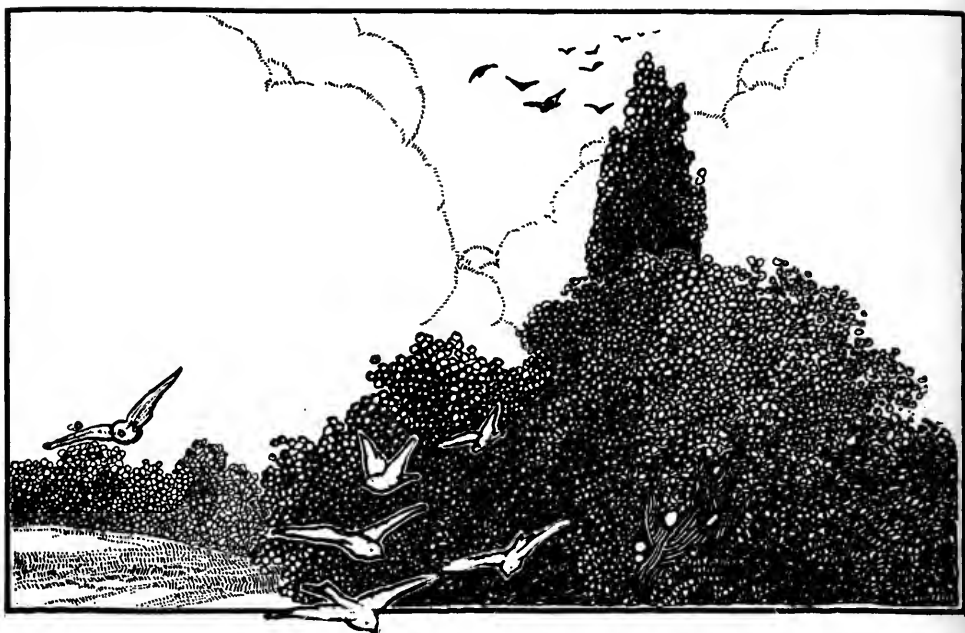
The birds are flocking. If you lie awake o' nights you can hear the calling of their minor bugle notes as they flit over city roofs and steeples. The blackbirds, which came when the first warm days of April—ah! do you remember the first clear call of the robin?—loosened the ice, are gathered in hosts, and one of these cool September nights you will hear them chattering lightly as, in flocks which assume almost the proportions of clouds, they fly to the sun-lands of the south. The robins are assembling in cohorts, the young with their speckled breasts looking like the English thrush; Father Robin, with most of the vivid color

faded from his waistcoat, and the little mother bird looking a trifle *passee*, but very happy and proud of the cheery soldiers of fortune she helped to chip out of her beautiful blue eggs.

The bluebirds, those bits of drifting sky—the poets of birdland—are, like poets, indefinite as to plans. They fly in a scattered, haphazard way, uttering little wistful cries as they wing lightly southward.

Those gentlemanly chaps of the woodpecker tribe who sport red heads and golden wings, blaze their own trail—each for himself. They despise the weakness of flocking. They are adventurers bold and handsome, and wing an individual way to their winter quarters, leaving old hairy daddy woodpecker behind. A selfish old card is he, hibernating in snug bachelor quarters in the heart of a tree all winter, leaving his wife and her hairy children to fend for themselves as best they can in the time of the frost and snow. On bright days he makes forays on such grubs as become stiffened and inactive from the cold.

The orioles slip silently from their cradled nests. They fly together, but their beautiful clear whistle is stilled. As they sweep over the quiet city where we, dull humans, house ourselves



ALL THE LITTLE CHORISTERS OF THE WOODS FLOCK AND FLIT
WITH THE REDDENING LEAF

from the starlight, the watcher can hear them calling faintly and sweetly, and in the restless human heart a desire rises to join this band of little choristers all garbed in the quiet coloring of their mother, as they flit up there among the stars, outward bound to strange and foreign places.

The wary meadow-lark is flying through the stubble on his way south. There, on that tree, stands the sentinel of the flock, and long before you can get within gun-shot, he has given his warning and the flock rises and soars to pastures fresh. They are followed by the bobolinks. The little chaps have lost their pretty white and yellow markings, and with a rather forlorn "quait, quait," fly across the fields where the grain shocks stood, to gain again their reedy musical piping down among the Carolina rice fields.

The blue jays—those strident pirates of the fir trees—do not go far into the warm countries, but, with the chick-a-dees, keep along the edges of the swamps and hardwood ridges to annoy the nimrod as he hunts the beautiful and toothsome ruffed grouse.

The little birds—the flycatchers and pewees and chipping sparrows, with

hosts of smaller fry, flock and flit, too, seeming to dissolve into bits of cloud as they depart with all the other little choristers of the woods.

We keep with us the tiny, creeping chick-a-dee, whisky jack, the cock o' the north, old hairy woodpecker and the great, wise, mysterious horned owl.

What is that wide cloud that is just obscuring the moon? And, listen! The leader calls, and all down the ranks come the answering notes—the little minor cries—almost bird whispers, a faint night music that might be the stars singing together; then a drooping call, louder, more plaintive from some laggards who are tailing on behind, answered by the sailing crowd in fainter accents until the cloud passes and the little wistful cries fade into silence as the birds drift out on the wings of the night.

IS LOVE A LIE?

SOME women were talking together, seated on a cool verandah one of those hot nights in the summer that has passed so swiftly. They were discussing some things in a book which one of them had been reading aloud—a book with the tang of an olive and

the tinkle of ice in a long glass in it, such as John Oliver Hobbes used to write. They were of different ages and estates. One was old and wise and a bit tired; another married and hearty and the mother of four always hungry boys; a third, single and plain-faced and none too young; and a fourth who didn't count, because she was nothing one way or the other—a mere bromide.

"Which of the stories shall we discuss?" asked the boys' mother. "The tale of a man who broke with a woman's friendship, and, though he loved her, tired and left?"

"Love, always love, that immortal lie," carped the old lady who had been through it all and forgotten much. "When will you women know it for what it is—a foolishness of youth—a mirage, a dream, a nothingness?" She spoke without bitterness but with the touch of delicate satire which pervaded all her wisdom.

"Never, I hope," said the boys' mother, "for love is life, and the children it is who make life, and love and all that is, worth while."

"Yes; wait until they grow up and leave you for loves of their own," said the old lady, who lived a lonely life, "wait till they grow tired and fly away."

"As you did," said the plain woman. "As you did, you lucky mortal, who have kept love long at your side."

"But not kept him for always," said the old lady, sighing; "and life grows very cold for the old."

A little wind sprang up suddenly, whistled a bar of song among the leaves, and whirled down the street in a spiral of dust.

The women were silent. Then one spoke.

"Who is it says that the man who tells his love best is the greatest poet? Maybe, but he may be the greatest liar also. Woman makes the mistake of thinking love is the whole menu; men never do that; with them it is only a side dish."

"Which they always taste," said the married woman, "and which sometimes disagrees with them."

"Do you think absence strengthens

or weakens love?" asked the single woman, who had risen and was leaning against a pillar. In the soft dusk a great moth flew against her face. Her hands were loosely folded.

"It strengthens love in women, weakens it in men," said the old lady. "We are made that way. The woman always remembers: the man always forgets. Sometimes a woman can best show her love for a man by leaving him—but it takes a noble woman to do it. Any woman can give up the world for a man—the same as she did in the story," she pointed to the small volume of *Life's Litanies*, lying on the step. "That is easy enough. When it comes to giving him up to another woman it is another matter."

"If a woman can do that, can give a man up for his own sake and help him to forget her, it should atone for many sins," said the plain woman as she moved slowly to her shadowy corner.

"Maybe—but what man is worth that? The devotion of woman is rather a sad thing to contemplate."

"It is a good thing for men that it exists," said the boys' mother placidly.

"But do you think a man has a right to accept such a sacrifice—to break with a woman like that?"



A BOOK IS A COMPANION THAT WILL NOT FAIL
YOU IN AN IDLE HOUR

"Some men will accept anything," answered the old lady. "Whenever a man breaks with a woman for any given reason, you may always put it down to the fact that he has ceased to love her. He may call it giving her up for the sake of his family, or his conscience, or even (and this without laughing) for her own sake, but it is all the same. He never really considers the woman, or if he does, he depends on her generosity and actually appeals to her to help him to sacrifice her. He never thinks of his family or his conscience while he is in love with her. They are merely his excuses to get rid of her when he is tired. What do you think, Anna?"

A slight snore from the duskiest corner answered. The bromide had fallen asleep.

"THE LAW IS A HASS"

NOT long since a case occurred in an Ontario city which, divested of such fine environment as a story writer might arrange about it, was as pathetic a tale of common life and its sorrows as any recorded in the pages of Dickens or George Eliot. A girl of twenty was betrayed by a boy of the same age under a promise of marriage. The old, old story that is told every day in the year, and will be repeated to the end of time—the story of man's passion and woman's weakness. The girl—a pretty creature—told with faltering voice and bent head how, trusting where she loved greatly, she believed her lover would come to her rescue before it was too late. On her knees she begged him for more than life—her honor and that of her unborn child. Time and again she implored him with tears and anguish to pity her condition and not let a nameless little being be born into a world unkind to such waifs, such superfluous human atoms. Again and again he refused, and, shamed as she was, she took him into court for the protection of the unborn. Before strange men she stammered out her story until everyone in the court from the magistrate to the merest onlooker was touched by her grievous position—so young, a mere child—and wounded unto death. Every hope smashed

while yet she stood on the threshold of life.

And the Law could do nothing! Why? Because the man was a minor, and therefore not accountable to the law for his cruel misdeed. There was no redress for this poor Hetty Sorrel. The man walked out scot free and triumphant, in high feather, in fact, "without," said the report, "as much as a glance at the unfortunate complainant, who was sobbing in the arms of friends." Because this fellow was a minor at the time he betrayed a young girl under a sacred promise of marriage, that promise was not binding under the law! The charge was therefore dismissed. Is it not about time that such laws, or lack of them, should be remedied? Is it not high time that women should have some hand in affairs that so closely concern them? Canada is yet a young country, too young, and hopeful, and fresh, and aspiring to rest long under such a ruling as that which offers no redress to a wronged woman. Some people ask why women are moving for a vote in the government of the country. Stories such as this furnish one of the reasons.

"THE VAMPIRE" CRUSHED

THE following answer to Kipling's "Vampire" appeared recently upon the back of a post-card, and now people are asking who really is "Felicia Blake," whose name is appended to it. I'll forfeit you a box of candies if she is without Irish blood in her veins:

A Fool there was, and she lowered her pride
(Even as you and I).
To a bunch of conceit in a masculine hide,
We saw the faults that could not be denied;
But the Fool saw only his manly side—
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the love she laid on her own heart's
grave,
With the care of her head and hand,
Belongs to the man who did not know—
(And now she knows that he never could
know)—
And did not understand.

A Fool there was, and her best she gave—
(Even as you and I).
Of noble thoughts, of gay and grave—



"LOVE, ALWAYS LOVE, THAT IMMORTAL LIE," CARPED THE OLD LADY
WHO HAD FORGOTTEN MUCH

(And all was accepted as due to the knave).
But the Fool would never her folly save
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the stabs she hid, which the Lord forbid
Had ever been really planned,
She took from the man who didn't know why
(And now she knows he could never know
why)
And did not understand.

The Fool was loved when the game was new
(Even as you and I).
And when it was played she took her cue—
Plodding along as most of us do,
Trying to keep his faults from view
(Even as you and I).

But it isn't the ache of the heart, or its break
That stings like a white-hot brand,
It's the learning to know that she raised a
god
And bent her head to kiss the rod,
For the one that could not understand.

WINGED WORDS.

ALL you who love to read should
know the tale of "The Other Wise
Man." The hand of a friend sent this
gift of delight to me, and, lest you might

miss it, I pass word of it on to you.
You may have read it, for it is not a new
book; neither is it a cumbrous volume,
but a tiny booklet one may carry in his
pocket, a companion that will not fail
you in an idle hour, and one, I think,
that will always lie close to your hand.
It relates the quest of the Other Wise
Man and how it failed—or succeeded?
It is like a bit of Persian tapestry in
which are woven pictures of great
beauty and mystery and simplicity.
I like to place it by the side of Omar
Khayyam—why, I leave you to find
out if you are interested. Someone
wrote to Henry Van Dyke, the author,
asking the meaning of his bit of ex-
quisite tapestry—much as the ignorant
tourist asks the meaning of the mystic
characters graved upon some eastern
tomb. He answered:

"How can I tell? What does life
mean?"

But I think that the meaning is
made very clear, and in the most

beautiful way. It has been twice read, but we shall often journey with the Other Wise Man—from afar, I fear—in the hope that some day we, too, may see even the passing shadow of the beautiful Vision, and may hear the echo of that sweet and still voice which the Other Wise Man heard so close to him in the fading light of that day on which he found the King.

THIS IS EASY

A PHONETIC puzzle which found its way into these pages one time is responsible for many voyages on the part of the Pedlar in search of wares which of all others are the most difficult to procure, the makers of them having died long ago. There is a brisk demand for them, and orders all the way

from a dozen to a gross, but alas! on turning the Pack inside out this is all that can be found adhering to the lining.

Will the gentleman, and the lady, and the child who uncovered the hidden meaning of our "phonism" to be

"'Oss for a day,

'Ay for the 'oss,

Fetchin' on 'im 'ome,"

kindly exercise their brilliant wits over the following, dug out one day the Pedlar went a-mining?

When from the Ark's capacious bound

The world came forth in pairs,

Who was it first who heard the sound

Of boots upon the stairs?

The answer is all ready, tied up in a neat little parcel of rhyme for our October Pack—but, of course, you have already guessed it—as your grandfather did before you.

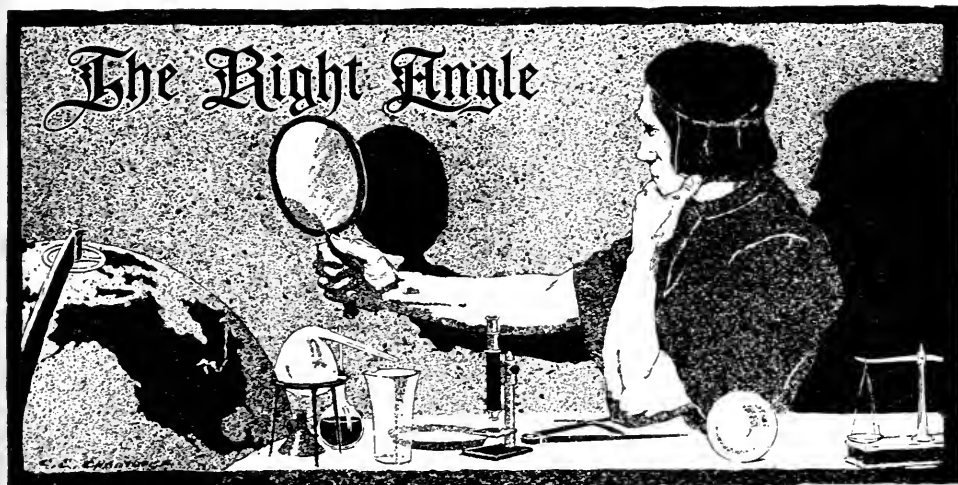
LOVE INDEED

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

A N old man sang of Love. Three maidens passed,
And laughed, "Poor old blind minstrel! How he sings
Of what he has forgotten!" and went their way.

Now one had lost her lover recently
Unto her rival's arms; another, all
The gossips chattered when her name was said;
The third had caught and thrown a dozen sweethearts by,
And so they laughed.

But when the gray old minstrel's song was done,
He gathered up his pence and went along
The flowering lanes to where his little house,
Low-roofed and latticed, amid apple-trees
In quiet peace smiled at the summertide.
And at their frugal board he said a grace
In Love's great name and his old gray-haired wife
Smiled softly at him as she filled his cup,
And in the house Love rustled his great wings.



RESPECTING BOOKS

WHEN the author of Ecclesiastes inscribed on his parchment that of the making of books there was no end and much study was a weariness to the flesh, he had a revelation coming to him.

If he could have stood beside the delivery table of one of the big modern presses, and watched the sheets peeling off the rollers at the rate of thirty thousand impressions a day, he would have scratched his reverend whiskers, gone home, and added a foot-note. The publishers' fall list is appalling. So many new books to make friends with—some needing only a speaking acquaintance, some by the very cut of their titles being discarded, but so many that one wants to know personally—Mr. Ecclesiastes would give it up in despair.

Somebody or other has said that a man is known by the adjectives he keeps, and no less true is it that he is known by his book friends. When anybody says that he likes "Tempest and Sunshine," or "Graustark," or "Pippa Passes," or "The Glory of Clementina," he is instantly classified; you do, or you do not want to know more of that man. Sometimes an impostor comes along who remarks that she—it is usually a woman—thinks Browning "elegant," and you learn anew that it is quite as bad breeding to think you know a book better than it thinks it knows you. Gelett Burgess puts that point whimsically:

I have a notion the books on the shelves
Are just as much persons as we are ourselves;
And when you are older, you'll find this is
true,
So be careful, my friend, and make books
like you.

One can positively see the Last Duchess looking scornfully down upon the would-be acquaintance, while Caliban snarls in the pompion-shadow, and that splendid organ-player in the midst of a fugue glances over his shoulder, still holding his chord, with a satirical grin. We are a year or so out of date, by the way, with Browning; it is Hewlett and Wells and Bennett and Brioux who are the fashion to-day among the clubs.

And that reminds us of a small incident that happened to us in an æsthetic metropolitan book-store. It was artistic, that place, with beautiful cases, and shaded lights and a huge bowl of bittersweet here and there, and you were not asked to buy anything. We had still-hunted a very good novel through all the other shops and been unrewarded. We asked the æsthetic young man of the artistic book-store if he had it. He looked at us pityingly, and smiled.

"The book you desire was published some years ago, was it not?" he questioned.

We admitted it—nineteen-four. He inclined his head delicately.

"Ah, just so," he said. "You see, we keep only books that are in style."

One hesitates to contemplate what the sturdy hero of that book would have

done to him if he had been caught late at night in a secluded stack; there certainly would not have been enough of him left to tie in a windsor bow.

CY WARMAN IN A NEW LIGHT

CY WARMAN is out with a new book of verse that he calls "Songs of Cy Warman." All the verses he has written might be similarly classed, for every one of them steps to a melody in words, and most of them suggest minor notation, they have so easy a flow and such an undertone of homely feeling. But in this new book are over seventy "thoughtful rhymes," that taken together present him in a phase unknown to most of his admirers up to this time. His vogue has rested largely upon his sympathy with the common things of life, their humor and their pathos, and on his own broad and kindly sense of fun and foible. But in these thoughtful rhymes he discloses a philosophy of life, high though simple. Hear this:

"There is no death!

The flowers bloom;
Their sweet perfume
Floats o'er the night—
The hills are white,

The summer birds have sped away,
The summer days are dead, they say,
But when the spring comes back, the wren
Sings sweet, the flowers bloom again.

"There is no death!

We fall asleep
And wake to weep.

Youth's happy springtime wears away,
With voices weak, our hair grows gray;
But after that last sleep, ah, then,
We know that man must live again.
There is no death!"

This is the song triumphant of the elder sages, the burden of the message of all prophets, the essence of the most ancient of all religions, stated in full, and without pomp. Between it and the song of the Sound Sailor who lilts about the maid at "Metlakatla, holy city by the sea," who "says she hopes for heaven, but she always looks for me," is a wide gap, the filling of which as he has filled it implies versatility almost startling when you come to think of it. The book deserves and ought to have a wide publicity. (Bond Avery Company, Boston. McLeod & Allen, Toronto.)

SMILES AND CROONS OF IRELAND

ARTHUR STRINGER, loyal son of Canada, bold champion of the vigorous north, critic, historian and poet, is out with a new volume called "Poems of Ireland." Being himself of Irish derivation, Mr. Stringer is free to be frank about the Irish—a right excluded from the thought and speech of the Sassenach and all other foreigners. Therefore, his introductory reference to their humorous irresponsibility, whimsical gayeties, and nostalgic mournfulness is not only permissible but graceful, and acceptable without offence as being true. The last few years have given us several Irish poets whose work breathes the strange wistfulness and mystic romance of those ancient days of the race when Ossian sang of its wars and woes and valor and faith, and the worlds of earth and spirit were discerned commingled in the silvery mists of faraway. Yeats and Fiona McLeod are foremost among these bards, but they dwell in the land where their scenes are laid, while this western soul is placed in the bustle and sharp realities of the Realm of New Things. Yet none of the others has given us anything more pregnant of longing and tender home-love, more perfectly Irish than this interlude in Mr. Stringer's "In the Tropics."

"O to be in Ireland wid me youth again,
Half a world from palm trees, half a world
from this!

O to be in Ireland, where the coolin' rain
Falls across the green hills like a woman's kiss!"

It is in the vein of Scott's heartsick exiles, "by wild Ontario's boundless shore," who sang the songs of childhood, and "in the strain beheld fair Scotia's hills again."

The poems have a right to be so styled, for they are far more than verses. They are alive with feeling, deep as the deeps, or bright as sunlight playing on a rippling surface. They are Irish, in all the moods of many minded Ireland. More power to the bard!

'AS OTHERS SEE US

IN "The Yellow Pearl," Adeline M. Teskey undertakes to show western civilization what it looks like to an

Oriental. The narrative is in the form of a diary supposed to record the observations of a young girl, daughter of a white official and a Chinese woman. This precocious maid, born and grown in China, suddenly finds herself transferred to her father's people, an embarrassing legacy, herself much discomposed inwardly by the abrupt change, and at a loss to accommodate herself in thought, dress or manners to new conventions. All of them are direct opposites to her native land, and most of them shock her. The central source of difference she quotes from Watson's diagnosis of the American:

* * * * * "When Fate
Was at thy making, and endowed thy soul
With many gifts and costly, she forgot
To mix with those a genius for repose;
Therefore a sting is ever in thy blood,
And in thy marrow a sublime unrest."

It is an interesting study, though not profoundly important. It can do no harm. Possibly it may here and there do a little good to those who are competent to recognize themselves as others see them. But it overlooks the truth that Kipling put into the couplet about west being west and east being east—that never the twain shall meet. There is a touch either of humor or eccentric philology in the publisher's notice on the fly leaf that all rights are reserved, especially that of translation into foreign languages, including the Scandinavian. Hammer of Thor! Is the distinction invidious? Or is Scandinavian universally domestic? (The Musson Book Company, Limited, Toronto).

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

PROPHETS are notably incoherent in the expression of their revelations, and judging by Miss Susan Glasspell's new novel, "The Visioning," she is a prophet who abides by tradition. It is refreshing to meet on the first page a heroine called "Katie Jones," but the rest of the book hardly lives up to that humorous and friendly cognomen, especially in those chapters dealing with Katie's mysterious friend Ann, whose "quest" provokes a common-sense remark or so from Mrs. Prescott in which the reader quite agrees.



ARTHUR STRINGER

Whose new book of Irish verse is the very heart of Erin

However, the book belongs to that literature which is learning to deal frankly with the relations of men and women—timidly as yet, and this book one of the timidiest—and in this it is worthy of praise. If some of the philosophy were cut out, and the characters allowed occasionally to speak for themselves, it would be a better book; but in any case, the story of how Katie Jones, whose principal characteristic is that she is "so army," learns that life presents greater problems than those of graceful entertaining, is worth while. Whether her friend Ann, whom she tactfully rescues from suicide, would have a point of view so entirely unrelieved by a touch of humor, even of the ironic and bitter sort, seems doubtful; and whether Katie would be so completely revolted on learning of the "past" that she unquestionably knew Ann had before the revelation was made is also questionable. But on the whole it is a readable and thoroughly modern novel.



LINDLEY MURRAY PLEASE NOTE

IT HAD been explained to a man that mathematics, politics, ethics and gymnastics "is." The plural form bothered him until somebody said: "Well, did you ever hear of a mathematic, a politic, an ethic or a gymnastic?"

The doubter retired in confusion, but came back triumphantly from retirement after a while.

"Say, you wise guys," said he. "Tell me the singular of dandruff."

HIS INDORSEMENT

THE death of a man of wide acquaintance and generally loved called out a surprising attendance at funeral services for him in a church. One of the sincerest mourners was one of the humblest, and was a man who had to forego several hours' sleep. Also, sad to relate, he had never been in church before—not more than once, anyway.

Overcome by the strenuous programme of an unusual day, he fell asleep, but was aroused by the clergyman's solemn pronouncement upon "dust to dust."

Whereat the half-awake man said:

"Nothing can be fairer than that."

PIPING JUSTICE

A CERTAIN lawyer named O'Brien had a tough case in defending a man for murder. His client had shot

a visitor in his home, but it seemed that the "home-and-castle" principle was involved slightly. The defendant was not an Irishman, but O'Brien succeeded without apparent effort, in getting a number of Irishmen on the jury.

Across the street from the Criminal Court was a neighborhood hang-out kept by a proficient bagpipe player named Dan Lannigan. O'Brien had made his argument and the state was engaged in a long and wearisome harangue when through the open windows came the strains of "The Top o' Cork Road."

Several of the jurymen stirred uneasily and seemed to have their minds off the case.

The lawyer paused, and so did the music. Then "The Geese in the Bog" took up the burden of the jolly piper across the road.

The jury was fairly upset now, and the state's attorney called the attention of the court to the interruption. Whereupon the judge sent his bailiff out to bring the piper in.

Dan Lannigan came in with his bar apron on and his pipes under his arm. The situation was explained to him and he said:

"Sure, judge. I'll stop playin' as a favor to you. But in law everybody knows that when a man is in his own house—the home he is payin' rint for—he can do what he pleases."

The jury found for the defense.



CANADA MONTHLY



EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE MATING CALL

BY CY WARMAN

Listen, love; I am calling.

'Tis I—I, the wild rose by the canon's
rim, reaching upward for the rain.

I, the burning sun, sweeping down the
western slope to cool me in the sea.

Now I am the sea, the tossing, turbulent
sea, lifting landward to lay my white
face upon the quiet shore.

I am the mystery in a maiden's heart,
the vague longing, the desire for
motherhood, the ache in a mother's
breast when her babe hungers.

I am the caravan crawling the desert;
you the ever-receding, always-inviting
oasis, beckoning me on.

I am the panting hart; you the water-
brook.

I am the wild bull calling in the twilight
for his moose-mate, and I am
calling to you.

Do you hear?

VOL·X
NO·VI

CANADA



"GAFFER" HAS RUN HIS BACCY AND BRANDY INLAND IN HIS DAY, AND EVEN NOW SHAKES HIS HEAD OVER THE TRIM CRAFT THAT, ADVENTURERS NO MORE, CARRY NOTHING MORE CONTRABAND THAN PILCHARDS, AND SAIL CLEAR-CONSCIENTED, BEFORE THE REVENUE-MEN

Fairweather Wrecks

by

Herbert N. Clark

With Photographs by the author

WHEN your ticket reads "To the Land's End," you may well experience a feeling of curiosity, an anticipation of scenes so varied and different as to verge on the romantic. Nor will you

be disappointed. The towering crags of the Cornish coast are washed by a sea as blue as the Mediterranean, and ragged rock-strewn hills blaze with the color of wild flowers. Gardens of perfumed narcissi trespass on mines that bartered tin with Phoenicians from Tyre and Sidon, years before Christ; and shrubs and flowers have a southern intensity of hue, for the Gulf Stream breaks upon these shores, and by the magic of its circling waters summer is bereft of heat and winter of cold.

MONTHLY

LONDON
OCTOBER
1911



CORNISHMEN OVER THEIR NET-MENDING WEAVE STRANGE TALES OF WRECKED GALLEONS AND WITCHES, AND THE DAYS WHEN CORNWALL AND BRITTANY SPOKE THE SAME TONGUE. THE BRETON INFLUENCE IS STILL STRONG—NOTICE THE ONION-SELLER'S WOODEN SABOTS

Perhaps it is the mild climate which has endowed the Celtic Cornishmen with the rich fancy of the south so that they weave strange tales of weird romance, stories of wrecked galleons and of witches, and of the lost land of Lyonesse that once linked Cornwall with Brittany, when Cornwall and Brittany spoke the same tongue. Are these stories mere romance? You see villagers of swarthy Spanish blood. You may see a witch, when you will. From the waters which hide the land of Lyonesse beach trees have been taken with the nuts still clinging to the branches. And before you passes the figure of some Breton sailorman in

sabots, selling onions. The Cornish language is "dead"—but his Breton French is understood by all Cornishmen.

From the sheltering doors of the "First and Last" inn at Sennen, the uttermost village in Great Britain, you stroll to the "First and Last" Church, noteworthy for nought but its geographical situation. This accident of geography has made of Sennen a "show place," but the tide of tourists has produced no servility of spirit in the Cornishman. Independence of the "foreigner" is the keynote of the duchy.

Neither is there any undue modesty

in the Cornish character. Chance gossiping with the villagers introduced us to a Mr. Penberthy:

"I have some West Country relatives named Penberthy," explained my companion. "Perhaps they are related to you?"

"Be they good-looking?" he asked.

"Why, yes," was the reply.

"Then maybe they are!"

'Tis but a step to Sennen Cove, ill-famed in days of old by reason of the pirates and wreckers whose haunt it was. In no other place on the coast did these desperate characters gather in such numbers. Even the sunshine of a summer's afternoon fails to dispel its haunting traditions. If you doubt it, listen to the legend of the "Pirate of Tregaseal".

"Once long ago," says the chronicler, "the fishermen of Sennen Cove watched a pirate ship sail into the bay. A boat put forth and landed a man manacled and pinioned. Two men removed his shackles on the beach, and despite his struggles to regain the boat they rowed away and left him. The marooned stranger settled down and became a murderous wrecker, who not only lured ships ashore and plundered the drown-

ing sailors, but hacked off their hands with a hatchet, as they strove to climb the surf-swept rocks. The natives loathed his black deeds and watched age creeping upon him, longing for the time when he should be no more.

It came with the ripening of the barley. Two men working in a field below the pirate's house heard the words, 'The time is come, but the man isn't come'. Seawards they saw a black square-rigged ship with sails set, coming in against wind and tide, and no man could be seen on the deck. Though the sun shone brilliantly, the shadow of a heavy cloud hung over the ship and over the pirate's home. The dying wrecker implored the parson: 'Put out the sailors with the bloody hands! Put them out!'

"A blaze of lightning and a fearful crash of thunder drove all from the house, and alone the wrecker faced his fate. The cloud spun round over his home, then with the speed of a whirlwind passed to the ship, which vanished amid flashes of lightning. The coffin was carried to the churchyard, but it was too light to have contained the body. A black pig joined the company, none knew where, and disap-

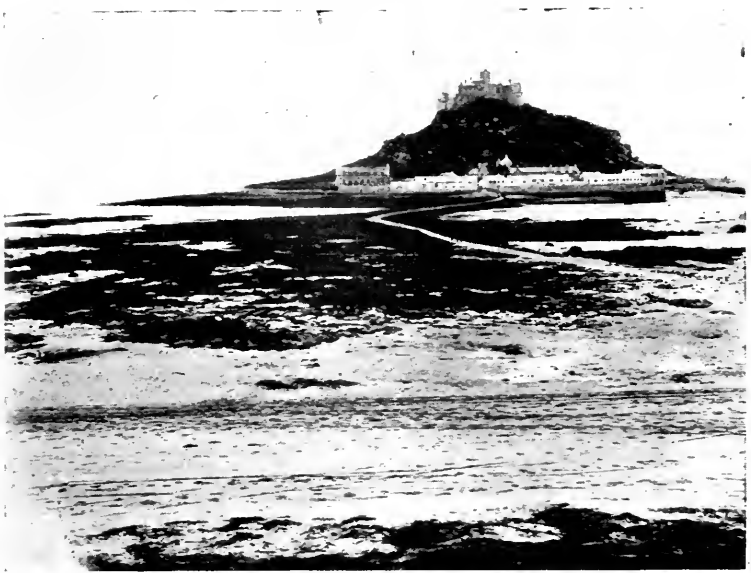
peared, none knew when, and a flash of lightning set fire to the coffin, till naught was left but scattered cinders."

A peaceful "brownie" now makes its home in Sennen Cove, but lest you forget the pirates, Whitsand Bay is peopled by the red-headed descendants of Danish marauders wrecked on these shores in days long past.



IN THE "RUE DES BEAUX ARTS" AT NEWLYN, PAINTERS WITH BRUSH AND PALETTE IMMORTALIZE PICTURESQUE BITS OF STREET AND QUAY, AND THE EVENING EXODUS OF A HUNDRED BOATS

In late afternoon you reach the Cornish Pedn-an-Lanz—the End of the Earth. The daily visitors have departed, and for company you have the mighty cliffs and piled boulders, coated with grey lichens. There are headlands steeper and more bold than these, but none possess the fascination of the Land's End. The Atlantic surrounds you and the perpetual racing of the



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT LOOMS UP MAJESTICALLY ABOVE ITS TIDE-POOLS, A ROCK OF A THOUSAND LEGENDS. HERE DWELT KING GRAUL WHEN HIS KINGDOM OF LYONESSE WAS SWALLOWED BY THE SEA

tides reveals Nature's handiwork in the making and gives to man's thoughts a broader sweep. You watch the sun as it sinks beyond the ocean, gilding the foaming waves and flushing the warm red rocks till, with the deepening twilight, man's lesser lights begin to flash their rays—guiding vessels outward-bound and home-returning. The afterglow of daylight fades through the fading west and over grassy slopes you retrace your steps as darkness descends upon eternal rocks and infinite sea.

To drink to the full of the beauties of Cornwall, you must leave the high road for a few hours and walk from the Land's End eastward, some seven leisurely miles. Near to the edge of the cliff leads the path and you follow it across the heath to the bold point ahead—Pardenack. From its summit you have an amazing view. The steep cliff, architectural in its symmetry, falls sheer as a wall to the sea below. Great cubes of grey granite, placed one upon the other, as a child places bricks, are fashioned into castellated battlements and turrets, which tower 200 feet above the sea. Buttress and pinnacle are draped with lichens and crevices are filled with pink and white flowers.

Beneath an overhanging crag lies an ultramarine sea: and landward lies the flower-decked summit of the grandest cliffs in Cornwall. Carefully, with eyes averted from the deeps below, you climb back and, with a last cautious glance at the grandeur of these mighty rocks, you step out. The white-washed stones that mark the coast-guard path are familiar enough, but fortune rarely sends a coastguard walking in your direction. For a coastguard is a brother full of information.

"That cove there," said he, pointing to the spot, "is where the 'Khyber' was wrecked. Full rigged ship—homeward bound from Australia. Three men were saved, tossed on to the rocks like corks."

He talked of wrecks and "wrecking."

"But are the stories that one hears about Cornish wreckers true?" I asked.

"True? Why, wrecking was bred in them. If any well-freighted ship was in trouble, the crew didn't have to worry about the cargo. 'Tisn't so many years," he continued, "since the first steamboat went past the Lizard point. Folks down here hadn't heard of steam and over a hundred boats

followed her down the coast because they thought she was on fire!

"Yes, the wrecking spirit was strong, and it died hard. Last year at a wreck down yonder, a very old woman came down to the beach every night and snatched up bits of packing cases and boxes.

"Worthless? Of course! We saw that she didn't get valuables, but it just satisfied her old instinct for wrecking."

We skirted the shores of a beautiful little bay. The rocky beach gave glimpses of graceful headlands, and the sea was exquisitely colored—emerald green where it flowed above sand, purple when seaweed lay beneath, and a southern blue where the water deepened. And then the mighty crags of this ever-changing coast gave way to low-sloping cliffs. We crossed a little stream, passing the ruined shaft of a deserted mine, and climbed the steep, rocky path to the coast-guard station at the summit of the headland. The ceaseless traffic of the English Channel rolled east and west, the lesser coasting vessels keeping close in shore to round the Land's End; in the distance a mighty ocean liner steamed home from the Antipodes.

Many are the contrasts of this delightful duchy. Beyond a little cove you come suddenly upon Porthgwarra. Sheltered on all sides by steep downs, this quaint little fishing hamlet is so hidden from view that you might pass within a hundred yards unaware of its existence. Crab-pots and boats and windlass—thatched cottages and tunnelled rock—form an old-world picture steeped with the atmosphere of days that are gone. On the operatic stage Porthgwarra would be labelled "The Smugglers' Retreat". Yet within a mile or so of this relic of the dead past, you see the vibrant, living present: the lofty Marconi mast of a great cable company and cliffs strewn with the tape of the "ticker".

The rocks were purple in the vanishing light, as I climbed the battlements of the castle on Treryn Point. At night's approach the wind had fallen—a calm was on the seas and the silence

of high places hung about the headland. Long I watched the ocean, held by that fascination of moving waters that still pools lack, and darkness had blotted the view before I made my way towards the light of the little inn.

Possibly because it was the nearest point to the continent, Mousehole was the scene of a terrible Spanish raid. Against their armed soldiers the brave fishermen could do nothing, and the Spaniards carried fire and sword through the country side—destroying the whole town, save for the Manor House. That was in 1595. Mousehole rebuilt itself the same year and has done no building since. The little fishing haven with its clustering streets and crowded harbour is unspoiled by any modern touch. Even its sole industry is unchanged—fishing, combined with the curing of pilchards. The Manor House, which survived the Spanish Raid, is to-day the "Keigwin Arms". The beautifully-proportioned doorway, the dripstones and the design of the granite front mark the builder as a man of taste. The Squire was slain by a cannon ball, which you may inspect. It was lying on the hall table when I saw it.

"This," said the good lady of the house, taking it up, "is the cannon ball that killed the poor Squire."

She spoke of it as an event of yesterday.

Pleasant is the cliff walk to Mousehole's big sister—Newlyn. The road almost overhangs the water and your eye follows the curve of Mounts Bay and the hedged, meadowed hills that border it. In the distance, rising from the calm sea is St. Michael's Mount—a delicate blue mass, trembling in the sunny heat—and beyond it sea and sky vanish in faint mist.

On the white road ahead an easel and a camp-stool betray the inevitable artist. It is the "note" of Newlyn, for the ubiquitous painter has here made a home. Unknown men won the secret of the subtle coloring and became famous, and to-day the Newlyn "School" is world-known. An art gallery has been built and a narrow lane boasting a couple of studios bears



PRUSSIA COVE, THE MOST FAMOUS RESORT OF SMUGGLERS IN CORNWALL. HERE HONEST JOHN CARTER BROUGHT SMUGGLING TO A FINE ART, AND WHEN ONE DAY THE "REVENUE CUTTERS" APPEARED UNANNOUNCED WHEN CERTAIN KEGS WERE BEING LANDED, OPENED FIRE UPON THE CUSTOMS MEN WITH A CANNON.



PAST LAND'S END THE MIGHTY TRAFFIC OF THE CHANNEL ROUTES. GRAIN BOATS FROM ODESSA, BLACK TRAMPS THAT IN A WEEK WILL LIFT THE SOUTHERN CROSS, BRASS-BOUND LINERS, HUMBLE FISHERMEN ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON MAY BE SEEN SKIRTING CAUTIOUSLY THESE FROWNING ROCKS THAT END OLD ENGLAND.

the name, "Rue des Beaux Arts". Disciples, with brush and palette, immortalize picturesque "bits" in the straggling streets, and picturesque fishermen lounge by, unconcerned. They have taken kindly to the painters, for posing is not unremunerative. In late afternoon, the studio model becomes the fisherman, and from the pier head you watch the fishing fleet by twos and threes stealing out of the harbour for the night's work. There is something almost mysterious in this evening exodus of a hundred boats. The brown sails are gilded by the setting sun, and each boat trails long threads of gold as, dwindling and dwindling, it vanishes silently seawards.

Deep set in Mounts Bay lies Penzance, the shapely dome of its market house against the sunny sky giving to the town an Italian atmosphere. Strange it is to find tropical plants around you, and stranger to think of the primeval forest which lies beneath the waters of the Bay. No mere myth is this for at neap tide you may see trunks of trees projecting from the sand. History records a titanic disaster when the seas swept over the land and engulfed eighty villages. Did that land unite Cornwall and Brittany? The shuffling sound of sabots caught my ear, and turning, I saw a Breton onion-seller. Him I questioned. He came from Roscoff. This was his tenth trip. He and his companions felt quite at home in Cornwall. He did not know if Cornwall was once joined to Brittany by land, but he did know that his grandparents had transported kegs of brandy by sea.

As I paced the road that runs eastward to the Mount, I pictured the roadside fields in early spring, vast gardens of violets, wall-flowers and narcissi, with the soft air heavy with their perfume and picturesque groups of women and girls working all day tying the flowers into bunches. Winter winds are tempered in this Duchy of Cornwall.

St. Michael's Mount, which dominates the Bay from every view-point, is an island at high tide. At the ebb, you

may reach it by a narrow causeway. On the summit of its grass-grown, pinnacled rocks, you see a turreted castle flashing pale and gold like a fairy palace in the afternoon sun. Ancient and very peaceful is the little village on the mainland, and I lay on the warm sands gazing at the Mount, picturing its strange scenes and thinking of the varied men who for varied reasons have sought its isolation. To-day, this erstwhile fortress is the "seat" of a wealthy family. Miniature golf links cling to its sides and white-sailed yachts with shining brass-work enter the little harbour.

The view recedes and shows the struggles of the Civil War, when treachery and surprise gave the impregnable Mount to the besiegers. Then scenes of fire and slaughter, and men of war gave place to men of peace—monks moving softly in the deep calm of a monastery, and beyond—the scenes fade into the mists of tradition and myth.

I struck inland, took a short cut, and lost my way. It was late when I saw lights twinkling in the smallest of villages. Heavily fell the rain, as weary and very wet I approached the solitary inn, and asked for a room. The aged lady of the house scrutinized this dishevelled and rain-soaked stranger, and said:

"We are full."

"Full," I echoed, and pleaded for any kind of a room.

"We're full," she repeated, with tedious regularity.

Swiftly I proffered payment in advance.

"Well," said the landlady, "I think I can find you a room, but remember, it's against the rules of the house to wear boots in bed."

Daylight brought perfect weather, and early on my journey, I was joined by a fellow-traveller—an old tin worker—walking to Breage to see his family. Here no towering headlands rise sheer from the sea, but the path skirts low promontories that stretch far out into blue water, till you reach a rocky ridge that plunges into the sea. From its point you have a perfect view, the full

sweep of the Bay curving from St. Michael's Mount to the distant white houses of Mousehole.

Leaving the point you must take to the road. In the first hundred yards, we were passed by a cross-eyed man. My companion immediately averted his gaze and said aloud: "Numney Dumney—Numney Dumney".

I could make nothing of the words and asked their meaning.

"You always say 'Numney Dumney' when you meet a squint-eyed man," was the reply.

I recalled the "evil eye" superstitions and instantly reached the solution. "In Nomine Domini" are the holy words which confound the powers of the evil one.

"Yon's Prussia Cove," said my companion, "would you see it?"

Would I see the most famous resort of smugglers in Cornwall?

There is no road into Prussia Cove, merely a footpath which skirts the brow of a hill, and drops to the sea. The spot is so sheltered and secluded that you cannot see what boats are in the little creek below until you literally lean over the edge of the cliff. Then you see a harbour hewn out of the solid rock, a roadway with wheel tracks partly cut and partly worn, crossing the rocks below the high-water, and caves and caves, and still more caves. The mouths of some of them are built up. On other days these communicated with the house above by secret passages. Here dwelt "Honest John" Carter and Harry, his brother Harry "imported" contraband and John disposed of it. The combination was irresistible. Bold and utterly reckless, they brought smuggling to a fine art, and when a boat laden with customs officers appeared off the cove, at a

moment when certain kegs were being landed, these genial merchants opened fire upon it with a cannon.

The breakers noised and foamed and the circling gulls screamed, but there is no hint of storm in the far blue reaches of the sky. Lightly you step in the bracing breeze and swiftly the panorama changes. Beyond the dangerous Praa Sands, you see the village of Breage—two names that once spelt terror to the mariner. For the villagers were even more treacherous than the sands. Hear the sailor's "Litany":

"From Praa sands and Breage hands,
Good Lord, deliver us."

And in contrast with the days when the tinworkers left their work in hundreds, and armed with axes followed a ship in distress till it came ashore, before you rise the tall towers of Marconi's wireless—the swiftest friend of the sailor in distress.

Slowly with a heavy heart, you climb the hill to Mullion. The sea loses its sparkle and the breeze its freshness, for Mullion means time-tables, railway connections and—the end of your Cornish journey. Yet it is but for a moment. For, though you must leave this exquisite coast, you will ever have deep memories of the "first, last and best" county in England.

You will think of these fishermen—kindly folks with the eyes of men who fight the sea, and of their picturesque homes, and visions will come to you of blue sea and heather-clad cliffs, sandy coves and rock-locked harbours. You will picture the winter sunshine and the riot of color in spring. And when you feel upon you the chill of some snow-clad city where beauty is banished and romance has no being, you will turn and warm yourself in the glories of Cornwall.



With Aviator

No. 6 by H. M. Egbert



CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCING A PAIR OF SCOUNDRELS.

(In which I sail to see the Coronation and, incidentally, discover that I am a much-advertised-for person).

BUT, goodness gracious, Anne, you aren't going to England alone, are you? Wait till school closes in June, and we'll make up a party."

My room-mate, Mary Jenner, is meek enough when she is alone with me, but company lends her a fictitious persuasiveness. Besides, all the rest of the girls curled up among our cushions agreed with her—I could see it in their faces.

"If His Sacred Majesty King George the Fifth will consent to put off his coronation until July, I shall be glad to wait for you," I answered, with some asperity. "But I don't think it's likely, do you?"

"Well, but, Anne——" Mary was beginning, when Agnes Pomeroy broke in. Agnes is a plump girl with a vein of common sense amounting almost to genius.

"Look here," she said, "what's the use? You won't see a thing except the street processions. You might just as well stay in Winnipeg and read all about it in the Illustrated London

News. Nobody can get into the Abbey without marrying a peer."

I put my nose in the air. "Well, even at that——" I suggested brazenly. The girls laughed, and Agnes shied a chocolate cream at me, missing me by about three feet.

"I don't believe even having red hair and being a mascot would accomplish a peer by Coronation-time, my dear," she said. "But by all means go ahead if you've set your heart on it. After school is out we'll join you."

"You let my red hair alone, Pomeroy Sec," I retorted wrathfully. "I'm twenty-two years old, and I guess I know how to take care of myself. And if you've got a determined temperament, and want something badly and all your friends put stupid obstacles in your way—why, it's enough to make a plaster angel feel annoyed."

Agnes only laughed, and ate another chocolate, though she knows they make her fatter, and my decision was accepted as an established fact, which I thought was another proof of my determined temperament.

It seems strange to look back on that kimono party now. I felt so old and capable and assured that nothing could possibly happen to me. If I had dreamed of the mad adventures that were so soon to begin—ah, well, per-

haps I would have gone forward just the same. It is hardly twelve months since we sat by that crackling fire—but I feel as if it had been a thousand years. After all, twenty-two is very young.

But, at any rate, I had a perfectly good reason for leaving school two months before the end of the term. The doctor, who is an old friend of mine—I used to pull his mustaches when I wore pinafores—told me I had been working too hard, and was on the verge of a complete breakdown if I didn't at once have complete rest and change of scene. So I asked him if the air of any particular place would benefit me especially, and he pulled a curl for me and said he felt sure English air was the one thing for my ailment.

"Are you going to visit your ancestral castle?" asked Mary as I was packing. "It doesn't really seem polite to go so near and never say 'Bon jour'."

"Of course," I answered, though really I hadn't thought about it before. "I'm going to see the Chateau Clichy, and also I'm going to try to recover my ancestral property. I've a bundle of bonds stacked up in a romantic old vault in Paris. Maybe I'll come back an heiress, or something like that. I knew there was something extra nice about this adventure."

I haven't mentioned anything about my castle in France, have I? One doesn't talk about one's family, of course, but really, mine was very interesting. My grandfather is the Comte d'Yves, and owns a large feudal property in Clichy, which is in Normandy. My father was his son by his first marriage, and when father was hardly more than a boy, he quarrelled with grandfather, who turned him out. Father came to Canada to make his fortune, drifted to the coast, and finally married an American girl in San Francisco. I was born there, my mother dying when I was only a baby, and my father when I was seventeen. After that I came to Winnipeg and taught for a living. Of course, things were hard sometimes, but father had had a worse time than I, and for his

sake I never could forgive grandfather for turning him out of doors.

"Some day, Anne," my father used to say laughingly, "you'll go back to France and be adopted and become heiress of Clichy."

"I guess the rest of them won't leave much for me to be heiress of," I answered usually, and the subject dropped. Save for a fluent knowledge of French I had nothing about me to betray the fact of my foreign extraction, and I never wished to meet any of my father's relatives—never! Sometimes my father would speak about the property in the strong box. It was all in bonds—worthless ones, too—which had been left my father by his mother, whose dowry had been invested in the old Panama Canal, that glorious enterprise that went down to ruin twenty odd years ago, carrying with it thousands of prosperous families in a general wreck. My grandmother had always had a pathetic belief that some day the bonds would be worth something. She left them to my father, placing them in the strong box which she held in the vaults of Magniff & Co., Bankers, of Paris and London. When she was dying she sent him the key.

"Well, Anne, they won't do any harm where they are," my father would say. "Some day, when we're all rich, we'll go to Paris and take them out and sell them for old paper."

So now I think I have explained how I came to sail for England on the thirty-first of May, with five \$100 and one \$50 bill in my purse and the key to the ancestral strong box. Mary wanted me to sew my bills into the lining of my dress. But I felt safer with the money in my purse, for, as I told her, I'd either have to wear the same dress all the time or keep running into my room to see whether it had been ripped open or not. If I had taken her advice I should never have had my adventure with the Man in the Buff Boots—but that comes later.

Mary, of course, was at the train in tears, waiting to bid me adieu. And who else should be there but that odious little Mr. Spratt, who had once been enamored of me, half hidden behind an enormous bouquet. I've

heard that his boys call him "The Sprat," which isn't a nice name to give a professor of civic and international law. He pressed the bouquet into one of my hands and then put something else into the other in a mysterious and portentous manner.

"My volume on the Code Napoleon, Miss Ives," he said, whispering cautiously. "The only complete English commentary on modern French law. I've written your name on the fly-leaf. Don't lose it; you'll need it when you get to Paris!"

I could not but feel affected by the little man's kindness in presenting me with a copy of his epoch-making work. I introduced him to Mary, and we three chatted for a few moments until the conductor called "All aboard!" I stayed a day or two in Montreal, sight-seeing, and finally, owing to a last minute excursion to Mount Royal, nearly missed the steamer. But just as the whistles blew, I plunged hastily up the gangway, colliding at the top with a couple of foreign-looking men who stared at me for several minutes, apparently deeply interested.

I am usually quick to form my judgments of people. I did not like either of these fellow-passengers at all. In a very short time I had discovered that they were master and servant, or stood in some such relation. The one bore the hall-marks of wealth without refinement; the other was a coarse and villainous-looking Greek or Armenian, as I judged. I was relieved when I saw him betake himself to the steerage. But judge my disgust when I discovered that I had been seated next to his master at the dinner table!

He did not lose any time in striking up an acquaintance with me. "May I pass you the mustard, Miss Howard?" were his first words. He had evidently been looking me up and made a mistake in the name. I was about to disillusion him when his next words checked the words on my lips.

"Allow me to introduce myself, since we are to see so much of each other during our voyage," he continued, with an odious smirk. "My name is Magniff—Leopold Magniff—a name tolerably well known in Paris and elsewhere."

"The—the banker?" I managed to gasp.

"The son of the banker," he corrected, much gratified at my ready recognition. "The old boy's my father. We now control the second largest combination of capital in France, and the fourth largest in Europe," he added complacently. "Not that I'll step into the old donkey's shoes, though. He hates me like poison. I grieve to say that my father has a mind purely commercial and utterly incapable of appreciating any of the refinements of life."

It isn't often that I wish I were a man, but that's what I did just then, so that I might have had the pleasure of kicking him. But I smothered my rage and struggled with my surprise. It seemed like the opening of some wonderful melodrama, my chance encounter with this man while on my way to Europe, to take my securities out of his father's safety deposit box. I murmured something and fled up to the deck. Later, Mr. Magniff appeared and engaged me in conversation for about an hour, until I found some excuse to dismiss him and go to bed.

During the next few days he made himself my constant companion. He seemed to time his appearances at the table so that we should sit down together when I paced the deck I was sure to encounter him, whereupon, altering the direction of his walk, he would keep step with me. At evening, no sooner had I drawn up my chair in a comfortable and secluded place than he would discover me and immediately seat himself at my side. I made few acquaintances on the boat, so that my name was never mentioned in his presence, and it was characteristic of his complacency that he did not discover it.

When, by any chance, I obtained a few minutes' respite from his odious presence, as sure as fate I would see him upon the lower deck in lengthy and stealthy conference with the villainous Greek—for such I had discovered his nationality to be. There was a cross-eyed woman, apparently the servant's wife, whom I had observed with him, and after the first day, when Mr.

Magniff would bring his servant up on our deck and keep him near while he engaged me in conversation. I began to notice that the woman would post herself below and watch my face with somber, never-winking eyes.

My curiosity became so great that I questioned Mr. Magniff about this strange pair of dependents. He burst into loud laughter.

"Poor Zeuxis is unhappily married," he chuckled when he could speak. "I took the fellow over to America with me, and his wife, who is insanely jealous of the scamp, followed on the next boat. Ever since that she has stuck to him closer than a leech. I fancy she imagines that he's trying to leave her."

"But why does she stare at me?" I demanded.

He hemmed and hawed a little.

"You're a good sport, Miss Howard," he confided at length. "I'll let you in. She's jealous of you. She thinks he's planning to elope with you. Ho, ho, ho!"

The cur collapsed into my chair and laughed. I started away indignantly, but he sprang to his feet and grasped me by the sleeve.

"Don't go," he begged. "I'll stop the fellow's insolence if you say the word. But Zeuxis has been useful to me in many ways, and just now we are planning to pull off a little coup in England which is going to net us a few thousands. Our last one failed, unfortunately."

"What was it?" I asked, my curiosity stimulated.

He looked at me leeringly. I believe that, for some occult reason, the rascal considered that he had made a conquest of me. At any rate, he began blabbing his story quite proudly into my eager ears.

"It's a long tale," he said. "To tell it I've got to go back to my father, and he ain't a pleasant subject."

"O, please go on," I said, as enticingly as I could. Somehow the idea had entered my head that this rogue in some way was bound up with the success or failure of my enterprise. Try as I might, I could not rid myself of the thought.

"Well," he began, drawing up a chair close to me, "you wouldn't think, to look at me, that my father started life as a humble horse-meat vendor in the Rue Strasbourg, would you?"

"I could believe it by a wild stretch of the imagination," I answered.

"Quite so," he answered, flattered. "Well, to do him justice, the old donkey has one of the shrewdest brains in France. Somehow he got in on the ground floor of the De Lesseps Panama concession and made millions out of it before it went to pieces. Then nothing would content him but that he become a country gentleman. With this end in view he bought a magnificent estate near Clichy, in Normandy, remodelled the castle in a ghastly manner, and laid out a deer park. But it didn't get him anywhere. Clichy is still a feudal province, and the old bounder's manners are such that the nobles of the locality had no use for him. Our presence there was completely ignored. For several years father and mother struggled to obtain social recognition, until at last they gave up the attempt, sold the estate and went back to Paris to live. But you can't stand up against the old man with impunity. He resolved to be revenged, and the man he most blamed for his troubles was the Comte d'Yves, a poverty-stricken old noble of Clichy—just a beggarly proud rat, Miss Howard—who thought himself too good to breathe the air that father did."

I was glad that it had grown too dark for Magniff to see my face.

"My father singled out the Comte to feel the full weight of his hatred," he went on blandly. "The Comte had been badly hit in the Panama bubble. He'd had some shares, but they disappeared in a mysterious manner. From that time onward my father bent all his endeavors toward bankrupting the Comte and taking over his property. He's heavily mortgaged, and it seems only a matter of a few months now before father gets even with the old fool. He'd have done it long ago, only he was bringing off a coup of his own which meant millions to him."

My heart was hammering so hard it

scarcely seemed possible that I could control my emotion. The plot was thickening—and I was in the very heart of it!

"Yes," he continued, putting up his feet on the ship's rail, "there's only three of them alive in the direct line to-day: the Comte, a very old man now, a daughter by a second marriage, and her son, the Comte's grandson, a young fellow of twenty-five. There was a son by an earlier marriage, but he went to America and died there. I traced him to California and lost him there. The burning of San Francisco had destroyed all the records. I advertised in all the Pacific Coast papers without result. There had been a marriage, and I believe there was one daughter. But she has vanished completely."

The uneven glow of his words, and a sudden suspicious odor on the night air, convinced me that the scoundrel had been drinking—not enough to render him tipsy, but just sufficient to unlock the doors of his secrets.

"So I told the old donkey"—by that phrase I interpreted him to mean Magniff Senior—"you'd better hurry up with that revenge of yours," I said, 'or they'll all be dead.' He'd cut my allowance to a beggarly ten thousand a year. He told me I was a bad egg, as he elegantly phrased it, and had disappointed all his hopes of having me succeed him in the banking business. 'All right, old boy,' I thought, 'I'll show you something original in the financial field.' You see, Miss Howard," he continued, lurching toward me, "I knew the secret of the bonds."

"Yes, what was it?" I cried.

He sobered immediately. "Now you'd like to know, wouldn't you?" he drawled. "You tantalizing little devil——"

I rose with great dignity and walked away, leaving him calling "Miss Howard! Miss Howard!" in desperate apology.

Thereafter, although my curiosity was burning, I avoided him sedulously, cutting him directly when we met and ignoring his advances at the dinner table. But he was so persistent that I was driven to all sorts of expedients

to avoid him, and, when my need of a walk became urgent, I resorted to the long deck of the steerage, which was practically deserted, since few steerage passengers were returning to Europe at that season of the year.

It must have been on the third night after when, while pacing the steerage deck after successfully eluding my pursuer, I became aware of a stir in the shadows of the sailors' fore-cabin, under the stern. Then a black shape came flying toward me, clasped me by the arm, and fell on its knees behind me, whirling me round to shield it against its pursuer, who came, cat-like, out of the darkness. Before I had time to be afraid I recognized that it was Zeuxis clutching me, Zeuxis in desperate fear, while, like a panther, his wife followed him, a knife in her hand, crouching for a spring.

"Safe me, safe me, Miss!" the Greek babbled frantically.

Well, Mary, to whom I wrote about the incident, said I was brave, but I haven't taught in the immigrant class for nothing. I simply stepped forward and took the knife out of her hand. She gave it up like a lamb and burst into tears.

"What is this about?" I demanded of Zeuxis, in my most scholastic tones.

"She's jealous of you, Miss Howard," he explained, rising sheepishly to his feet. "She's got it into her head that you're a rival of hers," he continued, caressing his long moustache proudly, as though he were a hero.

"Bah!" I exclaimed, in unutterable disgust.

"Quite so, quite so," said the Greek hurriedly. "If you would pretend to hate me, Miss, if you'd show your pretended contempt a little more openly, Miss, you might convince her."

"Pretended?" I cried in fury. "You—you——"

"Say it, Miss, say it," he whispered eagerly.

"I can't find words vile enough to characterize you," I answered, and turned upon my heel.

Later that evening he came creeping up to me.

"You've done it, Miss," he whis-

pered. "And if you ever want a friend, call upon me and I'll protect you."

"Done what?" I ejaculated.

"Convinced her, Miss. You see, Miss, Mr. Magniff, he's a joker, and he pretended that you was in love with me, just to torment her. But I've made her think I've jilted you, and I'm grateful, Miss, indeed——"

Really, I could be angry no longer. Stifling a hysterical peal of laughter, I ran up to my own deck and flung myself breathlessly into my chair.

I had escaped from the frying pan into the fire, however. For out of the dark another shadow arose—an unsteady shadow that quickly merged into a more substantial but still unsteady form. Magniff sat down beside me.

"You cruel little girl," he began inanely, "why have you fled from me all this time? Was it because you read my secret in my eyes? Miss Mary——"

He tried to seize my hand. The reception which I gave him seemed to sober him.

"Don't go, Miss Howard," he begged in maudlin tones. "Forgive me. I guess I'm a bad egg after all as the old asinine party characterize¹ me. I've knocked about the world and never found a friend but you. Stay with me, Miss Howard, and I'll tell you a secret. There's millions in it if we can locate the party."

"Well?" I said coldly, my curiosity getting the better of my judgment.

"It's a girl," he babbled. "And she's got some Panama bonds and don't know the value of them. If we can trace her——"

"Yes, Mr. Magniff?" I answered artlessly.

"Why, we can hold a club over the asinine party and extract a cool half million. You see, if she were to meet the old Comte and he adopted her and took the bonds—what am I saying about the Comte? I mean a certain elderly party——" he explained craftily—"why, he could pay off the mortgage that the asinine party holds over him. That would mean an end to the asinine party's schemes of revenge.

Now, Miss Mary, if we can locate this girl and get the bonds from her at a trifling cost, pretending that they are worthless, we can threaten the asinine party that we'll deliver them to the other old party unless he pays up what we demand. See the point? Two birds in the hand: a fortune for you and me, and a club for the asinine person."

"And why do you make this proposition to me?" I asked.

"Because I love you, Mary," he cried, seizing my hand. "That's nothing to the next trick Zeuxis and I have up our sleeves. There's millions for all of us. I think you're an angel. What do you think of me?"

"I think you are a miserable scoundrel," I answered furiously, rising out of my chair.

To my astonishment he received my outburst with a peal of laughter.

"That's what I like," he cried, trying to seize my hand again. "Give me a girl with some spirit in her. Miss Mary! You can't imagine how much I've been thinking of you since we met aboard this old boat. Let's make a date in London. Want to see the Coronation? Maybe I can get you a seat and show you round. Let's go——"

I turned on him, my eyes flashing, my anger so furious that for a few moments I could hardly find my tongue. I think I must have overawed him, for he seemed to wilt away under the blast of my rage, and waited dumbly.

"Listen to me, Mr. Magniff," I cried, shaking my finger at him. "Some of my friends have been good enough to tell me that I am a mascot and bring people good luck. I've brought good luck to you, better than you deserve, at any rate, because I am the woman whom you and your servant have been looking for. My name is not 'Miss Howard.' I am Anne Ives, and my father was Jules d'Yves, born at Clichy, in Normandy."

I saw him stagger at that; the blow went home.

"Here," I cried, snatching it from my purse and holding it up to him, "this is the key to the box which con-

tains my bonds, and I am going to Paris to redeem my property. It is mine, and I shall dispose of it to suit my inclinations."

He started toward me incredulously. He made a desperate clutch at the key. But, with a hysterical laugh, I withdrew it from his outstretched hand and fled along the deck, down the stairs and locked myself in my stater-room.

I did not leave it until we docked at Plymouth. But once, lying upon my bunk, I saw a shadow fall upon the wall, and looking out, saw him pacing the lower deck beside his hawk-eyed, eagle-beaked servitor, and an involuntary shudder came over me.

He was waiting to accost me at Plymouth, but I eluded him in the crowd. I ran the length of the station platform, dashed into the train and out the opposite side, and had the pleasure of seeing him start for London without me, under the firm conviction that I was in the train.

CHAPTER II.

THE MASCOT OF THE MONOPLANE.

In which I venture an ascension into the ether and nearly lose my dignity.

I FOUND a nice little boarding-house in one of those large, quiet, old squares near the British Museum, and was very comfortable there. I made several friends, notably a Mrs. Christie, an American widow about ten years older than myself and twice as eager for amusement. One thing I soon discovered: it was impossible to get into the Abbey to see the Coronation.

Mrs. Christie was greatly distressed.

"I must see it, Anne," she confided to me, as we sat together in her little room in the boarding-house. "Don't you suppose that the Lord Chamberlain would let me in if he knew that I represent the city of Cedar Plank, Iowa?"

It appeared that the inhabitants of her native town had held a voting contest for the purpose of sending their most popular society member to represent them at the Coronation, and Mrs. Christie had been elected by a

very large majority—I think of seventy-five.

"Which was enormous, my dear Anne," Estelle Christie confided, "when you reflect that the adult voting population of Cedar Plank numbers only four hundred and fifty, or thereabouts."

She had drafted a letter to the Lord Chamberlain embodying her request. I feared that it would elicit an unsatisfactory response, and in order to divert her thoughts, I picked up the newspaper and said:

"In the meantime, Estelle, why shouldn't we go to see the great aeroplane contest at South Northwood?"

She sprang up, clapping her hands. Estelle had a very volatile mind, and my little scheme had succeeded admirably.

"I dote on aeroplanes, Anne," she cried. "When is it?"

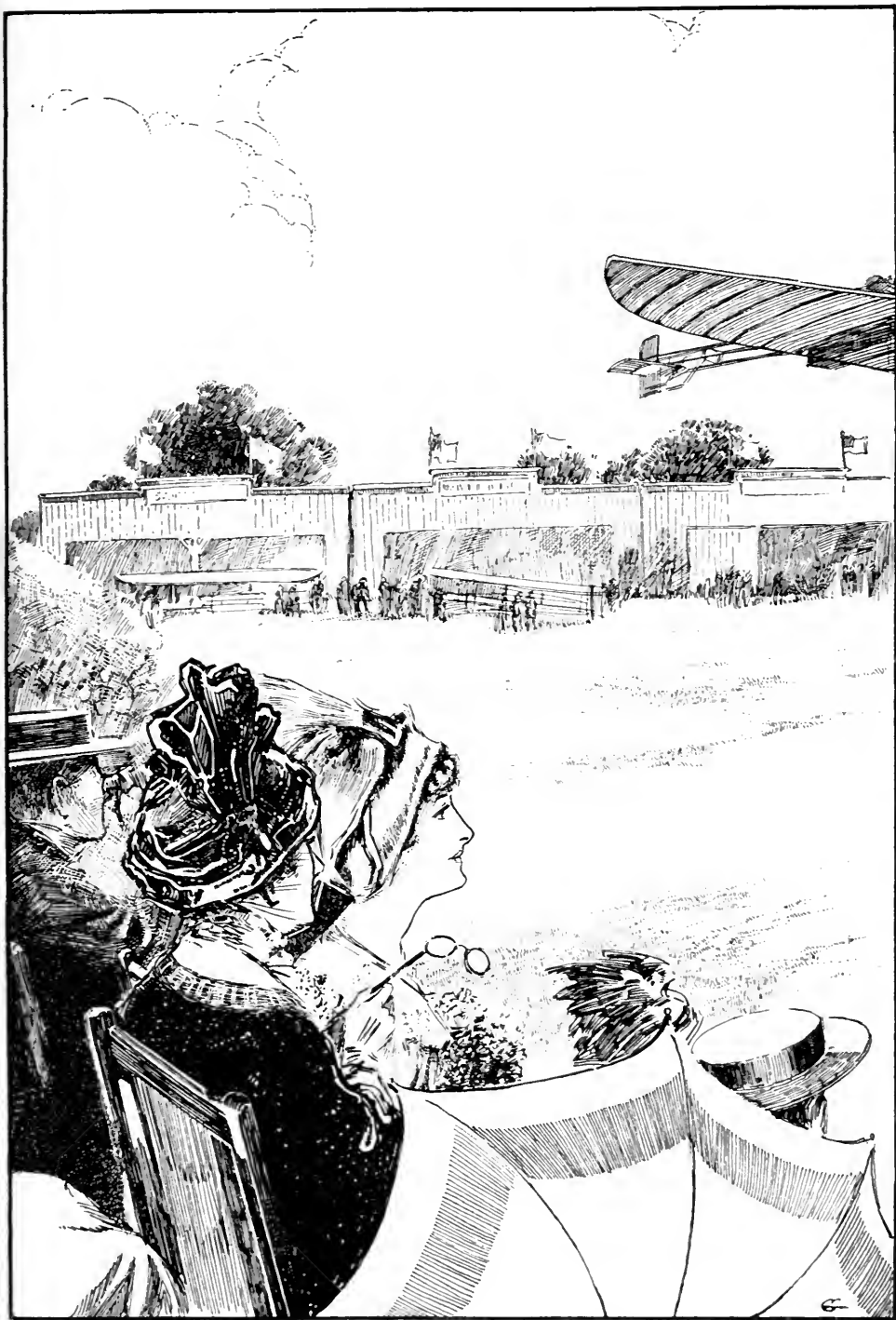
"This afternoon," I answered. "Listen, Estelle. 'Eight competitors, representing England, America, France, Italy and Germany, will enter their machines in the soaring and speed tests. A novel feature will be the soaring with one passenger and descending with the motor cut off, a prize of five hundred pounds being offered to the aviator making the highest record.'"

"Have you ever been in an aeroplane, Anne?" asked Estelle, already putting on her hat.

"Indeed I have," I said. "I even know how to manage a monoplane a little. One of the men I know is an enthusiast, and has given me several lessons."

"How perfectly wonderful!" she exclaimed, searching vainly for a veil. "O, Anne, just think! There may be a terrible accident!"

All thought of the Coronation had already left her mind. I could hardly keep pace with her as we hurried along the streets towards the railway station. And all the way down in the train she talked incessantly of the spectacle in prospect and asked me countless questions. We arrived at the grounds just as the competition opened and obtained seats in the very



"O!" GASPED ESTELLE, CLUTCHING MY ARM AS HE FLEW PAST,
—"O, ISN'T HE HANDSOME!"

first row of the grand stand. The clerk wanted to put us somewhere at the back, but when I pleaded with him he changed his mind.

"However did you get such perfect seats, dear?" asked Estelle as we found ourselves with an unobstructed view of the field.

I laughed. "Did I never tell you that I am everybody's mascot?" I answered lightly.

"What's that?" she asked.

"O, it means a bringer of luck," I told her. "All my friends know that. I bring success to everybody—except myself."

Estelle did not reply. She was looking intently at the great machines which were being carried out of their sheds and placed at various starting points upon the field. There was a huge monoplane in front of us, which we could see quite plainly. Its driver, a tall, good-looking man in gray and blue, with a pair of intensely penetrating eyes and a calm smile, was seating himself in the machine, ready for flight, and looking as quiet and collected as though his enterprise were a thing of no consequence. While I watched him, breathless with excitement, somebody must have given a signal, for suddenly I saw his huge machine run a little way along the course and then, with a swift, gliding movement, suddenly rise into the air and wing its way around the field.

"O," gasped Estelle, clutching my arm. "O!"—as the driver made the circuit and whirled past us, the wind from the pinions almost sweeping our faces—"isn't he handsome!"

Her words made me quite cross.

"Don't be so silly, Estelle," I answered. Then, inspired by some malicious spirit, I asked:

"Do you still hope that there will be an accident?"

"No, no," she cried, terrified. "O, Anne, he *mustn't* fall."

"Do be quiet," I urged. "People are looking at us."

But it was not so much the thought that we were attracting attention as the knowledge that she admired this man whom I, always an ardent hero-worshipper, had already in mind ap-

propriated for my own. I don't mean in any vulgar sense, of course. Had he had the audacity to speak to me without a proper introduction I should have cut him dead, but I admired him as the exponent of a difficult and dangerous art. He drove like a god—Harry and his little affair at home were nothing to him.

And he did not receive the prize!

We were so disgusted with the judges' decision that we mutually forgave each other and resolved to share our hero in common. As for the unknown, he did not seem to care a bit. He doffed his cap lightly to the clamoring multitudes and, descending, turned to some of his assistants.

"What are they going to do now?" asked Estelle.

"The next act will be the dangerous, desperate and death-defying ascension to an incredible altitude with a passenger," remarked a pudgy gentleman upon the seat behind us.

Of course I turned a cold shoulder upon the impudent fellow, and Estelle only acknowledged his information with the coolest nod. But still we could not help possessing this morsel of knowledge, and I confess I looked forward with a thrill of painful expectation to the hazardous undertaking, and my heart beat faster for the safety of the unknown.

And then a dreadful thing happened. The passenger whom our hero had arranged to take on his ascension had either lost his nerve or his way; anyhow, by the time the others were ready to start he was still being sought for among the audience.

Our hero stood not a dozen paces away from me, his strong, grave face turned upward expectantly, scanning the crowd upon the grand stand, but always in vain. The passenger who was to accompany him was evidently not upon the grounds.

Meanwhile, one by one, the other aeroplanes, with their double freight, were rising slowly, like great birds.

A couple of stewards, in frock coats and silk hats, came over to our unknown. At the short distance at which they stood I could hear every word distinctly.

"Your passenger has not come?" demanded one of the stewards coolly, and I think there was a touch of malicious pleasure in his voice.

"It appears not," answered the unknown, shrugging his shoulders. And then I understood the meaning of that malicious intonation. This man was a foreigner—like myself; and, good sportsmen though they were, the stewards could not but feel a natural pleasure at the possible removal of one of their nation's most dangerous rivals.

"It is possible," began the aviator slowly, searching for his words with painful precision, "it is possible to take up a volunteer?"

"No," snapped one of the stewards; and "Yes," answered the other with equal volubility.

"I will look up the exact wording in the book of rules," said the first again, and from his immaculate frock coat pocket he produced a little leather bound book, which he inspected through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

"I gather from Rule XXV. that the personality of the passenger is of no consequence," he announced at last. "So, if you can find one, sir, you may take up a volunteer."

The aviator bowed. "If anyone will accompany me——" he murmured, and the steward advanced directly toward me and cried in a loud voice:

"Will any gentleman volunteer to make the ascent with Competitor No. 6?"

At last a half dozen gentlemen began to rise in their seats.

"The aeroplane will ascend to the highest point possible," he continued—and all but two dropped down again. These remained standing, gazing at each other sheepishly.

"And then descend with the motor cut off," he continued; and both of them fell back with a solid thump that shook the benches.

"I am afraid that no volunteer is available, sir," said the steward, retiring a few steps toward the constestant.

To this day I do not know what

possessed me. Was it the sense of fellowship in a strange land, or sporting instincts, or merely contempt for the cowards upon the benches? Anyhow, before I knew what I was doing, before I knew that I had contemplated such a step, I was standing outside the grand stand in the turf field.

"I will ascend with Competitor No. 6," I said.

I heard a shriek of horror from Estelle Christie; I saw the faces of the spectators turned upon me, each, fringed with its mop of hair, exactly reminiscent of some large and very pale turnip. The stewards ran toward me.

"Impossible!" they cried. "We could not think of such a thing."

"Then, Mr. Competitor No. 6, I congratulate you upon gaining the prize," I said satirically, pointing toward the other aeroplanes that rose in spiral circles and now hummed overhead like angry bees. "Rule XXV makes, I believe, no discrimination against my sex," I continued at a venture.

"My dear lady, it is impossible. Rather would I forego the prize," said the unknown, much agitated. "Your courage thrills me and overwhelms me with gratitude, but no—a thousand times no. I could never accept your offer."

"*Si Monsieur aie peur——*" I hazarded. It was not such a long shot, either, for the daring aeronaut looked more French than Italian, and, if so, I knew the suggestion that he was afraid would touch him. It did. He colored like a schoolgirl.

"Mademoiselle is also French?" he cried. "Come, then, and we shall beat them all. But what am I saying? No, no, it is impossible. I cannot risk your life."

"Monsieur's machine is not, then, absolutely under his control?" I inquired coldly.

He had turned away, the picture of dejection, but as this new blow went home he came forward again, kindled to new ardor. I looked from his face to those of the stewards. And just then, as matters hung in the balance,

the event was turned decisively by a voice from a back seat among the benches.

"Garn!" it cried derisively. "W'y don'tcher let the lidy ride outside?"

The whole of the grand stand was convulsed in laughter. The stewards threw up their hands in despair; then, while the aviator still hesitated, I took him by the arm and almost dragged him toward his machine.

"Courage, Monsieur," I said. "We shall win the prize together."

An answering glance of exultation was shot back to me.

"We shall," he cried, and with those words all hesitation and doubt disappeared. "You shall be safe as a little bird. Step up, Mademoiselle. Carefully; do not let the oil-drip from the motor soil your dress. So. Now,"—and he flung a furry coat over my shoulders. "It is cold up there, in the dominions of the sun-god," he said gleefully. "Hold fast to that stay, Mademoiselle." He snouted an order to his attendants and leaped in beside me. The motor thrilled; we moved—and just then I heard a second and more piercing shriek from the benches, and turning my head ever so slightly, saw that Estelle Christie had fainted away.

But I had little thought of her, for all my energies were bent upon the task of conquering my fear. We were rising; how far we had risen I did not know until, looking dizzily down, I saw the upturned faces of the spectators, apparently almost level with the ground, and the grand stand like a section of slabs laid horizontally upon the turf. Now we were circling the field with long, curving, undulating sweeps. Over our heads, at intervals other aeroplanes hummed.

"Five hundred feet, Mademoiselle," said a voice in my ear.

I turned toward him. There he sat, his hands upon the levers, calm, imperturbable, self-possessed; and the machine obeyed beautifully each slightest pressure of his fingers.

"We shall win, Mademoiselle," he announced calmly. "She behaves better than ever before. Ah, but it takes

French hearts to accomplish such deeds as this."

"I am a Canadian," I answered coldly.

"A Canadian!" he muttered, and I saw a look of dejection pass over his face.

"But my father was a Frenchman," I said, relenting. And once more happiness beamed in his gray eyes.

"I knew you must be French," he answered. "Then you can have no fear. No, Mademoiselle, I shall take her higher." He pressed the lever and I felt the aeroplane rise upon a drifting gust of air, up, up, till the humming sounded beneath us, and, glancing down, I saw that another aeroplane was fluttering under us like a bird with a broken wing, desperately and fruitlessly endeavoring to win to the higher stratum which we had attained.

Again he pressed the lever, and again we shot upward. Now we were above them all. Under us, from point to point of the field, our opponents struggled and flapped, but never won to that world of silence in which we moved so easily. We seemed to ride upon the air as a swan floats on the water. Far, very far beneath, I could make out the grand stand as a tiny patch of gray upon a field of green, and the spectators were smaller than tiny ants in a hillock. My companion looked at his barometer.

"Three thousand feet," he said; and I saw his teeth chatter.

"You are cold!" I cried, and began to divest myself of the fur coat. "Take this, Monsieur," I exclaimed. "You need your strength for the ascent. You must not let your hands grow chilled."

"Sit tight, sit tight, Mademoiselle," he answered. "No, I do not need it. Well, then I will take one corner—so." And he suffered me to throw one edge of the voluminous wrap around his shoulders.

"We have outsoared them all," he said. "We shall descend now."

"No, you have a record to make," I answered.

"But we have already won, Mad-

emoiselle. Never before has my monoplane ridden so lightly. Assuredly you must be a mascot."

My heart was beating tumultuously. It was a dangerous proximity; and then, too, the unconventionality of the situation had removed the bars of restraint which a hundred generations of women have learned to fasten across their hearts. I am not usually considered susceptible. There was that Mr. Spratt, whom I have mentioned, who taught civil and international law, and he had once presumed slightly when riding home with me from the theatre. I think he pressed my hand. Poor Mr. Spratt! I had frozen him with a look and he had had to make abject apologies before he found forgiveness. But here, I was conscious of a dangerous emotion which took possession of me, and my companion's hand sought mine and was not discarded. We might have been primeval man and woman riding triumphantly alone there through the ether.

The sun, bursting from behind a bank of clouds, shone into our faces.

"These are the realms of the sun-god," said my companion. "And you," he whispered, "are my sun-goddess."

He bent toward me and looked into my eyes. And what would have happened next I do not know. The mortification, after I reached terra firma, overwhelmed me with remorse and shame. But just at that moment the humming of the motor suddenly ceased. It had stopped—and stopped so suddenly that my companion was not prepared for it. The mon-

oplane trembled and swayed dangerously.

Instantly I was forgotten. Afterward I remembered with a little sense of humiliation how wholly secondary I proved in his estimation to that machine. But I had no thought then, save for our safety. With what consummate skill he righted her and guided her, never losing his head, gliding downward swift as a stone; then, with an upward movement of the planes, arresting that perilous descent; now holding the machine tremblingly, as it seemed, upon some air-wave crest! I saw the ground spring up to meet us; the grand stand broadened and widened into its original form and shape; slowly, and then more swiftly, the ant-like creatures changed into turnip-tops once more. I closed my eyes and clung to the stay, expecting every moment to feel the deadly end to our tumultuous descent. And then——

"She has fainted," said somebody.

I opened my eyes languidly. I rested upon the ground, supported by the intrepid aviator: and near at hand, wholly uninjured, rested the monoplane.

Then somebody led Estelle through the yelling crowd, and she was weeping upon my neck.

When at last they suffered me to depart I looked round for my sun-god. He was not to be found. And it was only after I reached home that I remembered that I was wholly ignorant of his name. It was not in the newspapers where he was entered simply as "Aviator No. 6."

To be continued

FLIGHT

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

LIKE toiling genii the great monoplanes
 With roar and striving thundered through the blue,
 While on the plodding earth men gaped amazed.
 Yet, all unnoticed, o'er their marvellings,
 Insouciant, lightly drifting with the wind,
 Floated the frail vans of a butterfly.



THE REAWAKENED CHURCH RECOGNIZES THAT TO SAVE SOULS, ONE MUST ALSO SAVE BODIES. VISITING NURSES ARE SUPPORTED BY THE CHURCH AND TEACH IGNORANT MOTHERS THE CARE OF CHILDREN, THE RUDIMENTS OF HOME SANITATION, AND PROPER FEEDING. VARIOUS OTHER PROBLEMS FACE THEM, SUCH AS DEATH, BIRTH, THE WINTER-NIGHT EVICTION OF A MOTHER AND FOUR CHILDREN, AND THEY MUST SOLVE THEM ALL UNHESITATINGLY

The Reawakened Church

BY SHAILER MATHEWS

Illustrated by PHOTOGRAPHS

EDITOR'S NOTE—*This is the second of a series of papers by Dr. Shailer Mathews, dean of the largest divinity school in the world, on the modern church and its relation to social service. Two centuries ago the church burned witches and heretics. A century ago it condemned all "unbelievers" to everlasting hell-fire. To-day the church is too busy making good citizens to burn and condemn.*

IF there is one point at which the modern Church is particularly exposed to criticism it is in its relation to society. During the past few years the Church has been constantly attacked as out of sympathy with and ill adapted to the changing order. Individual churches were said to be hardly more than exclusive clubs meeting weekly and co-operatively supporting a private chaplain and a

women's society. From a pretty wide knowledge of the churches, however, I am inclined to think that this type of church was and is rare. I have myself never found one, although plenty of people have told me that there were such churches, so to speak, "just around the corner."

Similarly in the case of the charge that churches are inhospitable toward workingmen. Although I would not

deny that the type exists, I have yet to find a church which does not desire to have workingmen join its membership. There occurs to me a very prosperous church in northern Indiana where the head usher is a man who works at the bench, while his assistants are his millionaire employers. Nor do I think that such a situation is by any means unusual, although it is probably not common for millionaires to take up the collection.

Some time ago the papers were filled with discussions of the experiences of a young woman who put on poor clothes and visited various churches in order to discover what sort of reception would be accorded her. As I recall her adventures she was sometimes, if not generally, given a back seat. It is difficult to see just how far we should make inductions from the experience of a young woman reporter desiring a good story, but taking her story at its face value it would be rather severe to judge the attitude of the churches by the habits of the ushers. There are plenty of churches whose custom it is to appoint members to act as a welcoming committee at the door, and even if their smiles do become somewhat stereotyped, the fact that they are there shows the real attitude of the church, whatever some young usher may do in the way of locating religious "spotters."

The sensible thing to do in all this discussion is to look at the matter in the large, rather than at episodes. The real spirit of the churches of America will be discovered not in the action of this or that man or body of men, but in general tendencies as seen in votes of representative conventions. If the Socialist is right in insisting that nobody shall call that Socialism except what has already been adopted as a platform by Socialists, organized Christianity has certainly a right to demand something of the same fair treatment.

Philanthropic Interest of the Church.

Now, if one looks at what the Church is actually doing in the realm of other than the field of worship, one will discover a mass of philanthropic activities

which dwarfs every other sort of philanthropic and charitable agency into comparative nothingness. Take, for example, the charity work which is being done by churches. I do not suppose that there is a church of any size in America that does not have its poor fund; its deacons that look after its poor members; and its visiting committees, either formally appointed or volunteer, who are intimately acquainted with charity organizations or who themselves minister to the poor of the community. Nor does the philanthropic activity of the Church stop with what may be called official doings. Just as we measure a school by the sympathies and interests of its graduates, can the Church be judged by the temper of the men and women who are under its influence. Look over the list of men and women who are interested in social settlements, charity organizations, hospitals, homes for the friendless, orphan asylums, relief bodies of all sorts, and I venture the opinion, based, it is true, not on figures, but on tolerably wide observation, that, except one per cent. of them, the entire company came either directly from some church or from some family interested in the Church. I have respect for the philanthropic work done by secret societies, but when it comes to the actual education in altruism, the Church, with its Sunday schools, its missionary societies, its special committees on the poor, and its persistent emphasis of the importance of love, has an influence which makes that of secret societies look small. And this fact is all the more remarkable because the vast majority of churches have no means whatsoever of stimulating this philanthropic interest or of raising funds for the assistance of the distressed except by the moral appeal.

Curiously enough, however, just at this point we find another widespread, but at the same time most grotesque, criticism of the Church. It is said that men give up alms because they think they can escape going to hell by so doing. It is enough of an answer to such a charge as this simply to ask the question whether anybody ever knew of any person who gave money

to relief agencies in order to avoid going to hell? Or to ask who ever heard any preacher in any Protestant church ever use the pains of hell or the rewards of heaven as motives for caring for the poor? There may be such appeals, but to say that they are in any way characteristic of our modern church life is mere nonsense. The motives of philanthropy which the Church is emphasizing to-day are first of all the example of Jesus Christ, and second, the need of those who should be helped. In fact, so far as I can discover, the experiences of immortality are all but unmentioned motives for any action whatsoever. They do serve as a basis for a man's attempt to save himself, but Protestantism is a unit in insisting that salvation cannot be purchased by almsgiving. If there are individual Christians crude enough and ignorant enough to hold the contrary view, they should no more serve as a basis of judging the Church than the man who invariably has a fit of indigestion in the face of the enemy should be used as a basis of generalization concerning the courage of the army to which he belongs.

The Social Influence of Missions.

Take the work of the great missionary societies, both home and foreign, of every denomination. The average man never stops to think of the part these societies are playing in the general evolution of a better social order. But the careful student of social facts knows that one of the leading reasons why America has been able to assimilate and make good citizens of the millions who have come from every sort of foreign country is the work of the minister, colporteur and Sunday school missionary. The records of such bodies as the American Tract Society, the home missionary societies of the Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians are unexplored mines for the student of dynamic sociology. Any man who ever saw a pioneer town setting itself a true standard of Americanism will be the first to admit that the preacher, as he is called, is a nucleus of social improvements. He may not know it, he may even be by

no means an ideal minister, but the mere fact that a group of men and women are through him regularly called to hold sessions for the discussion of altruistic, educational and religious topics is a force in the community. You have only to compare the history of towns where such groups were early formed with towns where such is not the case, to appreciate the difference. For instance, compare San Francisco with Oklahoma City.

Work in Cities.

The work among the masses in our cities is being conducted much more vigorously by Christian bodies than appears on the surface. Churches do not hire brass bands or ordinarily use much advertising space in proclaiming their activities, but it is worth noticing that they are busy none the less. But here we meet one of the most difficult problems in our present situation. Our citizenship is not homogeneous but is segregated. In any great city the people of the same nationality are grouped together, irresistibly pressing out people of other nationalities. For instance, in the region between Canal Street, West Houston Street, Broadway and North River in New York, the population of American and English descent in 1885 numbered 20,743; in 1900, only 3,088. In another section of New York, south of Canal Street, the population of English and American descent was 12,254 in 1855, and dropped to 683 in 1900. But this exclusion of one race by another tends to solidify the newcomers. There is no city of any size that does not have its Jewish and Italian quarters. Within the limits of great cities like Chicago and New York there are little towns of pretty nearly every nation under the face of the sun.

Now, it is all very well to say that the churches, meaning thereby the Protestant churches, ought to minister to these communities, and it is easy to find fault with such churches because they do not so minister. But the facts of the case are that these communities have their national churches which, in a little while, are a considerable power. More than this, communities have

singular solidarity and even though their members are not particularly religious, for one of them to turn from even formal relations with one of these national churches to a Protestant church is to involve one in social ostracism and very probably economic ruin. The problem of city missions looks very simple to the man who knows nothing about it. To those, however, who have been responsible for expending thousands of dollars in a single Protestant mission for the Italians or the Poles, which has barely a dozen members after ten years' life, the question is very perplexing. Are such expenditures justified by the results of such methods? What are the wise methods to be followed in an attempt to bring Protestants to such communities? Should Protestantism be brought to them? Or should one co-operate with the national church and endeavor to bring about results by influencing their clergy?

These are some of the questions that are not yet answered by Protestantism. The city churches have not yet really taken the question of religious work in cities seriously, but there is growing up a very different state of affairs. Religious leaders are coming to see that the Church must do something more than hold prayer-meetings or teach the bible to the unchurched masses. It must help them to meet their social needs, and to this end we have the institutional church springing up in the midst of needy settlements. In this connection particular mention ought to be made of the work of the Episcopalians in New York, the Judson Memorial Church on Washington Square in the same city, the Baptist Temple in Philadelphia, and the Chicago Commons in Chicago. It is invidious even to mention one group of workers rather than another, but one cannot withhold mention of Dr. W. S. Rainsford and Edward Judson in New York, of Russell Conwell in Philadelphia, and of Graham Taylor in Chicago.

The Social Significance of Foreign Missions.

Similarly in the case of foreign missions. Nothing is easier than to make

fun of the foreign missionary. The men who publish our alleged comic papers, when they cannot think of a cartoon on anything else, will revamp their pictures of the missionary among the cannibals. I wish that such persons would take the trouble to learn something about missionaries. And I particularly wish that persons who lament the annual expenditure of millions upon the heathen would learn something of the return these expenditures actually make. Your ordinary globe-trotter, who spends a day or so in some foreign port and talks with some American resident at the place, is very apt to come back with some bit of iridescent gossip concerning "rice Christians" and the luxury of missionaries. It is easier to pick up gossip than it is facts, but if anyone will take the trouble to read the three great volumes of Doctor Dennis, "Christian Missions and Social Progress," he will get a very different impression.

Who are the leaders, for instance, in the present awakening of China? I have not all the facts at my disposal, but I know that a very great proportion of them were educated in Christian colleges, notably in that extraordinary school of Bishop Oldham in Singapore. The same is perhaps even more true in the case of Japan, and Japan is now rapidly developing a strong Christianity of its own type. The fact is, Christian missionaries to-day are emphatically social workers. Practically every mission station in the world has its school, and every large center of mission activity has its hospital as well. The missionaries of Africa, like the missionaries among all savage people, are apostles of agriculture as well as of the gospel. Syria has not only a Protestant college that is a peer of nine-tenths of the colleges of America, and which, with Roberts College, Constantinople, and similar institutions of Asia Minor, has been the very breeding place of the reforms operative in the Turkish Empire, but the Presbyterian mission at Beyrout has one of the most remarkable printing establishments in the world, from which a constant stream of good literature is flowing throughout Syria and the region be-



WHERE THE CHURCH FEEDS THE BABIES. STERILIZED AND MODIFIED MILK DEPOT THAT HAS SAVED THOUSANDS OF SMALL LIVES

tween the Mediterranean and India.

Within the last few years foreign missions have taken up industrial education. It is true that mission stations among primitive people, like those of the South Sea Islands, have been the centers of training in agriculture and the mechanic arts, but this new movement is something different. It is the introduction into the mission of schools of manual training in much the same fashion as in American schools. In India this is particularly successful, and the school at Ahmednugger has become almost a model in this field. When it is borne in mind that mission schools often, if not generally, have only a small proportion of Christian boys, it can easily be seen how great would be their influence, quite outside of the Church itself. And in passing, it is worth while noticing that the second and third generations of Christians in India, as a class, are recognized as possessed of superior reliability and energy.

The Church Faces the Social Revolution.

But this social work of the Church in foreign lands is not quite as novel as the new interest in the great denominations in social matters of another sort. It is

one thing to care for the sick and the destitute, and it is quite another to face the questions of the rights of labor and those other problems, answers to which, if properly made, would largely remove the causes of wretchedness in our society. Individual ministers have been interested in such matters for years. There have been plenty of such men who have had the wider vision, and in the face of misunderstanding and even opposition have preached the gospel of the kingdom as a complement of the gospel of the individual. Within the last few years, however, the Church has made decided advance in these particulars. Most of the denominations of real significance have taken steps looking toward exercising larger influence in the social revolution. The Protestant Episcopal Church has its Labor, the Presbyterian Church its Department of Church and Labor, the Methodists have a Federation of Social Service, the Congregational and Baptist denominations have Commissions at work in the same field. At the recent meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America a noteworthy report was made on "the Church and modern industry," calling for resolutions which were unanimously adopted by that council. These resolutions are too lengthy to be quoted in full, but certain sections of them are so significant that they should be here published.

9. We deem it the duty of all Christian people to concern themselves directly with certain practical industrial problems. To us it seems that the churches must stand—

For equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.

For the right of all men to the opportunity for self-maintenance, a right ever to be wisely and strongly safeguarded against encroachments of every kind. For the right of workers to some protection against the hardships often resulting from the swift crises of industrial change.

For the principle of conciliation and arbitration in industrial dissensions.

For the protection of the worker from dangerous machinery, occupational disease, injuries and mortality.

For the abolition of child labor.

For such regulations of the conditions of toil for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community.

For the suppression of the "sweating system."

For the gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the lowest practicable point, and for that degree of leisure for all which is a condition of the highest human life.

For a release from employment one day in seven.

For a living wage as a minimum in every industry, and for the highest wage that each industry can afford.

For the most equitable division of the products of industry that can ultimately be devised.

For suitable provision for old age of the workers and for those incapacitated by injury.

For the abatement of poverty.

10. To the toilers of America and to those who by organized effort are seeking to lift the crushing burdens of the poor, and to reduce the hardships and uphold the dignity of labor, this council sends the greeting of human brotherhood and the pledge of sympathy and of help in a cause which belongs to all who follow Christ.

In addition to that, the council made certain recommendations looking toward arousing its constituent churches to a recognition of the present social reconstruction and stimulating theological seminaries to establish courses looking toward the instruction of future ministers in social affairs.

Criticisms of the Social Interests of the Church.

This new attitude on the part of the Church is exposed to two criticisms. On the one side there are those who think it is not the function of the Church to deal with any social or economic matters. They would be right if by such criticism were meant that it was not the business of the Church to turn itself into a sociological lectureship. But how can there be just criticism of any movement which looks toward the establishment of Christian principles and fraternity in the industrial world? The only person who can find fault with such a purpose would be either the one who mistakes rigid orthodoxy for faith, or that other, fortunately far rarer, church member who does not want Christian principles introduced into his business because they would cut into his dividends.

The other criticism comes from those who are impatient at what they call the indefiniteness of the Church's interest in the social questions. Such persons,



VACATION SCHOOLS ARE A FAR CRY FROM DOGMAS.
JEW AND GENTILE ALIKE ARE KEPT OFF THE
STREETS AND TAUGHT TO PLAY

however, as a rule, really want the Church either to come out explicitly for Socialism or would make the pulpit little more than a place for the discussion of the rights of labor. But it must be evident to most persons that the Church has its field in the region of religion rather than in politics and economic agitation. Its chief business is not to adopt this or that reform, but to produce men and women who will bring the spirit of brotherhood into all the relations of life. Once let the social mind get thoroughly Christianized and reforms are sure to come. It would be a mistake for the Church to champion any definite political or economic program, but the Church is coming to see that it is equally an inexcusable mistake not to stand for social as well as individual ethics.

Social Work Inspired by the Church.

[Beside the work done by churches as such, there is an extraordinary amount of activity carried on by men in different organizations. There are conferences each year, like that at Sagamore Beach, Massachusetts, and the Council of the Brotherhood of the Kingdom in New York. There is the American

Institute of Social Service organized by Josiah Strong. There are innumerable local societies grouping themselves about the Young Men's Christian Associations and individual churches all over the country. The Young Men's Christian Association, although not committed to any theory of social reconstruction, is studying constantly the social teachings of Jesus and their applicability in the present day. Theological seminaries are adding courses on sociological topics. Some clergymen are becoming Christian Socialists. And as far as literature is concerned, there is no literature of serious sort that meets a more insistent demand than books on the relations of Christianity and society, unless it be books treating of the relation of religion and health. University settlements, although in some cases they have broken free from the Church, are in many cases adopting a more positive religious attitude and are coming into larger sympathy with the churches. The Anti-Saloon League and the Prohibition Party are composed almost entirely of church members,

and their great success at the polls is already causing the liquor interests anxiety.

Such facts as these ought to make men feel that the Church is not only rendering Red Cross service to that struggle we call civilization, but is also doing something to mitigate the fierceness of the struggle itself. It will take time for these agencies to work out their results, but results are sure to come.

The fact is, the day has come when indiscriminate criticism of the Church for indifference to its social obligations argues either that one knows little of the subject or that in someone's judgment the Church is not doing things in the way the critic would like to have them done. Unless all signs fail Christianity is entering, yes, has already entered, upon a new era in which it will be no less devoted to the individual, no less insistent upon his moral and religious advance, but in which it will also have still larger vision and will see that its duty also includes the evangelization of social forces and institutions.

THE LONG ROAD

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

SULLEN sky and sullen sea,
Gull afflit below;
Now my love has gone from me,
Let him turn and go.

Bubbles curding through the piles,
Crawling sea before.
Nay, I love you not, my lad,
We will dream no more.

Sullen sky and sullen sea,
Treachly, oozing foam;
There's the empty offing,
And the long road home.

Spinal Maginnis

Literary Uplifter

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann



“**A** H, h'm, h'm, h'm, h'm! . . . Wilkinson, read 'The Hunter of the Prairies,' page seventy-nine.”

Dr. William Tassie, M.A., LL.D., head master of Galt school, uttered the words sonorously, like a challenge, to the new lower third, and almost made the ten Berserkers falter. It was the first time they had met “Old Bill” in the intimate relation of teacher and pupil, although they had frequently encountered him on questions of deportment, and rosined palms and

steeled hearts were ready for the test.

Gabby Wilkinson, the fluent, caught his breath and made a dive into the long lines, reeling them off in a masterly monotone until he reached “Here with my rifle and my steed——”

“*Herewith!*” thundered Doctor Tassie. “That will do, sir! Herewith, or at least forthwith, I will attend to your case. Dixon, continue.”

Harry Dixon, alias Dixonary, and regarded as the infallible authority on words, never got beyond the first monosyllable, “Ay,” which he gave with the “long a” sound.

“B!” Dr. Tassie briefly commented. “Next.”

Chummy Jones afterwards maintained that Harry had mispronounced it purposely, but he followed manfully.

“Eh! What?” demanded the Doctor, and when Fat Jack Smith fatuously followed his companions in error, glowered at him with the inquiry, “Eh? This is freedom?” and turned to Yankee Dickinson.

That free and independent spirit, evidently liked the sentiment of the poem, and plunged in unafraid, getting as far as “Ay, this is freedom!” before the irate Doctor could check his republican tongue. Duck Wilson also fell, and it was not until Chick Wallace’s turn came that the offending monosyllable got the pronunciation of “long i” which Dr. Tassie wanted. Chick achieved the rendition of the poem as

far as "Here with *my* rifle and *my* steed," but a sharp glance from the lominie and a "Yes, yes! *my* own, *my* very own rifle; *my* own, *my* very own steed," marked his finish. But Chick was the champion boxer of the lower school, and had a sturdy native force of character that the doctor respected, and instead of the impending storm that all felt was hovering, he only added, "I am not surprised that you, Wallace, descended from a race of horsemen, should feel a personal interest in the steed."

It began to look like a general panic, and they well knew that the tawse got in its deadliest work when that calamity struck a class.

Even now, if Showinoff Mackenzie could have done as well, the day might have been saved for the Berserkers, but Showinoff, following his unfortunate destiny, pinned his faith to the ringing tone in which he cried, "Ay, this is freedom!" entirely ignoring Chick's correct pronunciation, and smashing to bits Dr. Tassie's patience.

The gentlemanly, if exacting and sarcastic Dr. Tassie, before their eyes became transformed in a moment to the implacable despot known as "Old Bill." As when the djinn of the legend, released from the jar, expanded to dimensions of overshadowing terror above the cowering fishermen, so Dr. Tassie seemed visibly to be augmented above the scared Berserkers. Flushed face, flashing eyes, clenched hands, swelling veins on forehead, and springy poise on toes augured ill for them, and they shrank into their seats.

With awful front, Dr. Tassie, drew from his desk the tawse, triple lashed and hardened by fire. Age could not stale nor custom wither this black instrument of torture, and placing it in his coat tail pocket he strode back to the class.

Harry Freeman faced the enemy with the dogged Anglo-Saxon courage which never knows when it is beaten. Although filled to overflowing with that spirit of uncompromising resistance to compulsory education which later won for him the unchallenged record for all time of a licking a day for ten consecutive days in the Cæsar

class, Harry was a lover of books as well as of his fellows, and had it in him to stop the rout for the sake of the class if he had any sort of luck. He was familiar with the verses and showed an appreciation of the sentiment as far as he went. But, unfortunately, Dr. Tassie was a stickler for "wynd," and Harry's father had taught him to pronounce it "wind," even in poetry, so he went down with the rest.

"Winded!" was the sotto voce comment.

And so it came to Spinal, and dire disaster could not be far behind him.

But, to the blank amazement of all, recklessly ignoring his book, he spoke out with confidence, feeling, proper emphasis and a mellow Dublin accent:

"Ay, this is freedom, these pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke;
The fragrant wind that through them flies
Is breathed from wastes by plow unbroke.
Here with me rifle and me steed
And her who left the world for me,
I plant me where the red deer feed
In the green dessert——"

It was too good to last and ended in a stumble and mispronunciation which called forth a thunderous "Stop! What do you mean, sir, by green dessert? Doubtless your mind is running on fresh thistles. I do not refer to your nationality but to your asininity."

Poor Spinal would surely get a double licking. Old Bill, who was popularly supposed to have chipped off the missing corners of his front teeth in paroxysms of rage, was now surely grinding his jaws together! But Spinal, with the innocence of the lamb in the fable, said, "Please, sir, I did not learn that far."

"Learn? Where did you learn as far as you 'learned'?" and with the question an unlooked-for calm came over Dr. Tassie's classic features. Spinal's absolute plausibility had disarmed the suspicion of intentional blundering which one who knew him might well harbour, and had left the way open for returning memories of his beautiful Irish accent which had impressed Dr. Tassie most favorably.

"I learned it in Mr. Moyles' room, sir." Spinal pronounced the name with Larry's own broad Irish accent.

"And how did that happen?"

"Why, sir, when I was in the second, I was kept in one day for moving Mr. Moyles' table to the edge of his platform so that it tumbled over when he touched it"—a bottle had rolled out, but that part of the story was not for outsiders—"and, instead of flogging me, he said he would read to me some of the gems from the reader I should have if I ever by chance got into the third. 'The Slave's Dream' was one, and 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' another, and 'To a Waterfowl.' But when he got to the 'Hunter of the Prairies' he repeated that line about the rifle and the steed over and over, making me say it after him. Mr. Moyles made me imagine myself hunting with rifle and steed, and when he thought that I had the meaning he said that it was the best day's work he had ever done with me and let me go."

"I do not know which to admire most," said Dr. Tassie, "your power of imitation or your ingenuousness. I must say Mr. Myles' method of punish-

ment had some advantages. Time is up. The class is dismissed. All report to me after school."

As they filed off to Miss Crawford's room for their French lesson all felt that punishment was only deferred.

"I wish he had given us our licking now so that we could go swimming after school," Spinal grunted. "It will take him an hour to get through with us all."

"Ay, this is freedom," Harry Freeman muttered as the class assembled before Dr. Tassie's desk after four o'clock.

The conversation as they waited there was naturally on the subject of flogging. Yankee had related with pride how once, when mispromoted for a day to the lower third (because of deceptively rapid growth it was and not on account of qualifications), he had read "It was a summer's evening. Old Caspar's work was done," and had received a poor licking ("poor" was the superlative) punctuated with "Old Bill's" "It was, so it was" and

Chummy was telling how last year's lower third had been flogged from head to foot for the mispronunciation of Italy. "Not I-t-t-l-e-y, Ittle-ly" (a cut with each letter and syllable) "but I-t-a-l-y, I-ta-ly" — when the oppressor appeared.

In his hand he carried a red book, which he informed them was the new fifth reader, just issued to the upper school, and, holding it respectfully in his left hand and adjusting his glasses precisely with his right, he announced that he was about to punish according to Mr. Myles' plan, by reading one of Macaulay's lays.

"Horatius" was new to most of them, and fear, distrust, and the



"KEEP BACK, FELLOWS," SHOUTED ONE OF THE BAIKIES,
"FIRECRACKERS CAN DO HIM UP"

memory of past injury all were forgotten as they revelled in the stirring lines, interpreted with a scholarly diction and a richness of voice which it would be hard to surpass.

It was a new and more heroic world that opened before the ten as they left the schoolhouse that afternoon. The two second form boys laboriously paddling a heavy scow out in the middle of the broad river became gentlemen adventurers of the Spanish Main in the light of Harry Dixon's quotation, "They were the first that ever burst into that silent sea." Creek boys had never before been known to break the rule which forbade them from going out on the river above the dam, until regularly tried by a big boy and certified as river boys.

Our worthies, happy in their unheard-of immunity, were laughing at the small boys' cheek when they heard Dr. Tassie's deep "Ah, h'm! h'm!" and looked around with a start. His eagle eye took in the situation at a glance. Some fifth form boys were just coming out of school. Turning to them, he said, "Ryerson, can you swim well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then go down to the river, swim out to those boys and bring them to me at the house."

The ten ran off, not feeling free to laugh in his presence, Dr. Tassie remaining to make clear to the navigators in which direction they must paddle. It really made very little difference, for they were too small to make much progress in the heavy scow; but Ryerson, being a strong swimmer, towed them ashore, making a fitting beginning of the career of life-saving which he has since followed at home and on South African battlefields.

It is a remarkable fact that with all the freedom permitted to the boys, both large and small, an instance was never known of one being drowned at Galt school. Indeed, Dr. Tassie never appeared to have any fear of such a calamity. Tradition says that he once replied with a grim smile to an anxious mother, who was alarmed on learning that there were no bounds at Galt except as regarded the town, "My dear madam, there is no danger. Galt boys

never dare to get drowned. They fear the tawse too much."

As our heroes ran down the long hill, Yankee in the lead, Chummy shouted "Mainwaring the Second." This was the very hill down which, according to the school traditions, a ruddy-haired boy had sped day after day; ever flying faster on the steep slope as his muscles became stronger and more supple, until at length, having outstripped all his fellows, he sought swifter rivalry and won a great name, thereafter to be pronounced reverently as a Greek might that of the swift-footed Achilles, and coupled as his with the story of his fame, thus, (with the accent on the penult) "Main-*warr*-ing that kept up with the train." From the water tank to the station he ran a dead heat. What time had he to tell them that the correct pronunciation was *Manner*ing, when locomotives were to be raced? And so it went at that.

And at the foot of the long hill stood Blain's mill. Was there not a hot fight around a mill at Waterloo? And here, said legends, various but uniting to agree on the main fact of victory, Miller and Ryan, the greatest fighters the school had ever known, drove in headlong rout dozens, or scores (or was it hundreds?) of the hated Baikie Apes.

Even as they stopped to recount these Homeric stories they saw a party of unmistakable Baikies turn into Goose Hollow.

Every Galt boy remembers that delightful lane, which in those days diverged from the main road, ran to an apex at the orchard where the old Frenchwoman sold "ze sweet apeel or ze sour apeel" according to taste, and brought one back again to the road at the mill.

So far, they had cautiously avoided the common enemy, the town boys, leaving to the bigger boys the glory of maintaining the honour of the school in periodic fights. But a new spirit had taken possession of them, and, though they ran violently down the steep hill, it did not seem to be a demoniac, but rather an heroic spirit, for the glory of battle was in their hearts.

Harry Freeman shouted:

"I, with two more to help me, can keep the foe at play,
In yon straight path a thousand may well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand and keep the lane with me?"

This seemed a very fitting sentiment. So Harry, Spinal and Showinoff turned into the lane, and several boys followed. Yankee, who since his recent promotion had quickly found in Euclid fit food for his logical mind, cried "Any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third," and led the others to the far end of the lane and cut off the foe in that direction. They did not seem to need much cutting off; for, hearing the pursuit, they turned back, about as many as the united party, and, before Showinoff knew it he was around the bend of the lane and facing the leader. A fearless-eyed, firm-standing, deep-chested boy he was; somewhat shorter than his opponent, but with a natural fighter's poise, which caused doubts as to the glory of war to arise in Showinoff's mind. And when one of the Baikies called out, "Keep back, fellows, Firecrackers can do him up," his knees fairly knocked together; for great was the fame of Firecrackers, the young Baikie champion. Being the foremost of the party there was nothing to do but put up his hands in an awkward imitation of the first principles of boxing as shown him by a big brother during the last holidays.

Both sides halted to see the combat. Harry declaimed "But will ye dare to follow if Astur leads the way?" Showinoff wished he would quit quoting Horatius: it would look so much worse to get beaten after that.

Firecrackers had landed twice on his uncertain guard, and he felt sure the next one would reach his nose or eyes, when the cry went up among the Baikies, "Miller and Ryan! Miller and Ryan!" In reality it was Yankee, who was tall for his age, and Fatty, who was very broad for his, appearing in the rear in advance of their party. It must have been the error of an imagination disordered by excitement, but it served to save the day. The Baikies fled by a flank movement, over a fence and

through a garden—all but Firecrackers. He stood his ground for a moment, and then, scorning to retreat, made a feint at his opponent, upsetting him by a kick on his trembling legs, dodged Spinal and pushed him into Harry, went through the others like the last man free at prisoner's base—and ran plump into Dr. Tassie, who stepped into view just as Firecrackers went to turn the corner of the high board fence.

"What's this? What's this?" he exclaimed as he collared the boy.

"We were playing 'Horatius at the Bridge,' sir," said Harry, who, in his enthusiasm, seemed to have lost all fear of Dr. Tassie.

"Ah, which is Horatius?"

"The boy you are holding is most like him, I think, sir. At least, he was facing us alone."

"You do not mean to say that you would fight a town boy, ten to one?"

"No, sir. He and Showinoff were to have a single combat. The rest of them ran away when some of their side called out 'Miller and Ryan'."

"Miller and Ryan? There were two boys of those names who left here some time ago. Fighters, too, if I remember aright."

"Yes, sir; and, you see, they are still fighting for the school."

"To be sure," said Dr. Tassie, with a faraway look. "The Great Twin Brethren who fought so well for Rome. That is another of Macaulay's Lays which I must read to you for your next punishment."

Then, to Showinoff's speechless amazement and dismay, he said to Firecrackers, "My fine fellow, would you like to fight it out with our champion? I will see fair play."

Firecrackers turned to him with a look of defiance and replied, "I'm no Tassie ape that has to fight when you say so, you old bloke." Oh, how they respected and envied him! Dr. Tassie released his hold in consternation, and Firecrackers slowly backed away and turned the corner, still facing back and making signs of contempt as he disappeared.

"And even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer," as Harry put it.

"From one point of view," said Dr. Tassie, "you may be Etruscans; but, from another, you are Romans: for 'The gods who live forever have fought for Rome to-day.'"

That was a memorable day when Dr. Tassie came down from Olympus and walked with men on earth.

He strode on ahead slowly and majestically, leading Spinal by the ear, and talking to him with an interest which they had never seen him show in any boy before. The others followed at a respectful distance. At the gate he stopped to finish what he was saying, and, although they slackened their pace as much as possible, was still talking as they came up. He was saying "The peroration of his review of Mitford's History of Greece is, to my mind, unsurpassed," when he spied Ryerson hurrying up with the captured navigators and grinning as he came.

"Ah, Ryerson," said Dr. Tassie. "What were they doing when you rescued them? Scanning the horizon for a sail?"

"No, sir; they were singing 'The Cruise of the Mary Jane.' That is, Evans was, and Baker joined in the chorus."

Dr. Tassie was surely mellowing, for, instead of leading the two small boys away to punishment, he said, "I would like to hear a song that has power to sustain the heart through such peril. Come to the play room and sing it. These boys will form an audience."

Young Evans was web footed, and destined to become Skipper Evans, the greatest sailor on inland American waters, so he was able to forget Dr. Tassie's awe-inspiring presence, and the unsympathetic critics around him, and sing the old lake chantey, putting all the wail and sigh of the breeze into it. The two cabalistic words, "Skilligalee and Wobbleshanks," with which this riotous song captures the attention in so uproarious a fashion, stand in the lake sailors' lingo for two well-known geographical points—Isle aux Galets and Waugochance lighthouse, but it has never yet been made known to a landsman what part of a vessel the juba-ju is.

At Skilligalee and Wobbleshanks, the entrance to the lake,
We might have passed the whole fleet if they'd hove to and wait;
We drove them right before us, the prettiest ever you saw,
Right down into Lake Huron through the Straits of Mackinaw.

CHORUS.

*Watch her! Catch her! jump up on her juba ju,
Oh! give her a sheet and let her boil, the boys'll put her through.
You ought to 'ave seen her howling as the wind was blowing free,
On her passage down to Buffalo from Milwaukee-kee-ee-ee.*

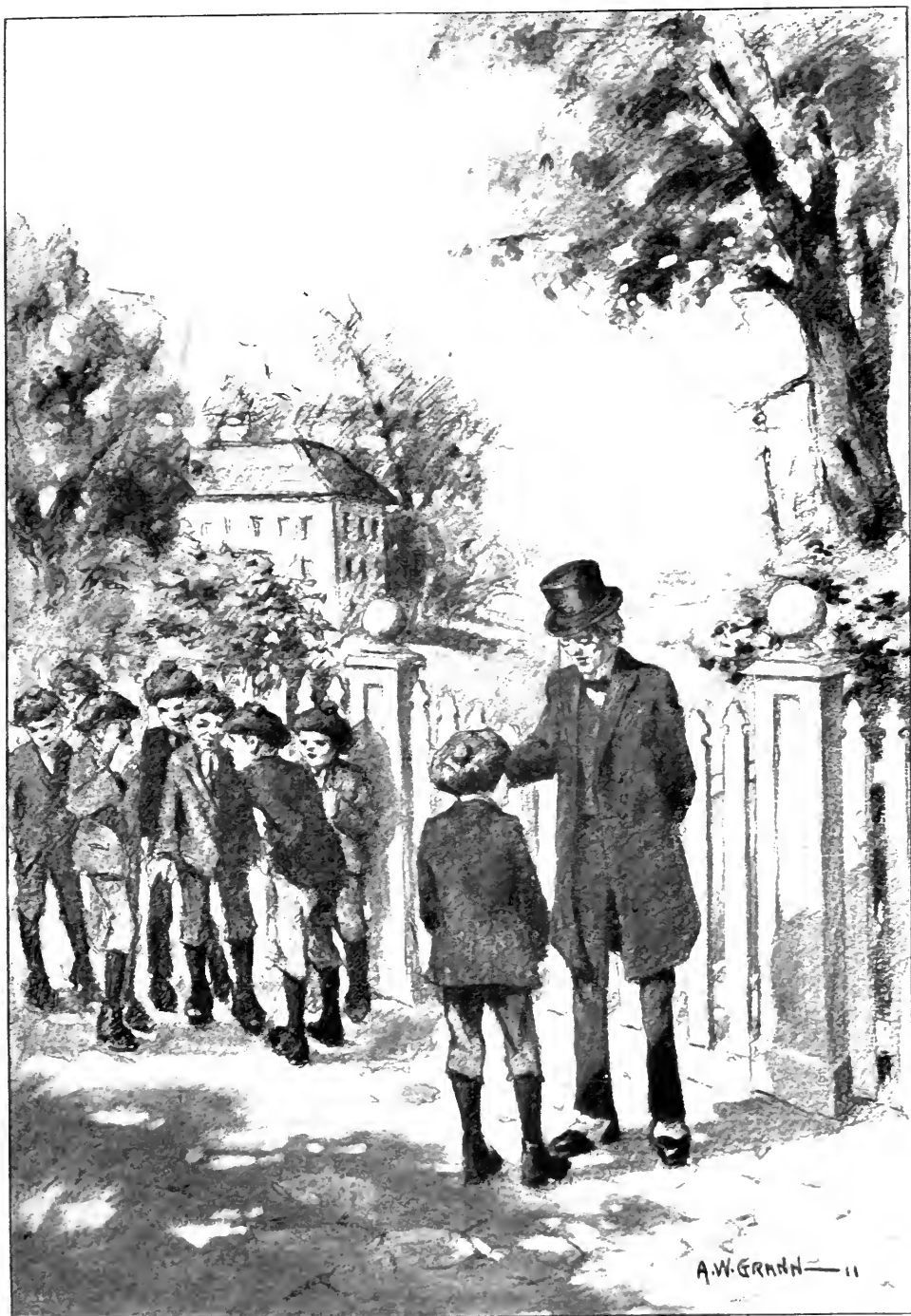
Abreast of Port Huron, both anchors we let go,
And we signalled for the Sweepstakes to take us all in tow.
The Huntress put a stern line out to give us more relief,
And the Aigle de Mar ran slap bang into the stern of the Maple Leaf.

We sailed down Lake Erie while the wind was blowing free,
Until we passed Long Point and left Port Colborne on the lee.
What's that, my boys, before us, like a meteor bright and clear?
Right before us like a blazing star is the light on Buffalo pier.

Dr. Tassie had evidently taken a sudden fancy to Spinal, whom he marched off by the ear once more when the song was ended. Spinal, as he passed from sight, winked with his off eye while he gazed at his captor confidently with the nigh one. Chummy said, "Old Bill little knows what he is going up against when he chums with Mr. Maginnis." Spinal did not come back to earth that afternoon, but at tea time he was seen sitting at the head of the table eating jam with great dignity out of Dr. Tassie's private jam pot. After tea, the only explanation he would give them was that "Old Bill" admired his Irish accent.

No Irish accent, however, would account for Spinal's industry during the following week, and nothing could wile him from his mysterious labours. He was "kept in," and when anybody asked him questions he merely smiled exasperatingly.

A fifth-form boy shared his confinement one day on account of the unreasonably obscure way in which Xenophon wrote his Greek. He owned



"FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW," SAID DR. FASSIE, "YOU MAY BE ETRU SCANS, FOR 'THE GODS WHO LIVE FOR EVER HAVE FOUGHT FOR ROME TO DAY.'" HE STRODE AHEAD SLOWLY AND MAJESTICALLY, LEADING SPINAL BY THE EAR

the only name in the whole school which was admitted to be better than any nickname—Mungo Strathbogie—and was a recent importation from Scotland, already known to fame as the singer of a ditty about

Cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And kail kастocks in Stra'bogie.
Ilka lass maun hae her lad,
But I maun hae ma cogie.

and as the perpetrator, under excitement, of a wonderful broad Scotch dialect which had made him a standing joke so that he had only to open his mouth to provoke a general uproar. Stretching himself and yawning after a protracted wrestle with the famous Greek, Mungo observed Spinal and was glad, much as was that famous prisoner who made friends with a mouse.

"Say, arena you the youngster they call Spinal Maginnis that always says words wrang? What's that you're grinding at?"

Without waiting for permission he investigated, and shook his head portentously.

"Macaulay on Mitford's History of Greece? Ay! Dinna let them get any stuff like that into your head, boy. It's a shame the language was ever invented. 'The immortal influence of Athens' forsooth! I should say 'The immoral influence of Athens'."

"Aw, go on!" answered Spinal scornfully, but his eyelid flickered upward for an instant as might that of a mule that had been persuaded to refrain from kicking for an unconscionable period.

Next day the school assembled in the main hall to be displayed before the Provincial Inspector of Schools, who was an important personage and an enthusiast on Greek literature, and with him was a party of prominent Toronto ladies and gentlemen, all of whom were visiting the noted school for the first time.

Dr. Tassie bowed to the visitors in courtly wise, and spoke in his most sonorous tones.

"Mr. Inspector, ladies and gentlemen, I can not better introduce to you our school than by means of a recitation by one of our lower school pupils, which will embody the ideals

of our scholars better than could be conveyed in any words of mine. Roderrick MacPherson, recite the passage in Macaulay's review of Mitford's History of Greece, beginning, 'If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition'."

To say that Spinal shone would be far short of the truth. Language is inadequate to describe the wonder of his performance. He had been carefully coached by Larry Myles, it turned out, and, for some mysterious reason, had evidently put in a lot of hard work himself; while the memory necessary to do what he did was something which he had never been suspected of having.

The whole school sat fairly stunned as he spoke familiarly of "The brilliant fancy of Cicero; the withering fire of Juvenal; the plastic imagination of Dante; the humour of Cervantes; the comprehension of Bacon; the wit of Butler; the supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare." But the fifth form boy who had been kept in on account of Xenophon squirmed when Spinal boldly asserted that all these had sprung directly or indirectly from the great works of Athenian genius.

His hearers were almost moved to tears when he stated that "wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been the spirit of Athens in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling; by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney."

Dr. Tassie beamed as Spinal went on swimmingly, "Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immoral influence of Athens."

It has been said that the Scots are not quick at the uptake, but Mungo was ready and waiting. He let out a raucous Doric whoop which, amid uncontrollable laughter, was echoed by the whole school.

Old Bill's expression of complacency

changed to pale rage. Raising his hand he stopped the performance and beckoned to Spinal to follow him with almost one gesture, and, after calling on Herr Von Post to review the upper fourth form in German, he made a courtly bow to the visitors and hastened from the hall, unable to trust his voice to further speech.

What passed there was gathered, bit by bit, from Spinal as time softened the memory. The tawse of course supplied the punctuation.

"You — young — varlet — I'll — teach — you — not — to — play — your — pranks — on — me. I — told — you — that — it — must — be — right — to — a — t."

Here the outraged educator stopped for lack of words to express his disgust, and Spinal managed to falter, "Please, sir, it was right to a 't.' That was where it went wrong."

The argument was unanswerable, and all Dr. Tassie could say was, "You get no prize. Remain here until I give you permission to go. I would not have the visitors set eyes on you again."

It appeared that Dr. Tassie, impressed with Spinal's confidence and acquired accent, had tempted him with what proved to be his price as a bribe for preparing and delivering the peroration. Spinal, much to his mother's disappointment, had never brought home a prize during the years which he had spent at Galt, and, when promised a special prize for elocution, "a very

handsome volume," it was too much for him, and he decided at once to become a "poler" just for a week. The vein of talent which he discovered startled even himself; the hard work which he plodded through without complaint surprised his best friends; and then to lose the prize "just because of the fussiness of a centaurious old ruffian."

Sentiments of sympathy and resentment were generally expressed as Spinal told his wrongs to the back room, but Chummy, "official censor of Spinalisms", felt it his duty to correct his friend's language.

"'Censorious' you mean, dear boy."

"No, I don't. 'Centaurious' is the word I used."

"There's no such word," Satan Nixon ventured.

"There isn't, eh? Look it up."

Spinal's absolute brazenness of manner would have convinced anyone that he was putting up a colossal bluff. The guileless Satan grasped a dictionary and was awestruck to find the definition positively uncanny in its fitness, "being a man and acting like a brute."

However in the end Dr. Tassie acted with manly generosity. Mrs. Tassie had said, "The poor boy! He deserves his prize for filling his head with all that stuff." And at the end of the term Spinal proudly bore home a very handsome volume of Macaulay's essays and poems inscribed: "Presented to Roderick Duncan MacPherson. Special prize for elocution 'right to a t.'"

HOME-COMING

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

I AM come back where first I saw the morning;
 I, who was lonely to sleep here at home.
 The old house is the same; the sun shines gaily;
 The little fields are fenced and raked and mown
 But oh, the open and wide reaching prairie!
 And the thistle-down far blown!



What Whitman Learned From the East



BEING A STUDY IN SOME CURIOUS SIMILARITIES

By Elsa Barker



I AM not accusing Whitman of plagiarising from the Oriental writers in what I have to say about the Oriental elements in Whitman's poems. To accuse a student of Eastern literature of borrowing, for instance, from the Bhagavat-Gita, would be similar to accusing a Christian of borrowing from the Sermon on the Mount should he express kindred sentiments and emotions.

But it is not to the Hindoos, and it is not to the Hebrews that we must look for the special affinities of Walt Whitman. We must look to the Persians. Though certain mental and emotional tendencies that we find dominant in Whitman (and perhaps in no other Western writer) are common to all the Oriental nations, yet the most striking resemblance to Whitman in the expression of these tendencies we find in the Persian poets. And when I say the Persian poets I do not mean Omar Khayyam. There is no affinity, so far as I can see, between Whitman and Omar. The old tent-maker was an agnostic, in the most modern sense of the term; Whitman was a devotee, a democratic dervish. He was a nineteenth century brother of Nizami and Attar.

But before I show, by the analysis of particular poems and by a few parallel passages, some of the more special correspondences between Whitman and

certain of the Oriental poets, both Persian and Hindoo, I would like to say something about the dominant general characteristics of the Orientals which we find reflected in Whitman.

In nearly all of the Oriental writers we notice certain mental and temperamental qualities and certain peculiarities of method which we also find in Whitman, and which we do not find in any other Western writer.

First among these qualities of the Orientals is the tendency to meditate—to ruminate, one may say—an idea or a feeling until it is thoroughly assimilated; to contemplate in a self-abandonment that makes them one with the object of their contemplation, whether that be the Divine Essence, another human being, a mountain, or an earth-worm. This we see also everywhere in Whitman. For an example, read his poem "Salut Au Monde." Outside of the works of Whitman this contemplative identification of self with the All that surrounds and penetrates the self is almost unknown in the Occident.

Another Oriental quality is the gift of rhapsody, of ecstasy, which grows out of this meditation or contemplation. It is shown in the songs of the Gita Govinda of Jayadeva, that marvel of Hindoo beauty; it is shown in a lesser degree in some of the Odes of Hafiz; it is shown also in the expression of the joys of the Persian mighty moun-

tain Kaf, "whereon hinges the world," at the end of the Road traveled by the dauntless souls in "The Bird Parliament" of Attar; it is shown over and over again in the poetry of Walt Whitman. With the Orientals this ecstasy generally flows toward the Divine Being or the expression of the Divine Being in human form; with Whitman it is sometimes the joy in the Divine, sometimes the joy in another human being, sometimes the joy in himself, sometimes the ecstasy in Nature—as in his rhapsody to night and the earth:

"I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
I call to the earth and the sea half-held by the night.
Press close, bare-bosomed night—press close, magnetic nourishing night!
Night of the south winds—night of the few large stars!
Still nodding night—mad, naked summer night.

Smile, O voluptuous cool-breathed earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset—earth of the mountains misty-topped!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbowed earth—rich apple-blossomed earth!
Smile, for your lover comes."

A third quality of the Orientals is passiveness of the soul in the power of the Great Law, or God. This reaches its ultimate in the soul of the Hindoo. He is in the hands of his God and of the karma of his past births. He knows no revolt. Only the demons, to the Indian mind, revolt against the Great Law. The revolvers are never in India as in the West—as in Prometheus and other Occidental conceptions—the liberators. No, the revolvers are the demons, in India. And Whitman is passive as the Hindoo in the hands of his Deity. He points ever onward, and onward; but it is with him always because it is the Great Law that we shall go onward. He realizes the beauty and the use of all the religions of all the priests from the beginning. He says:

"I do not despise you priests, all time, the world over.

My faith is the greatest of faiths and the least of faiths,
Enclosing worship ancient and modern and all between ancient and modern;
Believing I shall come again upon the earth after five thousand years,
Waiting responses from oracles, honoring the gods, saluting the sun,
Making a fetch of the first rock or stump, powwowing with the sticks in the circle of obis,
Helping the llama or brahmin as he trims the lamps of the idols,
Dancing yet through the streets in a phallic procession, rapt and austere in the woods of a gymnosophist,
Drinking mead from the skull-cup to Shastas and Vedas admirant, minding the Koran,
Walking the teokallis, spotted with gore from the stone and knife, beating the serpent-skin drum,
Accepting the gospels, accepting Him that was crucified, knowing assuredly that he is divine,
To the mass kneeling or the puritan's prayer rising, or sitting patiently in a pew,
Ranting and frothing in my insane cries, or waiting dead-still till my spirit arouses me,
Looking forth on pavement and land, or outside of pavement and land,
Belonging to the winders of the circuit of circuits,
One of that centripetal and centrifugal gang, I turn and talk like a man leaving charges before a journey."

Expressing his faith, and his passiveness in the hands of the powers, he says:

"I do not doubt interiors have their interiors, and exteriors their exteriors, and that the eyesight has another eyesight, and the hearing another hearing, and the voice another voice.
I do not doubt that the passionately wept deaths of young men are provided for, and that the deaths of young women and little children are provided for.
(Do you think life was so well provided for, and Death, the purport of all Life, is not well provided for?)
I do not doubt that wrecks at sea, no matter what the horrors of them, no matter whose wife, child, husband, father, lover, has gone down, are provided for, to the minutest points.
I do not doubt that whatever can possibly happen anywhere at any time, is provided for in the inferences of things."

Then, fourth, the great calm of Whitman. I do not think he acquired this calm from soaking himself in those writers; it was temperamental with him. It is a natural and only semi-conscious kinship I am trying to show.

not a deliberate discipleship. Whitman was not a disciple of the Orientals, nor of anyone else. He was himself, he was a dervish accidentally—or purposely, as you will—dropped here in our materialistic Western world. Being himself all love and all sympathy, he takes this world into himself and expresses the soul of it through his poems. This poise, this Eastern calm, so permeate all Whitman's work that illustrations here are unnecessary. They are everywhere in his book.

The fifth great quality that marks his relationship to the Orientals—and the quality in him which is most foreign to the Anglo-Saxon consciousness—is his simplicity and frankness in approaching the mystery of sex. To the Anglo-Saxon that is something to be apologized for—or at least to be discreetly kept out of sight. But Whitman does not exaggerate sex. He merely gives it place as one of the phenomena of life. He speaks of it as simply and naturally as he speaks of the sunrise or the sea, the day or the night. It is—that is enough for him. As he would say: That, too, is in its place—for reasons. He would have seen the super-mortal beauty of some of the Oriental poems which are considered untranslatable in full by our English Oriental scholars, such as Gita Govinda. He would have understood the story in the Vana Parva of the Mahabharata about the maiden who fell in love with the rising sun. The Children of Adam poems are Oriental in feeling, in conception, in development. No Western poet except Whitman ever would have written them, or ever could have written them. They are like the fruit of Jayadeva grafted on the trees of modern science and democracy.

So far I have shown only Whitman's fundamental unity with the Oriental writers. Now I will show more in detail the peculiar resemblance between him and certain of the poets of the East. But I can only touch upon the subject; can only give a hint, a suggestion here and there. To treat it adequately would require a volume.

Walt Whitman has been much criticized for a characteristic which

has seemed to many unique in him, that of calling on himself by name in his poems (as, "What do you see, Walt Whitman," etc.) and of singing his own praises. All of the Persian poets call on themselves in their poems thus by name: Hafiz, Omar, Nizami, Jami, all of them. This has been called the Persian copyright, and the Persian poets stamped their work as their own in this way. And they are always singing their own praises.

Let us take as an illustration the Persian poet Nizami, who lived about eight hundred years ago. And I want to say again that I am not accusing Whitman of borrowing from Nizami. I do not know that he ever saw the book that I shall quote from, the Sikander Nama, which is the epic of the conquests of Alexander the Great as elaborated in Persian legend, Sikander being the Persian name for Alexander.

Turn to the opening of the Sikander Nama. It is prefaced by page after page of inscriptions of one kind and another, like Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." And I know of no other Western book so prefaced. One of these introductory chapters of Nizami's epic is called "On the pre-excellence of this book over all other books." That has a familiar sound to Whitman readers. Among many other similar passages hear these of Nizami:

"What knowest thou of the knowledge I myself express? I will strike the drum at my own door.

"With such valuable jewels of verse as mine, The need of one jewel-appreciating constantly arises.

"I will dig diamonds from my own mine, I will place with his soul the package of my soul.

"I am the cypress-pruner of the garden of speech.

"Like Venus, I place dirams in the balance, But when I give—I give without weighing.

"Who has beheld over a colored rose A nightingale of more lofty voice than I?

"I come to the banquet to illumine the assembly."

"If I had seen a rose tree better than myself, I would have plucked from it the red or the yellow rose.

"Although in the opinions of lovers I may be bad,
Verily, best, that I myself be the beloved of myself.

"To utter virgin speech is to pierce the soul—
"Not everyone is fitted to utter speech."

To the readers of "Leaves of Grass" these quotations from Nizami need no comment.

Now let us turn to one of the greatest of Whitman's poems, "The Song of the Open Road." The student of Oriental literature is familiar with the Road. It runs through all the religious poetry of the East—the Road, the Path. And it is always an Open Road. It is the old Path trodden by the Pir of the Magians. Traveling this Road, Whitman says:

"You but arrive at the city to which you are destined, you hardly settle yourself to satisfaction before you are called by an irresistible call to depart,

You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those who remain behind you,

What beckonings of love you receive you shall only answer with passionate kisses of parting,

You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reached hands toward you."

Hafiz, of Shiraz, says:

" 'Tis strange, at every stage along the road,
As soon as I have eased me of my load,
I hear the jangling camel bell's refrain,
Bidding me bind my burden on again."

Whitman's cry is the eternal cry of the dervish:

"To see nothing anywhere but what you may reach it and pass it,

To conceive no time, however distant, but what you may reach it and pass it,

To look up or down no road but it stretches and waits for you, however long but it stretches and waits for you,

To see no being, not God's nor any, but you also go thither."

Turn to the "Bird Parliament" of Attar. Here again we find the description of the Road which must be traveled up the mighty mountain Kaf, "on which hinges the world." The Tajidar, the leader of the birds—bird being here used as a symbol of the soul—the Tajidar (one may call him gooroo, or magian, if one likes) tells his followers of the hardships and the wonders and the beauties of the Road.

It is the same old road that is traveled by all Oriental devotees.

Whitman says:

"However sheltered this port and however calm these waters, we must not anchor here . . .

He going with me goes often with spare diet, poverty, angry enemies, desertions."

Hafiz says:

"Saki, give wine! And let us wander out Upon the Road, defying fear and doubt, To wear the beggar's gown, and nothing earn,

And go from door to door, and ne'er return."

Whitman, too, like so many of the Oriental writers, claims direct divine illumination. He says:

"Stop this day and night with me, and you shall possess the origin of all poems."

Hafiz says:

"O brother Shiah, I believe the smoke Of one sigh of my burning heart would choke

To death those children of the canting school Playing their game of Life by rod and rule."

Hafiz calls himself "the tongue of the tongueless, the voice of the voiceless."

All of the Sufi poets, who may be called mystic Mohametans, apostrophise the Deity as "the Beloved." the one divine and perfect lover.

Hafiz says:

"Beloved, would'st Thou manifest Thy grace?

Then from this suppliant hide not Thy face. Heed my heart's passion, that my burning

eye May see Thine unveiled beauty ere I die!"

Whitman says:

"My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain, The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms,

The great Camerado, the lover true for whom I pine will be there."

Even in his literary method Whitman approaches the Orientals. The long lists of things in Whitman's poems that have so puzzled and troubled the critics we find in the Oriental epics. No Western poet except Whitman writes in this way.

Another Oriental—and especially Persian—characteristic of Whitman's method is his throwing in here and

there a story with no apparent relevancy to the poem he is writing. All of the epic poets of Persia do this: Firdausi, Attar, Nizami, Jami and others. "Would you hear of an old-time sea-fight?" asks Whitman in the midst of his "Song of Myself." Then he proceeds to tell us of the sea-fight.

In the midst of his narrative of "Salaman and Absal," for example, Jami pauses every little while to throw in some song-story with no immediate relevancy to the narrative. He leaves Salaman and Absal to say:

"One who traveled in the Desert,
* Saw Majnum where he was sitting
All alone like a Magician
Tracing letters in the sand.
'O distracted Lover! writing
What the sword-wind of the Desert
Undeciphers so that no one
After you shall understand.'

"Majnum answered—'I am writing
Only for myself, and only
'Laila'—if forever 'Laila'
Writing, in that word a Volume,
Over which forever poring,
From her very name I sip
In fancy, till I drink her lip'."

These are only two instances out of hundreds.

As I have said before, I do not know how much Whitman knew of the Persian poets, but we all know that Emerson was more or less familiar with them. And, by the way, while we are speaking of interesting parallels, I will quote something else from Attar's "Bird Parliament." The wanderers on the road have finally reached the Source of all things, Allah. Those who are familiar with Emerson's poem, "Brahma," beginning "If the red slayer thinks he slays," will be interested in these lines from Attar. Allah says:

"I was the sin that from Myself rebelled:
I the remorse that toward Myself compelled:
I was the Tajidar that led the Track:
I was the little briar that pulled you back."

We know that Emerson was always crying to his friends to study the Bhagavat-Gita, and we know that Whitman—whether he knew the Per-
* Majnum and Laila," mythological Persian poem.

sians or not—was a deep student of the Gita. One of his executors has Whitman's copy of the Gita full of marginal marks and references. In that poem Krishna says:

"In whatever way men approach me, in that way do I assist them; and whatever the path taken by mankind, that path is mine."

Very Whitmanesque, notwithstanding the possibility of its being a few thousand years old.

Again the Gita says:

"The illuminated sage regards with equal mind an illuminated, selfish Brahmin, a cow, an elephant, a dog, and an outcast who eats the flesh of dogs."

In the poem "Salut Au Monde," Whitman identifies himself with the earth, his soul with the soul of the earth, his identity with the identity of every animate and inanimate thing upon the earth or in the atmosphere around the earth. He says:

"Within me latitude widens, longitude lengthens,
Asia, Africa, Europe, are to the East—
America is provided for in the West,
Banding the bulge of the earth winds the hot equator. Curiously north and south turn the axis-ends,
Within me is the longest day, the sun wheels in slanting rings, it does not set for months,
Stretched in due time within me the mid-night sun just rises above the horizon and sinks again,
Within me zones, seas, cataracts, forests, volcanoes, groups, Malaysia, Polynesia, and the great West Indian Islands."

* * * * *
You vapors, I think I have risen with you,
moved away to distant continents, and fallen down there, for reasons,
I think I have blown with you, you winds;
You waters, I have fingered every shore with you.

* * * * *
What cities the light or warmth penetrates
I penetrate those cities myself,
All islands to which birds wing their way I wing my way myself."

In the Bhagavat-Gita, the Lord Krishna, speaking to Arjuna, says (I am quoting here and there).

"I am the ego that is seated in the hearts of all beings. I am the beginning, the middle and the end of all things. . . . I am the origin and the dissolution, the re-

ceptacle, the storehouse, and the eternal seed. I am the cause unseen and the visible effect. Of floods I am the ocean. I am all-grasping death and the birth of those who are to be. The whole of creation springs from me as from a womb. I am the taste in water, the light in the sun and moon, sound in space, the masculine essence in men, the sweet smell in the earth, and the brightness of the fire."

I have not space for any more quotations or further elaboration of the subject; but I have said enough to show what I believe to have been the source of Whitman's inspiration. And in the final analysis, what does it matter whether he consciously or unconsciously took his own wherever he found it? The masters always do. The process of mental and emotional assimilation which these passages suggest is the process by which truth has been passed on from one age to another, from teacher to pupil, from generation to generation. If through the wide reading of his early days and his meditation

thereon Whitman found El Khizr and his Well of the Water of Life, by passing it on to us he has made us so much richer. And no one can rob El Khizr. These are the old truths, the old revelations that wait for all devotees who have the courage to lift the veil.

The poet gives out to the world the wealth from the storehouse of race experience and race wisdom. Behind Whitman and behind every master poet—every "Answerer"—is the great storehouse of all the thought, and all the feeling, and all the experience, and all the aspiration of the ages. The true poet expresses many things he does not himself understand. He is the legacy of the past to the present and the future. The individual poet is but a mouthpiece for the great dumb forces behind. He is the mouth of the race-being, he is, as Hafiz says, "the voice of the voiceless." To him, as Whitman himself has said, "has been given the divine power to speak world."

EVENING

ON THE LAKE OF BAYS

BY FRANCES MOULE

THE wind comes chill from the bay to-night,
 A mist creeps over the lake beyond,
 And the shadowy islands sink from sight,
 As night drives on.

The Queen of Heaven is veiled from view,
 And the servile stars all sullenly sleep,
 And yet would I watch the long night thro',
 For just one star.

Be still, my heart, and cease to doubt,
 For the mists *must* go when the morning sun
 Shall put all the legions of dark to rout,
 And day shall return to my soul.

The SCARLET STRAND



BY EDWARD B. WATERWORTH
ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

SYNOPSIS

The report comes in to the Montreal papers that several mysterious murders have occurred in the North Shore woods, and the Indians believe some evil spirit in the shape of a wolf is responsible for them. At first little attention is paid to the "scare," but when a hard-headed millionaire leaves his summer cottage and says his wife has been nearly frightened out of her reason by the sight of a mysterious Thing That Limpers prowling about the house, the newspapers send representatives to cover the story. Four men and one woman reporter meet on the ground, and under chaperonage of the millionaire's housekeeper take possession of his luxurious cottage, prepared to enjoy a "soft assignment." They learn that all the Indians are leaving the country, and that, as one farmer puts it, "they's somethin' we don't know about up here," but are inclined to think the panic unfounded. They cover the country, but with the exception of a Chinaman who says he is raising mushrooms in underground cellars, and whose hands are singularly well kept for a farmer's, find nothing unusual, until evening, when Morton, the deputy sheriff, gallops in, abject with terror of the werewolf, which he has met on a lonely road. The next evening when they are photographing Nora on the lawn she suddenly screams out that the werewolf is near her, but no trace of it can be found. In the shock of danger Brady realizes that he loves her and tells her so. Emmett meantime goes to develop the plate, and finds he has photographed the creature crouching to spring upon Nora. Swanson goes out to patrol the premises, meets the werewolf and goes utterly to pieces. Later in the night the thing creeps up to the front window, is fired at by Brady, but manages to make its escape. Brady follows it. Next morning all the party, except Brady, leave for civilization. The sheriff gallops up, says a white child has been murdered, and asks Brady to warn the Chinamen to leave. Brady rides into Lee Ming's yard unexpectedly, straight into a pack of lunatics, headed by the werewolf, who attack him. Lee Ming opens fire upon him, breaking his arm, but he makes his escape and joins his companions at Iroquois.

CHAPTER XI.—CONCLUDED.

"You boys know how we went up there for the sheriff," said Brady, a trifle wearily. "Well, the minute I rode around the corner of that Chink's house I saw the whole thing, and it made me feel sick. If you could have seen the bunch of Chinamen that were grubbing in that yard—well, thank heaven you never will. They were dips—bughouse—crazy as loons, and chattering like a lot of apes. The assistant keeper was herding 'em towards a gate, when I rode in unannounced, and then the fun began, as you know."

"What in the name of the thirteen little dicky-birds were Chinese lunatics doing up there?" asked Thompson, as Brady paused.

"Wait a minute, I'm coming to that," he answered. "Lee Ming told the whole thing to the sheriff, and it sounds like—like 'She.'"

"Lee Ming's a physician of note in his own country, and it seems was at one time very close to old Tsi An, the Dowager Empress. The were-wolf is—or rather was—twin brother to her son, the Emperor, who died a year or so ago. You needn't look like a human

interrogation point, Emmett—it's facts I'm giving you. Lee Ming couldn't invent such a wild tale as he told off-hand, and he told it with all the look of truth.

"Tsi An was an old girl of decided opinions and iron will where her own interests were concerned. When she bore twin boys, she decided for reasons of her own to suppress the news of the double birth. One son was quite enough in the way of her intentions to keep the whip hand of the government, so she had the physicians announce the birth of the baby who later became Emperor, and kept the other twin sequestered somewhere in the rambling old palace at Peking.

"Tsi An was not a woman to trifle with, and there were only three people who knew her secret—Doctor Lee Ming and two of her trusted counsellors. It was not likely that any of them would let the matter slip—people who did that were more than likely to die of a sudden illness pretty soon after—but somehow somebody got hold of it, and certain people who hated Tsi An were discovered to have learned of the existence of the second heir. The two counsellors died shortly after partaking of a meal at the palace, and from Lee Ming's expression when he told that part of it, I fancy he fixed up the dose himself. Anyhow, he didn't die, and she seems to have trusted him as much as she ever did anybody. There were no proofs; and those who had an inkling promptly proceeded to forget the details. It was the safest thing for them.

"But somebody in the conspiracy that was then on foot against the Empress managed to kidnap the baby and fled out of Peking with it. Probably they meant to await the course of events, and when they had the Empress on the run produce the rightful heir; But they hadn't got very far on their humanitarian little trip when a bunch of Hung-huses swooped down on 'em and wiped the whole procession out.

"Now, here's the queer part of it. Somehow they missed the baby when they sacked the caravan, and five or six years after some hunters that were

after a family of wolves that had been stealing their chickens discovered a naked child asleep in one corner of the cave where they had their lair. Sort of a Mowgli proposition, evidently—Grey Brother and the Seonee pack and so on, you know."

"Also," remarked Thompson gravely "we have the historically established chronicle of the bringing up of Messrs. Romulus and Remus."

"Oh, I know it sounds wild," said Brady, "but wait till I get through. The Empress heard about it and had the child brought to her presence. It had a birthmark on its forehead that proved it to be the missing twin. Otherwise, it was a horrible thing, about as unhuman as anything born of woman could be. It snarled and fought with everybody who came near it, and it looked like a wolf as well as acting like one. The muscles and flesh of the face had fallen in and the lower jaw retrograded, while a long nose gave it a peculiar resemblance to its foster parents. Its feet were badly deformed and bitten, and it limped in a jerky, trailing fashion on its heels. Its hands were crooked like claws, and the nails were very long and thick from grubbing for roots. I saw 'em—they looked more like talons than hands. It didn't talk, but grunted and whined.

"I don't pretend to know why Tsi An didn't have the thing put out of its misery then and there. But whether she had any lingering remnants of motherly affection for the creature she had brought into the world, or whether the Chinese idea that a mother who kills her firstborn is doomed to horrible punishment held her murderous old hands, nobody can say now. Anyway, she didn't kill it. Instead, she appointed Lee Ming its guardian, and for some years the thing was under his care.

"From what he said, I judge the task was an unpleasant one. It got worse as it grew older, and to begin with, it was far more wolf than human. Two or three times it got away from its keepers and committed a few assorted murders. Towards Tsi An, who saw it at rare intervals, it manifested a venomous hatred until I gather that

she began to fear for her own life on some of its little excursions.

"About four or five years ago she resolved upon its banishment to a distant country as the easiest solution of the problem. Lee Ming was to chaperone it, being an educated Chinaman with experience of the ways of white folk—he says he was once connected with the Chinese embassy at Washington. Anyhow, by exercise of his wits and some cash planted where it would do the most good, he got his unsavory charge into the States, and ran him up by lake to this solitary neck of the woods, where he figured he could keep him out of the way without any trouble."

"From what I know of Chinamen," said Emmett leisurely, as Brady changed the position of his wounded arm and paused to draw breath, "Lee Ming would have given him rat poison as soon as he got out of Tsi An's sight. What did he keep him all this time for?"

"Don't know," said Brady. "Maybe he was afraid of old Tsi An; maybe the Chinese idea that anyone who sheds royal blood will spend most of his eternity in horrible torture had something to do with it. And then maybe he was too thrifty to quit a paying business. You never saw a crazy Chink, did you? Never heard of one, either? Neither did I. They're like pins and dead mules. Well, it seems that several wealthy Chinese in Frisco and other cities in the States had crazy relations that they didn't want to get into the hands of authorities, and didn't want to ship back to China. So Lee Ming started a sort of private sanitarium, and made money by keeping his mouth shut. He had about a dozen of 'em in all, and he and one assistant took care of the whole outfit. I suppose anything was better than living up here with nobody but his unpleasant royal ward for company."

"A dozen of 'em, eh?" commented Thompson thoughtfully. "That's why they had those mushroom beds then."

"Exactly. Those mushroom beds were underground barracks—you know how Chinks burrow. Seem to like living in a dark, damp, dirty hole

with a second or third hand atmosphere in it. During the day Lee Ming kept 'em in there, and after dusk he turned 'em loose in his truck gardens. That's why those fields looked so well kept—there was a dozen men at work in 'em instead of two. The mushroom bed story was a likely one, and nobody thought to question it. It was far from the roadway, anyhow, and he had few visitors. This also accounted for the black clothes. They were less likely to be seen if anybody should by chance stray near the farm.

"So, as long as Lee Ming paid his bills promptly, bothered nobody, and apparently was engaged in a perfectly reasonable occupation, there was nothing about him to excite suspicion. But he overlooked one bet, and that was the were-wolf. I guess he was a pretty severe keeper, for from what I saw I judge the lunatics were scared to death of him, and he says that he thought he had them so completely under control that he got careless in the were-wolf's case. And so he didn't know until to-day that the creature, with murderous ideas surging in its crazy brain, had found a way to slip the lock and prow around looking for victims while the rest of the gang were asleep or at work after dusk in the fields.

"I don't know whether he had the strength of the insane in his crippled condition, but I fancy it must have been his horrible appearance as much as his bodily force that made his victims helpless—like poor Swanson. The marks on the throats that looked like the marks of nothing known were the marks of those horrible claws of his, and I suppose when he grabbed 'em he tore the jugulars. His lameness, of course, made him walk with that trailing motion we thought so significant, and his deformed feet were covered with a sort of crude boot like what they make for dogs, so that he left unrecognizable tracks. Morton was right about meeting him that night you see. If he had fired his revolver he might have solved the problem then."

"M-m!" commented Thompson. "Wish he had. Eric's done for, I guess."



"WELL," SAID THOMPSON DREARILY, "I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU, STEVE, OLD MAN, AND YOU TOO, NORA. I WISH YOU BOTH LUCK."

"How is he?" asked Brady. "No better?"

"No. I'll tell you about him later. Finish up this yarn first."

"Well, I'm about through. You see, the whole thing is perfectly natural and explainable. The fetid odor Nora noticed when we were taking the flashlight is quite in keeping, and the howl he gave after I caught him peeping in

at the window. I suppose I must have missed him when I fired, and Nora must have missed, too. Probably his being foiled in his attack on her made him all the more bloodthirsty and kept him hanging around our place. It's likely he was close by when we were hunting for him that night. By the way, I found out why Lee Ming wouldn't sell us milk. He fed the dips

on it—and then, of course, he didn't want any new acquaintances."

"What happened when you got in among 'em?" asked Emmett. "I just got the rough facts from the sheriff. Did the Chink go for you?"

"Did he! The minute I discovered the crowd, Lee Ming jumped for the house. He hadn't asked me to stop the first time I was over there with Morton, but this time I could see that he wanted me to stay, and wanted me very badly. He didn't intend to have any raiding of his place. He got me in the arm, and that's all. I charged into the bunch of deputies just in time. The boys were wild over the death of that little Flossie girl. So when I came galloping into the middle of 'em with the rifle bullets cutting the leaves over my head, they didn't stop to argue. They made one charge for the Chink's, and the county was saved the problem of what to do with the lunatics. They'd got away from Lee Ming, anyway, and the whole pack had come streaming down to the gate after me, yelping like dogs. The doctor's amiable intention, it appears, had been to send his assistant after me on horseback with a rifle, and as he had the better horse he'd probably have landed me. But the charge of the lunatics, led by our friend of the night, interfered with his plans. The werewolf had grabbed up an axe and was going to have a nice little party with me. But your friend Morton redeemed himself, Thompson. He was first through the gate with a double-barrelled shotgun, and the heir to the throne of China got both loads straight in the face. There was barely enough left to show the resemblance to a wolf.

"The rest of them fell at the posse's volley. Poor wretches! It was a relief for most of them, I guess—and you can't blame the farmers for firing. It got on their nerves, same as it did on ours. And the very sight of that inhuman pack yelping for blood was enough to start the men shooting at once. Bennett told me afterwards he didn't know whether it was man or beast he was firing at—all he knew was that he had to kill or be killed."

"What was Lee Ming up to all this

time?" asked Thompson. "Did he keep up his firing?"

"No. Lee Ming and the assistant stepped discreetly into the house when the posse appeared. I couldn't get down to Iroquois right away, for my arm was throbbing too much for me to ride. But the sheriff got an auto, which brought up the coroner, and the final ceremonies were simple but effective. Justifiable homicide in self defence and in upholding the law was the verdict rendered immediately by an impromptu jury. The bodies were buried and the place burned, and Lee Ming invited to clear out to the States as quick as he can.

"And that's all. I came back with the sheriff. He's a white man. He held the story for us, as he said he would. When the coroner came up, he didn't know what had happened, so the story didn't get about the town here. I wrote the story up there—wrote at a considerable disadvantage, too, for my arm hurt like thunder—and I got here in time to catch the papers, routed the operator out of bed, and told him to duplicate it. By this time that story is in type, and maybe the bureaus won't be able to sell it, too!"

Brady stopped, and the three looked at each other in silence.

"Well," said Thompson, "there's one thing, Steve. Nora mustn't know what a close call she had—ever."

"Not on your life," said Brady.

For a moment the three mused on their recent experience, and then Thompson spoke again.

"We've seen one case of nervous breakdown on this job, and it might affect a woman even worse—though I don't think it will in this case. Here's Swanson now. The reason I asked you not to wake him is because he is so completely gone that even the explanation of the thing might set him off again. In fact, as I said, I guess he's done for—expended, finished, down-and-out as far as the newspaper game goes. I think the shock has been too much for him. This assignment has practically cost him his career, has nearly cost all of us our lives, and has given us all a jolt we will be a long time getting over.

i wonder if the reading public realizes the price at which the daily news is bought!"

"I'm going to send up for my camera and things," said Emmett. "I don't want to see the place again."

"Nor I," said Thompson, rising. "Now, Steve, you'd better get some sleep."

At the door he paused and turned. "Is there anything I can do, old man? Your arm must be mighty sore from that long delay. Wasn't it hard to stand the ride in the auto?"

"Yes," said Brady with a faint smile, "but the hardest thing to do was to keep my promise—and send that story in to all of the papers."

* * * * *

It was six weeks later, after the last echo of the were-wolf story had died away in the last leisurely maritime province newspaper, that Thompson rang the bell of the little flat where Nora and her mother lived. Nora answered the door herself and met Thompson with a laugh in her eyes and a frank grasp of the hand that made his heart beat quicker. She was unmistakably glad to see him, and as they went into the little parlor Thompson plunged directly into the thing that had brought him.

"Nora," he exclaimed impetuously, "there's something I want to tell you right now—don't go away. I love you, girl. Won't you be my wife—"

But Nora put up her hands in a quick gesture to stop him.

"Oh, don't—please don't," she cried in distress; "I—you mustn't, Mr. Thompson!"

There was the sound of an awkward cough from the adjoining room, and Brady emerged from behind the portiere.

"I'm sorry, old man," he said apolo-

getically. "I didn't mean to do any eavesdropping stunt. I simply had this fool rubber ball of Babe's in my hand," and he held out the toy, "and I was filling it with water to give you a shower-bath. That was what Nora was laughing at when you two came in."

He glanced at Nora for confirmation, but the girl's eyes had filled with tears. He put a hand on her shoulder and drew her to him.

"Thompson," he said, "I couldn't help hearing, and I'm sorry. But—you see how it is. We fixed it up the night we took the flashlight, and we're going to be married in the spring."

Thompson's face had grown haggard, and the corners of his mouth twitched nervously. In his eyes came a look of unspeakable weariness and disappointment, and for a moment he was silent, trying to steady his voice. Then he straightened himself and became the same cool, clever, rather aloof man whom they all knew.

"Well," he said, "I want to congratulate you, Steve, old man; and you, too, Nora. I wish you both luck."

Soberly she put out her hand in answer to his, and he smiled at both of them drearily. Then he dropped her fingers and pulled out his watch.

"Well," he said, "I stopped in on the way to the office. It's six now, and I'm due on the copy desk at half-past. Good-bye."

But as he reached the door some of the instinct of his profession to recover from a blow came back to him, and he turned with a wan smile.

"Steve," he said in a warmer tone than he had used before, "you kept your promise and sent in the story for all of us when you could have scooped the bunch. It's only right you should have a scoop out of it for yourself at the last."

Doubling the Yields in Ontario



By M. J. Patton



Illustrated with Photographs

THE farmers of Ontario are having their eyes opened to the possibilities of scientific farming. Result: The output of their farm products bids fair to double itself in the next few years.

This rejuvenation of agriculture is primarily due to the efforts of one man, C. C. James, the deputy minister of agriculture for the province. During his term of office he has been unremitting in his attack upon one of the hardest problems an administrator can face—the awakening of the indifferent farmer. Now, after twenty years of hard work, success is coming his way.

"It is easier to build a Dreadnought than an agricultural college," said Mr. James once, and in so saying he showed that he fully appreciated the magnitude of the task before him. In every age the farmer has gained the reputation of being an ultra-conservative—an apostle of the old way of doing things. Modern governments have conducted costly experiments, built agricultural colleges, and rained farming literature upon him; and the results were not encouraging. The tiller of the soil laughed at your professor of agriculture and frankly told him to his face that he couldn't earn his salt if he had to work a farm for his living. Telling wasn't worth a cent with the indifferent farmer. Like the proverbial man from Missouri, he had to be shown.

Mr. James showed him—sent a man right out on to his farm to live with him and demonstrate to him how he could make his bank account grow bigger. And that is why James succeeded. The story of just how he did it is one that is worth knowing.

The field of operations was not an unsuitable one. Ontario is a good farming province. Its land is fertile,

its people are intelligent, and its climate is favorable. The population is mostly of British descent, but in a few scattered sections we find German and French settlements. The nucleus of the present population was the United Empire Loyalists, who emigrated from the United States to Canada when the thirteen colonies rebelled against Great Britain. They were a hardy class of settlers, experienced in the rough colonial life they had to lead, and their present-day descendants have not proved unworthy of them. Mr. James and his department at Toronto had a good country and a sturdy people to work with.

But there were difficulties in the way, and very serious ones. First of all, there was the attraction of the West, with its broad expanse of virgin prairie drawing the best young blood from Ontario. That produced two bad results. First, it created a great scarcity of labor, and second, it drew away the initiative and progressiveness associated with youth. That is an important consideration. When you deplete your population of young men stagnation usually follows.

Then there was the lure of the cities; the country life seemed slow and monotonous in comparison with the bustling activity of the great centres of population. What a depleting influence this was is shown by a glance at statistics. In 1872 the rural population of Ontario was 1,050,000; in 1909 it stood at exactly the same figure. The country dwellers in nearly forty years had not increased at all. During the same time the urban population increased from 375,000 to over a million and a quarter. Here, then, was the problem: how to rehabilitate a discredited calling and stop the exodus to the West and to the cities.

Mr. James faced this problem, and the upward trend of the rural population shows he is solving it. He has won out because his fundamental principle of action was sound. He reasoned that if you want the farmer to stay on his farm you must make it financially profitable for him to do so. "The great hope of improvement in the average farmer," he said, "lies not through sending him a report or a pamphlet, not through talking at him in an institute meeting, not by doing something for him on an experimental farm, but through helping him do some work on his own farm where he gets improved financial results through his own efforts."

The rest was largely a question of ways and means and persistence. Agriculturally, the province was fairly well organized. It had its agricultural societies, its farmers' institutes, its dairymen's associations and all the other familiar associations connected with the business of farming. But they did not meet the situation. Their members consisted of the widest awake, most progressive farmers in the community; the Department of Agriculture wanted to reach the stuck-in-the-rut farmer who pooh-poohed just such organizations. He was largely in the majority and had to be interested if two blades of grass were made to grow where one grew before. To overcome this difficulty Mr. James decided to send men right out on the firing line. He adopted the district representative system that had done so much towards improving agriculture in Ireland.

The district representative is an agricultural missionary waging a shirt-sleeve fight against ignorance and indifference on the farm. The Department of Agriculture drops him down in a farming community to persuade the farmers to adopt the methods he has learned at college. He is a B.S.A., which means, in Ontario, that he is a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph. For his field of work he is given a whole county. He is attached to the staff of the county high school, where he conducts classes in agriculture during the winter for farmers' sons. The county council is

required by statute to contribute \$500 towards the expenses of his work, while his salary is paid by the Department of Education.

In this way the latest wrinkles in scientific agriculture are brought from the agricultural college right to the farm. The district representative is instructed to study the possibilities of his district and its people, and in every case he has succeeded in winning their confidence by his sincerity and ability to help. He makes himself an actual part of the life of the district he serves and seizes every opportunity of inculcating the principles of farming.

You will see him at the fall fair with a crowd of interested farmers about him, showing by actual demonstration how an orchard should be sprayed, or it may be you will see him in the midst of a crowd conducting a stock judging exhibition. There he stands by the side of the cow or the horse he is using as an illustration, pointing out the good points and the bad about the animal. If you chance, some day, to be driving in the country, you may see him making a drainage survey for John Jones or showing Henry Brown how to pack his apples to get the highest market price. He is a practical hard-working expert who wins the support of the farmer every time.

It is remarkable what these enthusiastic young men are accomplishing. To cite a few actual examples of the transformations they have wrought is perhaps the best way of showing what is being done.

In Lanark County the outstanding problem for the district representative to solve was that of drainage. A large portion of the land (90,000 acres) could be made twice as profitable if it were drained. But labor was scarce, tile high in price, and the farmers did not know how to lay a ditch properly. The first step was to arouse interest so the district representative began by conducting a local newspaper campaign, giving addresses and making practical demonstrations of the benefits to be derived from under draining. One field, a particularly wet one, that lay beside a main-travelled road, was selected for demonstration purposes.

The district representative made a drainage survey of this, had it tiled and made ready for sowing. These operations, exposed to full public view, were watched and talked about as they only could be in a rural community.

The eagerly-awaited outcome did not prove disappointing. The field, which had been one of the wettest in the district, was in shape for seeding three weeks before the other fields in the neighborhood. It was planted to corn, and the crop that was harvested, grown where corn was never previously raised, was conceded to be the best within a radius of several miles.

Results then came quickly. Additional drainage demonstrations were held and requests to the district representative for assistance in planning drains came thick and fast. To overcome the handicap of high-priced tile, the members of the Farmers' Club of the Perth district banded together and bought it in car-load lots at low prices. The farmer on whose land the first drainage demonstration was held was so thoroughly converted that he put in a car-load of tile himself the next year.

The labor problem was a difficult one, but the district representative secured a steam ditcher from Quebec that dug from 2,000 to 3,000 feet a day. Next year the farmers are planning to own co-operatively a steam ditcher of their own. In a few short years it is safe to say that most of that 90,000 acres of swamp land in Lanark County will be classified as productive. Figuring the produce as worth at least ten dollars per acre, that would mean nearly a million dollars increase in production for a single county. Mr. James has truly said that the amount expended for a district representative is an investment that pays many fold.

Mr. James has not confined himself to demonstrating the value of ditching, but he has waged a vigorous war on orchard ignorance. Every Ontario man knows the old orchard gone to wreck and ruin as well as he knows the stump fence and the spinning wheel.

The fruit growing industry has been especially stimulated by the work of the district representative. In this, too, the doubting Thomases had to be

converted by means of demonstration work of the most exacting character. Just as in the case of drainage the district representative conducted operations right on the farm. In a number of orchards scattered throughout the county you will come across this sign:

DEMONSTRATION ORCHARD

Ontario Department of Agriculture
WATCH RESULTS

That means that some old decrepit orchard has been singled out for rejuvenation. In Dundas County, the district representative and his assistant took personal charge of four orchards to show what scientific methods could do. Spraying is the *sine qua non* of fruit growing, and the necessity for it had to be shown in a manner that could not be gainsaid. In each case the whole orchard was sprayed with the exception of one row of trees through the centre. The difference in yield between the sprayed and the unsprayed portions did more for scientific fruit growing methods in that district than would a ton of literature on the subject. In one of these orchards the unsprayed row of trees yielded less than a barrel of first class fruit, while on the remaining portion, 43 trees, the apples sold on the tree for \$400. The cost of spraying material to produce this result was \$7.90. In another demonstration orchard the fruit was of such good quality that it was selected by the Dominion Government for exhibition at the World's Fair at Brussels.

Results obtained from spraying were a revelation to many. "Mr. Wm. Peck," states the district representative of Prince Edward County, "owns an old orchard of about 7 acres. A year ago this orchard was very seriously affected with Leaf Blister Mite and the fruit was ruined by Codling Moth. This year the orchard was sprayed thoroughly and sold for \$1,500, while a year ago, when there were more apples, it brought the owner less than \$400. Handsome financial returns of this nature soon make the farmer turn to spraying, and then the district representative only has time to supervise operations to see that they are done as nearly right as possible.



A BUMPER CROP OF WHEAT GROWN ON A FIELD WHERE WHEAT COULD NOT
BE PROFITABLY RAISED BEFORE THE GROUND
WAS DRAINED



RECLAIMING WET LAND BY MEANS OF A STEAM DITCH DIGGER THAT CUTS THROUGH
THE SOIL AT THE RATE OF NINE FEET A MINUTE AND DIGS
A TRENCH THREE FEET WIDE



SOME OF THE RESULTS OF PROFESSOR JAMES' WORK PILED UP ON THE
PLATFORM AT BEAMSVILLE, ONTARIO.
AWAITING SHIPMENT

There are but a few concrete examples of the thousand and one ways in which the agricultural expert applies himself in order to make science touch the life of the farmer and solve his financial problems. The work is all of an educational nature, most of it being incidental to the regular courses in agriculture held at the high schools during the winter. Much is being accomplished through interesting public school teachers in the work of regeneration by inducing them to maintain school gardens for the teaching of practical agriculture. Indeed, in one county the yield of corn has been materially increased by means of corn growing competitions among public school boys.

Then, in addition to the office consultations with farmers who wish advice on the problems they meet in their everyday work, there are addresses and demonstrations to be given at County Fairs, and before Dairy Associations, Fruit Growers' Associations, Farmers' Clubs and kindred bodies. These as-

sociations, once life has been put into them, become powerful instruments in the hands of the representative. Here are some of the purposes for which the district representative in Lanark County used one Farmers' Club:

1. To promote rural telephone service throughout the riding;
2. To carry on co-operative buying of clover and grass seed through local seedsmen in order to secure purity and No. 1 quality;
3. To import seed corn on the ear;
4. To import tile in car-load lots.
5. To establish one variety of potatoes as the representative variety for this section;
6. To run an excursion to MacDonald College in August, 1909;
7. To inaugurate an annual ploughing match, October, 1910.

To sum up, these local organizations have been found exceedingly useful both in strengthening the competitive spirit and in forming a healthy *esprit de corps*.

The success of the district representative system is now assured. In 1907 it was started in six counties: this year no less than twenty-one counties will have it, and the Government is not able to meet the demands for experts from other centres. And this success has been accomplished in the face of initial indifference and even hostility. When the scheme was first tried one county council passed a resolution condemning the whole thing as a needless waste of money. To-day there would be trouble if the district representative were taken away. In fact, two other sections of the same county are now clamoring for experts.

The movement of the agricultural uplift is making itself felt in a measure of greater prosperity throughout the whole province. Since 1906 there has been a steady increase in rural population, although for twenty years, from 1886, when the C. P. R. first tapped the West, it had been surely going down hill. But what is still more indicative of prosperity, farm values and the amount of farm products have been decidedly mounting.

Fifty-two million dollars was the amount of the increase in farm values for 1909 over those of 1906, the year before the representative district system was started. In the past six years, the yearly output of the farms has increased by \$50,000,000, the present annual production being worth approximately \$250,000,000. The best future, however, is the increase in the yield per acre, due to the adoption of intensive methods of cultivation. The following table compares the average yield for the past twenty-nine years

with that for 1910, which was by no means an exceptional year:

Yield Per Acre of Principal Field Crops in Ontario:

Crop.	Av'ge last	
	1910.	29 yrs.
Fall wheat	26.7	21.0
Spring wheat	19.3	15.9
Barley	30.5	27.8
Oats	37.0	35.7
Potatoes	130.0	116.0
Corn for husking. ...	77.7	71.4
Hay and Clover.....	1.71	1.46

Wherever you go throughout the province you can see the evidences of better times. Farmers are putting up larger and better buildings, better mail facilities are being petitioned for and obtained, rural telephone lines are radiating out over the peaceful countryside and a veritable network of interurban electric railways is gradually weaving itself over the map. The country, with its pure air and fruitful quietness, is being made a more attractive place to live in. Mr. James and his co-workers in Ontario are clearing the way for a movement back to the soil which, within the next fifty years, must take place if the Anglo-Saxon race is to maintain its vitality unimpaired. Did you ever stop to ponder the fact that in Canada and in the United States, almost without exception, those men who by reason of strength of character or intellectual pre-eminence, have taken the lead in public affairs, in professional life and in scholarship, are not further removed than one, or at most, two generations from ancestors who tilled the soil?





A SONG OF STEEL

BY WILLIAM J. SHANKS

FROM the Athabasca basin to the
southern border plains,
Where the prairie flowers and grasses
bloom with countless suns and rains;
From the silent mountain passes to
the lone Keewatin trails,
They are breaking Nature's slumbers
with the music of the rails.

Over mountain crag and torrent;
through the forest hills and breaks;
Over leagues of treeless hinterland
around the mighty lakes;
Sons of Vulcan! Hear them swinging
through the vastness into space!
Hear the rhythmic sledges ringing out
their welcome to a Race!

From the Old World's human mael-
strom to the New World's realm of
peace,
Where the prairie skyline beckons and
the wars of Mammon cease;
Human eyes are turned with longing—
human hopes are circling high,
As the steel-tongued heralds carol to
the wild-rose and the sky.

Like the thrush when day is dying—
or the lark when day is young,
Are the matins and the vespers of the
ribboned pathways sung;
Wake, thou virgin prairies, wake! and
greet the heroes of thy dream,
Hear the bridal song of Industry—the
hymn of Rails and Steam!

Yield thy gifts, O Land of Promise!
Homeless millions turn to thee;
Chains of poverty are broken and the
bondsmen shall be free;
Through the trackless void we're com-
ing, with the morning star o'erhead,
World-old prayers and tears we'll an-
swer with an avalanche of Bread!

Where the bison made his wallow, and
the Indian tepees passed;
Where the tardy sons of Empire con-
quer first and harvest last;
Hear the vibrant rails go whispering,
in their paths from sea to sea,
Singing Hope, and Peace, and Plenty—
for the Canada to be.





Jean Baptiste's Grand Woman

By Mae Harris Anson

With Drawings

By Paul L. Anderson

A BREEZE from the north shook the tops of the pine trees. The hemlock log, outlined in glowing coals, fell apart, sending a shower of sparks fluttering to the sky. Jean Baptiste stirred uneasily and, with a startled glance about him, made the sign of the cross.

"A storm before morning, eh, Jean Baptiste?" said Longley Graham.

"No, m'sieu'. You may rest quite easy on that score. There will be no weather for three days."

"Then trouble? Ill luck? No moose nor deer?" Graham persisted, knowing full well that, like all dwellers in the north, Jean Baptiste was chary of speech and given to long silences.

"No, m'sieu', it is none of these. It is the memory," and again, though almost imperceptibly, Jean Baptiste made the sign of the cross. "For always when the hemlock log yields up its soul to the call of the wind, it brings

back the memory of the Grand Woman."

"A legend, eh, Jean Baptiste?"

"No, m'sieu', a woman of flesh and blood, even as you and I. A woman with a soul so great, a courage so magnificent—a woman big, big, grand—magnificent!"

For six joyous weeks had Graham followed the trail of Jean Baptiste through the wilderness of the valley of the Batiscan, and never once had sentiment seemed part or parcel of him. And now this!

"Ah, no, m'sieu'," said Jean Baptiste again, in answer to the quizzical glance that Graham cast upon him. "It was not she for such as I. It was only that she came, that I was her guide, and that the good God gave me the power to understand. I heard while far in the north that there was a madame at La Tuque who desired me as guide. They say that she was a

great English madame gone mad over the hunt. But I, I knew the moment that I saw her that she was not English. Only the women of your race have that gaze, calm and without fear, the square shoulders, the uplifted chin. M'sieu'," and Jean broke off suddenly, "have you ever seen the look in the eyes of one whom disease is gnawing every waking moment, and who yet seeks to look so that the world may think him strong? That look I saw in Madame's eyes, and yet I knew it was a suffering of the mind, the heart, and not of the body. I knew that she had come into the north to forget, and in that first glance, too, I knew that she would never find what she sought.

"Well, m'sieu', we started out—I and Robert and his Suzanne and Madame. Never, never, did I see anybody so love the open as did Madame. She joyed in the danger of the rapids, like even that devil of a Mushwa; she thrived on the coarse food and slept in her bed of pine boughs each night as though she had been born in a lodge of the north. She did not know so much as the trigger on the rifle when we started from La Tuque, and yet before the month was out, voila! she could shoot almost as well as I. Neither did she know the twist of the wrist to fit the paddle, nor yet the turn for casting, but all, all, she learned quickly. And never did she complain at ill luck, or rain, or the pest of flies; she kept her feet with us—oh, she was grand, grand, magnificent!

"All day she was joy, and then, when night came always the memory came back to her, and I have seen her sit for an hour without stirring, looking straight into the heart of the fire, and, m'sieu', all the sorrows of all the world were in her eyes. All this time, it had been north, north, with Madame. And then, one morning, as she came from her tent, she waved her hand in one direction and said:

"'We'll go that way to-day.'

"'But, Madame,' I said, 'but, Madame, but that is east.'

"'But, yes, Jean Baptiste,' she said with a smile, 'but, yes—please—something draws me.'

"It may seem strange that it came

that way, but strange things like that happen often in the north, and all this time, you see, he had been seeking her. I don't think Madame dreamed of its coming, but as for me, with the first sound of human steps coming through the woods, far off, I knew, I knew. The first that I heard was the cry:

"'Alice!' in a man's great voice. I looked at Madame. She was standing white as marble, her eyes full of terror, stricken absolutely dumb. The man leaped toward her, crying:

"'Alice! Alice! Have I found you at last?'

"Only when he came within reach of her outstretched hand did Madame stir. Then she caught him and clutched him hard, and one hand moved over his face as I have seen the hand of blind Mother Marguerite learn the looks of the last new baby. And then she said, with a catch in her voice:

"'John! John! Is it really you?'

"He took her in his arms and held her close. Then he stood her off by the shoulders at arms' length. Then, suddenly, he drew her to him and kissed her over and over again. Indeed, m'sieu', that John well knew how to kiss a woman's very soul out of her body."

"'I thought I had stepped out of the world, where you never could find me,' Madame said at length.

"'There is no place in all the world that I could not find you,' he said. 'You are mine, my very own, as my heart, my soul are mine. In all this world you never can hide away from me. I will have you. I will never give you up.'

"And all Madame could say was: 'Johnnie! Johnnie!'

"'Where are your people?' he said at length, quick, to me, Jean Baptiste. 'Only three of you? Good God, man! What were you thinking of to take a woman like Madame off into the wilds with only you three to watch over her?'

"Ah, m'sieu'," and Jean Baptiste leaned earnestly toward Graham in the light of the dying fire, "he loved her truly; he would have gone through the fires of hell for her and gladly laid down his life, if so it need be, for her, but even so, he did not know her very soul as

did I, Jean Baptiste. For Madame had come into her own in the north; she loved it; it spoke to her; it gave her peace. she had no fear.

"Now, m'sieu' will understand that what I know came not because I tried to hear, but rather because this John seemed not to care that what he said should be overheard.

"But, Alice," he said, 'you love me, I know that. Else why should you have feared and fled to the wilderness? Come, dare all, and tell me so, sweet-heart.'

"Oh, m'sieu', the face that Madame turned to him—so wonderful, so beautiful, but, oh, m'sieu', I saw what he did not, that it was not the face of one who yields.

"Yes, I dare, beloved," she said. 'The north has been good to me. It has taught me truth, given me courage. I love you, love you, love you!'

"John gave a low cry and picked her up like this in his arms," and Jean Baptiste gave an embracing gesture which made Graham catch his breath. "And then he said: 'At Quebec we will be married. I will not trust you out of my sight till then.'

"No, beloved, no," she said, still with shining eyes. 'No, I cannot marry you. I love you—love you with all the good that is in me, but I cannot marry you and bring disaster upon you.'

"But all that is over and done with," said John. 'I don't acknowledge that there is anything connected with you that could bring disaster upon me. And, if there were, I'd face it and fight it, if only I knew you were mine.'

"Oh, Johnnie! Johnnie!" was all that Madame could say, and then she refused to talk any more about it, laughing at every attempt he made to be serious. Oh, m'sieu', she was grand, grand, magnificent! The next day Madame tried to send John on his way hunting, but he refused.

"My game is found," he said. 'I have tracked it far, and now that I have snared it, I do not mean it shall get away. But, sweetheart, sweetheart, come away to Quebec.'

"But I love the north," said Madame, 'here I have found truth, and

friendship, and, above all—peace. The south is cruel.'

"Then good-by it is for me to the south," said John. 'If you love the wilderness like that, if the south means a cruelty that my love and devotion could not atone for, then wilderness it is for me to the last degree.'

"But your work!" gasped Madame.

"That for my work!" said John, and he snapped his fingers like a very Frenchman.

"But your future! You know what your sure goal is.'

"Better still, I know that the greatest future in all the world is worth nothing if, in its gaining, I should have left you behind.'

"Beloved! beloved! why make it so hard for me?" wailed Madame. 'How could I put upon your name the black mark that follows mine?'

"You mean——"

"My brother.'

"But he is dead.'

"The memory of such a stain never dies among those who do not love one.'

"You mean——"

"Madame was silent.'

"You mean—my mother?'

"Madame turned her head away, still silent.

"My mother," he went on, steel in his eyes and ice in his voice, 'my mother learned the error of her judgment against you within twenty-four hours of your departure. In weakness, your brother stained your name, but in your devotion that kept you at his side, fighting against the strongest circumstantial evidence, combatting every charge, and in the end proving the act was done in self-defense, you redeemed your common name in the eyes of the world. No matter how weak, how faulty your brother, your character stands out as purest gold and makes you a woman who would honour any family that she entered. My mother sees that—now. My mother acknowledges——'

"Ah, yes—I know it all, because I know you," Madame broke in. 'She sees, and she acknowledges—merely because you told her that if she would not receive me as your wife she could no more call you son.'

"And this time, m'sieu'," said Jean Baptiste, "it was John's eyes which turned from those of Madame's, while he in turn was silent.

"And so it went on, every day for a week, John ready for every turn, beating down every argument, insisting upon marriage at once at Quebec, and every day I saw the sorrow growing deeper and deeper in Madame's eyes, and every day the pain sinking deeper and deeper into her heart—and I could see, though John did not, that no matter what he said, Madame would never yield. At length there came an hour when she could bear no more.

"'Give me time, give me time,' she begged, 'just a little longer here in the peace of the north. But you go south. Pick up your life—and when I join you there—I will marry you.'

"'My own! My own!' said John. 'You mean it? You will—really—marry me?'

"'When I go south,' said Madame.

"And when, the next day, John stood ready to turn from the north and take up again the burdens of his world to the south, she said to him:

"'Beloved, take hold again strong upon your life. Forget that your mother is anything but willing that I should be your wife. And climb, climb always toward the heights. Remember that I exact your best, and, ah—beloved, beloved, though I may not be with you always, never forget, never doubt that I love you, love you, love you with all the good that is in me.'

"M'sieu'," and Jean Baptiste's level voice trembled, "I could stand no more. I walked away into the forest. When I returned, John was gone, and, oh, the face, the face that Madame turned toward me! Such a face must the blessed St. Jeanne d'Arc have raised to heaven as the flames leaped about her. And yet, so far as Madame said, from that time on, this John and his love might have been but one of her midnight dreams of which I never knew. And then, m'sieu'——" The even flow of Jean Baptiste's voice broke. He set his pipe between his teeth and pulled vigorously upon it. As the smoke clouds finally began to lessen, Graham spoke.

"And then?" he said.

"And then, m'sieu', came—the end—and I have always taken blame upon myself that it came as it did. For, knowing Madame, I ought to have foreseen what she would do. One night, as we sat around the fire, Madame said:

"'How far does a promise hold, Jean Baptiste?'

"And I, not dreaming what was in her mind, replied:

"'As far as it is said, Madame.'

"'As far as it is said, Jean Baptiste?' And then she repeated: 'As far as it is said. But what of the difference between what one may mean and what the other thinks is meant, Jean Baptiste?'

"'One may not claim a promise beyond the meaning of him who made it,' said I, Jean Baptiste, making joyous sport of life, like the fool of the world that I am.

"'Ah!' she said. Just that. No more.

"That night, m'sieu', I dreamed, I, who can count all the dreams of my life on the fingers of one hand. It was a dream of Madame. I heard again the thunder of the cataract of La Tuque on the upper St. Maurice. I could see nothing, I could not move, I could only hear. And by and by came the voice of Madame, saying:

"'Beloved, beloved—I beseech your loving pardon and forgiveness. I cannot go south, for I must not marry you—and now the north has grown cold and dreary. There is no other way. Beloved, beloved, it is for love of you!'

"And then while I lay dead in sleep, I knew that she went step by step toward the river, and while I yet strove with the horror of it, I awoke. And there might have yet been time had I even then as much as stolen near to Madame's tent and listened for her breathing. As it was, like the fool of the world that I am, I simply turned on my bed and went to sleep again.

"The next morning it seemed that Madame had slept late, she who was usually astir with the first clink of the saucepan of Suzanne. The walls of her tent hung motionless. At length I went near. I listened. There was



• PAUL • L • ANDERSON • •

"THE FIRST THAT I HEARD WAS THE CRY IN A MAN'S GREAT VOICE, 'ALICE! ALICE!
HAVE I FOUND YOU' AT LAST?"

no faintest sound. I called softly. There was no reply. Loudly I repeated the call 'Madame! Madame!' Only the echo of the woods came back. Then, m'sieu', a great fear fell upon me. I pulled the tent apart. Madame was not there!

"Robert and Suzanne were all for a search of the forest. But not I, m'sieu.' I made straight for the river, fear growing upon me with every mark I saw of a little moccasined foot. It was no surprise that I should find but one canoe where two had beached the night before. No—never a trace was found. The waters of the St. Maurice seldom give up their dead," said Jean Baptiste, in answer to Graham's involuntary movement. "M'sieu' has noticed as he came up the St. Maurice from Grandes Piles to La Tuque that many crosses mark the way on either bank?" he went on, after a silence which not even a hardened man of the world like

Graham could break. Graham nodded without speaking.

"Some are shrines," Jean Baptiste went on, "and some are raised to mark the going out of some unlucky soul in the waters of the St. Maurice. One of these, long after, when even the greatest hope was dead, I raised for Madame, the woman grand, magnificent. Ah, m'sieu', you men of the south have ways that are not as ours of the north. Had it been for me that light shone in Madame's eyes, instead of for that John, not all her prayers, not all the world beside, would have sent me from her—the woman of great heart and courage so magnificent."

Again the voice of Jean Baptiste broke. In an absent-minded way he tapped his pipe against the now blackened hemlock log, and as a few scattering sparks crackled up in the frosty air, again he made the sign of the cross.

IT GETS LATE EARLY

BY W. D. NESBIT

ONE lonesome bee lags to the hive,
 On stiffened and rheumatic wings,
 The frost-bit cricket, half-alive,
 Creaks out the swan-song that it sings,
 The wind-tossed withered blade and husk,
 Where one lorn cornstalk feebly sways,
 Are crackling dirges in the dusk—
 It gets late early nowadays.

The clucking chickens seek their rest,
 The street lamps flare out in surprise,
 The drifting clouds against the west
 Gleam with a myriad gorgeous dyes,
 The maple leaves turn richer gold,
 The woodbine has a crimson blaze,
 The grape-leaves crumple up and fold—
 It gets late early nowadays.



This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

ARRESTED !

SO, after all the flurry, the pain and loss and horror of war, the Maine was not blown up by the Spaniards at all ! The destruction of the ship was not the cause of the Spanish-American war, but it was the last straw. The pictures of the starving Cubans (I must confess I never saw any of them) which circulated so freely in the great journals of the United States, and the harrowing accounts of the sufferings of little children which appealed so strongly to the women, precipitated the war; Cuba was the issue, but to force it a great card had to be played by the sensational journals, and the destruction of the battleship lying in Havana Harbour was the one that turned the trick. It now appears that a certain anonymous letter—never traced to its author—and received by the authorities, sought to throw the crime on the Cubans who were desirous of embroiling the United States with Spain. Captain Brady, brother of the well-known author, Cyrus Townsend Brady, in a sensational lecture which he gave last November, actually named the author of the crime, an electrician of Morro Castle, one José Zalvado.

I have reason to remember this same Captain Brady when I was acting as

special correspondent for an important Canadian journal in Tampa just before the army departed for Cuba. Only a journalist may comprehend the passionate desire of another to "scoop" a big thing for his paper. I know of no more compelling impulse. One follows it at all hazards. It shines like a great headlight, and everything goes down before the desire to reach it. It is perhaps this loyalty towards one's paper, this zeal in its service, which gives a touch of nobility to the profession of journalism, which, indeed, is the soul of the thing, this priceless service done every day—as courageous and brave in its quiet endeavour as the more showy actions which draw the acclaim of the people.

The time was, as they say in the editorial column, a parlous one. The big hotel—headquarters of the army of 28,000 men which was camped on the sands of Tampa—was so full of magnetism, that thrilling, nameless thing, that one could practically sense it with the mysterious sixth quality which sometimes stirs the very soul of man. Every man and woman in it was a live wire. Even the bell-hops seemed to be on strings. Correspondents watched one another nervously. Everyone was daily expecting the

move on Cuba. Everyone had "copy" ready to flash over the wires. We haunted the telegraph rooms and eyed every person who went in and out with suspicion. The service women—wives and sisters of officers—gossiped together, and in the music room the merry dance went on, but you could feel the thrill of expectant excitement which trembled through it all.

I well remember the exact moment the news came. It was about eight in the evening and people had gathered in the spacious rotunda of the hotel. General Shafter, surrounded by his brilliant staff, had paused a moment to chat with some ladies. The younger officers were amusing themselves dancing and playing solitude à deux out on the dusky verandahs. An orderly stepped quietly up to the General and saluted. We saw him pass nothing in the way of document or package, but some hasty movement that he made as he moved smartly off—some weird thing that rustled through the great room as might a wind—was the spark that set us alight.

In five minutes everyone was moving. The music stopped abruptly. Bell-boys and messengers, soldiers and women jostled one another. People asked in whispers, "What is it?" Nobody knew. Everybody knew. Correspondents, a moment before lounging in evening togs, appeared suddenly, booted and "khakied" and weighed in with baggage—pseudo-soldiers—knights of the pencil. I ran to one of the telegraph booths. It was crowded. All were crowded. Accoutrements jingled as men came and went. Wires ticked at racing speed. I had my cipher message all ready. Next morning Canadians would read at the breakfast table, "The army has moved on Cuba." My paper was already warned to be on the lookout. In a moment one had squeezed to the front in the struggling mass which heaved around the machines. The innocent message, innocent as a dove—far from proclaiming war or anything else—was on its way to Toronto.

With eyes whose brightness I could feel, I left the little room and went

down the long passage on my way to make preparations for a quick move. It was then that I met Captain Brady. He came towards me with a jaunty step and a most observant eye. But something—what?—preceded him. I suddenly felt my knees growing weak. Presentiment of evil had flown on its lightning wings before him and had taken possession of my soul. It was not with surprise, therefore, but with eyes which had become almost sightless, I dimly saw him halt abruptly before me. I heard him say, "You are under arrest," and I remember that my face smiled stiffly. I shall never forget the painful effort of that smile. Then a clod seemed to hit me on the heart.

I had failed my paper!

And to this day I do not know how Captain Brady of the Secret Service discovered that my innocent cipher meant "The United States Army, 28,000 strong, moved on Cuba this evening (date given). Troops are now entraining for Port Tampa." The editor of my paper had previously received a letter with an explanation of the message which would be despatched when the proper time came. He afterwards declared that this letter had not apparently been tampered with. To its page alone had my secret been confided—and the Government knew all about it!

"Remember the Maine," was the cry of those days—a slogan long since thrust into silence, and now all but forgotten—but "Remember Captain Brady and his red head and acute blue eye," is a slogan whose echo will forever haunt the chamber of my heart. He was the first man who ever arrested me. The gods send that he be also the last.

THE WAY OF A MAN WITH HIS CLOTHES

"**G**OT your hat on yet? Hurry up, there; we'll be late." Then, as you fly down stairs—"What in blazes keeps you women so long putting on a hat and coat?"

Thus Man—that lord of creation—but not of Modern Woman.

Now, if anyone be privileged to take

time over dressing it is Woman. Think of all the things she has to put on, all the little loose ends she has to corral. There is her grim strait-waist-coat, to say nothing of the lacy, frilly thing that goes over it. There are her petticoats, her "brazier"—as the lady who makes it calls it—(no, sir, I shall *not* explain); there are her rats, and her hair, and her complexion, and sometimes her teeth, with a hundred and one other little things which she must put on before she is fit to be seen. But a man, now! What is to prevent him from being dressed in fifteen minutes, and yet look at the time he takes! Put a stop watch on him, and next time he growls at you for being so slow, just put him in his place with a word or two.

Let us consider the gentleman at his morning toilet. Dear maiden ladies, be not shocked at these intimate revelations. They are absolutely harmless and full of human interest.

If his razor be in perfect form and he enjoys the suavity, the blessing of a clean shave, he will be in good humor half the day. Should his shave be grateful and comforting you will hear him whistle a stave as he turns on the tap for his plunge, but if you hear mutterings and growls and the hot little word from the bathroom you had better run down stairs and see that Mary is extra particular about the toast for, depend upon it, your lord's temper will match his rough face. The bath, which is full of surprises for one's back, is the reason for the sudden shout which brings you up again, but you hear him plunging and splashing and know that he is happy.

In a good humor from his brisk rub he turns to the contemplation of his shirt. Here comes a check—no, not a check shirt—just a full stop. He fights with half a dozen before he makes a choice, and then begins the wrestle with his collar. Don't call out that the coffee is cooling or that train time is near while he wallows in profanity over the button under the bed. Slip down stairs again and lie low while this operation is in progress.

Now he is approaching his wardrobe

to select his suit for the day. What a gratitude a man feels towards the trousers that keep their shape, but how he values the coat which becomes so comfortable and accommodating in its shapeless old age! The trousers at last festooned into place with the



"I'M AFRAID THE EGGS WILL BE COLD, DEAR"

graceful suspender, comes the question of the tie. He must take time over this. The eggs may be cooling, the rasher frizzled to a spiral, but his tie has to be carefully selected that it may not clash either with the disposition or the suit. How can a man with a fit of the blues be expected to look well in a glaring red tie, and why is it that the "unsuccessful" tie will never wear out, and never fail to work its way daily up to the top of the tie-box? But the tie adjusted, then comes the military tattoo on his head. So soothing, so full of finish is the brushing if he has locks in plenty to arrange above his noble brow—so slow and careful a proceeding if he has but six hairs to plaster across that desert expanse which roofs his brain! With the completion of this and other lesser duties of his toilet and the donning of his coat, the work is over except for those concluding touches, the collection of his clean handkerchief, his watch, his keys, and any money his wife may

have left in the pockets of the trousers he wore yesterday. Finally, with three minutes in which to swallow his breakfast, and two to make his train, he descends to meet his patient spouse, whose plaintive, "I'm afraid the eggs are cold, dear," is her equivalent for the irritating growls he sends skywards when she is nervously prodding her scalp with that last hat-pin, and he is kicking the dog off the mat, and wondering why in thunder women take such a time to put a "bonnet" on.

And when she tells him that by her watch he was exactly fifty-two minutes dressing, he calmly replies, "Why, I was barely twenty-five. Your watch must want cleaning, Jane."

GOLD IN THE GRAVE

THERE are distinctions in misers as in all else. Daniel Dancer, when he found a couple of eggs, heated them under his arms rather than light a fire, and his sister lived in a bag rather than spend money on clothes. A miser died the other day who went even farther for he took the greater part of his wealth to the grave with him. His

walking stick, which he prized so affectionately that he ordered it to be buried with him, was found to be hollow and filled with notes and gold. Under his armpits were stowed stocks and bonds and other notes. His widow suspected him and had him dug up. It was the richest bit of mining ever done in that part of the country. The undertaker must certainly have been an honest fellow. All his life this mistaken person had lived in poverty in order to amass gold. He had gone hungry for it and lived in misery because of it. His wife said little but stuck to her job. He would send her away on some pretext and then pour his money out of sacks on the floor and take a bath in it. One night she stole back and watched him through a chink in the door. His face frightened her with its look of devilish joy, and she made off quietly, being a timid woman, and said no word to anybody. He hid a few hundred dollars in holes and corners, but the main portion went into his coffin. What was in his mind, I wonder? Perhaps he thought St. Peter wouldn't be above a bribe, or that if he had the wherewithal to buy the Devil an iced drink or two, that red hot gentleman might refrain from prodding him with his glowing harpoon more than a dozen times a day. Perhaps he did it for a joke on the wife; perhaps he took it for a nest-egg against a rainy day of re-incarnation. He could have had a thousand reasons; to buy a halo, or a Jew's harp of gold, or a place to sit down on in heaven, or a lot in the New Jerusalem. Poor man, poor man! and now he lies in his common grave, just as poor as Edward H. Harriman under his costly mausoleum. To such must misers and millionaires come at last, even as you and I.

DIAMOND CLOCKS

ARE women growing more extravagant?

They were a pair of stockings, long, exceedingly long, and of silk so fine you could have passed them through a finger ring. They were of the most delicate blue imaginable, with a dainty monogram woven in the top in plain



HE HID A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS IN CORNERS, BUT THE MAIN PORTION WENT INTO HIS COFFIN

shaded silk. But the instep was literally sewn with little jewels. In a superb cluster were woven a thimbleful of the tiniest rubies which glowed and flashed a hundred lights, and about them were sewn a shower of brilliants.

"We have just finished two pairs like these for that lady whom you saw just now drive off in her motor. It is getting to be a fad among the richest New York women—no, not actresses—they like their diamonds in the soles of their shoes or in their teeth—"

"But women don't wear those things?"

"Of course they do, and the effect of different kinds of jewels embroidered thickly on the instep is dazzling beyond conception. It is the richest and most startling extravagance which woman's dress has known for centuries."

"I've heard of jewelled garters," said the astonished reporter, "and wondered why the mischief women wanted to wear diamonds where nobody could see them, but jewelled stockings! That beats me."

"Perhaps," said the worldly wise old jeweller, "perhaps it will astonish you more to hear that Miladi wears jewelled clasps in her corset, but six pairs in the trousseau of one of our New York belles, who married a titled Englishman this year, were sent to us to have jewelled buttons put in them—and I can tell you in a minute just what they were—if you'll wait."

As it is not every day one can make diamond copy, one waited developments.

The jeweller came back with his notes. "In one pair," he said, consulting them, "we put buttons of jade, in another, turquoise, then coral, pearl, and in the bridal corset, clasps of diamonds. Women these days wear diamond buttons in their shoes if they can get them, and they don't care a snap how much it costs their husbands."

And all the way home the newspaper woman was thinking of a little family she knew, so poor, the children couldn't go to school for lack of decent shoes and stockings. One little family? Thousands.

A RAINY OCTOBER DAY.

THERE is something wonderful in the lonely woods on a gray October day when a soft rain is falling. You know the sort of day when the wind is stilled and the loose leaves are trembling on the twigs—knowing the next breeze will bring them to their death. The clouds brood low above the city and there is sighing among the trees that



"WOMEN THESE DAYS WEAR DIAMOND BUTTONS IN THEIR SHOES IF THEY CAN GET THEM," SAID THE WISE OLD JEWELLER

line the streets, the trees weary of the dust, the noise, the whizzing cars, the hoarse honk of the motors. Then comes the low call of the woods—the need to touch for a moment the adorable heart of Nature, to see her moods upon a sad autumn day when she is sick of love for old Winter.

Perhaps the reason one loves a rainy day is because of being born and bred in a land of more tears than sunshine, but the call of the wet day is as the call of the blood. You want to fling away from the town for a quiet hour; to go from the weariness of life to lose oneself in the lonely place where the soft rain taps upon the leaves and the little creeks purl all day long under the willows.

It is pleasant to watch the town dropping from you as you make for the woods. First come the vacant lots—gleams of green stretches, with here and there a stiff little row of new houses, their feet still in the lime and sand. Then green patches grow into little fields, into cabbage gardens and reaches of green aftermath. Then come the great sand hills dotted with scrub and all

aglow with autumn tints the brighter for the gray day—and far off, edging the world up against dun October skies—a bank of thick woods wedged together the trees touched with bronze and red and pale gold and standing out from the rest the little birches, their white trunks showing pallid and ghostlike, but their leaves holding yet the golden secret of summer.



THE BURNING LEAVES

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

SUCH scented censor smoke—it weaves
 Up from the burning autumn leaves
 And trails away in aimless style
 While lazy breezes loiter on!
 And though each wondrous golden while
 Of all the summer-time is gone,
 We do not sigh as one who grieves
 When drifts the scent of burning leaves.
 It is as cinnamon and musk
 And mint and myrrh that scents the dusk,
 And pungent clove, and nutmeg, too,
 And allspice buds, all deftly blent
 And intermingled through and through
 With berries of the Orient—
 So do we stand and know all these
 As echoes of our memories.



The Meteor's Honor

By Victor Lauriston

Illustrated by John Drew

DENHAM ! Verney dropped the paper sharply upon his desk, and, rising, paced the narrow confines of his sanctus as, when a little boy, he had often seen tigers pacing up and down their iron barred cages in the circus menagerie. For the name, with its call to other scenes and a wider world, thrilled his soul like the blast of a trumpet. Denham ! Alice Denham ! Memory harked back to gray, quiet Goderich, and the laughing girl who had caught his fancy in his summer at Menesetung. He could still see the beach as it was that last day they were together, and the girl gazing at him with brown eyes that wavered before his impassioned plea. And then—those careless, protesting words of hers that gave him his opportunity.

"Why do you talk of such things, Harry ? We're good friends, just as we've always been since I can first remember; but you—you've never done anything to impress me. You talk of buying me Attrill's Point; and yet a moment ago you were saying that the *Meteor* was in debt—that you had shouldered the debt for the sake of the chance it gave you. And what you ask now from me, Harry"—and here she smiled—"is just as impossible as it is for you to buy me Attrill's

Point, or even to clear the *Meteor*."

"Then, suppose I accomplish the impossible ? Suppose, a year from to-day, I come to you with the *Meteor* debt-free ? Alice—what then ? Will the rest be still impossible ?"

"How can I tell?" she asked. "I might love one man if he came to me penniless; I might despise another if he brought me a dozen fortunes. How can I tell, Harry ?"

"I ask a lone chance. Won't you give me that ?"

He remembered vividly the long waiting. And then, in a voice scarce audible :

"Yes," she answered.

That scene, those words, had lived as vividly as yesterday in his memory during the year since then. And now—here was Old Man Denham—Senator Denham—interested in the Chattenham & South Western. Verney smiled. The fact that Alice Denham's father was a stockholder in the road rather predisposed him to look with favor upon the \$100,000 bonus which the company asked as an inducement to pass through the city.

Or was this the same Denham ? Verney ceased his restless pacing; and, sitting down, commenced more carefully to scan the papers. As he did so, a frown clouded his brow. He read on and on; and all the while the

frown deepened, and with each added word he read more slowly, more carefully, and with all the more reluctance to believe.

Finally, with a gesture almost of anger, he thrust the crumpled papers into a drawer of the desk, and stared wearily, out upon the street.

He scarcely noticed when Alderman Morrison's portly form filled the outer doorway. The determined slam of the door did not rouse him. It was only when the big man rolled awkwardly through the doorway which bore the legend, "Editor and Proprietor. Strictly Private," that Verney at last looked up. He recognized his visitor with something like foreboding, never for a moment doubting that the call of the Vice-President of the Chattenham & South Western

concerned the papers he had just been reading.

"You're getting out a mighty good paper just now, Harry," murmured the vice-president, patronizingly, as he mopped the perspiration from his shiny forehead. "Mighty interesting sheet. Glad you're pulling along so well. If you don't commit suicide by bucking the powerful, you're going to make good in Chattenham, and no mistake."

Verney answered with a good-humored smile, which hid the suspicions that came to him. J. W. Morrison was not usually so fulsome in his praise.

"Thanks," he answered shortly. "If the *Meteor* is making good, I'm glad to have you say so. What's doing to-day?"

Morrison smiled uneasily, then drew his chair a little nearer, and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"Business," he rejoined. "Plain, every-day business. A friend of mine—we'll call him Friend No. 1—has something in his possession. Another friend—we'll call him Friend No. 2—wants it. See?"

He paused expectantly. Verney laughed.

"You might as well cough it right up, Morrison," he remarked, banteringly, the while he looked his visitor straight in the eyes.

Morrison was manifestly ruffled by the editor's failure to respond as he anticipated; equally manifest was his anxiety to hide any concern he might feel.

"Very well," he said at last, very brusquely. "I understand one of your reporters has secured possession of certain papers which have some bearing on the railway bonus. I thought I would call and talk the matter over with you. I'm right about your having the papers, I suppose?" he added, sharply.

"I believe you are," rejoined Verney. "In fact, the papers are in my desk at the present moment."

Morrison nodded.

"Oh," he commented, carelessly, "I may as well take them with me, if you don't mind. That's what I came for, don't you know?"



"YOU'RE GETTING OUT A MIGHTY GOOD PAPER JUST NOW, HARRY," SAID THE VICE-PRESIDENT PATRONIZINGLY

The editor gazed a moment in thoughtful silence at the big man's outstretched hand.

"As a matter of fact," he at last answered, "we intend to keep the papers."

"The dickens you do!" ejaculated Morrison, with a show of heat. "Stolen papers——"

Verney smiled straight at him.

"You know very well, Morrison," he rejoined, with a sudden access of sternness, "that those papers were not stolen. They are letters which belong, not to the company, but to the man to whom the company wrote them. That man has turned them over to the *Meteor*. They concern a matter of vital interest. I always suspected that that bonus proposition of yours was rotten. When I read those letters for the first time, a few moments ago, I ceased to suspect—I *knew*. As a journal devoted to the public interests, the *Meteor* must publish them. It has no alternative."

"Publish! Gad! You don't mean——"

The vice-president spluttered vengefully. Verney calmly watched him.

"Why not?" he rejoined. "Here is Chattenham on the verge of voting a hundred thousand dollars to your railway, to induce it to come here. You know, and I know, that the people, in their present state of mind, will carry the by-law when it is submitted to them, just because they want the railroad. But, Morrison, do you for one moment imagine they would vote their money away if they knew what these letters prove, that they would be voting it away for nothing—that the railway is bound to come to Chattenham, and means to come here anyway, and can't afford to go anywhere else, for the simple reason that it has already purchased its property here—and, finally, that two of the city council received a cool thousand each to vote for submitting that by-law? I *must* publish those letters. There is no way out of the situation but to publish them."

Morrison, his ruddy countenance turned suddenly white, gazed at the young man a moment in angry silence.

Then his whole aspect changed. His voice, when he did speak, was insinuating in its smoothness.

"See here, Verney," he said, argumentatively, "I've always been a friend of yours. You'll admit that. I want to be your friend now. I don't want to see the *Meteor* strike a snag just as you're getting it well under way. It's foolish in you to take a stand like this, which is bound to antagonize men who are your very best friends."

"I don't want to antagonize anyone," Verney answered slowly, "but the *Meteor's* honor is at stake."

"And you mean to sacrifice its interests to its honor?" flashed the vice-president quickly. "Suppose you publish these letters? What then? I've been working to get you the company's printing. You'll be cut out of that. A lot of the biggest and most respected business men in Chattenham are interested in the road. You'll lose their advertising. Some of the men behind it are prominent party men. There have been kicks already, I imagine, about the way you've been raking the government which you're supposed to support. Make these men sore, and you'll have a rival paper here in no time, and one with plenty of capital behind it. You know what that means?"

Verney stared moodily at the vice-president during the pause that followed. The big handkerchief once more came into requisition to mop the beads of perspiration from the visitor's forehead and neck.

"In a big city it wouldn't matter. There you are expected to knife someone at every turn. But here, every enemy you make counts against you. You know that. You know what money can do. And then, for whom are you doing all this? For the people. When it's all done, what will the people do for you? Ten to one they'll follow the leaders, and join in hounding you down as a libeller. The people are grateful, you know," added the visitor, laughing cynically. "At the best, they'll present you with a gold-headed umbrella—and then order their printing at the job office. More likely, they'll forget the umbrella."

Verney stared at him. He knew all this. He knew the power of the men behind Chattenham & South Western. He had felt the protest of the party leaders; and had pursued his way despite them, speaking out, because he felt that the *Meteor's* honor demanded that he be fairly and fearlessly outspoken. He shared, in some degree, Morrison's cynical estimate of popular gratitude. He had lived in the world long enough to learn things. He remained silent a long time, his brows knitted in a sombre frown.

Morrison again stretched out his hand.

"Come," he urged. "Look at this thing sensibly. Let me have the papers, and forget all about them."

Verney shook his head. Yet more even than the *Meteor's* honor hung in the balance. There was the winning of Alice Denham. The thought of that caused him to hesitate.

"I can't," he said at last, his lips tightening to a thin line. "At least, not to-day," he added weakly.

The contractor laughed.

"Very well," he rejoined, amiably. "Take a day or two to think it over. When you do, I fancy you'll find that these letters are not really worth publishing. Just hold them back a day or two—say, till Wednesday. I'll see you then. Is it a go?"

Verney nodded. Morrison laughed and shambled out.

Verney sat a long time in deep thought after the vice-president of the Chattenham & South Western had gone. His soul was a battle-ground of fiercely contending emotions. He seemed to be fighting, single-handed, against a dozen impelling passions. The thought of many a man who had helped him, who was interested in the Chattenham & South Western—the interests of the *Meteor*—the certainty of what the powerful men behind the road would do to crush his paper if he published the letters—the equal certainty of what they would do to help him if he kept them out. And last, and most, there was his longing for Alice Denham. She had given him a promise on certain conditions,

in the assurance, he knew, that the fulfillment of those conditions was impossible—and yet, he fondly imagined, cherishing in her own heart the hope that somehow, how she did not know, he would be able to fulfill those conditions, and to claim her.

Here was his opportunity. The men behind the company wanted these letters suppressed. It was in his own hands, he knew, to name his price; and he could name a price that would put the *Meteor* on a solid footing. Only one thing stood in the way—the *Meteor's* honor.

All through the two bitter days that he wrestled with the problem, he lived again the young ambitions he had cherished when he first joined the *Meteor*, a cub reporter, when Harrison owned the sheet; his vow, that if ever opportunity were his, the *Meteor* would be fair and fearless; the keenness with which he had watched the progress of the paper since he took hold; its struggles, its advances, its approaching triumph, and, above all, its good name.

On Wednesday morning, Morrison came back—not alone, but accompanied by Senator Denham. The sight of the great capitalist was to Verney like a message from home. Alice—the name leapt almost instinctively to his lips. But he stifled it quickly; for he knew it was not a quiet talk with the girl he loved on which he was about to enter, but an ordeal that threatened his own and his paper's honor.

He calmly brought forward seats for his visitors, and closed the door of his private office.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "what can I do for you?"

It was Senator Denham who spoke, in slow, deliberate tones.

"Morrison has just been speaking to me about some work for our road. You know, we will require considerable printing in connection with the bonus by-law here, and—well, we would like to lay the facts before the taxpayers through the columns of your paper. Most of the ratepayers know that the proposition is a good one, but I daresay there are some who still



"FROM MY EXPERIENCE," HE WENT ON, EMPHASIZING EVERY WORD, "I SHOULD SAY THAT-~~THE~~ JOB WILL NET YOU JUST FIVE THOUSAND CLEAR"

need to be convinced, and as an agent of conviction—well, nothing can beat printers' ink, to my way of thinking. Eh, Morrison?"

The vice-president laughed. The laugh was one which jarred upon Verney's soul.

"I should be pleased to submit figures upon any printing you wish done," he rejoined calmly. "As to our advertising rates—here is our card."

The capitalist smiled genially.

"My dear boy," he said, thrusting his fingers into his arm-pits, "I don't think it's really necessary to go to all that bother. I know the cost of printing pretty well. And, from my experience," he went on, emphasizing every word, "I should say—in fact, I am safe in guaranteeing—that the job will net you just five thousand clear."

The sharp tinkle of the telephone at Verney's elbow interrupted the long, tense silence that followed. As he caught up the receiver, the editor noted a swift glance passing between the two men.

"Hello," he cried. "Ah, Mr. Hawke."

He cut short the word, and listened intently.

"I thought you had given me a specific promise," he protested.

"But," came the clear, smooth tones from the other end of the line, "I have just had an unexpected demand for money. I must meet it, and—well, you understand. It is purely a matter of business. I must be just before I am generous. Shall I count on you to-morrow?"

"I am afraid not," rejoined the editor. He would have said more, but for the two men beside him, who could hear every word.

"Then—there is only the alternative, which you know," rejoined the voice over the wire. "I would advise you to raise the money if you can. You have done pretty well, and, upon my soul, I'd be sorry to see you lose everything. I am sorry, Verney," and the voice thrilled with protest. "But I must be just before I am generous."

The tinkle of the telephone had died away before Verney turned again to his visitors; and when he did so, it was with a faceset and tense. "Hypocrite," he said to himself—for he could read between the lines of Adam Hawke's

protested regrets, and he knew that Adam Hawke, also, was interested in the Chattenham & South Western.

"Five thousand clear," murmured Denham softly, taking up the conversation where they had left it.

"A rather steep profit!" commented Verney, laughing mirthlessly.

"Oh, we want the work well done," rejoined Denham, with the utmost complacency. "Item, we're willing to pay for it. And—oh, by the way, Morrison," he exclaimed, as though it were an afterthought, "you might as well take those letters you were speaking about. I would like to look them over when we get back to the office."

"Of course, of course," answered Morrison, with an oily smile, turning to Verney with hand expectantly outstretched.

Verney stared dully at the expectant hand. He understood it all now; and his whole soul recoiled from the insult. And this was Roger Denham—Senator Roger Denham—Alice Denham's father.

"You mean to bribe me?" he demanded, in a tense voice.

The senator lifted his brows.

"My dear boy!" he exclaimed.

"And the five thousand dollars—profit, you call it—is the price you would pay me for betraying the people's rights?"

"No, no, Verney," hastily protested the senator, with uplifted hand.

There was a sound of swishing skirts in the antechamber, but Verney did not look up. A moment later his whole soul was thrilled by a voice he knew.

"Here we are, dad, right on time. Oh—Mr. Verney——"

"Miss Denham," rejoined the young man, quietly, and rose to proffer his seat.

"Just stay outside, Alice, if you please," interposed the senator, with a touch of sharpness. "We are discussing a little business. We will be through in a minute. As I was saying, Verney," he added, turning to the editor, "I meant no such thing as you



"NOW TELL HAWKE TO COME ON," VERNEY MUTTERED GRIMLY. "THE METEOR MAY BE HIS TO-MORROW, BUT IT'S MINE TO-DAY."

intimated just now. I am sorry——”

Verney gazed stubbornly downward at his desk.

“You heard that telephone just now,” he said coldly. “You want to bribe me—and when you heard that telephone, you knew I must take your bribe. You offer me a contract that will make me five thousand dollars profit—which means, that you will give me five thousand dollars for these papers I have in my desk. You know I must take your money, if I am to-morrow to meet my obligations to Adam Hawke. You have set Hawke to put on the screws, after he had already promised me a renewal. You know that if I don’t pay Hawke, I’ll lose the *Meteor* by a forced sale—I’ll lose more than I owe him; all the work, all the time, all the money I’ve sunk in the paper, and I’ll have to start again.”

His voice wavered, and he looked downward at his desk. There was more than all this at stake, more than he dared tell these men. The loss of the *Meteor*, the making of a new beginning, he might have borne; but in losing them, he must lose still more. There was Alice Denham. Without the *Meteor* clear, he had no claim upon her, he could not ask her to fulfill her promise; and, after baulking her father in his will, even the hope that is bred of despair must vanish.

He knew, though he did not look up, that Denham was watching him, confident of ultimate victory. He could not think, save that Alice was this moment within his reach; that if he let these papers pass out of his hands, he was free to come to her to-morrow and claim her, in fulfillment of a promise which she could not, and would not, break.

No man spoke; but Verney, still conscious of the capitalist’s compelling gaze, drew forth the key, unlocked the drawer at his elbow, and produced the papers. He held them a moment with hands that shook.

“Thank you, Verney,” said the senator, quietly. “I shall look these papers over; and if they aren’t what I

want, I’ll return them to-morrow.”

The young man smiled grimly. He knew that Denham was, in his patronizing way, striving to make disgrace the easier for him to bear; striving, perhaps, to save him in the eyes of the dear girl just outside the door, who must be hearing every word.

“You know that Hawke is squeezing me,” he muttered dully. “You know that I must pay him to-morrow; that what you offer me is just what I must have. You know that if I cannot meet Hawke, I am ruined. You ask me to give you these papers, to take your money—and you know I have no alternative but to do it.”

He hissed the words fiercely into the great man’s face, and stretched out his hand with the papers. As he did so, the slide behind him shot open, and a grimy face appeared to view.

“Copy!” shouted a stentorian voice.

There came to him through the open slide the clatter of machines, the scent of printers’ ink. He thought of Harrison, of old days and his own old dreams, of the cub reporter who had vowed that when his day came he would fight the people’s battles, to the death if need be.

“Here, Tom!” he cried, and held out the papers.

Morrison interposed. Verney brushed him roughly aside.

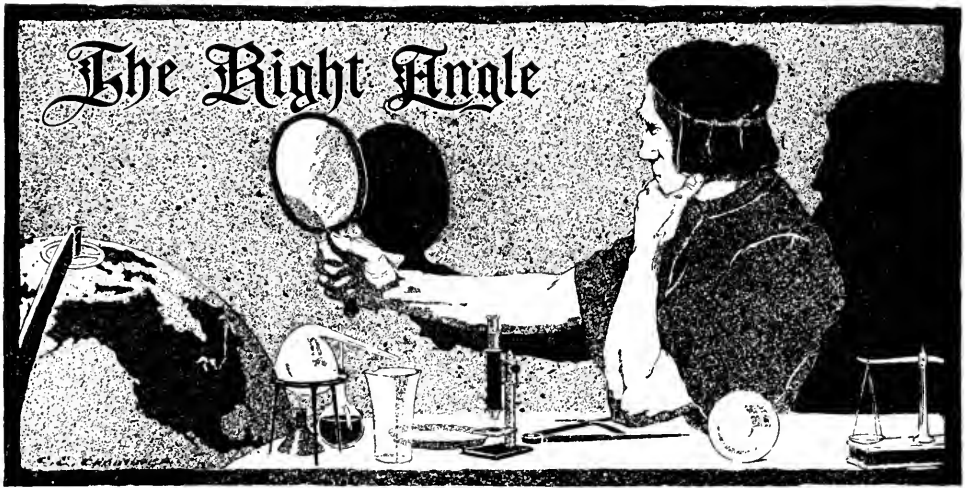
“Think a minute, Verney,” protested the senator.

“You’ve got my answer,” rejoined the editor firmly, and his hand clutched the slide as the man beyond it sought to throw it shut. “Those go on the front page, Tom,” he cried.

The slide closed with a bang. White-faced, haggard, trembling as from a fever, Verney turned to the two angry men.

“Now, tell Hawke to come on,” he said, grimly. “*The Meteor may be his to-morrow, but it’s mine to-day.* I can begin at the beginning, as better men have done.”

And then he glanced up, to see Alice standing in the doorway with hands outstretched and the love-light in her eyes.



YOURSELF—JONES

OF COURSE you are paramouly interested in yourself as yourself—your own life, your own future. But for a moment we want you to get outside your own private feelings, and be interested in yourself as Jones, a unit in the Canadian body politic, on whose success or failure depends in a certain measure the success of Canada.

Now, having observed yourself as Jones, multiply yourself by 98,995 and take another look. In 1910 there were 98,995 English Joneses just like you who came to Canada and became Canadian Joneses, and you, as a Jones, have an interest in their making a success of their lives for the sake of the country to which you belong.

If it were a question of your own bread-and-butter, you would not be likely to go to a new country without surety of employment there, or at least, a reasonable certainty that you could earn your living, would you? Yet that is what a great number of those 98,995 English-Canadian Joneses did last year, in spite of all that could be done to forewarn them against it. Superintendent of Immigration W. D. Scott, who knows more about his subject than any other man, says frankly, so far as immigrants from England are concerned, that "farmers, farm laborers and female domestic servants are the only people the Canadian Immigration Department advises to come to Canada. All others should have definite assur-

ance of employment in Canada before leaving home." Not that Canada cannot use the artisan, the mechanic, the digger of ditches; but that the Englishman with a trade is not accustomed to the very different conditions of the new country, and does not know how to find himself a job immediately upon arrival.

Various plans have been discussed whereby the artisan or laborer of England may be enabled to come to Canada with a definite job at a definite rate of payment in view, but the simplest and most feasible plan that has yet come to the notice of CANADA MONTHLY is the "Emigration by Selection" plan proposed by T. W. Sheffield, of Regina, which suggests an Empire-wide Labor Bureau where records could be kept of men who want jobs and jobs that want men, and through which men in mass could be transferred across the Empire to the place where they are needed. Mr. W. D. Scott, in a letter to Mr. Sheffield, says that this plan, he believes, would prove of great advantage to Canada, bringing to the country only the men who are capable of taking care of themselves at once.

Canada wants the sturdy, determined type of English workmen who settled the western provinces forty years ago. Let them come in their millions; Canada can use them. British Columbia suffers from a perpetual dearth of labor; the new towns along

the railways are constantly advertising for carpenters, painters, bricklayers, liverymen, bakers, doctors—men of all professions and trades as well as the laboring classes; and for experienced farmers there are millions of Canadian acres waiting the plow.

Such a bureau as Mr. Sheffield suggests would make it possible for the Englishman to list himself, his qualifications and capital, in the mother country, and when a definite opening presented itself in Canada to come and take his place as an instantaneously useful and self-supporting citizen. Such "hand-picked immigration" would do Canada good and England credit, where much of the wholesale immigration of the past has done good neither to England, the Dominion, nor Jones.

TOM DALY'S MOVE

TOM DALY, the poet-business manager of the Catholic Standard and Times, hangs out in peaceful Philadelphia, and recently the Catholic Standard and Times, outgrowing its quarters, moved into new ones—large, spacious, commodious quarters.

During the process Tom's column in the paper had been, not to put too fine a point upon it, skinny. At last somebody protested, and got the following come-back:

I offer here a moving tale,
A simple but a moving tale,
Which may not altogether fail

In proving
How little room for poetry,
By any possibility,
By any chance at all could be,
In moving.

There'd be no need to sing this lay,
This moving lay, if—let us say—
Our business had been merely Stationery;

But when the circulation jumps,
And advertising comes in lumps.
And trade in general humps the humps—

Say, (let me ask you in cold hard prose) if we were to sit still in our old narrow quarters, wouldn't we

Be very weak and foolish chumps?
O! very!

And, let me ask you, if you were
The paper's business manager,
Mixed up in all this rush and stir
And pother;

If you were nearly worked to death,
And haggard, lean and out of breath,
And—

Say, if you had to find the new site and haggle with the owner and dig up the money to buy the property and be a real financier and prod the real estate man to get the papers through and plan the alterations and interview carpenters painters plasterers electricians plumbers bricklayers and the like and meantime get the paper out each week and then when it came to the moving and everybody was in everybody else's way and everything was going wrong and you had to turn in and do everything yourself and you finally found yourself walking across Washington Square with a ten-ton web-perfecting press in one hand, do you think you could turn out a ten-canto epic,

Or even one good couplet with
The other?

If there is anybody who doubts, let him come forth. The vision of Tom Daly crossing Washington Square and suddenly coming out of serious meditations on whether the main office ought to be furnished in mahogany or circassian walnut to realize the presence of the ten-ton web-perfecting press and reflect that he might just as well have got one of the boys to carry it over is entirely too good not to be true. If there is a doubter, "to the wars wid him," as Tom himself would say.

IN THE TOBACCO-DRAWER

THEY lay at the back of the drawer for a long while, a pair of gray buckskin gauntlets, worn a little from the reins but still soft and pliable as when they first came over the Hudson Bay Company's counter.

They had been up beyond Prince Albert, those gauntlets, one long midsummer night when two of us took horse and navigated over the corduroy road to a lumber-jacks' shanty where a Saturday night dance was in progress.

That rough interior is stamped indelibly in memory as it looked from the low doorway. Smoky lamps flared on the mud-chinked log walls, rough bearded faces and bulky kersey knees were thrust forward from the benches that lined the room, great hairy hands patted juba in rhythmical cadence, and in the centre of the earthen floor a huge, bull-muscled man was doing a buck-and-wing. Across the room a handsome half-breed girl watched him with

eyes like smouldering coals, and when the dance ended, the man went back to the vacant place at her side.

There was a young fellow, too, among that reeking crowd, a boy with a voice as sweet and true as a meadow-lark's, who sent a limpid silver stream of sound thrilling up like a wandering bird-song through the smoky air. And the gauntlets were thrown on one of the benches, and it was not until the dance was over and the first pale grayness glimmered doubtfully behind the pines that they were again put on.

They were out beyond Edmonton, too, where the wolf-willows fringe the creeks and turn silver-gray sides to the chinook wind; and this summer they went along on a hike through the pine-woods, and were rolled up inside the coat that served as a pillow when the balsam-boughs were spread and one listened to the tiny noises of the night for a few delicious moments before sleep overtook one.

The other morning it was chilly. A bit of a cold wind with the tang of fall in it came around the corner and nipped unwary ears. In the park brown leaves lay among the close-cut clover, and rainpools along the roadway reflected the sharp blue of the sky. And suddenly again I saw the pine-woods country, scarlet and gold with autumn, scented with brush-fires; saw the converging logs of the camp-fire with the bed of coals glowing between them; smelt the bacon frying; and heard the partridge whirr up from the fallen leaves.

The gray gauntlets lie in the front of the tobacco-drawer now, where I can see them whenever I fill my pipe. There's a sort of kinship between us.

WITH SAM McKELVIE—STORY TELLER

SAM McKELVIE isn't big or young or handsome, but just the same, you love him at first sight, from his unpressed trouser-hems to his quaint old-fashioned neck-tie and the shrewd kindly eyes that twinkle at you when he says "How are you?" The crease in his trousers doesn't matter, for his eyes are right and his voice is right and his heart is in the right place—until it comes to a horse-trade.

He was with us on the editors' party this summer, and before we'd been out of Winnipeg twenty-four hours he was "Dad" to all of the men. Most of the way he told us stories, good stories that we hadn't heard before. He didn't have Shanks' infectious laugh, nor as many suits of underclothes—putting on fancy garments came to be known as "Shanksing up" on that trip—but his soberly recounted sagas of swappings got us every time.

We were loafing in the observation-car one long Saskatchewan twilight, when somebody said something that started "Dad" with a "That reminds me——"

Now, Dad is an authority on hog-culture—not the kind the Winnipeg street cars specialize in, but the Smooth Type Poland-China indigenous to Nebraska—and he is as wise as Solomon on anything that grunts and wiggles a curly tail. But when it comes to fancy setter-dogs, why, he's only human; and so when a life-long friend of his talked setter-dog to him he got injudiciously interested, and finally agreed to buy a setter pup of miraculous qualities, unsight-unseen.

The dog arrived. "Dad" took one look at the forlorn little tail that drooped limply out between the slats of the crate, sucked in his lower lip and retired to the house.

"We-ll, y' don't say anything much in a case like that," he told us, with a humorous twist to his eyebrows. "I'd sold Jim a pony once, years ago, an' I figured Jim hadn't forgot it any more than I had. So I just sat down an' wrote him askin' him why he hadn't sent the pedigree by freight and the dog by mail, an' let it go at that. An' we were friends, o' course, just the same as we'd always been. Still, I was turnin' things over in my mind."

"Hogs," said somebody in a sepulchral, prophetic sort of voice, and "Dad" rolled one eye in his direction.

"We-ll, Jim knew I knew more about hogs than he did, and he was almighty shy. But I saved up for him, an' I got him." "Dad" mused for a minute, with a purely secular glint in his eye. Suddenly he looked up and grinned like a mischievous boy. "The hog

died the next day," he concluded.

Something came up about cyclones later on, and he promptly unburdened himself of the story of the Nebraska wall.

"Fellow was driving along a road in Nebraska, pretty close to the Kansas line," he said, "when he came across another man building a wall three feet high and five feet thick. That struck Driver as queer, and he pulled up his team, and, 'What's your idea, neighbor?' he says. Builder he goes right along building, but he kindo' grins. 'Well,' says he, 'once in awhile we have a little piece o' wind in this country. Down in Kansas I s'pose you'd call 'em cyclones, but we jes' call 'em wind. I'm figurin' that after I git this wall built they'll come along one o' them breezes an' blow it over on its side, an' I'm buildin' it so's it'll be right in the end,' he says. 'five feet high and three feet thick.'"

GOING UP IN WINNIPEG

BR-R-RT-T-T-T-T! The rivetter is at work. Red and stark the tall steel framework of the latest sky-scraper stands up at the street's end against the windy blue, and the furious genie of the pneumatic hammer rages in its heart, joining steel to steel.

There is always a fringe of curious onlookers about a new building, a fringe made up mostly of that leisure class which belongs by rights to the bar-room's side door and the alley; and augmented by that essentially curious and essentially irresponsible human, the errand-boy, who sets down three "rush" packages and drapes himself over a convenient railing until such time as he is weary of the spectacle before him.

But something more than ordinary is happening over there among the planks and stone-dust now, and the fringe is growing to a group. In the street there lies a huge girder, prostrate among the coils of a wire cable that runs up, up, over the cornice and out of sight like a gigantic tentacle. A god in greasy overalls makes the end of the cable fast about the supine giant, and

poises easily upon it, one hand gripping the rope.

"All right there, Bill?" demands somebody back in the mysterious dimness that will eventually be the main floor.

"Let 'er go," responds the god easily, and the errand-boys palpably envy him.

"Ding!" barks the engine bell in sharp staccato. "Look out, there," says the somebody unseen, and slowly, majestically, the big girder rises from the ground, Mercury—for beyond doubt it is he, although his dusty old brogans show no visible wings—still poised jauntily. Mercury is Irish.

The group has grown to a very respectable crowd, quite enough for a politician to address, and, if they had been Indians in the old days, enough for an enterprising editor to make into a war. Business men stop on their way for a moment, hurrying stenographers walk slowly, looking backward like Lot's wife, and even the eager shoppers pause to stare at the big bar of steel, up to the fifth story now, with Mercury looking somewhat smaller than he was, and the girder swaying a little like a blind thing feeling its way. Still it goes upward.

"Ding! ding!"

It is at the top now. Somebody—another god, doubtless—reaches out and between him and Mercury, aided with sharp rings of the bell and a little neat juggling on the part of the engineer, the giant is nursed into his resting place. Easy there—a little more! With a click the girder settles into its exact notches, and Mercury disappears. The crowd scatters with the prompt decision of city folk who are used to regarding time as money, leaving only the ragged—the very ragged—fringe. The last errand-boy looks distastefully at his packages, slowly climbs off the railing, looks up at that high eyrie where Mercury has vanished, and spits through a cherished hole in his front teeth.

'Gee! It must be swell up there!' he says at last, and lifting his load, goes on his way.

It is not necessary, after all, that Olympus be more than ten stories up.



BUT THINK OF THE GIRAFFE

IN her pretty new frock Sister Mabel felt quite proud as she sat on the front step and watched some boys playing on the sidewalk.

After a time one little boy came to talk to her and to admire, in his rough little way, her bright, shiny shoes and pink sash.

"See my nice little square-cut waist," she crowed, "and my nice coral beads! Don't you wish you wuz a girl?"

"No, sir-ee," replied the boy. "I wouldn't want to be any girl at all, because lookie how much more neck you have to wash."

CAUSE FOR MANSLAUGHTER

THIS story is blamed on Scamp Montgomery at the Friars' Club. Mr. Montgomery alleges that the story as he relates it, actually happened. Mr. Montgomery and his statement are offered without prejudice.

"A man had just been released from the penitentiary," said Mr. Montgomery, "and the first place he headed for was a barber shop. He wanted to get the traces of his prison made hair cut rubbed down smooth. The barber spotted him in a minute.

"Just out, hey?" said the barber.

"Yes," said the customer. "And I'm in a hurry. Give me a hair-cut and a shave, and do it quick."

"How long have you been in?"

"Four years," said the ex-prisoner. 'Hurry.'

"How did you like it?"

"Pretty good. Hurry."

"Have to work hard?"

"Never mind. Hurry."

"Four years," said the barber, pausing to look romantically out of the window. "And me at liberty every blame minute, goin' hither an' yon, as you might say, and stayin' up all night if I wanted to, and runnin' down town to take in a show. Gee! Four years. That's sure tough luck. What was you in for?"

"For killing a jackass of a barber," howled the customer. "And I'm on my way back."

A LITTLE MORE OF THE SAME

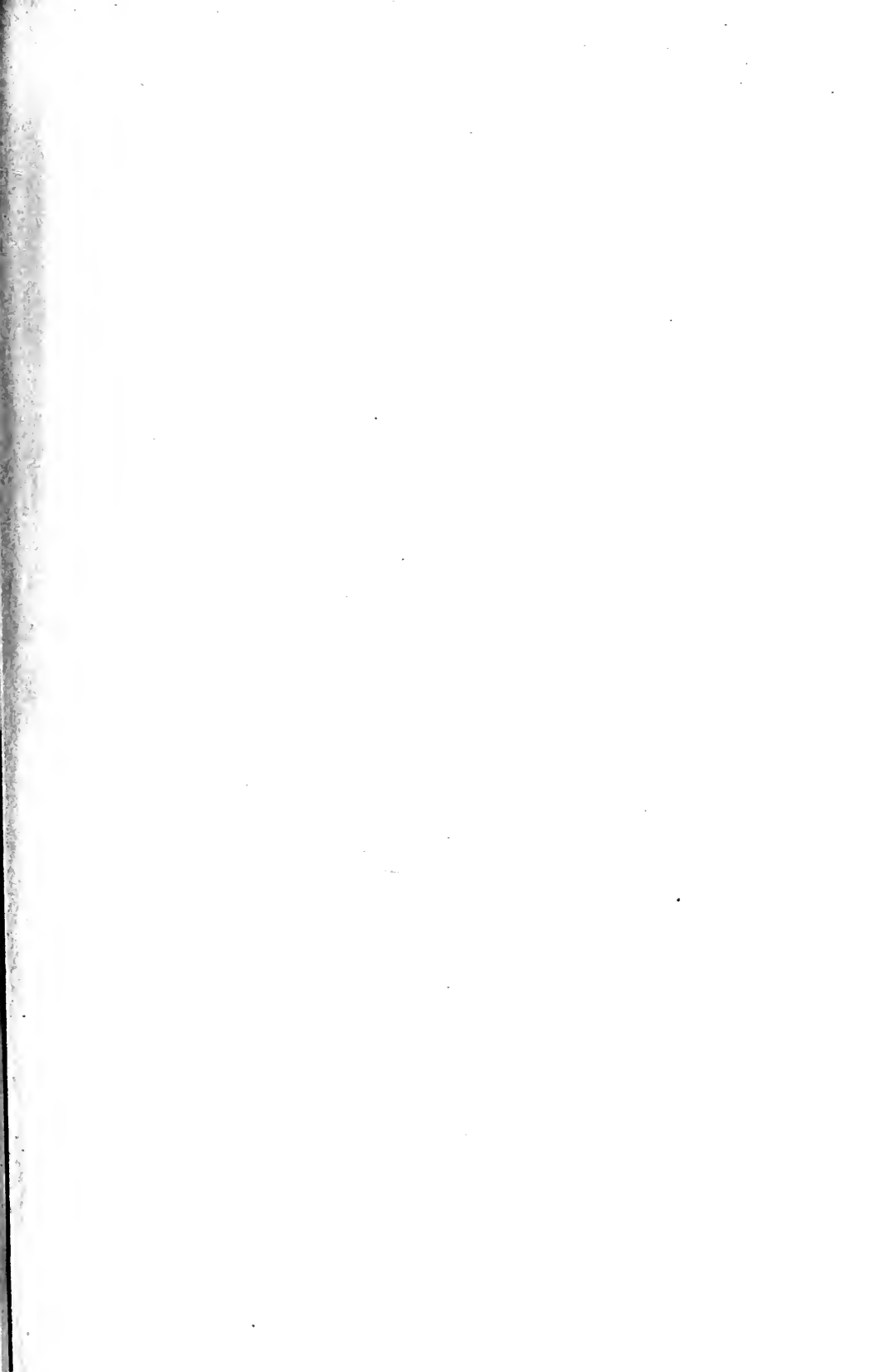
"There's many a true word spoken by accident," said F. Hopkinson Smith, the noted author and artist.

"You've heard about 'music and singing,' 'culture and women's clubs,' 'love and marriage' and so on. Well, I saw an amusing example the other day. I dropped in at a picture sale that wasn't going very enthusiastically. The auctioneer displayed a daub and said:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, what am I offered for this superb Velasquez, probably the best Velasquez that ever came from the master's hand?"

"There were no bids whatever, so the auctioneer took up another picture.

"Very well, ladies and gentlemen," he went on, "I now offer you a Titian by the same artist."





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